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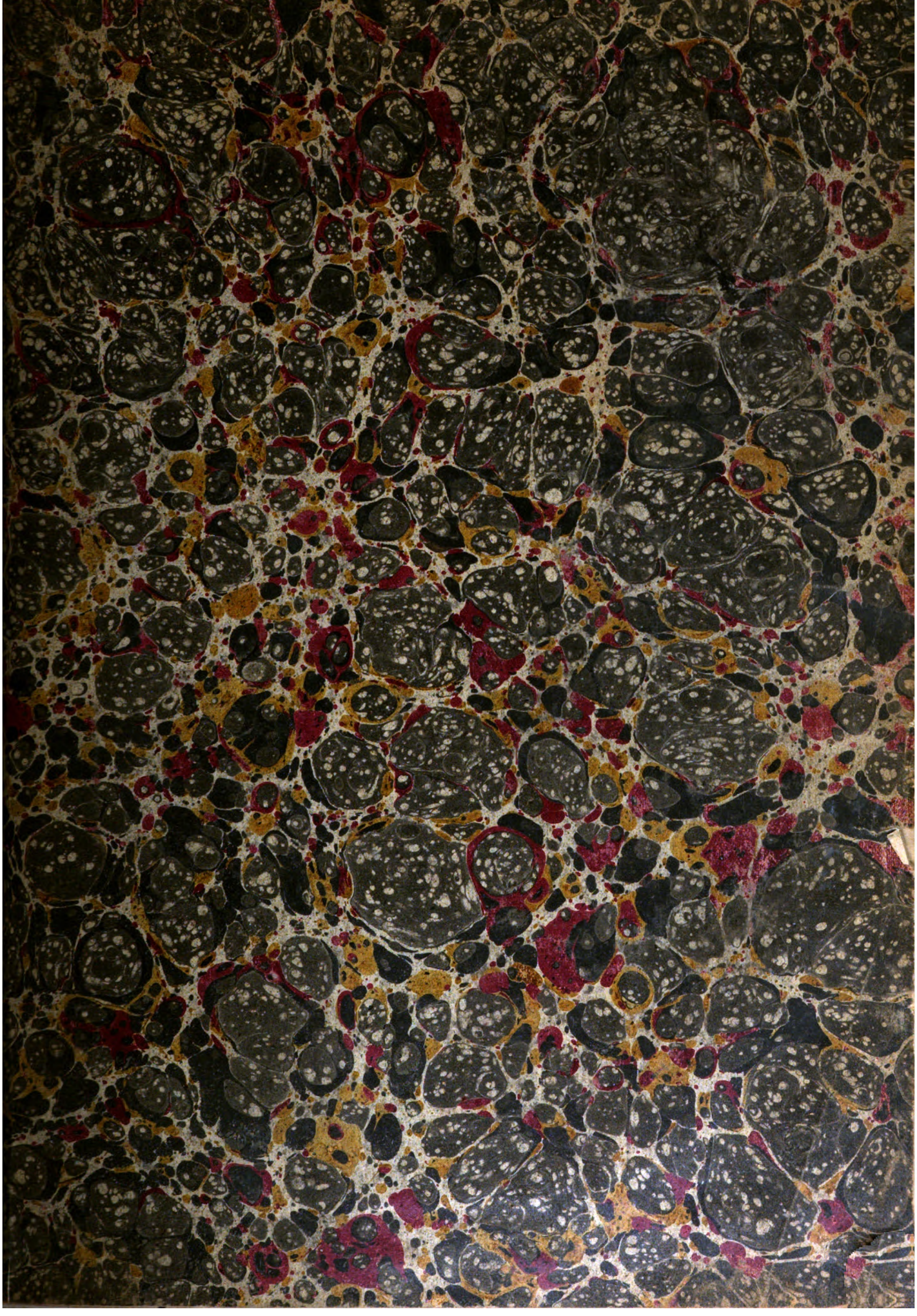

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THE FIRST CENTURY OF THE ENGLISH MISSION.

BY HON. JOHN BIGELOW.

SHOULD Mr. Lowell remain in charge of the American Legation in London until the close of the Administration of President Arthur, it will be just a century since diplomatic relations were first established between the United States and Great Britain.

Our representation at this Court during that period has been practically uninterrupted, and no other American mission has been filled with such a succession of equally eminent men. Of the twenty-six gentlemen who have filled that mission, five have been Presidents of the United States, and more than half of them members of the Cabinet.

Certain similarity in language, in laws, in blood, and in the religion of the two countries has doubtless caused this mission to be regarded as first in political importance, and tended to draw to it the best diplomatic talent of the country. Ignorance of the language usually spoken at other Courts has no doubt had its influence in establishing the preference usually given by our leading men for the English mission. Of all our Presidents, for example, John Quincy Adams was probably the only one who had a full command of any language but the English.

As the official deportment of the present incumbent is just now under fire, and a lively clamor is being raised in certain quarters for his recall, it will be interesting and profitable to review rapidly the personal history of this mission, and to study some of the difficulties and risks and perils which have beset those who, in times past, have occupied that position, from which one fact, at least, will distinctly appear, that those ministers whose official conduct has passed unchallenged have not always deserved best of their country.

JOHN ADAMS.

JOHN ADAMS, 1785–1788.

Passing over the anxious period during which Dr. Franklin was the agent of the colonies, the first person upon whom fell the honor of representing the United States after the acknowledg-

ment of their independence was John Adams, who was appointed by Congress in 1785, our Constitutional Government being not yet organized.

His sojourn in London was anything but pleasant. No American, probably, could have been found whose reception at the English Court, under the circumstances, would have been gracious. For many centuries England had sustained no such humiliation as the loss of the larger and better portion of her American colonies, and the necessity of recognizing and treating as an equal the despised colonists through whom this humiliation was wrought, was bitter, and not readily to be forgotten or forgiven. Nor would it have been easy to find a prominent man in all the colonies personally less welcome in England than Adams, who had been identified with all the boldest measures of the rebellion from the beginning; whose pride of opinion was boundless, and who had little faculty for commending unpleasant opinions to any one. He went little into general society, and as an American was welcome nowhere; he passed his time, however, perhaps not unprofitably in writing his "Defense of the American Constitution," a book no longer read, but which had its value in those days as a tolerably effective statement of the objections to the theories of Turgot, Mably, and of Dr. Price, who advocated single legislative assemblies, and the consolidation of the legislative and administrative powers of Government. After remaining in London about three years, during which time England not only omitted to send any diplomatic agent to the United States, but refused to recognize any basis upon which the numerous differences between the two Governments could be adjusted, he asked to be recalled, and returned to the United States in February, 1788, and at the approaching election, under the new constitution, had the historic distinction of being elected the first Vice President of the United States, on the same ticket with their first and most illustrious President.

THOMAS PINCKNEY, 1792–1794.

Mr. Adams was succeeded at London by Thomas Pinckney, of South Carolina, the son of Mrs. Chief Justice Pinckney, who deserves ever to be held in grateful remembrance for having first introduced the culture of rice into the Carolinas. He was sent to England in 1792. Of the results of his diplomacy there is little to be said, except that in 1794 he was transferred to Spain, where he negotiated the treaty of Saint Ildefonso, by which the free navigation of the Mississippi River was guaranteed to the United States. He seemed to have been personally acceptable to both those Courts; so acceptable indeed at the Court of Great Britain that his predecessor, Mr. Adams, was wont to ascribe his appointment to British influence.

After his return, and in the session of 1798, the Senate passed a resolution authorizing Mr. Pinckney to receive certain presents which had been tendered to him by the Courts both of Madrid and London. The House of Representatives, however, on grounds of public policy, refused to concur with the Senate. This was the first case of the kind which arose under the new constitution; but, unhappily, the disposition made of it did not acquire the authority of a precedent. It would be difficult to name any branch of our Government nowadays which has the moral fortitude to decline presents of any sort or value, come they from what quarter they may.

JOHN JAY, 1794–1795.

The difficulties between Great Britain and the young republic were every day growing more serious; the boundaries of their respective possessions on the American continent were undefined, while the British habit of regulating the British colonial commerce with exclusive reference to home interests, was prolific of misunderstandings, which could only be settled by treaty. President Washington wished to send Alexander Hamilton as a special minister to London, to treat of these matters. The Senate, however, were so hostile to Hamilton, and so suspicious of his monarchical sympathies, that his appointment was found impracticable. Washington's choice then fell upon John Jay, the first Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. He was appointed and confirmed in the Spring of 1794, having just been defeated as a candidate for Governor of New York, by George Clinton. It is perhaps the greatest reproach which can be made to the name of John Jay that the first Chief Justice of the United States should have been the first judicial officer under the American constitution to set the pernicious example of running for a political office. Though his example has been repeatedly imitated by members of the Federal judiciary since, happily it has never, in a single instance, been crowned with success.

Jay reached London on the 15th of June, 1794, signed a treaty on the 9th of November, and was in New York again in the following May. Among other things, his treaty provided that British ships were to be admitted into all American harbors, with the right to ascend all rivers to the highest ports of entry, but did not confer upon American vessels the corresponding privilege of ascending the rivers of British North America. It also provided that Americans might trade to the West Indies in vessels not exceeding seventy tons burden, but they must not transport to Europe any of the colonial products.

Though the treaty received the reluctant approval of Washington, as on the whole the best that could then be done with England, and much better than a renewal of the war, and though the Senate ratified the treaty by exactly a two-thirds vote, it provoked a fearful storm of popular indignation, and was denounced throughout the country, more or less, but with great unanimity in the Southern States as a pusillanimous surrender of American rights, and as a scandalous infidelity to France. The Boston democrats burned Jay in effigy with the treaty. Hamilton was stoned while speaking at a public meeting in New York in defense of it. The resolution that it was expedient to pass the laws necessary to carry the treaty into effect was only agreed to by the House of Representatives after a fierce debate, in which Fisher Ames led the forces of the administration. Only four members from the New England States voted against the resolution, and by a curious coincidence only four from the Southern States voted in its favor.

Fortunately for Jay, he had been put in nomination for the Governorship of New York before he left England, and many months before the terms of the treaty transpired. He was elected by a large majority, and the result was officially declared just two days before he landed. He was, therefore, in a peculiarly fortunate position "to bide the pelting of this pitiless storm."

In the great commercial centres of the North and East, the public became reconciled to Mr. Jay, but the damage which his reputation sustained in the agricultural regions of the South was irreparable and effectually extinguished any presidential aspirations which a person who had held successively the office of Chief Justice of the United States, Minister to England, and Governor of New York, might reasonably have entertained.

RUFUS KING, 1796–1804.

It was not till the Spring following the confirmation of the Jay Treaty that Washington ventured to fill the

English Mission. He was singularly fortunate in selecting for that post Rufus King, of New York, a graduate of Cambridge University, in England, in 1777, who had studied law with Theophilus Parsons, Chief Justice of Massachusetts, and who, in 1789, had been elected with General Schuyler the first Senators from New York under the Federal Constitution, of which body he was still a member when he was tendered the English mission.

He had previously been invited by Washington to accept the post of Secretary of State, which he declined.

Though Mr. King found the British Government in anything but a favorable frame of mind toward us, the dignity, mildness and firmness of his character was soon manifested in the tone and temper of their negotiations, and resulted in a friendly if not a final adjustment of the most difficult questions, which were—certain claims of the State of Maryland—the definition of the northern and eastern boundaries, and the impressment of seamen.

The Maryland claims were settled by the payment of £600,000 to the claimants. A western boundary convention signed by Lord Hawksbury and Mr. King, in May, 1803, was rejected by Jefferson, who became President in 1801, because of its apprehended interference with the boundaries of Louisiana, for which he had just negotiated the purchase. The portion of the convention relating to the northeastern boundary proved too indefinite, and the questions involved were destined to be settled by a later generation, and by the aid of a foreign umpire.

The most interesting single event of Mr. King's diplomatic career was his agency in securing the publicity of Sir William Scott's admiralty decisions. It had not been usual to publish the decisions of this tribunal, so that they could never be invoked as precedents without the greatest inconvenience, except by the Government itself.

Upon the appointment of Sir William Scott, Mr. King urged that measures should be taken for their publication, that they might not only be subjected to the supervision of public opinion, but that the law of admiralty in England might be fixed and known of all men.

Having first obtained, and without difficulty, Sir William's consent, he then sought and finally obtained the consent of the Government.

This done, he induced Dr. Robinson to act as reporter; the reports were first published by subscription, and King took fifty copies for his own Government. How important a service Mr. King was thus rendering to the jurisprudence of the world cannot be properly appreciated, even by the most ardent admirers of England's greatest Admiralty Judge, without having in mind the fact that till this time her Admiralty Judges had been in the habit of consulting the Executive Council, and deciding by their direction all novel prize questions. This practice was effectually checked by publicity, and the decision of this court henceforth conformed to the generally accepted doctrines of international law.

Mr. King also succeeded in securing the assent of the First Lord of the Admiralty and of the Minister of Foreign Affairs to a renunciation of the irritating and intolerable practice of impressing American seamen for the British navy. Sir William Scott required an exception to be made of the narrow seas. This was the first time that the doctrine of *mare clausum* was urged or sought to be enforced against this country.

Intensely as Mr. King desired to bring this negotiation to a successful termination, he decided, after mature deliberation, that the pretentions of Sir William Scott could not be submitted to; that they involved a principle that was repugnant to our dignity and equality among nations. Thinking there was nothing more for him then to do in England, and after a service of eight years, he resigned and returned in 1804.

In 1813 Mr. King was re-elected to the United States Senate, and again elected in 1820, remaining a member of that body until March, 1825, when he was requested by President John Quincy Adams once more to accept the English Mission. He did accept it, but was seized with an illness on his passage which was destined to prove fatal two years later, and which prevented his entering upon the active duties of his mission.

Mr. King was one of the most successful of our public men of eminence in retaining the confidence of the people during such a long period of public service.

James Monroe, 1804–1807.

When James Monroe, of Virginia, with the assistance of Mr. Livingston, at the Court of France, had concluded the purchase of Louisiana, in 1803, he was commissioned to take the place of Mr. King at the Court of St. James.

Mr. Monroe was not fortunate enough to make such progress in the adjustment of pending difficulties between the two countries as President Jefferson thought desirable and practicable, and in the Spring of 1806, and after Monroe had been three years in London, Mr. Jefferson appointed William Pinckney, of Maryland, and Mr. Monroe, Associate Commissioners, to negotiate a settlement of these differences.

William Pinckney, 1807–1811.

They finally negotiated a treaty with England in 1807. When it reached America, Jefferson refused it his approval because it failed to provide against the impressment of American seamen. Mr. Monroe came to the conclusion, from the appointment of Mr. Pinckney to assist him and from the rejection of his treaty, that England certainly was not the theatre in which he was to win new laurels; he accordingly sent in his resignation to Mr. Jefferson, and returned to America in the Fall of 1807, leaving Mr. Pinckney resident Minister.

The event vindicated the wisdom of his retirement, for upon the election of Mr. Madison he became Secretary of State, and succeeded him in the Presidency which he held, like all his predecessors but John Adams, for two consecutive terms. The association of his name with what is called the Monroe doctrine is probably his most durable title to fame.

The remainder of Mr. Pinckney's sojourn in London was spent in ineffectual efforts to harmonize differences which at length it became so obvious must be referred to "the last argument of kings," that in 1811 he also resigned and went home. This retirement was hastened somewhat by personal considerations, as appears from a letter to Mr. Madison, dated November 24th, 1810, in which he asked permission to return:

"I ask your permission *at this time* to close my mission here," he writes, "because I find it impossible to remain. I took the liberty to suggest to you in my letter to Mr. Ellis that I was not unwilling, though I had no desire, to continue a little longer; but upon a recent inspection of my private affairs, it appears that my pecuniary means are more completely exhausted than I had supposed, and that, to be honest, I must hasten home.

"The compensation (as it is oddly called) allotted by the Government to the maintenance of its representatives abroad is a pittance which no economy, however rigid or even mean, can render adequate.* It never was adequate, I should think; but it is now (especially in London) far short of that just indemnity for unavoidable expenses which every Government, no matter what its form, owes to its servants."

The legation for the next four years, and during the war

* The salary at that time was $9,000.

JOHN JAY.

which ensued, was left in charge of Mr. James S. Smith, Mr. Pinckney's secretary, until 1812, and from that time until 1815 in charge of Mr. Jonathan Russell, as Chargé d'Affaires.

JOHN Q. ADAMS, 1815–1817.

On July 13th, 1815, President Madison appointed John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay and Albert Gallatin to negotiate a treaty of commerce with England. They were successful; and when their treaty was signed, Mr. Adams was instructed to remain as the Resident Minister. He did so until 1817, when he returned to the United States to accept the position of Secretary of State under President Monroe. His mission in England was otherwise uneventful.

RICHARD RUSH, 1817–1825. 1836–1838.

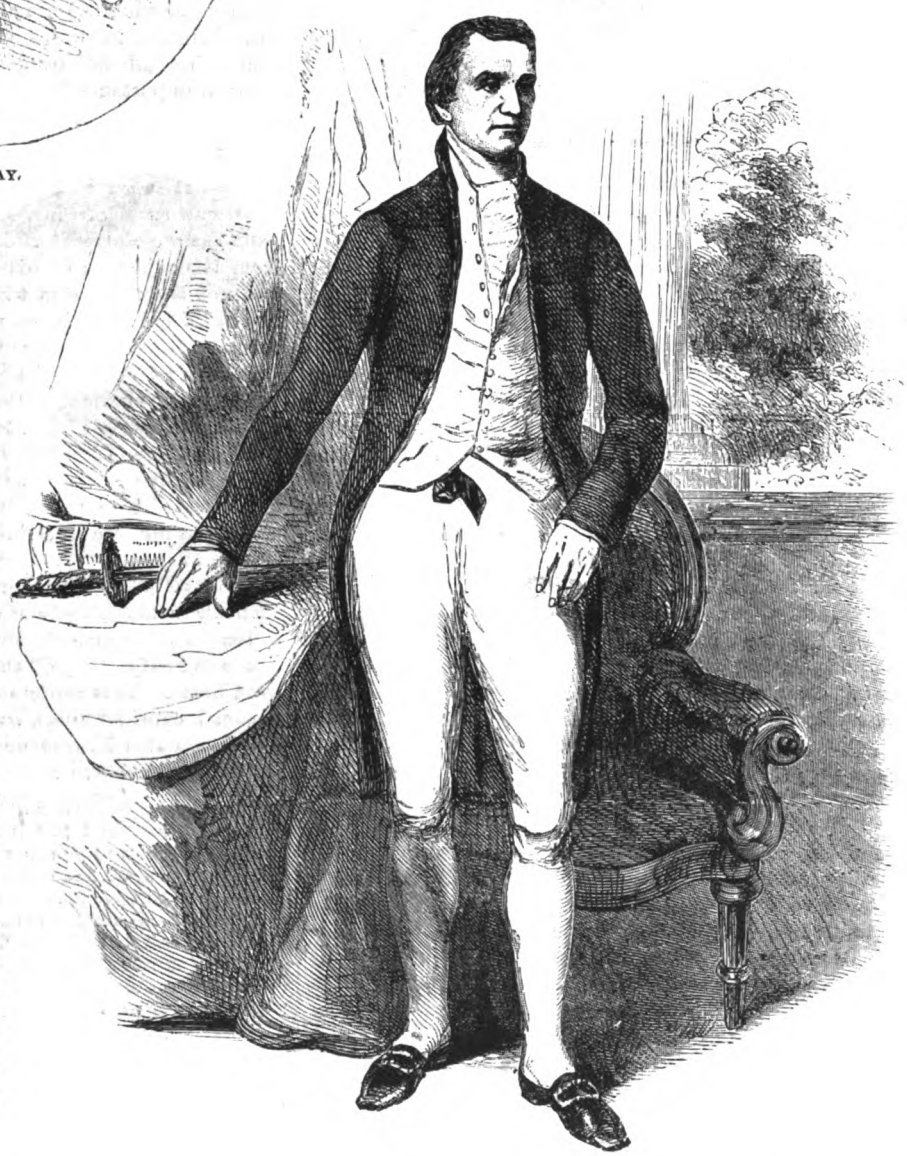
While awaiting the return of Mr. Adams from England, Richard Rush, of Philadelphia, was appointed temporarily by President Monroe to fill the office of Secretary of State; he was then designated to replace Mr. Adams.

Mr. Rush's sojourn in London was not unprofitable to his country; he was fortunate enough to negotiate treaties for the protection of our fisheries and for defining our northwestern boundary line, and he was also successful in putting a stop to the practice of carrying off American slaves in British ships, in violation of one of the provisions of the Treaty of Ghent.

Mr. Rush, upon the expiration of his mission, which terminated with the Administration of Mr. Adams, in 1825, published a gossipy book about his mission, which, however, has not contributed materially to his fame.

In 1825 President Adams appointed Mr. Rush Secretary of the Treasury, which office he held until the expiration of the President's term of office. In 1828 he was an unsuccessful candidate for Vice-President, on the same ticket with Mr. Adams.

In 1836 President Jackson sent Mr. Rush again to England, to prosecute the claim of the United States to a large bequest of James Smithson, an English physicist, to which, by the death of his nephew, in 1835, the United States became legatee. Mr. Rush was successful, and on the 1st of September, 1838, deposited the proceeds, in English sovereigns, amounting to $515,169, in the United



JAMES MONROE.

MARTIN VAN BUREN.

States mint at Philadelphia. This was the foundation of the Smithsonian Institute.

In 1847 President Polk appointed him Minister to France, where he had the distinction of being the first of the foreign ministers at the French Court to recognize the Republican Government, which was formed at the downfall of Louis Philippe, in 1848. With the expiration of Presiden Polk's term of office his public career terminated.

ALBERT GALLATIN, 1825–1827.

Upon the accession of John Quincy Adams to the Presidency Albert Gallatin, a Swiss by birth, was appointed to the English Mission. He had held the office of Secretary of the Treasury under Presidents Jefferson and Madison until 1813. He was offered the State Department, in 1809, by President Madison, which he declined. He had been one of the commissioners to negotiate the Treaty of Ghent, and from 1815 to 1823 represented our Government at the Court of France, during which latter period he was twice deputed on special missions; to the Netherlands in 1817, and to England in 1818.

While holding the French Mission he was fortunate enough to render to Mr. Alexander Baring, of London, important aid in negotiating a loan for the French Government. In testimony of his gratitude, Mr. Baring pressed him to take a portion of the loan, upon such conditions that he would have realized from it a large fortune. Mr. Gallatin had the grace to decline this proposal. "I will not accept your obliging offer," he said, "because a man who has had the direction of the finances of his country so long as I have should not die rich."

During his official residence in England Mr. Gallatin negotiated several commercial conventions of more or less importance, and returned to the United States in December, 1827, when his official life may be said to have terminated.

JAMES BARBOUR, 1828–1829.

Mr. Gallatin was succeeded at London by James Barbour, of Virginia, who had been a member of the Virginian Legislature from 1796 to 1812; Governor of the State from 1812 to 1815, and United States Senator from 1815 to 1825, when President Adams appointed him Secretary of War. He was appointed Minister to England in 1828, but recalled the following year by President Jackson, of whose administration, through his sympathies with Calhoun, he was a vigorous and unrelenting opponent. His official residence in England was without political importance.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

LOUIS MCLANE, 1829-1831. 1845-1846.

Upon the accession of Andrew Jackson to the Presidency, Mr. Barbour was recalled, and Louis McLane, of Delaware, appointed in his place. Mr. McLane had held a seat in the House of Representatives from 1817 to 1827, when he was chosen Senator. While a member of the Senate, in May, 1829, he was sent to England.

His mission was uneventful, and at the expiration of two years he was recalled to take the position of Secretary of the Treasury. In 1833 he was transferred by President Jackson to the State Department, because of his refusal to sanction the removal of the deposits from the United States Bank. He resigned this office the following year, and in 1837 accepted the Presidency of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, which he held until 1847.

In June, 1845, President Polk sent him again to London, pending the Oregon negotiations, at the close of which he resigned. While in Congress, it deserves to be remembered of Mr. McLane that he voted against the extension of slavery into the Territories, although his constituents mostly favored its extension.

It was to Mr. McLane that President Jackson gave the memorable instructions on his leaving for England: "Ask for nothing but what is right, and submit to nothing that is wrong."

MARTIN VAN BUREN, 1831.

Within a few days after the inauguration of President Jackson as President, in 1829, he appointed Martin Van Buren, who at the same election with him had been chosen Governor of New York, to the office of Secretary of State.

In the Summer of 1831, and in the recess of Congress, General Jackson appointed him Minister to England. Mr. Van Buren reached London in September, and was duly accredited at that Court.

At the meeting of Congress the following Winter, the President asked for his confirmation by the Senate. He was refused, and the nomination rejected. The pretext assigned was that while Secretary of State Mr. Van Buren had instructed our Minister to England to ask as a favor certain concessions in regard to her colonial trade, which he should have demanded as a right; also that he had mixed up too much party politics with his foreign diplomacy. These were the ostensible reasons for the indignity offered by the Senate both to the President and to his Minister, but more controlling reasons were not far to seek.

President Jackson was, upon principle, a one-term President, and in all his messages had asked of Congress legislation which should render Presidents absolutely ineligible for a second term. It was presumed from his decided and oft-avowed principles on this subject that he did not propose to be a candidate for re-election. To this, however, he had never pledged himself so long as the constitution left to his successors the possibilities of a re-election.

John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, had had aspirations to the Presidency in 1824, as the successor to Mr. Monroe, but finally declined in favor of General Jackson. His friends presuming that General Jackson would retire at the close of his term, counted upon him as the successor. Great was their surprise and disappointment to learn that General Jackson had yielded to the importunities of his political friends, and as was generally believed, to the exigencies of his party, and had consented to be a candidate for re-election.

The responsibility for this change of front was ascribed by Mr. Calhoun's friends to Mr. Van Buren, and upon him therefore they determined to wreak their vengeance. The immmediate result was his recall from the London mission; the more remote results were his nomination the following year, and election as Vice President, and four years later as President of the United States.

The recall of Mr. McLane left Washington Irving in charge of the legation. He resigned, however, at the end of the year, and was succeeded as Chargé d'Affaires by Mr. Aaron Vail, who remained in charge of the mission until the inauguration of Mr. Van Buren as President of the United States; President Jackson, with characteristic loyalty to his friend and respect for his position, refusing to recognize any other person in the United States as better fitted for the English mission than Mr. Van Buren.

ANDREW STEVENSON, 1837-1841.

During the administration of Mr. Van Buren, from 1837 to 1841, our country was represented at the Court of St. James by Andrew Stevenson, of Virginia. Mr. Stevenson had been a more or less prominent politician in his native State, and a steadfast friend of President Jackson. His career as a Minister in England was respectable, but without distinction. Upon the defeat of Mr. Van Buren as a candidate for re-election in 1840, and the accession of the Whigs to power under President Harrison, Mr. Stevenson returned to the United States, was elected to Congress, and for several successive terms was chosen Speaker.

EDWARD EVERETT, 1841-1845.

The election of General Harrison to the Presidency in 1840, and the appointment of Daniel Webster as Secretary of State, led to the selection of Edward Everett, of Massachusetts, as the successor of Mr. Stevenson at the Court of St. James.

Though the controversies touching the northeastern boundaries, which had been the source of great irritation for nearly half a century, had now reached a point when war seemed to be the only solution, and grave disputes were pending between the two Governments about their rights over slaves taken on the high seas, and the construction of the fishery question was beset with difficulties, Mr. Everett was not fortunate enough during his residence in England to establish any reputation as a diplomatist. The most substantial fruit of his mission to England was securing to Americans the right of fishing in the Bay of Fundy. His literary accomplishments, however, were duly appreciated and his fame extended.

Mr. Everett held the office of Secretary of State during the last four months of President Fillmore's administration, which gave him the opportunity of which he availed himself, and with great credit, to write the diplomatic note declining the joint proposition of Great Britain and France to enter with the United States into a tripartite convention to guarantee to Spain in perpetuity the exclusive possession of Cuba. Mr. Everett was subsequently elected to the United States Senate from Massachusetts, and was succeeded by Charles Sumner.

GEORGE BANCROFT, 1846-1849.

Upon the accession of President Polk to the Presidency in 1845, George Bancroft entered his Cabinet as Secretary of the Navy. Three volumes of his "History of the United States" had then been published, and he had held the office of Collector at Boston. These were scarcely sufficient titles in those days to a cabinet appointment, and we must look for the explanation of his selection to the fact that Mr. Bancroft had been an ardent supporter of Mr. Van Buren, whose renomination for the Presidency the friends of slavery had been successful in defeating. His selection, therefore, by President Polk, has been attributed to a pur-

pose on his part partly to propitiate and partly to divide the friends of Mr. Van Buren. To make place for a more serviceable politician in the Cabinet, and to gratify Mr. Bancroft in the prosecution of his historical studies, President Polk appointed him Minister to England in 1846. His mission was chiefly signalized by a modification of the British navigation laws, which he solicited in the interests of American commerce. But perhaps the greatest public service he was fortunate enough to render during his residence in England was in securing copies of records illustrating the earlier periods of American history from the archives of England and France.

From 1867 to 1874 Mr. Bancroft represented our Government at the Court of Prussia, and 1871 to the German Empire.

In 1849 the University of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Civil Law, and in 1868 he received the same degree from the University at Bonn. He is also a corresponding member of the Academy of Berlin and of the French Institute.

Mr. Bancroft's name is creditably and durably associated with the higher responsibilities of American diplomacy.

ABBOTT LAWRENCE, 1849–1852.

Upon the accession of President Taylor in 1849, Mr. Abbott Lawrence, of Massachusetts, was appointed to succeed Mr. Bancroft as Minister to England.

Mr. Lawrence had been a successful merchant and manufacturer; he was a man of large wealth; he lived elegantly, and entertained generously; beyond this there is little to say of him as a Minister and as a successor to the long line of his illustrious predecessors.

The only question of grave importance with which he had to deal grew out of the British Protectorate of the Musquito Indians of Central America. The negotiations, however, were taken out of his hands and transferred to Washington, to his great disgust, and resulted in the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, whether to the advantage of the country or not is still perhaps an open question. He was recalled by his own request in 1852.

JOSEPH REED INGERSOLL, 1852–1853.

For the remainder of Mr. Fillmore's administration, 1852 to 1853, our Government was represented in England by Joseph Reed Ingersoll, a member of the Philadelphia bar, who, for some years had occupied a seat in the Lower House of Congress, as the representative of a strong Whig and Protectionist constituency. He assisted in settling the claims pending under the Treaty of Ghent. He was a popular speaker, but was not successful in impressing his name conspicuously upon the diplomatic history of the country.

JAMES BUCHANAN, 1853–1856.

Upon the accession of President Pierce, in 1853, James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, was sent to England.

Mr. Buchanan had represented our Government at the Court of St. Petersburg during the administration of President Jackson, and had negotiated our first commercial treaty with the Russian Government. On the accession of Mr. Polk to the Presidency Mr. Buchanan was appointed Secretary of State. He came to England, therefore, with a large political and official experience.

The accession of Mr. Polk, which was the fruit of a bargain with the South to make five slave States out of Texas, had given to the slavery question precedence, not only in our domestic, but in our foreign, politics, and a variety of questions pending between our own and foreign Governments during Mr. Pierce's administration had their origin in the struggle of one section of the United States to extend the area of slavery, and of the other to prevent such extension.

The character and value of Mr. Buchanan's services while in England can be properly estimated by the part he took in what is commonly known as the Ostend Conference. In April, 1854, Mr. Soulé of Louisiana, then our Minister to Madrid, was instructed by Mr. Marcy, the Secretary of State, to open negotiations for the purchase of Cuba. In August of the same year Mr. Marcy sought to reinforce Mr. Soulé by suggesting to Mr. Buchanan and to Mr. Mason, then our Minister in Paris, the propriety of holding a conference for the purpose of securing a concert of action and promoting these negotiations for Cuba.

The ministers met at Ostend, in Belgium, on the 9th of October, 1854. On the 18th of October they reported to Mr. Marcy the result of their conference, which was, that our Government should offer $120,000,000 for Cuba, and that if Spain refused to sell on any terms, *that it would be proper for us to take the island from its oppressors by force.* "We should be justified," they say, "by every law, human and divine, in wresting it from Spain, if we possess the power!"

President Pierce did not think it prudent to act upon this advice, and Soulé returned in disgust. Mr. Buchanan also returned in 1856 to make his canvass for a nomination to the Presidency. He was nominated in the June following and elected, but his administration culminated in a rebellion, to deal with which he proved ignominiously unequal. With the accession of his successor, Abraham Lincoln, he disappeared from public life and from popular consideration.

GEORGE MIFLIN DALLAS, 1856–1861.

Mr. Buchanan was succeeded in London by George Miflin Dallas of Philadelphia, a son of Alexander James Dallas, who was President Madison's Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Dallas had accompanied Albert Gallatin on his missions to St. Petersburg, in 1813, and again in 1814 as private secretary. In 1837 he was sent by Mr. Van Buren as Minister to Russia, and in 1844 had been elected Vice-President with Mr. Polk. In the settlement of Central American disputes and in the recall of Sir John Crampton, which were the features of our diplomacy during this administration, Mr. Dallas seems to have borne only a secondary and subordinate part. During that period domestic politics absorbed the energies and the passions of the nations. Our ministers abroad lived in doubt and expectancy. The election of Abraham Lincoln was the consummation of a revolution which transferred the practical control of our Government from the Slave States to the Free States, and put an end to the political dynasty of which President Buchanan was the last representative.

CHARLES F. ADAMS, 1861–1869.

At the special solicitation of Mr. Seward, who, upon the accession of President Lincoln, became Secretary of State, Charles Francis Adams, then a member of Congress from Massachusetts, and the son and grandson of Presidents, was sent to replace Mr. Dallas.

In 1848 Mr. Adams had been selected as the candidate of what was then termed the Free Soil Party, for Vice President, with Mr. Van Buren as President. In the election which ensued was laid the foundation of the Republican Party, which for the last twenty years has governed the country.

Mr. Adams assumed the English Mission at a period of peculiar difficulty. This country was engaged in a civil war of unexampled proportions. The Government and

EDWARD EVERETT.

the governing classes of the country to which he was accredited were in undisguised sympathy with the rebels, and willing to do everything that was consistent with neutrality, and more, to promote their success. To reduce to its minimum the assistance which the Rebellion was deriving from these sources, to prevent a formal recognition of the rebels as belligerents, to stop the fitting out of blockade-runners in English ports, and to strengthen to the utmost the modest party in England that remained in sympathy with us, was the arduous and solemn duty imposed upon Mr. Adams. It is generally conceded that his success was extraordinary, and though he did not succeed in preventing the recognition of the rebels as belligerents, nor in stopping the equipment of blockade-runners in English ports, nor in producing any sensible modification of the hostile feelings of the governing classes toward America, to him is conceded the merit of having done as much in those directions as probably could have been accomplished by any representative.

Mr. Adams remained in England seven years, and long enough to see peace restored in his own country, and the ruling classes of England sueing for forgiveness and forgetfulness of their ungenerous treatment of his country in its time of trial.

J. LOTHROP MOTLEY, 1869–1870.

Upon the accession of President Grant, in 1869, Mr. J. Lothrop Motley was designated as the successor of Mr. Adams. Mr. Motley had been Minister to Austria during the administration of President Lincoln, and part of the administration of President Johnson. He resigned that mission in a pet, because President Johnson had directed some passages of a letter written by a tourist from Vienna, criticising his (Motley's) official deportment, to be transmitted to him for such explanations as he might think they merited.

A yet more unfortunate termination awaited Mr. Motley's diplomatic career in England. He enjoyed the friendship and protection of Senator Sumner, and came to be suspected by the President of giving more heed to the instructions of the Senator than of the Secretary of State.

It finally transpired that in one of his communications to the British Minister of Foreign Affairs he transcended the instructions of the Secretary of State, and failed to communicate the fact to his Government, in consequence of which he was recalled in 1870. His diplomatic career will be chiefly remembered for these unfortunate misunderstandings with his Government.

ROBERT C. SCHENCK, 1871–1876.

Mr. Motley was succeeded by Robert C. Schenck, of Ohio, who took charge of the American Legation in 1871.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

JAMES BUCHANAN.

Mr. Schenck had occupied a seat in the lower branch of Congress for sixteen years; he had represented our country in Brazil from 1851 to 1853, and during the Rebellion had risen in the army to the rank of brigadier, and afterward of major-general of volunteers. During his residence in London, he was more or less conspicuous in the negotiations which resulted in the Treaty of Washington for the settlement of the Alabama claims, and the Geneva Conference.

Though his official conduct seemed to receive the approval of his Government, he was less fortunate in the impression he left upon his country-people visiting London. He resigned in 1876.

EDWARDS PIERREPONT, 1876–1878.

The resignation of Mr. Schenck led President Grant to

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

a partial reorganization of his Cabinet, and to the selection of Edwards Pierrepont, of New York, then his Attorney-General, to succeed Mr. Schenck in London. Mr. Pierrepont was most fortunate in entering upon the duties of his mission when it was more than ever in our history the policy of England to cultivate friendly relations with the United States.

He gave himself a European notoriety on the very day of his arrival in England, the Fourth of July, by attending a meeting in London, called to celebrate the anniversary of our independence, and making a speech in which he

GEORGE MIFLIN DALLAS.

ROBERT C. SCHENCK.

spoke of Mr. Gladstone, then in the Opposition, in disparaging, not to say offensive, terms.

It was largely, if not entirely. due to the address of Mr. Pierrepont that General Grant owed his flattering reception in England in 1877, and we may add, in the other countries which he subsequently visited, where the example of England in such matters is more or less decisive.

JOHN WELSH, 1878–1880.

In the second year of Mr. Hayes's administration, 1878, Mr. Pierrepoint was replaced by John Welsh, of Pennsylvania. Like Abbott Lawrence, Mr. Welsh's principal claim to this distinction was his large wealth, and the generous use he had made of it; but unlike Mr. Lawrence, he had never had any experience in Congress or in public life. He held the position but two years, and then resigned. If not fortunate enough to achievo distinction as a diplomatist, he was more fortunate than many of his more eminent predecessors in escaping serious criticism.

J. RUSSELL LOWELL, 1880.

Upon the accession of Mr. Hayes to the Presidency, he appointed Mr. J. Russell Lowell, of Massachusetts, to the Madrid mission. Upon the resignation of Mr. Welsh, Mr. Lowell was transferred to London, where he fully sustains the reputation which the State of Massachusetts has conferred upon that mission, and where he occupies a position of social and political influence which has scarcely been accorded to any of his predecessors. The time to estimate him as a diplomatist and statesman is not yet arrived. Should Mr. Lowell remain at his post till the close of the administration, Massachusetts will probably have no cause to feel ashamed of the record she has made in American diplomacy during the century then to close, with John Adams at one end of it and James Russell Lowell at the other.

A CHAT ABOUT GOOD CHEER.

BY SUTHERLAND MENZIES.

THE decline of high-class cookery in France generally, and notably at Paris, has become a subject of general complaint not only with the expert *gastronome*, but also the refined and appreciative *viveur*. The first-rate *chef de cuisine* is almost a personage of the past. How has this happened in such an age of practical science and widely prevailing enjoyment like the present? Is it attributable to the Spartan simplicity of the young Republican *régime* which in theory holds that a true democrat should be neither *gourmet* nor *gastronome*, though he may be a vigorous trencherman?

The Revolution of 1789 overthrew the great nobles, the sumptuous tables, and the grand manners; but Talleyrand restored all that, and, thanks to him, the reputation of France again made the tour of the world and substantiated its claim to supremacy in stately and refined hospitality. Whose task will it be now to restore all this to its former splendor? The palmy days of *haute cuisine* were when Carême and his fellow-artists produced their masterpieces for the repasts of the monarchs and great statesmen of the early part of the century.

Carême was the representative of the culinary art in its highest perfection. Amidst the prodigalities of the Directory he had prepared the delicate luxury and exquisite sensuality of the First Empire. The table of Prince de Talleyrand was served, Carême tells us, "avec sagesse et grangeur, donnait l'exemple et rappelait aux bons principes les gens comme il faut."

Carême having grown up with the Empire, one can fancy his grief at seeing it crumble to pieces. He was constrained to accomplish, in the plain of Vertus, the gigantic regal banquet of 1814. The year following, the Prince Regent summoned him to Brighton as *chef de cuisine*. He remained in England two years, and drew up every day, under the eye of his somewhat *blasé* Royal Highness, the *menu* for dinner. It was during these private consultations that he penned a course of dietetic gastronomy which would be considered among the classics of the kitchen.

Bored by the dull-gray skies of England, he retired to Paris; but the Prince Regent, having succeeded to the throne, recalled him in 1821. For a French cook to be misunderstood is the most unpardonable outrage that can be inflicted on him. "Je lui ai composé," said the great chief, bitterly, of George IV., "une longe de veau en surprise. Il l'a mangée; mais il n'a pu le comprendre." So the disgusted cook composed a last sauce, which he called "La dernière Pensée de Carême," and retired from the royal service.

From London Carême went to St. Petersburg; next to Vienna to superintend some grand dinners of the Emperor of Austria. He then revisited London, but only to return to Paris to write and publish. But as, at the frequent congresses that were then taking place, all the sovereigns desired to have him, he was continually torn away from his theorizing. Carême had become indispensable during those diplomatic assemblies. But great labor shortens life. "The charcoal kills us," he said; "but what does that matter? The fewer years, the greater glory." He died, sacrificed, in fact, by his genius, on January 12th, 1833, before he had reached his fiftieth year, leaving pupils worthy of him, among others the excellent Vuillemot.

The name of Marie-Antoine Carême, certainly, did not seem destined to acquire the gastronomic celebrity which it attained. Since his death many princes have lost their principalities, many kings have descended from their thrones. Carême, the king of the kitchen by his genius, has kept his position, and no rival glory has appeared to eclipse him.

Like all founders of empires, like Theseus, like Romulus, Carême was a sort of foundling. He was born at Paris on June 7th, 1784, in a woodyard in the Rue du Bac, where his father worked; the latter, burdened with fifteen children and not knowing how to find them in daily bread, took little Marie-Antoine, then eleven years old, to dine with him one day at the barrier. Then leaving him there on the pavement, he said:

"Go, my little fellow; there are plenty of good employments in this world. If we allow ourselves to sink into sloth, misery will be our lot, and we must die in it. Now is the time to make your fortune, and it only needs talent, and you don't lack that. Go, my little fellow; this evening or to-morrow some good house will perhaps open its door to receive you. Go ahead with what our good God has given you and what I add."

And the excellent man added his blessing. From that forward Marie-Antoine saw no more either of father or mother, who died young; or his brothers or his sisters, who were scattered over the wide world.

Night soon darkened down upon him. The boy, attracted by a well-lighted window, tapped on the pane. It was the kitchen of a low eating-house, of which history has not preserved the owner's name. This man welcomed Carême, and on the morrow took the lad into his service. When at sixteen he quitted that dingy *gargote* to work at a restaurant, where his progress was rapid, the youth

already gave promise of what he would one day become. From the time when he was taken into the employ of Bailly, a famous pastrycook in the Rue Vivienne, who excelled in cream tarts, and supplied Prince Talleyrand, he saw his way clearly for the future and discovered his vocation.

Shortly after entering his seventeenth year he quitted these great pastry-houses, in which he had greatly distinguished himself by his designs of unique confectionery termed *extraordinaires*, in order to superintend grand dinners.

"That was sufficient to occupy the whole of my time," he tells us in his memoirs. "I continued to rise higher and higher, and made a great deal of money. The envious were jealous of me, a poor working-lad, and I have found myself a butt for the attacks of not a few small pastry-cooks who will have much to achieve ere they stand where I do."

Carême is perhaps the only man of his time whose fame has remained undisputed.

Much has been said about Talleyrand's table, and much that is incorrect. The Prince-bishop was of opinion that a wholesome and well-studied kitchen should tend to fortify health and to keep off serious maladies. And the good health he enjoyed during the last forty years of his life affords a strong argument in favor of that dictum. All that was illustrious in Europe, political, erudite and artistic, as well as great generals, ministers, diplomatists, poets, found seats at his sumptuous board, and all without exception owned that the highest refinement of culinary art, allied with a hospitality the most unbounded, reigned there.

The Prince went every year to drink the waters at Bourbon d'Archambault, thence to his magnificent chateau of Valençay, where he kept open table to the celebrities of Europe. At Paris his dinner-hour was eight o'clock; in the country he dined at five, and in fine weather he afterward walked out. On returning to the house the silent game of whist was played, and, that over, Talleyrand retired to his cabinet and there fell asleep. His flatterers then said that he was absorbed in his reflections.

When eighty the active-minded veteran diplomatist devoted an hour every morning to a discussion with his cook upon the *ordre du jour* of the *menu* for dinner—the only repast he took in the twenty-four hours, for in the morning before he began work he merely drank two or three cups of camomile tea. Bouché or Bouche-Sèche, who had been in the service of the Condé family, and who was noted for the savor and succulence of his good cheer, was charged with the duty of appointing the kitchens of the Prince's establishments at Paris and Valençay. It was he who produced those famous dinners at the Affaires Etrangères that became classic, and were so continually imitated. The Prince placed the utmost confidence in Bouché, and allowed him perfect liberty in the matter of expenditure, and accepted all he did with a good grace. Bouché died in the Prince's service, his first post of *chef* having been in the establishment of the unfortunate Princess de Lamballe, and Talleyrand's kitchen was only a continuation of that of the house of Condé.

The *menu* of a "dîner maigre" given by Talleyrand in honor of the Emperor Alexander is worth noting, and does great credit to the invention and resources of the *chef*:

"Four soups: Riz à la Crécy; potage aux laitues nouvelles; potage de filets de soles; potage de quenelles de carpes aux champignons. Four relevés: Filets de carrelets à la Orly; rissoles de poisson à l'allemande; attelets de goujons panés; croquettes de saumon aux truffes. Four grosses pièces: Carpe à la polonaise; turbot à la hollandaise; hure d'esturgeon au vin de Champagne; brochet à la Régence. Sixteen entrées: Plies à la bourguignonne; vol-au-vent de laitances de carpes; boudins de poisson au beurre d'écrevisses; darnes de saumon à la vénitienne; salade de homards à la provençale; escalopes de cabillaud à la hollandaise; petits-pâtés de filets de soles à la Béchamel; rougets grillés, sauce à l'italienne; papillotes d'aloses à Huxelles; petites timbales de nouilles aux crevettes; filets de soles à la bayonnaise; turban de merlans à la Conti; vives grillées, sauce aux tomates; perches à la bayonnaise; caisse d'huîtres et de laitances à l'italienne; pâté chaud d'anguilles à l'ancienne; bonne morue au gratin. Four grosses pièces d'entremets: Buisson d'écrevisses normandes; poupelin glacé au four; gâteau au riz soufflé; buisson de truffes. Four plats de rôts: Truite au bleu; plongeons de Seine; sarcelles au citron; merlans frits, panés à l'anglaise. Sixteen entremets: Gelée de marasquin, œufs à la Dauphine; cardes à la poulette; génoises pralinées; plongeons bardés d'anguilles; tartelettes de pommes glacées; épinards au jus; céleri à la Béchamel; crème françoise au cédrat; fromage bavarois aux framboises; patates d'Espagne à la maître d'hôtel; champignons à l'espagnole, gâteaux à la d'Artois; choux glacés au cardinal; laitues farcies à l'essence d'esturgeon; œufs brouillés au verjus muscat; gelée d'orange moulée. Six assiettes volantes de soufflés à la vanille; forty-eight assiettes de dessert."

The *cuisine* of Louis XIV.'s time was nice, sumptuous and substantial. The Grand Monarque was a prodigious eater; and a suspicion only of the degree of delicacy to which the art could reach at the table of the Condés had then dawned. It was under the Regent, Orléans, to his *petits soupers*, to the cooks he formed, whom he paid and treated so royally and so politely, that the eighteenth century was indebted for its excellent cookery. That promoter of conviviality and good humor — that science which we may well and truly call the gay science—awakened men's wit by stimulating it to the keenest point. French conversation, which soon became the model for European conversation, found, from midnight to one o'clock in the morning, its highest perfection at table.

The long reign of Louis XV. was monotonous as regarded the kitchen. M. de Richelieu alone produced some variety over the ordinary sameness of those perfumes, flowers, and fruits which were resorted to as accessories. He invented the pudding à la Richelieu and the bayonnaise, which French restaurateurs persist in calling Mahonnaises, under pretext that they had been first produced on the eve or the morrow of the capture of Port Mahon. Neither must we omit to place beside those dishes the Béchamel sauce and Soubise cutlets. This period appears so much the longer from having succeeded that vivacious epoch presided over by the Regent, when everybody was youthful and possessed of wit and good digestion. One of the Duke's faults was that he was too good-natured. Nothing made him angry, nothing displeased him. His levity was such that he turned everything into pleasantry. The Regency was the gayest epoch of the gay French nation, when during some seven or eight years people lived only to eat, drink, and be merry. But, alas! the heavy reckoning for all that came in the next reign.

According to the worthy M. Grand Manche, *chef* of the kitchens of the sordid arch-chancellor Cambacérès, who was daily in the habit of checking sharply the dinner expenses, the master of the house ought to say nothing, see nothing about the cost of a first-rate dinner, but simply trust to the skill and probity of his cook for the result. It is a delicate point, but the illustrious Talleyrand, Carême tells us, "acted upon these principles, and they are those of good taste, and were those of all the great gentlemen whom I have served: Castlereagh, George IV., the Emperor Alexander, etc. But Cambacérès," he adds, "was never an epicure in the proper acceptation of the word; he was born simply a gross and voracious eater."

It is said that Louis XVIII., in his elaborate banquets,

and even in his *tête-à-tête* dinners with M. d'Avaray, exhausted the secrets of the most refined luxury. The cutlets were not cooked simply on the grill, but between two other cutlets; the task being left to those before whom the tid-bit was placed of opening that marvelous cassolette, whence suddenly escaped at once, to the delight of the sense both of taste and smell, the most delicate gravy and perfume. Ortolans were cooked in the bellies of partridges *capitonnés* with truffles, so that sometimes his majesty hesitated for an instant or two between the delicate bird and the perfumed vegetable.

The first dinner of Louis XVIII. at Compiègne, in 1814, which happened to be a "dîner maigre," consisted of four soups and one hundred different dishes — no meat of any kind — and eighty kinds of dessert. "Excusez du peu."

There was a committee of taste which presided over the fruit destined to appear upon the royal table, and M. Petit-Radel, Librarian of the Institut, was the peach-taster. One day a gardener of Montreuil, having obtained, by a scientific combination of grafts, some peaches of a surpassingly fine sort, was very desirous that they should be presented to Louis XVIII.; but it was necessary that they should first be passed by the sworn taster. He repaired, therefore, to the library of the Institut, and inquired for M. Petit-Radel, carrying with him a plate containing four magnificent peaches.

He encountered some little difficulty. The librarian was much pressed to dispatch certain work hurriedly wanted. The gardener was importunate, but only requesting that he might be allowed to pass the plate with the peaches and his fore-arm within the door. M. Petit-Radel opened his eyes, which had closed over a Gothic manuscript. At the sight of such tempting fruit he could not help exclaiming, with great delight, "Come in! come in!"

The gardener announced the object of his visit, and the jubilation of a gastronomer spread itself over the features of the adept, who, stretching himself in his easy-chair, with crossed legs and folded hands, prepared, after a gentle pulling of himself together, indicated by a significant movement of the shoulders, for the important judgment required of him.

THE FIRST CENTURY OF THE ENGLISH MISSION.—J. LOTHROP MOTLEY.— SEE PAGE 1.

Our gardener asked for a silver knife, cut one of the peaches in quarters at random, stuck a slice on the point of the knife and presented it to Petit-Radel's lips, saying, "Taste the juice."

With closed eyes, impassive brow, full of the importance of his function, Petit-Radel tasted the juice without a word. Anxiety was visible in the gardener's eyes, when, after two or three minutes, those of the judge reopened.

"Good! very good! friend," were the only words he vouchsafed. Whereupon a second slice was presented like the first; only the gardener said, in a more assured tone:

"*Taste the pulp.*"

The same silence, the same gravity on the part of the sage gourmand; but this time the movement of the mouth was more sensible, for he was chewing. At length, after an inclination of the head, "Ah! very good! very good!" said he. It might have been thought that the superiority of the peach had been established, and everything said that was needed. Not so.

"*Taste the aroma,*" said the gardener.

The aroma was found to be worthy of the pulp and the juice. Then the gardener, who had passed by degrees from the attitude of a suppliant to that of a triumpher, presented the last slice, and with a tinge of pride and

satisfaction, which he was unable longer to conceal—

"Now," said he, "*taste the whole.*"

Needless to say that this last mouthful had the same success as the others. His eyes humid with emotion, a smile wreathing his lips, Petit-Radel jumped up with effusive joy, and taking the gardener by both hands, with the same effusion he might have shown for an artist—

"Ah! *mon ami,*" said he, "it is perfection. I compliment you sincerely upon your skill, and from to-morrow your peaches shall be served upon the King's table."

Louis XVIII. indulged in no illusions; he regretted to observe the disappearance of delicate eating. "Doctor," said he, one day, to Corvisart, "gastronomy is declining, and with it the last remains of the old civilization."

REVERDY JOHNSON.

The Bourbon King was a dainty eater, and had profound contempt for his brother, Louis XVI., a voracious devourer of every kind of food, who, in eating, accomplished not an intellectual or rational, but simply an animal, operation.

On August 10th, 1792, after the massacre of his Swiss guards and nobles, the King sought refuge with the Convention. Scarcely had the ill-starred French King taken his seat when he became hungry, and requested that something to eat might be instantly brought him. The Queen insisted that he should not exhibit such a strange example of thoughtlessness and gluttony, but, as there was no way of bringing him to reason, a roast fowl was placed within his reach, which he at once greedily attacked without appearing to

JOHN WELSH.

J. RUSSELL LOWELL.

disquiet himself about the serious contingency of his own life or death then under discussion. What did it matter? He was alive. "I think, therefore I live," said Descartes. "I live, therefore I eat," said Louis XVI. The repast went on until not a scrap of fowl nor a morsal of bread was left.

The heaviest complaints of Louis XVI. and those in his service, whilst confined in the temple, were directed against the restriction set upon his meals.

Society generally models itself after the example set by the head of the State. Napoleon was not a gourmand, but he wished that every great functionary of the Empire should be one. "Keep a good table," said he; "spend more than your appointments; incur debts; I will pay them." And he did.

What prevented Bonaparte from becoming a gourmand was probably the idea which constantly pursued him that he would become obese. One dish only is due to him among all his victories—the *poulet à la Marengo.* The historic *poulet* was first fried in oil, Napoleon's cook being for the moment short of butter. He drank very little wine, always Bordeaux or Burgundy; he, however, preferred the latter, and Chambertin above all other growths. After breakfast, as after dinner, he took a cup of coffee. He was irregular with his meals, ate fast and badly; but therein was perceptible that absolute will which he brought to everything; so soon as appetite made itself felt, it must be satisfied; and his table service was so appointed that anywhere, or at any honr, he could find a fowl, cutlets, and coffee ready.

He breakfasted in his bedroom at ten o'clock, inviting almost always those who happened to be near him. Bourrienne, his secretary, during the four or five years he was with him, never saw him partake of more than two dishes at a meal.

One day the Emperor asked why his table was never served with *crepinettes de cochon* (a ragout made of hashed meat mixed with morsals or fringes of pork). Dunand, the Emperors *maître d'hôtel,* was staggered by the question, and replied: "Sire, that which is indigestible is not gastronomic." An officer present added: "Your Majesty cannot eat crepinettes and work immediately afterward." "Bah! bah! idle tales; I shall work, for all that." "Sire," Dunand then said, "your Majesty shall be obeyed at breakfast to-morrow." And next day the head *maître d'hôtel* of the Tuileries served up the required dish, only that the crepinettes were made with slices of partridge, a difference unperceived by the Emperor, who ate with great relish. "Your dish is excellent, and I compliment you upon it."

A month after Dunand inscribed crepinettes upon the *menu,* and presented them at breakfast. On that day Murat and Bessière were to breakfast at the palace, but urgent business had called them away. The *déjeuner* was composed of six dishes, upon which were veal cutlets, fish, fowls, game, and entremets, vegetables and boiled eggs.

The Emperor had just swallowed after his wont, in a second, several spoonfuls of soup, when, hastily removing the nearest cover, he discovered his favorite dish. With contracted features he rose from his chair, at the same time pushing back the table with such violence as to overthrow all that was on it upon a magnificent Ispahan carpet; shaking his arms as he withdrew, raising his voice, and dashing the doors of his cabinet one against the other.

M. Dunand stood thunderstruck and rooted to the floor, motionless and shattered like the beautiful porcelain service. What hurricane had blown over the palace? The carvers were trembling, the scared footman had fled, and the bewildered *maître d'hôtel* at length hurried away to consult the grand marshal of the palace, and invoke his kind interposition.

Duroc, in his perfect self-possession, appeared cold and haughty, but he was neither one nor the other; he listened, therefore, to the account of the scene of the breakfast. When he had heard all about it, he smiled and said to Dunand: "You do not know the Emperor; if you will take my advice, you will begin immediately to prepare his *déjeuner* again and the dish of crepinettes; you had nothing to do with that smash; some bothering business is alone the cause of it. When the Emperor has arranged it, he will ask for his breakfast.

The poor *maître d'hôtel* hastened to prepare the second repast. Dunand carried it as far as the door, and Roustan served it. Not seeing his zealous servant at his elbow, Napoleon inquired what had become of him, and why he did not serve up the breakfast. He was summoned and reappeared with a blanched visage, carrying in his trembling hands a magnificent roast fowl. The Emperor smiled graciously upon him and ate a wing of the capon and a little of the crepinettes, and afterward highly praised the *déjeuner;* then making a sign for Dunand to come forward, he tapped him several times on the cheek, saying with some emotion: "Monsieur Dunand, you are happier in being my *maître d'hôtel* than I am in being ruler of this country." And he finished his breakfast in silence, his countenance revealing deep mental agitation.

Napoleon, when campaigning, frequently mounted on horseback early in the morning and remained in the saddle throughout the day. Care was then taken to place in one of his holsters bread and wine, and in the other a roast fowl. He generally shared his provisions with one of his officers still worse off than himself.

The influence of his first Citoyen-Directeur Barras, who always ate slowly and quietly, did not make itself felt in his master's case. The "beau Barras," at his select dinners, took particular care of the ladies. Affixed to a *menu* signed with his own name, there is a curious note.

"Carte Dinatoire pour la Table du Citoyen-Directeur et Général Barras le Décadi 30 Floréal. Twelve persons.

"Potage aux petits oignons à la ci-devant minime. Relevé: Tronçon d'esturgeon à la broche. Entrées: Sauté de filets de turbot à l'homme de confinance, ci-devant maître d'hôtel; anguilles à la tartare; concombres farcis à la moëlle; vol-au-vent de volaille à la Béchamel; ci-devant Saint-Pierre, sauce aux câpres; filets de perdrix en anneaux. Plats de rôt: Goujons du département; carpe au court-bouillon. Entremets: Œufs à la neige; betteraves blanches, sautées au jambon; gelée au madère; beignets de crème à la fleur d'orange; lentilles à la ci-devant Reine; culs d'artichauts à la ravigote; salade de céleri en remoulade."

The note, in Barras's hand, runs:

"Too much fish; strike out the gudgeons. The rest will do. Don't forget again to place cushions upon the chairs for the *citoyennes* Tallien, Talma, Beauharnais, Hainguerlot, and Mirande. For five o'clock sharp. Get the ices from Veloni. I won't have any others. BARRAS."

Has the gallantry of Barras injured his reputation? From the fact of the ladies having taken him under their protection, instead of the director and the general he has remained known as the elegant beau Barras. Of his corruption, of the millions he purloined from France, there can be no doubt. But how much absolution is there hidden under those words: "Place cushions upon the chairs of the *citoyennes* Tallien, Talma, Beauharnais, Hainguerlot and Mirande."

Through failure of his digestive powers, the veteran gourmand was at last reduced to dining off a single dish: over a plate filled with bread, crumbled by rasping, a leg

of mutton was scored into above the bread, until it became inundated with gravy. That alone formed Barras's dinner.

Amongst the last disciples of the god Gaster who were accustomed to discipline their gastronomy at the dining-tables of Louis Philippe's ministers, may be mentioned such wits as Veron, Nestor Roqueplan, Vieil-Castel, Roger de Beauvoir, etc. Only the first-named among them, Dumas tells us, was rich enough or gained money enough —which came very nearly to the same thing—to make himself an eater *d'ancienne roche*, that is to say, a gastronome. The others took a middle course: not being rich enough to devote themselves to gastronomy, they became *gourmets* or *gourmands*. Lastly, those who gained money by fits and starts, according as a vaudeville succeeded, or they began a series of articles in a journal, became *viveurs*. Still, the custom of giving dinners and suppers was so far lost amongst that class of Frenchmen, the same writer records, that not on a single occasion did the idea occur to any one of those men of forming a dinner-party; and he adds, "I do not believe that even once they all met together for that purpose."

The Vicomte de Vieil-Castel, brother of Count Horace, one of the most refined gourmets of his time, started one day, at a party composed one half of artists and the other half of men of fashion, the following proposition:

"A man can, by himself, eat a dinner costing five hundred francs."

"Impossible!" was the general exclamation.

"It must be well understood," rejoined the vicomte, "that with the word *eat* is comprised the word *drink*."

"Parbleu!" rejoined his hearers.

"Very well! I say that a man—and when I say a man, I do not speak of a carter—I mean a *gourmet*, a disciple of Montron or de Courchamps—very well! I say a *gourmet*, a disciple of Montron or Courchamps, can eat a dinner costing five hundred francs."

"You, for instance?"

"I, or any other man."

"Would you?"

"Certainly."

"I will put down the five hundred francs," said one of those present. "Now, let us thoroughly understand the conditions."

"Nothing can be more simple to understand. I will dine at the Café de Paris, and arrange my carte as I choose, and I will eat at dinner what will cost five hundred francs."

"Without leaving anything on plate or dish?"

"Only the bones."

"And when shall the wager come off?"

"To-morrow, if you like."

"And then you will take no breakfast?" asked one of the party.

"I shall take my usual breakfast."

"Agreed. To-morrow, at seven o'clock, at the Café de Paris."

After this conversation the vicomte went to dine, as was his custom, at that fashionable restaurant, and after dinner, in order not to be influenced by gnawings of the stomach, the vicomte set to work to arrange the morrow's bill of fare.

The *maître d'hôtel* was summoned. It was midwinter. The vicomte required plenty of fruit, and early fruit. He asked for game, but all sporting was temporarily suspended.

The *maître d'hôtel* requested to be allowed a week.

The dinner was therefore put off. It was arranged that the umpires should dine on the right and left of the vicomte's table.

The time allowed was two hours—from seven till nine.

The vicomte might talk or not as he pleased.

At the hour appointed De Vieil-Castel made his appearance, bowed to the umpires, and seated himself.

The bill of fare was a mystery to his adversaries; the pleasure of a surprise was reserved for them. The vicomte unfolded his napkin.

Twelve dozen Ostend oysters were served up, together with half a bottle of Johannisbery.

The vicomte exhibited a good appetite; he called for another dozen of Ostend oysters and another half bottle of the same *cru*.

Next came a basin of *swallow-nest-soup*, which the vicomte poured into a bowl and tossed off at a draught.

"*Ma foi*, gentlemen," said he; "I feel in the vein today, and have a mind to indulge in a whim."

"Do so, *pardieu!* You have it all your own way."

"I doat upon beefsteak and potatoes."

"Gentlemen, no observations, if you please," said a voice.

"Bah! *garçon*," exclaimed the vicomte; "*beefsteak and potatoes*."

The *garçon*, astonished, stared at the vicomte.

"*Eh bien*," said the latter, "don't you understand?"

"*Si fait;* but I thought that Monsieur le Vicomte had completed his *menu*."

"True, but this is an extra which I fancy, and for which I shall pay additionally."

The umpires stared at one another. The beefsteak and potatoes were brought, and duly devoured to the very last morsel.

"*Voyons!* now for the fish."

The fish was brought.

"Messieurs," said the vicomte, "it is a *ferra* from the Lake of Geneva. This fish is to be found there only; but it is, however, possible to procure it. When they showed it me this morning at breakfast it was still alive. It was brought from Geneva to Paris in lake water. I can recommend *ferra*—it is delicious eating."

Five minutes afterward there was nothing on the plate but the backbone of the *ferra*.

"The pheasant, *garçon!*" cried the vicomte.

A pheasant stuffed with truffles made its appearance.

"Another bottle of Bordeaux."

The bottle was uncorked.

The pheasant was dispatched in ten minutes.

"Monsieur," observed the *garçon*, "I think you have made a mistake in asking for the stuffed pheasant before the *salmis d'ortolans*."

"Ah, *pardieu*, that's true! By good luck it is not fixed in what order the ortolans shall be eaten, otherwise I should have lost the wager. The *salmis d'ortolans, garçon*."

The salmis was set before him.

There were ten ortolans, of which the vicomte made just ten mouthfuls.

"Messieurs," said he, "my *menu* is a very simple one. Now for some asparagus, young peas, a pineapple, and some strawberries. For wine, half a bottle of Constantia and half a bottle of East India sherry. After that, coffee and liqueurs, of course."

Each item came in its turn; vegetables and fruits, all were conscientiously eaten, wines and liqueurs drained to the last drop.

The vicomte had taken an hour and fourteen minutes for dinner.

"Messieurs," said he, "have matters been gone through loyally?"

The umpire testified in the affirmative.

"*Garçon*, the bill."

The vicomte cast a glance at the sum total, and handed the document to the umpires. It ran as follows:

	fr.	c.
Ostend oysters, twenty-four dozen	30	..
Swallow-nest soup	150	..
Beefsteak and potatoes	2	..
Ferra from the Lake of Geneva	40	..
Pheasant with truffles	40	..
Salmis d'ortolans	50	..
Asparagus	15	..
Peas	12	..
Pineapple	24	..
Strawberries	20	..
WINES.		
Johannisberg, one bottle	24	..
Bordeaux, grand cru, two bottles	50	..
Constantia, half a bottle	40	..
East India sherry, half a bottle	50	..
Café, liqueurs	1	50
Total,	548	50

The addition was verified and proved correct. The bill was taken to the loser of the bet, who was dining in an adjoining room. He made his appearance, bowed to the vicomte, drew from his pocket six notes of one thousand francs each, and handed them to the winner. That was the amount of the wager.

"Oh, Monsieur," said the vicomte, "there need be no hurry; perhaps, moreover, you would desire to have your revenge."

"Would you give it me?"

"Certainly."

"When?"

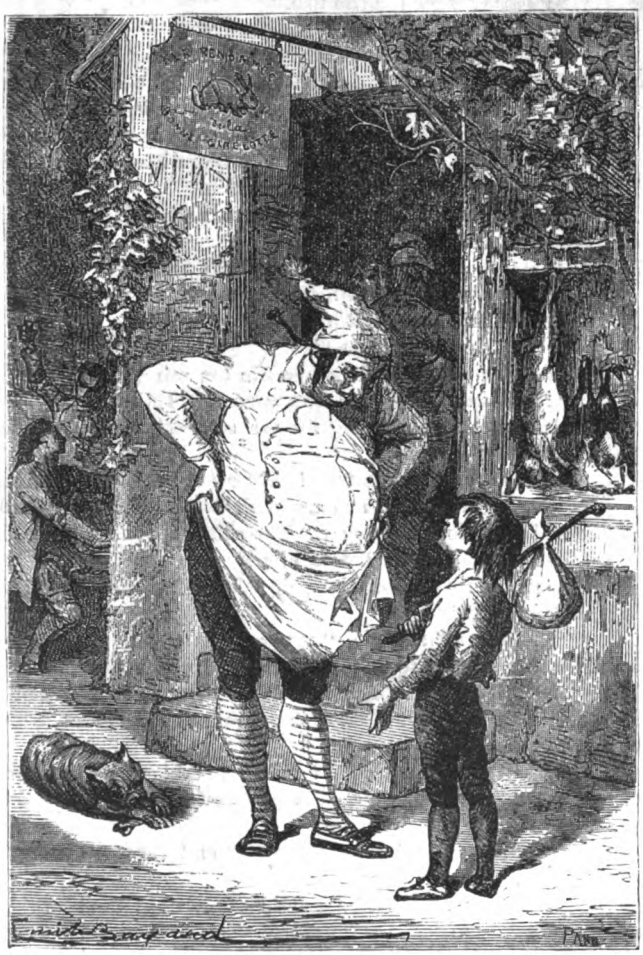
"As soon as you like."

The voracity of the Vicomte de Nieil-Castel does not single him out as one of the most elegant types of the gastronomy of the epoch, for the exploit above narrated was assuredly an example of pure gluttony.

The increase of gluttony in the gay and luxurious capital, once so noted for its superlative cookery and refined and delicate eating, is remarked by a recent sojourner in Paris, and by M. Abraham Dreyfus, who, in a remarkable article, points out that it is every day becoming more difficult to secure the services of really accomplished cooks, for the reason that first-rate *chefs* can always command much larger salaries in London, in Berlin, in Vienna, and in St. Petersburg, than they can obtain in Paris.

According to M. Degleré, who, next to Messieurs Jules Gouffé and Urban Dubois, is universally acknowledged to be the first *chef* in Europe, the only remedy for the evils under which gastronomic France is suffering is the establishment of a national school of cookery. It is a curious fact that in other countries just now, when the *haute cuisine* has so greatly declined in France, more attention to the science is being given than ever.

"The stomach," said that renowned *gourmet*, the Duke Pasquier, "is the body's king"; and he accordingly made it the business of his life to attend to its requirements and to humor its caprices. A gastronomical faculty is an integral part of every civilization, and gastronomy is one of the sources and stimulants of its advancing stages. It helps to raise mankind above mere animal existence, and in time to gradually transform the savage into the cultivated citizen. Simple food once obtained in plenty, he begins to long for better, more varied and more succulent; and with the richer nutriment he learns by degrees to combine a most delicate perception of the more refined mysteries of the culinary art—the *ars artium* the *scientia scientiarum*.



A CHAT ABOUT GOOD CHEER.— CARÊME IS INTERVIEWED. SEE PAGE 10.

MORAL CULTURE.—One chief advantage of recognizing the existence of a class of actions which have no moral significance is the opportunity it affords of close and careful investigation as to the point at which they merge into moral or immoral acts. In other words, it enables us to notice more accurately the beginnings of right and wrong and to form a clearer idea of how to foster the one and crush the other. This is the golden opportunity for moral culture, whether of self or others. Habit renders wrong-doing of any kind a sort of second nature, which it is hard, if not impossible, entirely to break up; but the first temptation can be resisted with comparative ease. In the moral education of youth these distinctions are of the utmost value.

UNPUNCTUALITY.—Many a man would rather be fined than be kept waiting. If a man must injure another, let him rather plunder him of his cash than his time. To keep a busy man waiting is an act of robbery, and also an insult. It may not be so intended, but certainly if a man has proper respect for his friend he will know the value of his time, and not cause him to waste it. There is a cool contempt in unpunctuality, for it as good as says, "Let the fellow wait; who is he that I should keep my appointment with him?"

BE not simply good; be good for something.

A MIDSUMMER MYSTERY.—"'YOU SWEAR NEVER TO WHISPER A SYLLABLE TO MISS KIRKWOOD?' 'I DO, BY THE MEMORY OF MY DEAD MOTHER!' SAID THE POOR CREATURE."— SEE NEXT PAGE.

A MIDSUMMER MYSTERY.

By Walter Edward McCann.

"IT is not a great deal, of course; Fred would think it nothing; but I shall make it go pretty far—over the Alps and into Italy, I contemplate."

So spoke Geoffrey, lying on his back with his hands under his head and his eyes fixed on the sky above.

Is there any place so charming as an old orchard on a Summer afternoon?

Miss Kirkwood was thinking, her novel lying face downward in her lap, and her thoughts—where?

No doubt with her affianced, Fred Meredith, who is expected to-night or to-morrow. And a rather long silence followed, and then said the lady:

"I suppose you wish you had Fred's money."

"It might not buy me everything I should like to own. *Apropos* of Fred, I shall not be here at the wedding. You and I are such old friends that——"

"That what?" she ventured, after waiting a minute for the conclusion, picking up the book again, and reading some lines with the greatest attention, although I do not think she could have told what they were about.

"I don't like to attend the marriages of old friends any more than their funerals. I am pretty certain never to return from Europe, and I prefer my last recollections to be of Bessie Kirkwood and not of Mrs. Meredith."

"The marriage may never come off," she said, with a half-laugh, a little nervous, almost a little choking. "I never professed to really love Fred Meredith. He is handsome and rich, and I think, good; but beyond respect and liking there is, I assure you, on my part, nothing. And I can tell you this, also, Geoffrey," she added, "that I have met some I like better."

"You have no business, my dear, to like any one better," returned Geoffrey, sturdily. "I think I promised to see to that while Fred was away. But you are not in earnest."

"I am. There are men in this world whom I could love with a little encouragement."

"If you mean Dr. Morris, I can assure you that he is impregnable."

She bit her lip and looked hard at the book.

"I do not mean Dr. Morris."

Perhaps it was too warm to pursue the subject further, for Geoffrey closed his eyes and seemed to be falling asleep.

The rustle of a dress roused him again, and, glancing about, he saw Miss Kirkwood in the act of disappearance through the files of fruit-trees.

He sat up, with hands clasped about his knees, and a strange look upon his face, and, after a long pause, he said:

"I cannot stand this much longer, and, whether he returns to-night or not, I shall go. Thank heaven, I have had the fortitude I needed thus far!"

He got up, and, with his hands in his pockets, strolled away across the smooth grass, taking another direction from that chosen by her who had just left him.

It was, indeed, awfully hot, and a tumble in the water at the culvert, half a mile yonder, would do him a world of good—cool the inward as well as the outward fever.

Morris—it was he, of course—"framed to make women false," in Iago's phrase; handsome, intellectual and attractive.

"She was on the verge of a full confession, but I am determined not to understand hints or plainer talk. I shall give her back to Meredith as he gave her to me—under faith to him. But only God knows my own sufferings," he added, with something like a groan.

He had forgotten the heat, and was trudging away under the fierce sun like a man with a tremendous journey before him, looking always on the hard-baked ground of the country-road into which he had turned from the old orchard. On a sudden he heard a footstep, and, lifting his eyes, saw a girl.

She was quite pretty, but thin and delicate, and rather poorly dressed, and, it seemed, almost ready to sink with fatigue.

"Do you know where I can get a drink of water, sir?" she said.

"Up at the house, I think," he returned, a little gruffly, and indicating over his shoulder with his thumb.

"Mrs. Kirkwood's, isn't it? I am going there, sir. Can you tell me whether Mr. Meredith has yet returned from Europe?"

Something odd in the girl's manner struck Geoffrey. She looked as if she had a purpose before her; there was, indeed, a sort of menace in her tone.

"He has not; but is expected—shortly. May I ask if your business is of great importance? Since Mr. Meredith has been away I have been attending to his affairs. I am his confidential friend."

"I hear that he is going to marry the young lady, Miss Kirkwood, and I'll die but I'll prevent it," said the girl, with a sudden fury. "I have a bundle of his letters, and I intend to give them to her;" and she drew from her bosom a little package of white enveloped missives tied with pink ribbon. "Here are his promises to me in his own handwriting—his oaths, sir;" and she began crying and sobbing hysterically, reiterating all sorts of wild threats.

At last Geoffrey succeeded in calming the tempest somewhat, and then followed an explanation—the old, sad story; and when he had heard, and they had talked a while, and the girl was more rational, he said:

"Miss Wood, your case is melancholy indeed, but I fear hopeless. Meredith will never marry you, it is certain, and from your own confession you cannot recover at law. The obtaining of money is, however, another thing, and negotiation easy; in short, I will give you a fair price for those documents, valueless in a legal sense, because they only promise fidelity and not marriage, but, nevertheless, very mischievous in reckless hands. You could easily break off the marriage, but he would not be the only one to suffer; remember Miss Kirkland's humiliation, and she has never wronged you. I have but one thousand dollars in this world—a sum I intended should take me to Europe—and I drew it from the bank this morning; it is yours for those letters and silence."

It was like careless Geoffrey. He had the roll of notes in his vest-pocket—only ten of them; but at the sight poor Alice Wood, the ballet-girl, who had seen a good deal of money in her time, uttered a gasp as if she had been suddenly plunged into cold water.

"Well, I'll do it, sir," she said, eying the notes with a curious, greedy stare, and holding out the letters.

"You swear never to whisper a syllable to Miss Kirkwood?"

"I do, by the memory of my dead mother!" said the

poor creature, recalling, alas! the only sacred association left for her, no doubt.

And the exchange was made, and they parted.

Geoffrey altered his intention about his bath, and went back to the house with a good deal to think about.

On the piazza he found no one but old Beauty, the fat and lazy terrier, and Geoffrey, subsiding into the basket-chair, elevated his feet and put on his "considering-cap."

When it was near sunset the door opened, and Miss Kirkwood, all in some white fabric, with a blood-red rose in her bosom, came out. She started at the sight of Geoffrey, and seemed about to retreat; but he said, suddenly, and with a sort of impatience:

"You need not always run away from me, Bessie. I am disagreeable to you, of course; but don't imagine that I would harm you. Perhaps you have a few better friends."

"Geoffrey!" she exclaimed, with her hands extended a little, and pain quivering in her face and voice, as if he had struck her.

"I am not Dr. Morris, but only lazy and unfortunate Geoffrey Fenton. I intended going to Europe, but have changed my mind. I will, however, relieve you of my presence in a day or two."

"Oh, Geoffrey, you are killing me! I must speak or die! It is you I love, only you, darling—only you."

And with a wild sob and a gush of tears she fell on his bosom.

He did not think of where they were, of the hour, of the risk of surprise. He held her close to his heart, which was beating as wildly as her own, with a convulsive grasp.

He knew then—for the first time he understood the truth; and what words could describe the ecstasy of that moment! But it was only a moment. Resolutely he withdrew her clinging hands and seated her in the chair.

"Bessie, you are a promised wife. Your husband that is to be, so soon, left you in my charge. We are talking madness, and must recollect ourselves."

"I will not marry him, Geoffrey. I can die, but his wife I cannot be. You may think me, indeed, mad, to have so lost my shame; but I will never marry any one but you."

For a few minutes he could not trust himself to reply; but then, in a low, hoarse tone, he said:

"Bessie, it is impossible. My wife you can never be."

And with his face turned from her he went into the house.

Half an hour after this Mrs. Major Poyntz came on the veranda to exercise her poodle. She found none of the guests of Burwarton House there, and the time passed rather drearily.

She was just about to go in, after some forty minutes' solitude, when she observed Miss Kirkwood advancing rapidly up the walk.

"Where have you been, dear, all alone?" inquired the old lady, cheerily; but her smile passed instantly away.

Miss Kirkwood's face was as white as her dress, and her agitation extreme. She was quite out of breath from running, and one of her hands rested on her heart, as if to still its beating.

"Some one has frightened you," exclaimed Mrs. Poyntz, at once. "You should not have gone out alone, my child, there are so *many* tramps."

Miss Kirkwood smiled, but such a smile! It appalled the old lady.

"What *is* the matter, Bessie?"

"Nothing at all. But I—I *am* a little frightened, I confess. I saw some cattle, and you know that I am always afraid of them. It is very ridiculous, but I have never lived in the country, and—and cows terrify me out of my wits." And with the same ghastly, mechanical smile, she hurried by and entered the house.

A little later arrived Major Poyntz and other gentlemen from the city, and the bell rang for tea.

The major, a florid, bumptious sort of gentleman, looked round.

"Miss Kirkwood absent, eh? She and Meredith off for a stroll somewhere, I suppose, and our groaning board has but little attraction."

"Meredith! Has he come?"

"Came on the boat with us," returned the major, "and looking wonderfully well. Miss Kirkwood must have waylaid him on the road to the house."

"She did," said young Lionel Chantrey, in his languid fashion, from the other end of the table. "I saw them talking on the bridge at the culvert as I passed through Jones's timothy-field."

It turned out that the others had come by the timothy-field, also, being the shorter cut, but no one else had observed people on the bridge. However, Chantrey's evidence was indisputable, and the subject expired.

But after tea followed a great surprise. Miss Kirkwood, lying on the bed in her room, crying to herself and suffering agony with a headache, declared positively that she had not met and conversed with Fred Meredith at the culvert or anywhere.

The beautiful young lady was in great distress, and talked rather incoherently, and seemed to have a high fever.

It was certainly somewhat mysterious, for, as the evening grew on, Mr. Meredith failed to put in an appearance, and Miss Kirkwood's condition grew much worse.

Dr. Morris was sent for; but when he approached her bedside her voice rose into something almost like a shriek, and she commanded him to leave the room.

There was, of course, a good deal of surmise, and it certainly was not lessened when Mrs. Poyntz told her strange story of the incident on the piazza that evening.

The elder people shook their heads gravely, and Major Poyntz proposed a moonlight walk to the landing by way of the culvert.

"Are you going, Fenton?" inquired the major of Geoffrey, who had been nervously pacing the veranda for some time, smoking one cigar after another in the most reckless fashion.

Geoffrey shook his handsome head with a curt "No, sir," and the party were off.

Directly afterward Dr. Morris came down, looking very troubled, indeed.

"Alone, Fenton? I am very glad," he said, anxiously. "This is a most curious thing. Miss Kirkwood has been through some scene of agitation, and is quite out of her head, and, oddly enough, seems to have taken a sudden and most violent antipathy to me. I cannot recollect ever having given the slightest cause for offense; but so it is. And another singular circumstance is that she is constantly calling for you. Her condition is really serious, and anodynes appear to be useless. Do you mind coming up to the room? Perhaps she has something to say that will throw a light on all this."

Geoffrey hesitated, but finally complied, and the two ascended the stairs together.

When they opened the door Miss Kirkwood sat up a little, and instantly caught sight of Geoffrey, and cried:

"Ah, you have come, Geoffrey. If they tell you I threw him into the culvert, don't believe it. You would not think me capable of such a crime, would you, Geoffrey?" and she smiled, passing her beautiful hand across

her forehead, as if to still the disorder within. "Come here, Geoffrey; I don't think I am well. It must have been all a dream."

Geoffrey seemed unable to answer, and the others about the bed stood with pallid faces and lowered eyes, not, perhaps, daring to look at each other.

"What was all a dream?" said Dr. Morris, at length.

She looked at him drowsily, and her head drooped; his opiates were beginning to take effect, and in a moment more her eyes closed, and she fell back on the pillow, unconscious.

And now they left her to her sleep. Geoffrey and the physician were still pacing the veranda when the other gentlemen returned from their quest—a fruitless one; nothing had been discovered. But the next day something unpleasant was developed. Fred Meredith's hat was found in the water. A boy fishing had hooked it out, and having heard, through the mysterious course which news takes, that a gentleman was missing, the lad immediately delivered his information at the hotel.

And now followed that ghastly business, dragging the stream, and in due course a result—the finding of the body of the missing man, with his hands clinched in agony, and an awful terror and despair on his face. He had evidently been hurled suddenly and headlong from railroad bridge above, for his skull was fractured where it had struck a stone.

IN THE GARDENS OF VERSAILLES IN THE DAYS OF LOUIS XV.

Meanwhile the shadow was deepening at Burwarton House. Miss Kirkwood, thanks to Dr. Morris, was growing better. The delirium had left her, and she was, indeed, in most things quite herself again.

There were, however, no visitors to the room, and the nurse and the doctor both looked a little askance and oddly at her; and toward evening in came Geoffrey, pale and troubled.

He signed to the woman to step into the adjoining chamber, and took his place by the bedside.

"Bessie, you have been very ill," he said, after a minute or two of hesitation. "I suppose you have not heard of the discovery at the culvert?"

"I have heard nothing, Geoffrey; but something has happened, I am sure, or why have the people of the house deserted me? Why do the doctor and the nurse look at me so strangely and seem to shrink from me?"

"I can form no idea; but—but Fred Meredith's body has been found under the railroad bridge."

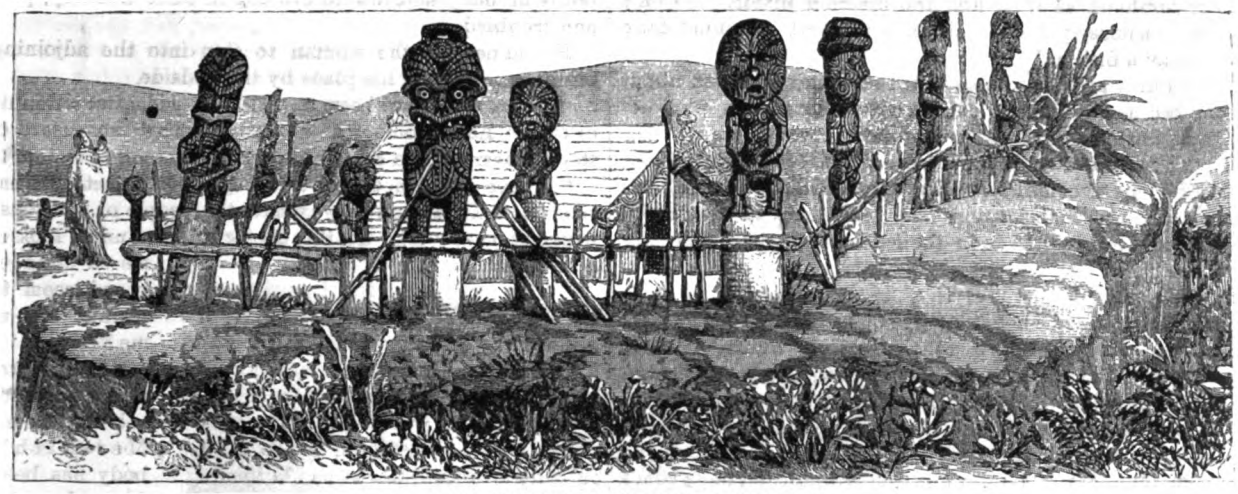
A kind of livid terror stole across her worn face, and she shuddered.

"Bessie, in your delirium you uttered some strange language, which, in consideration of the events that have developed, must be explained. There is to be an inquest, and there will be evidence that will connect *you* with that unfortunate man's death!" He stood up, greatly agitated. She tried to speak, but he went on: "You were away from this house at the hour he must have met his fate; he was seen talking to a woman on the bridge, and half an hour later you returned in great excitement, and until now have been lying ill and delirious. Bessie, these facts can be explained upon only one hypothesis—and heaven help you!"

"Geoffrey!" she called, but he was gone.

He went to his room—for those few tremendous moments a madman. It was not until now that he understood the real depth of his love for this—this murderess.

But now came the revulsion, and reason asserted itself again. Something must be done, but what? The net



MAORI PAH WITH GIGANTIC HUMAN FIGURES.

work was swiftly closing round; people were talking; the inquest was already in progress, and next would follow the arrest.

He descended to where they were holding the inquest. The coroner, the witnesses and the usual throng had gathered, and the testimony was proceeding.

One after another the witnesses told their parts of the story, adding links to the chain, and at last, it seemed, the evidence was complete. The coroner was about to deliver a charge, when there was astir at the door, and a new figure appeared. It was Miss Kirkwood, pale as death. In firm, quiet tones she gave her testimony:

"On the evening in question I did walk, as the testimony has shown, in the direction of the culvert. I was greatly troubled. I saw Mr. Meredith crossing the bridge. He was met by a woman, and the apparition seemed to astound him. There was a conversation between them, which grew in a very few minutes into an altercation. I could hear their voices where I stood, and she seemed to be upbraiding him for some treachery. I am sure she was not sober, or else under the influence of a drug. He laughed in her face and seemed about going on, when she sprang upon him, placing her hands upon his shoulders. The shock was so sudden and violent that he lost his balance and fell backward over the culvert. The woman stood for half a minute appalled, and then sprang after him. As for me, I had witnessed it all in a kind of dream, and as soon as I recovered sufficient control over my faculties to move, I left the spot and hurried homeward. But the scene had been too much for my nervous system, and that night my illness followed. If you search the water you will find the body of the unhappy woman where you found his."

A sensation followed, but her story had too much the impress of truth to be for an instant doubted; and that night, by torchlight, the stream was dragged again, and her evidence confirmed beyond dispute.

AN OLD NEW ZEALAND CHIEF.

A YEAR WITH THE MAORI.

By Alfred H. Guernsey.

We—William Snow and his wife Annie—embarked, June 7th, 1880, at San Francisco, on the good steamer *Zealandia*, for Auckland, New Zealand, almost our exact antipode; for Auckland is within a single degree of latitude as far south of the equator as San Francisco is north of it, but in not quite as high west longitude as San Francisco is in east. In California it is now early Summer; in New Zealand it is early Winter. The distance, as measured upon the chart, is almost 6,000 miles, which we hope to make in three weeks. We shall touch land only at the Hawaiian Islands; and after leaving these—saving only our steamer and perhaps a glimpse of some lonely islet—we shall see nothing but the round rim of the horizon, the overarching sky above, and the broad expanse of the Pacific below.

The object of the voyage is to recuperate my own shattered health. We had been assured that the climate of New Zealand is the finest in the world. We had studied up something of the country. The maps told us that this British colony consists of two main islands, separated by a narrow strait, and several adjacent smaller ones; that the islands stretch about 1,000 miles from northeast to

MAORI GIRL IN NATIVE CLOAK.

southwest, with an average breadth of a hundred miles; that the surface was mountainous, having volcanic peaks of 10,000 feet, or more, some active and some extinct. Books of statistics told us that the entire area was about 100,000 square miles, considerably more than that of Great Britain, or about twice that of the State of New York; that the population was about 458,000, of whom 414,000 were colonists, mainly from England and Scotland, the remainder being Maori, or natives.

These Maori (which in their language means simply "men"), we learned, were dying out quite as rapidly as are the Hawaiians, to whom they are akin. In 1842 their numbers were estimated at 114,000; in 1850 at 70,000; now 44,000. According to their own tradition their ancestors came hither some 400 years ago, in canoes, from an island which they call Hawaiki, supposed by some to be Hawaii, by others, who think it unlikely that canoes could make that long voyage of 4,000 miles, one of the nearer Navigator group. The first supposition finds some support from the fact that when Cook was there in 1766, his Hawaiian interpreter found no difficulty in conversing with the Maori. Whether there were any human dwellers on the island before the Maori arrived there is very uncertain. The only quadruped they found was a kind of rat; but birds were plentiful, and the waters abounded in fish, which, with the roots of a kind of flag, and sweet potatoes, which they apparently brought with them, constituted their chief food when the whites first came in contact with them. They were a fierce and warlike people, profusely tattooed, persistent cannibals, and having many strange customs, among which was the Polynesian system of "tapee," which among them had reached the extreme point of development.

Our steamer was heading straight toward the tropics, a fine breeze helping us along. Now and then there was a slight shower, just sufficient to send us below while it lasted. When we crossed the Tropic of Cancer, with the sun right overhead, the thermometer registered a temperature of only 74°. On the seventh day we sighted the Hawaiian Islands, and were soon piloted into the harbor of Honolulu. We made the most of our few hours ashore, and on the evening of the next day the *Zealandia* cleared from the wharf, her prow pointing right toward the equator.

Before long the trade-winds, heretofore so steady, grew desultory, and at times forsook us altogether. The long, sluggish dead-swell showed scarcely a ripple; the ocean was like a huge mirror, its glittering surface broken only by the frequent leaps of the flying-fish. During the week when we were nearing the equator the thermometer rose gradually until it reached 85°—in itself not a high degree of heat; but the atmosphere was often depressingly "muggy." Yet by selecting the most favored spots on the hurricane-deck, away from the reflection from the water, and in the draft caused by the motion of the ship, there were few hours of positive discomfort.

Only a few incidents broke the monotony of the voyage. We crossed the equator. Of the unpleasant modes in which this transit was wont to be celebrated by olden sailors, there was no trace on the *Zealandia*. Nobody was ducked or shaven with a hoop-iron. Then we sighted the island of Tutuari, one of the group supposed by many to have been the original home of the Maoris. Hereabouts it was thought we might cross the track of the steamer *Australia*, bound northward, and exchange mails. Many of us had written long letters, but the vessels did not meet in this waste of waters, and the epistles had to lie over for another time.

From the day when we crossed the Tropic of Capricorn and entered the south temperate zone, the atmosphere grew sensibly cooler, the days shorter, and the air more clear and bracing as we left the sun further and further to the north. We crossed the conventional meridian of 180° on Friday, so that was the day dropped from our calendar to make it correct for the western hemisphere. So here was a week without any Friday, and we took occasion to congratulate one of our comrades, a jolly Catholic priest, that for once in his life he was living a whole week in which there was no day when he would be obliged to deny himself a hearty flesh dinner.

On the evening of the twentieth day we cast anchor in the harbor of Auckland. The early darkness was that of midwinter; a sudden transition from the gloaming of the long Summer evenings we had left in California only three weeks before. It was June by the almanac here as well as there; but the June of the northern hemisphere is the January of the southern, where the fourth of July comes in midwinter, and Christmas in the dog-days.

Since Auckland ceased to be the capital of New Zealand it has been outstripped in population by Wellington and Dunedin, notwithstanding its fine harbor, or, rather, pair of harbors; for it stands upon a narrow isthmus formed by two deep bays setting in from the opposite sides of the island, and almost cutting it in two, each being an excellent port. But the abundant shipping evinced that it has an extensive commerce.

From the number of hansom cabs and dogcarts in the streets, we might have fancied that we had landed at an English seaport. This impression was deepened when we drove up to the sombre-looking hotel, and were ushered into still more sombre apartments, whose walls were hung with pictures of steeplechases and foxhunts, or peered into the public room, where the busy barmaid was flitting through the dense tobacco-smoke, supplying the foaming beverage to thirsty beer-drinkers; or walked about the streets, where h's were dropped about or picked up with the utmost recklessness.

The public buildings are not uncomely. The one most interesting to us was the Museum, which contains a good collection of Maori articles of dress and implements of war. Among the former are pretty mats, or blankets, made of the fine native flax, tastefully dyed, which may be styled the national costume, which properly consists of little besides. Among the latter are specimens of the *amere-mere*, or war-club, about as long as a policeman's baton, but thicker at the striking-end, made of a very hard greenstone, or jade, ground, or rather rubbed into shape, and polished with infinite labor, which was the national weapon. Years were often bestowed upon the fashioning of one of these. Some of the famous ones bore special names, and are as noted in Maori legends as is the sword Excalibur in those of King Arthur. This was the weapon of the chiefs; other fighters had swords and battle-axes of wood. The bow and arrow were unknown to them.

There is also a small fossil specimen of the extinct moa, that wingless bird of whom partial skeletons have been found indicating that it sometimes reached the height of seventeen feet. The market is well supplied with fruits, among which are cocoanuts, pineapples and oranges, brought from the tropical gardens of the Fiji Islands.

The central part of the city has a rather dingy look, and abounds in drinking-places bearing such English names as "The Forester's Arms," "The Black Bull," and "The Hare and Hounds." The private residences in the more retired portions are built mainly of wood, reminding us of our own American towns.

A good bird's-eye view of Auckland may be had from Mount Eden. Standing on the brink of its extinct crater the eye wanders over a wide and picturesque scene, embracing the mountains and irregular bays of both coasts. At our feet is the city; then comes the network of masts and rigging; then, across an arm of the harbor, is the quiet village of North Shore, where many of the business men have their suburban homes. In the distant background, and across another arm of the bay, rise the blue peaks of Mount Rangitoto, showing no traces of its ancient volcanic activity. In the olden times, when this part of the island was the escape-valve of the fiery furnace below, Rangitoto was the chief outlet, while Mount Eden and numerous other lesser summits were auxiliary vents. The city itself has about 14,000 inhabitants, and there may be about as many more in the suburbs.

During our week's stay in Auckland we saw only a handful of the Maori, few of whom inhabit this part of the island. On Monday, the 5th of July, we set out for the famous hot spring regions of Ohinemutu, near which they are most numerous, far outnumbering the whites. Our first point was the harbor of Tauranga, 150 miles distant, the voyage being made in the *Waitaki*, a nutshell screw-steamer of 228 tons burden.

The 4th of July coming on Sunday, the 5th was legal Independence Day; and we almost fancied that the local little steamer had in mind to pay us off for the rebellion which our fathers inaugurated on this day, so many years ago. If this were her purpose, it was thoroughly carried out; for she gave us, for twenty hours, such a thorough shaking up as we had never undergone since the days of our schoolboy peccadillos. If we looked as we felt, we must have presented a woe-begone aspect when, in the early morning, we made our advent into the hotel at Tauranga. But a night's sleep, and huge drafts of fresh air, like that of a bright October morning in New England, put us to rights, and enabled us to enjoy the sights and scenes which presented themselves.

We remained a fortnight at this little antipodean settlement, occupying ourselves mainly in studying the character and habits of the Maori, whose thatched "Wha-res" are plainly visible upon the picturesque hills across the narrow, well-protected anchorage which sets inland from Cook's "Bay of Plenty."

We were fortunate in timing our visit, for the Land Court was in session, and the Maori, having plenty of land left, and many disputes about it, have abundant business for this tribunal to adjudicate. From one side we could see them embarking in canoes to cross the inlet; could watch their rapid approach, and hear the merry shouts of these now peaceful ex-canibals, as they dipped their paddles deep into the smooth waters, the women paddling as lustily as the men. The canoes were of all sizes. Some would hold only a single person; others twenty or thirty. Some steered for the steps of the wharf. Others drove their crafts as far as possible up the shelving beach, and then waded, or were carried ashore. A pair of shoes appears to be the distinguishing indication of a well-to-do Maori; and we noticed that a man thus decorated was almost invariably carried ashore by a woman, presumably his wife. It was an odd sight to see a woman, with her scanty skirts tucked about her thighs, jump overboard into the cold water and stand there, while her lazy lord mounted her back, clasped his arms around her neck, stuck his long legs straight out in front, so as to keep his precious brogans dry, and was then toted ashore. This done, the woman would light her pipe, and smoke away as contentedly as though she had been performing the most ordinary wifely duty.

The largest canoe which landed at the wharf where we were standing was closely packed. In it were men, women and children of all ages. One woman bore upon her back her infant, of whom nothing was visible but his little black head, sticking out from above the blanket, which served the double purpose of keeping him in place and of protecting both from cold. Another woman carried a three-year-old urchin, his bare legs exposed defiantly to the keen morning wind, and the flaps of his only garment quite as often blown over his head as occupying their appropriate place.

The men and grown-up boys presented all sorts of costumes. One man was clad in jaunty European attire, of almost the latest fashion: black stovepipe-hat, well starched linen, thick ulster coat, and swinging a dain cane. By his side, and apparently on terms of perfect equality, was another, whose wardrobe consisted only of a shirt and a blanket. Between these extremes there was every sort of costume, European and Maori garments being mingled in every variety of composition. Thus, one wore a cap and coat, but had a blanket wrapped tightly about his thighs in lieu of trousers, and so on, shoes being the exception, not the rule.

The women, in so far as they attain European garb, manifested decided taste in the choice of colors, usually selecting those of a modest tone, such as plain red and yellow, with a little intermixture of green or blue. Feathers are fancifully arrayed in their hair. Both men and women have their ears pierced with large holes, through which are tied black ribbons, with long jade pendants. The women wear also upon their breasts jade ornaments, called *hei-tiki*, often of large size, cut in the shape of a caricature of humanity. These ornaments and pendants are held in high esteem, and are handed down from generation to generation, as family jewels are with us. Indeed, I imagine that to fashion one of these involves quite as much labor as did the cutting of the Koh-i-noor. This obsidian-like greenstone was to the Maori all that iron and copper, gold and silver, diamonds and emeralds are to us Most of the adults were tattooed more or less: the women only at the corners of the mouth and on the chin; the men in any conceivable amount, from a few faint marks to a network of curving blue lines, covering every hair's breadth of their faces, and wholly obliterating every trace of the natural brown color of the skin.

In our perambulations that morning about the town we found no lack of matter for amusement. Nothing can be more funny than the Maori mode of salutation. The men greet each other with a short, cheerful "*Tena-koe?*"—equivalent to the English "How-dy?"—shake hands, and just touch the tips of their noses together. With the women the mode is far more ceremonious. The *Tena-koe* is drawled out into a long, mournful whine, commencing from the moment when they come within hailing distance, and with a most lugubrious expression of countenance; both being kept up until the pair of noses come pat together, when they are vigorously rubbed against each other as though the mutual purpose was to do away with that prominent feature of the human face divine. Not another word is said. I suppose that *T-e-e-e-na-k-o-o-o-a?* asks and answers all questions regarding their individual health and that of their respective households. In the politest circles the ceremony is the same.

Later in the day, however, when they have visited the "saloons," things have a different look. Our taciturn friends become loquacious to a degree. They talk not only with the tongue, but with the body and every member of it. More expressive gesticulation and poising and posturing I never saw.

The Maori are natural actors. Sometimes we came upon a group every member of which seemed wrought up to the fighting point. But at the moment when their screams were the loudest, their jumps the highest, and their gesticulations the most pugnacious, every one of them would burst out into an uproarious peal of laughter. They had been performing some sort of a drama, in which all were actors and all spectators. Again, we would come upon a group gathered around an orator who was haranguing in the most impassioned manner. We, of course, could not understand a word of what he was saying; but if action be the soul of eloquence, the oration must have been worthy of a Demosthenes or a Burke.

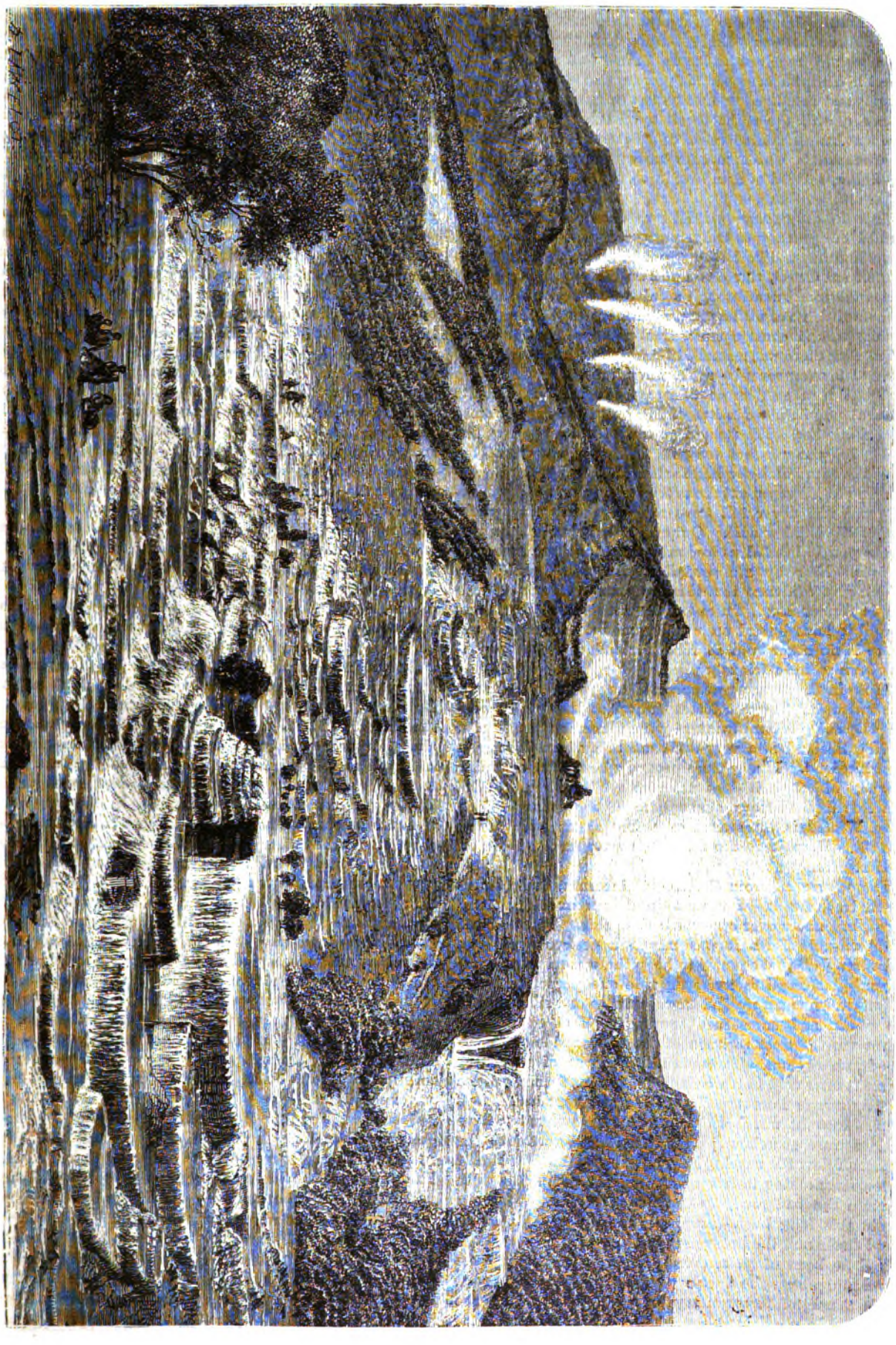
But we did not dream how a Maori can talk upon a subject in which he has a vital interest until we had visited the Court-house, where the Land Court was in session. Their lands are about the only salable property which they have; and though much has passed from their hands, they still possess thousands upon thousands of the most fertile acres in New Zealand, and they are day by day becoming more and more aware of their value, and more and more stickling about the number of gallons of rum to be paid for an acre. These lands are held partly tribally and partly individually; and before a white man can acquire a legal title to any piece of ground, the Maori claims must be thoroughly sifted by the Land Court. A good Maori title to a patch of ground seems to be that some ancestor of the claimant was buried upon it; or, better still, that some former owner of it had been killed and eaten by an ancestor of the present claimant. The theory seems to be that the man into whose stomach a portion of the body of another has passed, has absorbed into his own person that individual, body and soul, and by consequence is heir to everything of which he died possessed. We were told of a case in which one of the parties in a land-suit vauntingly asked his opponent, "Where are my ancestors buried?" "Here!" replied the other, laying his hand upon his own paunch, indicating that his forefather had eaten the body of the ancestor of his opponent, thereby acquiring an untainted title to his landed estate. Analyzing the matter carefully, such a Maori title seems to be a little better than that by which the present possessors of the greater part of the soil of England and Ireland hold their estates. In both cases the ancestors of the present holders killed their predecessors, but in addition to this, the Maori gave them honorable sepulture in their own maws.

ENTRANCE TO A PAH.

I am not able to say how much weight the colonial Land Court accords to this particular kind of Maori title; but from all that I can learn, it aims to do justice between rival claimants. Maori assessors are appointed to aid the judge, and their assistance is of special value in the genealogical grounds upon which in most cases the title rests; and due care seems to be taken that they shall be appointed from a district other than that in which they are to act, so that they can trace no common lineage with either litigant.

The scene in the court-room at our first visit was unique. The judge was the only white man present; but the room was packed with Maori, some seated upon benches, some leaning against the wall, some squatted upon the floor; but all listening intently to the vehement speech of Enoka, one of their chiefs, upon some important cause. We, too, listened intently, although we could not understand a word of it.

Enoka is a notable man, of magnificent proportions,



THE TE-TA-RATA, OR HOT SPRINGS, IN NEW ZEALAND.

dressed from head to foot in becoming European garments, with nothing about him to denote the olden time except his tattooed face and a slight, limping gait, the consequence of a wound received in some inter-tribal conflict. So great is his influence over his people, and such is his integrity and intelligence, that he has been appointed native assessor, with the right to sit upon the bench with the resident magistrate in cases of litigation between native land claimants, who must now have their claims settled by fixed law, instead of deciding them for themselves by the spear and war-club.

Late in July (corresponding to our February) we resumed our journey to Ohinemutu, forty-two miles inland from Tauranga. To lessen the fatigue we were to break the trip at Oroki, thirteen miles on the way. For a few miles the road runs through a cultivated region; then we cross a little river with a few scattered cabbage-palms along its banks, and come upon a tract without trees or grass. Here and there was a small, tilled patch; but most of the ground is overgrown by rank, wavy ferns.

Oroki is a settlement of great expectations, but its present population consists of five white and fifty or sixty Maori families. It boasts of an inn with a very garrulous landlady, who was not long in making us aware of the slight esteem which she had for her Maori neighbors. According to her representations they are given to petty thieving, and will never tell the truth when they can by any possibility think of a lie. Our own later acquaintance with these people has led us to doubt much of these representations. Near by are several ruined *pahs* (mud-forts), which give evidence that this has been the scene of fighting in former days. In one of them a former Maori chief is said to have buried an untold amount of treasure, and there is no other spot in New Zealand where the spade has been so industriously plied.

Early in the morning we resumed our journey, and soon entered upon the great forest known as the "Eighteen-mile Bush." It is midwinter by the almanac; but Winter in New Zealand is a very different thing from Winter in New England. It may more properly be called the "rainy season," although it does not rain all the time, and did not this day. In our hemisphere in the corresponding zone, Winter is the season of naked stems and leafless boughs. Here it is the time when vegetation is in its lustiest state.

There is a road from Oroki to Ohinemutu, and a stage-coach traverses it. I have been driven over many bad roads, but never over one worse than this. Through the Eighteen-mile Bush it was mostly a perfect quagmire, "corduroyed" just enough to keep the wheels from sinking axle-deep, and to make the ride one perpetual series of jolts and jumps, up and down, now to one side, now to the other, and sometimes seemingly all at once. Our driver was the most taciturn of mortals outside of a deaf-and-dumb asylum. There is an old story of a country where it is so cold that words fall down in frozen pellets as they escape from the lips of the speaker; and I half fancied that the words which our coachman meant to have spoken were somehow jolted down his throat into the regions below the navel. But why should he talk at all? There was nothing to talk about, unless he had chosen to execrate the bad road, for there is not a trace of human life in this long bush—scarcely a trace between the whares of Oroki and the hot spring of Ohinemutu.

Had he been of an æsthetic turn he might have gone into raptures over the fine scenery, for this detestable road winds through a forest of royal magnificence; sometimes through a deep gulch whence we could look up at it from below; sometimes climbing an ascent whence we could look down upon it from above. The dark hues of the evergreens were everywhere set off by clinging masses of running vines and luxuriant clumps of climbing parasites. From each elevation we could look down upon a rich, undulating sea of arboreal beauty, now dipping down to the level of the tiniest fern, now swelling upward to the globular, glossy tops of the gigantic rota-tree. The decaying stumps were profusely adorned by creeping vines, and encircled by lowly mosses. Lofty fern-trees reared their jeweled heads high above the dense undergrowth, their slender trunks somewhat resembling the cocoa-palm, but gracefully crowned with feathery fronds of infinitely finer texture. The grandest scene was about midway through the bush, at the confluence of two mountain streams, where the road ran perilously near the verge of a dizzy precipice. Across the intervening ravine rose a rocky cliff, whose overhanging masses threatened to tumble down into the little stream at its base. So lofty are these ledges, and so dense is the overhanging foliage of the vine-wreathed evergreens, that the road winds through a verdurous dale scarcely penetrated by the light of the noonday sun.

There was no lack of living creatures. The labyrinthine mazes of the forest resounded with the notes of strange song-birds, whose forms were now and then seen flitting among the equally strange foliage. Cook, or some other early navigator, left a few pigs upon the island. These multiplied and increased, and their progeny, reverting to their natural wild state, have taken possession of the bush, where the roots of the ever-present fern afford them an abundance of succulent food. They are hunted by dogs, equally wild, and most probably the descendants of some canines also left by Cook. That these pigs will show fight was evinced to us by the sight of a gaunt cur, whose side had been freshly gashed by the sharp tusks of a boar.

Leaving the great bush behind us, we enter an open fern-region, and in due time come to the foot of Lake Roto-Rua, girt around by hills of no great elevation. At the extreme head of the lake, eleven miles away, is Ohinemutu, and we could soon see the vapor of its countless hot springs rising into the clear air, looking in the distance like the curling smoke from some vast conflagration. Before long our nostrils were assailed by the sulphurous stench from these springs; and at four o'clock in the afternoon we reached the hotel of Ohinemutu, in a hungry condition, for at Oroki we had improvidently neglected to provide ourselves with a lunch.

It was well that we had chosen this day for the trip, for on the succeeding one a cold, drizzling rain set in; not a good, honest down-pour, but one which our English friend fitly characterized as "narsty." Luckily a sulphur-bath, of any desired temperature up to boiling-point, can be had at Ohinemutu, without previous notice, and free of charge. A few of these quickly put to rights our joints, muscles and bones, which had been in a manner dislocated, strained and broken up by the joltings of our weary ride; and by the time the rain ceased we were in trim to begin our explorations.

Ohinemutu consists of a hotel and a few other frame buildings, standing in the midst of a hamlet of Maori wha-res. The hot springs are the sole reason for its being. The Maori seem to have selected it as the site of their settlement mainly because they could here boil their sweet potatoes, fern-roots and crayfish without the trouble of lighting a fire. All they have to do is to put them into a bag, and place them on one of these ever-boiling kettles. Baking can be performed in a like economical manner. Dig a hole in any convenient spot, put in your viands, and in due time they will be done to a turn. Except when the wind blows from the south, the people live in a perpetual

atmosphere of steam. So thin is the crust of earth overlying the furnaces, that you need only to thrust a walking-stick into the soil anywhere, and a jet of steam will come up. If one happens to be walking in a wrong direction, he is not unlikely to slump through into a mass of seething mud. Accidents of this kind are not very uncommon. Within the last six years three Europeans, and as many Maori, have met their death in this way. Among these was the little daughter of our hotel-keeper. She went from the house for a few moments, fell into a hot pool, and was brought back so badly scalded that she died in a few hours.

The whole region a few feet—perhaps inches—below the surface, is in a state of effervescence. The seething liquids and semi-liquids hiss and sizzle and boil up through the thin crust of earth or cracks in the stone, in a thousand ways, from a quiet caldron of hot water to a bubbling mudhole or a boiling pool. Several of these springs, of a moderate temperature, have been inclosed so as to form private bathrooms for the benefit of tourists, who are beginning to find their way hither. But there are plenty left for the Maori to occupy in their ancestral way, with the sky for a roof and the open air for a dressing-room.

I should judge that the chief occupation of a Maori at Ohinemutu, irrespective of age, sex or condition, was to take a hot bath, dry upon the stones placed about the principal bathing-place, which is a quite respectable pond, and then take another bath. On a cold, dry day they go there to keep warm; on a rainy day to "keep dry." On such a day look into the bathing-pool and you will see only a score or two of black heads exposed to the chilly rain; all the rest of their unclothed person is warm and "dry" below the surface.

On pleasant days, also, it is pleasanter in the water than out of it. They eat there, smoke there, and sometimes take a nap there. One day we saw a Maori matron, half in and half out of the water, smoking away at a stubby clay pipe, and keeping a look-out upon her two children. As we passed she caught up the younger one and held it modestly before her so as to conceal her naked breasts. This was rather a refinement of delicacy, for in Maori eyes there is nothing in the slightest degree improper for men, women and children to bathe together without a shred of clothing. This bathing-pool and the flat stones which have been placed over some steam-jets near by is the Maori casino of Ohinemutu. A gentleman will saunter up to the brink, drop the flat mat, or blanket, which forms his entire wardrobe, as unconcernedly as a European doffs his overcoat, and slip into the water, where his female acquaintances are sure to be "at home." Society affairs having been discussed in the water, he makes his *au revoir*, dons his blanket, dries himself off upon the hot stones, then betakes himself to the *wha-re runanga*, or town-hall, where most likely the haka-dance is to be performed, and where rum and beer are to be had. How the gentleman manages to get home to his own wha-re without stumbling into a boiling spring is most likely a mystery to him, as it most certainly is to me.

Close by the chief bathing-pool is a much shallower one, also well warmed up, which answers all the purposes of a *kindergarten*. It is a funny sight to see the small fry of Ohinemutu disporting themselves here. At one moment their little naked bronze figures will appear chasing each other upon the banks, the next moment, as if urged by a common impulse, they will plump into the water like so many startled frogs. In or out of the water, they seem to enjoy themselves thoroughly.

Not far from the hotel a little cove sets in from the lake. There are hot springs upon the banks, and others gushing up from the bottom, and between them all they have so attempered the water that by wading or swimming a few yards one can get a cold, a tepid, or a hot bath without turning a faucet. A part of this cove, where the sub-lacustrine boilers lie pretty close together, has been utilized for laundry purposes by the Maori women. Sitting shoulder-deep at the edge of a natural boiler, where the temperature is about blood-heat, one can, by extending her arms, put her soiled linen into water hot enough for all detergent purposes. And as for drying-ground, well-heated from beneath, and without cost or trouble, there is upon the shores enough, and to spare.

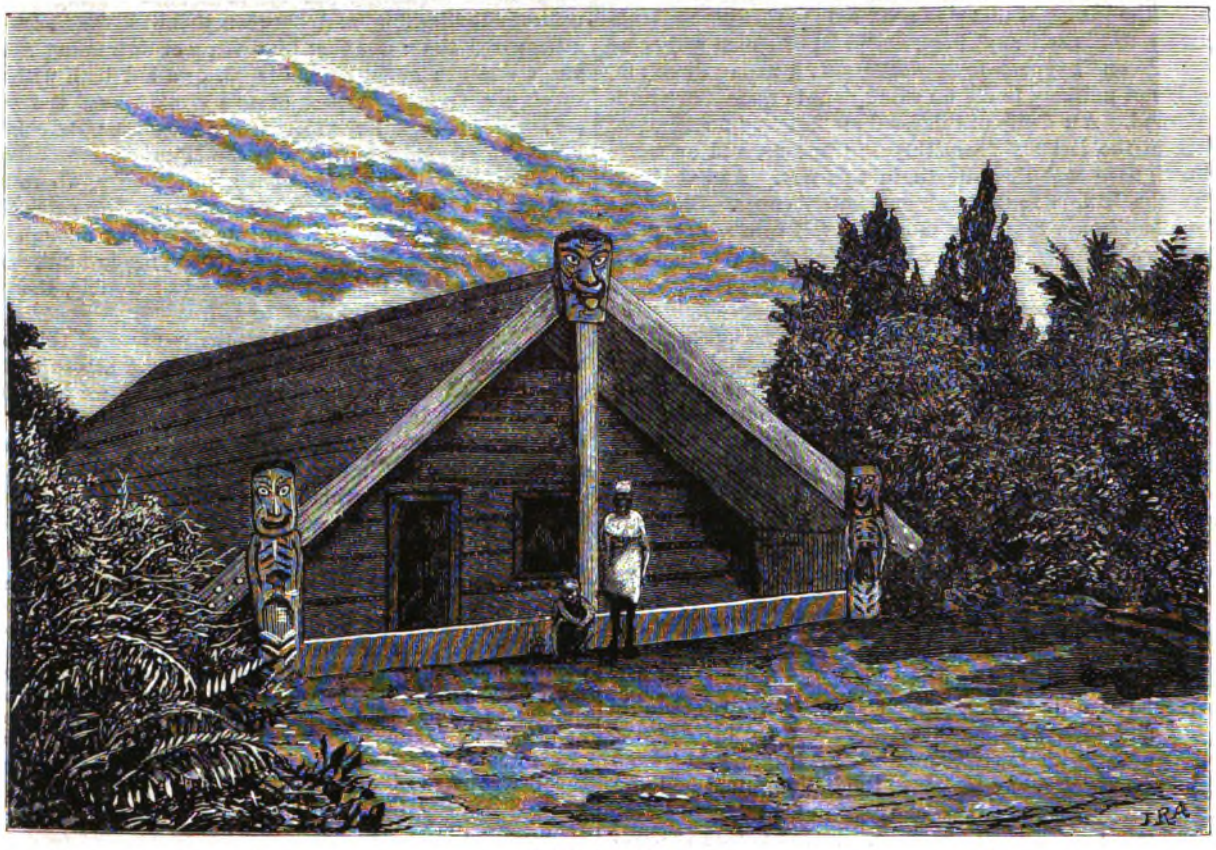
We had heard not a little of the geysers of this hot-spring region. We half expected to come across things like those of which we had read, and which we had seen depictured in Iceland and Colorado—springs which with due provocation, and, lacking that, of their own accord would at intervals fling up columns of water to the height of many a yard. In this regard we saw very much what Mr. Anthony Trollope saw, not quite ten years ago. He writes:

"At Ohinemutu I saw nothing of uplifted columns of water thrown up and dispersed in the air. At some spots these were sudden eruptions which would rise, with a splutter rather than a column, perhaps six or eight feet high, throwing boiling spray around, and creating an infinite quantity of steam, but these were not continuous, lasting, perhaps, for a minute, and remaining quiescent for four or five, during which the rumbling and boiling of the waters beneath would be heard. In other cases jets of steam would be thrown up to a considerable height, probably over twenty feet. As to the jets of water, I was told that I was very unfortunate—that the geysers were very tranquil during my visit."

In this respect we were equally unfortunate. Yet I am inclined to believe that in very recent times these hot springs have put on the form of spouting geysers. The Honorable Herbert Meade, who made a "Ride through New Zealand" a little more than twenty years ago, says that Ohinemutu "is built in the very midst of hot springs which surround what is considered by one who has seen also those of Iceland, the largest geysers in the world;" and William Howitt, a few years before, was told that "the big geyser begins best to play about December, culminates in February, when it shoots up once in about twelve minutes, the eruptions lasting about twenty-five seconds." Not improbably these phenomena vary through cycles of years as well as through cycles of months.

Lake Roto-Rua (or rather Lake Rua, for *Roto* is merely the Maori word for "lake") is one of a series of lakelets lying within the space of a few square miles, and connected with each other. Roto-Rua means "Second Lake"; there is Roto-Iti, "Little Lake"; Roto-Ahu, and others, among which is Terawera, notable for its white and pink terraces, near which we spent seven months among the Maori; acquired their language, won their confidence, and tried, not without success, to make total abstainers of them.

The terraces of Terawera are altogether unique. They have been formed by the deposits of mineral matter from a boiling pond, which occupies the top of a bluff some 200 feet high. As you ascend from the level of the lake you step along a raised fretwork of stone, looking like chased silver, over which the water is constantly running. At each step, as you ascend, the water grows hotter and hotter. Before long you come to three alabaster-like natural baths, one above the other, cunningly carved by the ever-working hand of Nature. These are the so-called "white terraces," though the designation is not quite accurate, the color being a delicate salmon. On the other



A MAORI WHA-RE.

side are the "pink terraces," their hue being several shades deeper. They are not in form quite so handsome; but the natural baths are finer, and large enough to accommodate several bathers at a time. The stone has a soft, velvety feeling, something like that of a plaster cast. The water in these baths is of a beautiful turquoise-blue.

Quite a company of tourists had in the meanwhile gathered here, and on the 7th of March, 1881 (answering to our August), a party was made up for a camping trip through this lake region. Our boats, tents and accoutrements were conveyed in carts to Roto-Rua, and our tents were first pitched in a copse of titre-trees upon the shores of a deep bay, whose waters sent up a continuous cloud of sulphury vapor. Surrounding the copse was a crust of dry mineral deposit, through holes and crevices of which burst columns of steam, and noisy spouts of hot water. The odors were anything but delightful. One of our Maori, who had picked up a little English, aptly described them as "too stink." During the night there was a fierce thunder-storm; but with stout canvas overhead, and plenty of dry ferns spread thickly over the heated floor for a couch, we were able to defy the elements.

VAPOR SPRINGS, KOROPETE.

Early in the morning we started for a row of eight or nine miles to the northern end of the lake, where is its outlet, near which our second camp was pitched. Two miles from the shore is the island of Macoia, the scene of a pretty Maori legend, but historically memorable for a great cannibal massacre perpetrated there some sixty years ago. The natives now living hereabouts are a good deal more than half civilized. They wear European clothes, can read in their own language, which has been reduced to writing by missionaries, and are not entirely uninstructed in the Christian religion. We were every day visited by groups from surrounding villages, bringing with them substantial tokens of their goodwill. After a week here we moved a mile further, and, passing the mouth of the Ohau River, were welcomed by the people of the village of Moria. After a palaver, thirty of them enrolled their names upon our temperance-pledge. Within sight of Moria are several hills which have

A MAORI DANCE BEFORE A WHA-RE.

been shaped into terraced earthworks, wherein different tribes lived in the days, not very long ago, when the chief end of man seemed to be to kill and eat his neighbor.

Roto-Ita, a pretty little lake, was the next scene of our explorations. Its environments of rolling hills and precipitous cliffs are dotted with isolated wha-res and villages. Through the deep gullies and round the projecting promontories the winds blow furiously at times, raising the waters into choppy, white-capped waves, which our boatmen dared not encounter. But keeping under the protection of a lee-shore, our two boats glided into the quiet little cove of Manupirni, where we spent a quiet night near a famous sulphur-bath, supplied by a brooklet of steaming water which gushes from the base of an overshadowing hill.

Next day a row of seven or eight miles brought us to Tapuaeharuru, at the end of Rato-Ita. Every trace of European habitation had been left behind us, and only

A MAORI WOMAN WITH HER HEITIKI.

WI MARSH, OHINEMUTU CHIEF, WITH GREEN STONE MEREMERE.

Maori were to be seen. They swarmed around us in orderly groups. Fortunately one of our men had relatives here, and potatoes, corn and crayfish flowed into our larder, which had come to need replenishing; so much so that after three or four days I was deputed, with three native boatmen, to go back to Ohinemutu for provisions. But a gale sprang up and we were obliged to put in for shore. We passed the night in a wha-re, the occupants of which were acquaintances of ours, and they welcomed us to the best they had. The wha-re was quite too small for the fourteen humans, and fleas innumerable, who were to occupy it. After consideration it was decided that the "Paheka" (white man) should have lodgings inside, and a space two feet wide was assigned to me. The room was heated up to furnace pitch; the embers were pitched outside; a song of welcome was struck up, and I arranged myself for the night. But the stench and the vermin soon became unendurable, and I bolted for the outer air, and rolling myself up in my blanket, tried to sleep. Three gaunt, flea-bitten dogs seemed bent on sharing the comforts of my blanket, and when morning broke, flinging bright rays over the lake, I concluded that it was not best to try to go on to Ohinemutu. Still the mission was not wholly unsuccessful, for my hospitable host furnished us with a generous kit of sweet potatoes and crayfish to carry back.

From Tapuaeharuru the distance is only a mile and a half to Roto-ehu, the next of this chain of lakes. There is a narrow, level path, over which our boats were carried, each by seven sturdy Maori, who kept up a wild and not unmusical chant. Launched upon the smooth waters, we sculled across the south end of the lake, and through a lagoon swimming with ducks reached a warm creek, up which we ascended a quarter of a mile to a hot spring which gushes up through the sand, through an aperture three or four feet in diameter, then spreads out into a considerable pool. A cold spring sends its water into one side of this pool, so that we could take just what sort of bath we liked. Indeed, we could take a hot and cold bath at once. Head and shoulders might be in cool water while the feet were in a current scalding hot.

Close by this spring stands a ghastly memento, being a a wooden image with tattooed face and body wrapped in a white shirt, commemorative of a man who, six months ago, came to his death by suffocation in one of the sulphurous pools. The ducks in the neighboring lagoon have been declared *tapu*, and no one of them may be killed until the bones of the man have been regularly interred. Somehow the ducks would seem to have got knowledge of this *tapu*—hence the immense numbers congregated in this temporary sanctuary. But when the *tapu* is dissolved they will suffer for their over-confidence.

Between Roto-Ehu and Rhoto-Ma, the last, smallest and most beautiful of this chain of lakes, is a portage of less than a mile. Over this our boats were borne, and launched upon its dark-blue waters, overhung by sombre forests, the shores spreading here and there into reaches of white sandbeach, broken at frequent intervals by almost perpendicular bluffs. Pitching our tents upon a fine beach, we spent three delightful April weeks—the season corresponding to our Indian Summer days. Our party were the sole occupants of the region. Pigeons and wild pigs were ours for the killing. Coming back from our daily excursions, we would gather around the blazing camp-fires at evening; and not unfrequently our Maori attendants would amuse us with their songs, dances and mimic fights, or with some of their weird legends. Among these was that of the sunken island of Roto-Ma.

Long ago—so runs the legend—this region was thickly peopled. In the lake was an island, with a village of three hundred dwellers. One day a *Tohunga*, or priest, came to the shore and shouted to the islanders to send a canoe to ferry him across to the island. No canoe was sent, and the wrath of the Tohunga was aroused. He called his *taniuhas*, or subservient demons, and bade them do vengeance for the affront put upon him. In an instant the island sank beneath the waters, and of its dwellers, only three escaped to tell the tale. Ever since that time the lake has been the abode of a *taniwha*, who sometimes appears in visible form; now as a huge fish or lizard; then as a great rock or a lofty tree; but in every shape keeping watch and ward over the spot where some sunken rocks mark the site of the submerged island, and preventing all approach to it. One old resident of Tapuaeharuru soberly assured me that many years ago he was sitting upon the shore, and saw a canoe, with four men of a distant tribe, rowing for the forbidden spot. All at once the canoe was drawn under water, and nothing was ever heard of it or its occupants.

After the conclusion of our lake trip we took up our residence in the village of Wairoa, in a part of a not uncomfortable house, which had been a mission-house. The mission was broken up at the time of the Maori war of 1860–64, and has never been resumed. The house was occupied by a gentleman whose wife is the daughter of the former missionary; and we set up housekeeping.

Late in the Summer we went to Auckland, having it partly in mind to return to Maori-land before pursuing our journey to Europe by way of Australia. Here at Auckland, or, rather, at the suburban village of North Shore, these closing pages are written early in January, 1882.

We are constantly hearing from our Maori friends, and every account leads us to believe that our efforts for temperance among them have not been in vain, though a few of the signers have broken the pledge. All the more reason this why some one should be sent to carry on the good work already begun. We hope we have found the man, if means for his support can be had. I believe that there is no more promising field for missionary labor than among the Maori; but I am firmly convinced that with them the principle of total abstinence from all intoxicating drink must be the first article of the creed. However it may be with others, a Maori cannot be a "moderate drinker." With this much can be done; without it nothing.

Here, in conclusion, I will sum up the general results of our twelvemonth's experience of the Maori, during which, I think, I have come really to know them better, I believe, than any other white man has done.

Physically, the Maori are a fine people. In stature and physical strength they will compare favorably with Europeans. Mentally and morally, in most respects, they rank far above the majority of uncivilized people. Generally they are of a light-brown color, with straight black hair and prominent features. I have seen a few of much darker color, and with hair almost woolly, indicating a portion of other blood. Whence came the admixture is a matter of conjecture. Until the advent of the white, a little more than a century ago, there is no evidence, from tradition or otherwise, that a single person from other shores had touched the islands since the first canoe-loads, a thousand in all, they say, drifted thither. I am inclined to think that these blackest people are sprung from aborigines, who were here when the Maori came. But in other respects I see no special difference between them and their brown neighbors.

That the Maori are rapidly decreasing in numbers is a fact patent to all. I do not find that this is the result of

any prevalent pestilential disease. I do not find that this decadence, which has been steadily going on for several generations, is caused, as in the case of the Sandwich Islanders, by those nameless diseases contracted from the whites, which have hopelessly corrupted the blood of the race. Infanticide seems to be unknown to them. Certainly, I have never seen anywhere parents more fond of their children.

Internecine wars among the tribes for centuries doubtless checked the increase of the race. But there is no reason to suppose that these have been waged to any great extent since 1842, yet they have decreased by almost two-thirds in the last forty years. The war with the English, some twenty years ago, could not have been very destructive of life. It is estimated that there were not more than 2,000 Maori in arms, and it took 15,000 British troops to put them down. This war was waged mainly in the Tauranga region, and the accounts which we have of it speak well, not only for the bravery of the Maori, but also for a humanity which was scarcely to be looked for in a people removed but a generation or two from cannibalism. Close by Tauranga we saw the remains of the Gate Pah, which was the scene of the fiercest engagement of the war. In attacking this, one division of the assailants fired repeatedly into another, and ten officers, endeavoring to check the panic among their men, were killed, or fatally wounded. One of these fell into the hands of the Maori, who brought him into their pah, propped him up in the ditch upon a soft bed of ferns, and when they were forced to evacuate, left a vessel of water by his side.

The one patent fact is, that this decline of the Maori dates distinctively from the time when Europeans began to settle among them in numbers. I can only attribute it to the rum which they freely introduced. To drunkenness, mainly, I attribute their rapid decadence. And hence it is that the gospel of total abstinence is the one most needed to be preached to them.

A Maori wha-re is certainly not built on good sanitary principles; but it is, upon the whole, less bad than one will find in many countries which call themselves civilized. It consists of a single room. The sides and roofs are of thatched grass. The inside is of reeds, and between the reeds and the grass is a thick layer of dried rushes. Not a board or a nail is necessary in the whole structure. There are two small openings which serve for door and window. At night these are tightly closed. The floor is strewn with fern-leaves, which serve for a bed, and the occupants are numerous enough to cover the entire space, packed together as closely as they can lie. In the centre four flat stones are arranged so as to form a little cooking-place, and the smoke finds its way out, if it can, through the holes, but most usually remains inside, covering everything with a thick coating of soot. At Ohinemutu, however, some European improvements have begun to creep in. Here and there one will see a wha-re with a glass window and a stone chimney built outside. The *whare-runango*, or town hall, even has a sheet-iron roof. The front gable is usually ornamented with the effigy of some deceased ancestor, with black feathers to represent hair. The whare-runango is adorned, inside and out, with numerous effigies of the renowned men of the tribe; an effort being made to symbolize the qualities for which each was famous. One which I saw had a long tongue protruding from his mouth, to show that he had been a great orator; another had a cloven tongue, to set forth that he had won renown as the champion liar of his day. Another was mounted upon a pair of stilts. This, I was told, was in honor of his having been wont, thus equipped, to steal by night into his neighbor's potato-patch, help himself to as much as he could carry off, and take his departure without leaving any telltale footprints behind him.

We were spectators at several funerals during our stay in the lake region. They may be best summed up by saying that they had all the characteristic features of a genuine Irish wake, as they are described to us, only intensified beyond anything of which we had read, and kept up as long as the supply of rum, pork and potatoes held out. Of late years, under the teachings of the missionaries, they have begun to bury their dead in decent graves. But the true native way, and by far the most prevalent, is to deposit the remains in the depths of the forest, or upon sequestered islands in the lakes. These burying-places are most sacredly *tapu*. No Maori, unless specially delegated by his tribe, may set foot in the consecrated ground. Such a profanation would be sure to call down the vengeance of the *taipos*, or guardian demons of the spot.

I once stealthily made my way to one of these places of sepulture on the shore of Lake Tarawera. At the base of a ledge of rocks, and overshadowed by a lofty tree, was a canoe raised upon posts several feet from the ground. It forms the common receptacle for the corpses. There they were piled up in every stage of decay, six or seven layers deep. They had been originally packed in sacks or wrapped in mats, some of them also in motley European fabrics. Through the rents which the elements had made in the strange cerements, we could see bones and skulls often mingled together in ghastly confusion. Some of these kits were very small and well-preserved. These, we suppose, contained only the bare bones, which had in due time been taken out and scraped at a "bone-taugi," and then returned to the canoe. Guns and other personal effects were strewn among the bones without any apparent order. We also saw two cave sepulchres upon an island, in which the bones and dust of generations were lying in one heterogeneous mass.

A "bone-taugi" is the great Maori ceremonial. For some reason or other, a tribe will determine to have a grand cry over the bones of their relatives who have died and been deposited in various sepulchres. Delegations are sent to gather the bones, and invitations dispatched to the neighboring tribes to take part in the ceremonial. The bones, having been well scraped and washed, are placed in little kits, the skulls on the outside, with pieces of red wool or flax stuffed into the mouth and ears. The name of the deceased is written on the bag, and all of them are set on end in a ghastly row, before which the assembled tribes perform their dances, eat until they are stuffed to repletion, and drink until they cannot stand. After these edifying solemnities each bag of doubly consecrated bones is deposited in the canoe-tomb of the village to which the deceased belonged.

The Maori language was reduced to writing by the missionaries some fifty years ago. Besides the vowels, *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, pronounced as in Italian, ten consonants, *k*, *m*, *n*, *ng*, *p*, *r*, *t*, *w*, represent every sound; and the people seem unable to distinguish or articulate any other. Hence the names of foreigners undergo odd transformations when coming from their lips. *Wiemu* is the nearest approach they can make to "David"; the Austrian, Hochstter, of the "Novara Expedition," who has written the best book on New Zealand, was designated as Atiria. My wife's name, "Annie," came pat enough to them; but my own name, "William Snow," was a sore stumbling-block, being transformed into *Wiremu Teno*. Some twenty years ago two educated Maori chiefs, Wiremu (William) Toetoe and Hemara (Samuel) Rerehau, made a tour in Europe,

NOSE-RUBBING, THE MAORI MODE OF SALUTATION.

and were presented to various sovereigns, among others to Queen Victoria. Wiremu was a natural orator, and several of his speeches in his native tongue were printed. I quote the commencement of his congratulatory address to her Majesty as a specimen of the quite mellifluous character of the Maori speech :

"Tenakoe! Tenakoe! E Wikitoria tenakoe ete Kuina o Nuitireni. Tenakoe tomatou Rangitira pai, ka nui to manikoa, ka kite maua. I a koe ete kuini o Nuitireni hua puta te nuinga otou ingoa me ou tumari, ki, kei roto i o matou inioinga i o nga tungata o Nuitireni i nga ra katoa o te tau."

That is .

"Greetings! greetings! Thee, Victoria, be greeted, Queen of New Zealand, mother of the people of the Maori. Great is our joy to see thee, Queen of New Zealand. The glorious name of Your Majesty is known in all lands and in all parts of the world. The islands of the South Sea know the brightness of thy royal name."

THE COLORATION OF THE CAT.

THE coloration and markings of the domestic cat, as might be expected from its mixed origin, vary exceedingly. The wild *Felidæ*, which range in size from that of the lion and tiger down to the pretty rusty-colored or rubiginous cat of India, which is only some sixteen inches in length, excluding the tail, vary very much in color, and also in the disposition of the marks, not only in the different animals, but also in the same species. So much is this the case that no less than four or five supposed species have been made out of one—namely, the American ocelot ; and the leopard and panther, though regarded by most naturalists as mere varieties of the same species, are popularly regarded as being distinct.

As such variations take place in well-defined species, it is not surprising that they should occur in the mixed progeny of the smaller race which constitutes our domestic variety. Thus we have the tawny-color of the lion in the small Siamese domestic cat; the stripes of the tiger are reproduced in many tabbies, these stripes breaking up as they do more or less perfectly into spots, not only in many wild species, but also in those cats that are shown as spotted tabbies at our cat-shows. The little rubiginous cat, which has repeatedly interbred with the domestic cat of India is an example of a spotted wild cat of small size.

The markings of the clouded tiger, *Felidæ macrocelis*, are reproduced in many of our varieties. The black variety of leopard, which occurs wild, has its analogue in our black cats, and some of the wild cats occupying the snow-covered mountains of India are almost white.

From the vagrant and nocturnal habits of cats, there is more difficulty in breeding them true to any particular color and marking than occurs in the case of most other domestic animals; but, nevertheless, much has been done in determining the transmission of colors, and some exceedingly interesting facts have been ascertained. The true tortoiseshell, as distinguished from the tortoiseshell-and-white, occurs only in the female—excepting in very rare instances ; on the contrary, the red or sandy tabby marking, which is common in the male, is rare in the female. In fact, the sandy tabby male may be regarded as the mate of the tortoiseshell female ; by due care, however, both of these markings can be produced in the two sexes.

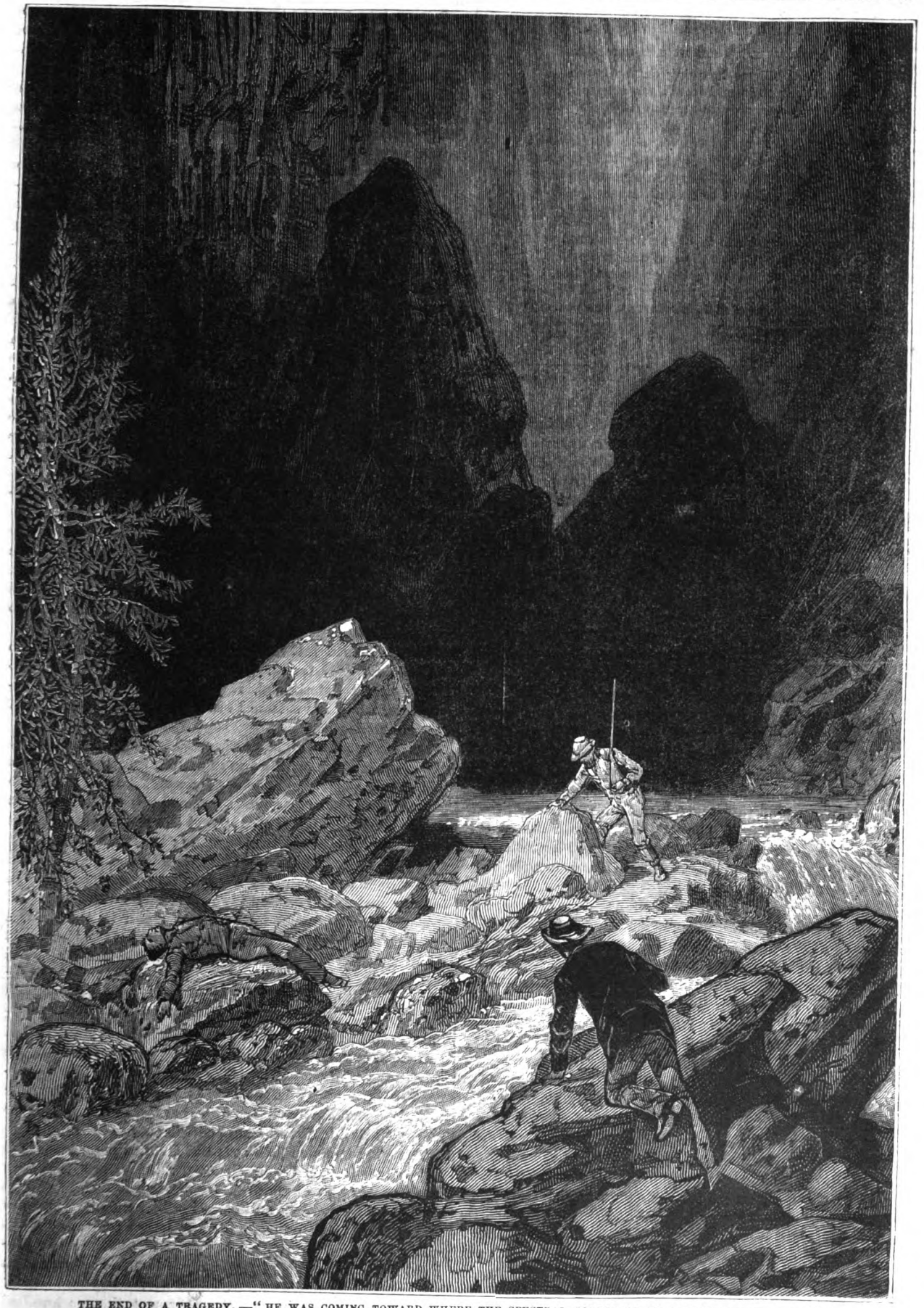
In what is called the tortoiseshell-and-white, which occurs frequently in both sexes, the sandy-and-black are not mixed together, as occurs in the pure tortoiseshell, but separated into large patches of pure color. In some pied cats there is a tendency to a symmetrical arrangement of colors; this is most noticeable in the black-and-white.

Another singular mixture of colors, which may be noticed occasionally, is the combination of gray tabby, red tabby, and white, the last being irregularly and variously distributed.

The long hair of the Angora breed is analogous to the natural variation sometimes occurring in wild species, as the woolly cheetah from South Africa, and the long-haired tigers of the north of Asia.

DELIBERATION too far prolonged defeats all its own ends. This is evident in the smallest affairs of everyday as well as in the most important. We meet a casual acquaintance, and, while we hesitate whether to salute him, he passes out of sight. We reflect upon the propriety of making an excursion until it is too late to catch the train. We ponder a business offer beyond the accorded time, and it is withdrawn.

CARVED GATEWAY OF A MAORI TEMPLE.



THE END OF A TRAGEDY.—"HE WAS COMING TOWARD WHERE THE SPECTRAL CORPSE OF MY MISSING FATHER LAY."

SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE SONNET'S VOICE.

A METRICAL LESSON BY THE SEASHORE.

Yon silvery billows breaking on the beach
  Fall back in foam beneath the star-shine clear,
  The while my rhymes are murmuring in your ear
A restless lore like that the billows teach;
For on these sonnet-waves my soul would reach
  From its own depths, and rest within you, dear,
  As, through the billowy voices yearning here
Great Nature strives to find a human speech.

A sonnet is a wave of melody:
  From heaving waters of the impassioned sour
  A billow of tidal music one and whole
Flows in the "octave"; then returning free,
  Its ebbing surges in the "sestet" roll
Back to the deeps of Life's tumultuous sea

THE END OF A TRAGEDY.

By W. G. Zeigler.

MARK BLANDELL mysteriously disappeared in the Summer of 1864. After a thorough but fruitless search of one year, I, his only son and sole heir, at the age of twenty-one came into the possession of a comfortable fortune. This was in Baltimore. Fifteen years elapsed, during which time the fate or whereabouts of my father still remained a dead secret.

This strange and material incident in my life formed but one of the links in the career of one shrouded from birth in mysteries.

I had never known or heard of my mother. Reared in a gloomy, ancient, moss-covered mansion, on one of the most solitary streets of the city, kept under the surveillance of a silent old male servant, tutored by a learned but stoical man until I reached the age of twenty, without companions and but few acquaintances, it is no wonder I grew up a man of retired and melancholic disposition. From earliest childhood shadows and fears crowded my confined way. My surroundings engendered a passion for gloomy, darkened places, and a morbid longing for anything beyond the real.

These moody musings had their effect; I was drawn into the world of the unknown, and at length found myself possessed of the power of communing with the dead; but in all my communings I learned naught of my father. That much is a confession; now for the incidents I wish to relate.

In the Fall of 1879, my health being in a precarious state, I was advised by my physician to try mountain air, as possibly it might be the true elixir to brace up a weakening constitution. I determined forthwith to spend a few months in North Carolina, among the loftiest ranges of the Appalachian System. The trip was accomplished, and two weeks had made a decided change in my condition. At the end of that time, feeling my strength equal to the undertaking, and knowing it would be further increased by such a course, I concluded to make a tour on foot through the most romantic sections of that romantic country.

The desire to recover my health by these means was not the only incentive that led me on the tramp; it was more the intense passion within me for the gloomy and awful—not the beautiful—scenes in nature.

One glowing afternoon, late in September, in the course of my wanderings, I stopped for a short rest and a cool drink from a clear spring at a wayside house close upon the rugged, winding highway that leads along the Nautihala River.

The scenery on my day's walk had been most magnificent. It had culminated at the point I had now reached in one of the grandest landscapes I had ever viewed, in reality or on canvas.

Across the brown, withered garden, over the broken rails of the zigzag fence, my eyes wing their way to the opposite side of the bouldered road, where slim mountain ashes, water-birches and hemlocks stood sentineled along the rocky banks of the wild Nautihala, whose impetuous current, lashed to a silvery whiteness on its rough bed, shone sparkling in shade and sunlight. Then up to and over dark, rich forests, on toward the east, till, of a sudden, a great steep line of mountain-wall, mantled with massive pines, shot up nearly three thousand feet in height, and on its green perpendicular front struck the afternoon sun gloriously bright. And just in the centre of this ridge of rock was a ragged rent, forming a low-cut gap, and through and beyond, in the dim distance, purple ranges, misty under twenty miles of space, softened the rugged aspect of the foreground. White cumuli capped the far-away peaks; clear blue was the vault above.

The farmhouse had passed its prime, and was on the sinking side of existence. Still, the interior, as I saw it through the open door, looked tidy. Houses are widely separated among the Nautihala mountains. I was then in the most romantic scenery of the eastern United States. No doubt, I thought, up this mad river, between cliffs that fairly support the clouds, could be discovered scenes to be unsurpassed in gloomy grandeur.

Here the road left the river for ever, and plunged into a dense forest between parallel inclosing ranges. The farmhouse, I determined, if possible, to make my headquarters, while for a time I scoured the solitary paths of the mountains.

No one but the bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked lass, who had given me a chair on the rough porch, and brought me a pail of cold water from the spring, seemed to be about the place. In answer to queries and requests, I learned that a faint trail led up the river; that the next house in that direction was distant twelve miles; that it was intensely wild; that her father would be home in the evening, and if I wished I might leave my small bundle there while I took a short stroll, and on my return make a night stop.

These arrangements made, I was again in the road, a moment after leaving it to wend my way up the river. As I had traveled but a short distance during the day, I was in trim for a long, rough walk—in the mood for a solitary one—and I decided to take it in spite of the knowledge that daylight could only for a short time be afforded me; but through the clear sky that stretched overhead a full autumnal moon would ride that night with almost the brightness of day. I therefore would be enabled to proceed on my way without any difficulty, and the ramble would be rendered doubly enjoyable from its being in the most still and hallowed hours of the twenty-four.

The path was a rugged one, but I found it no trouble to follow it. On, on I went through a wilderness that grew more picturesque and wild. The ranges on either side the river rose straight and close in dizzy height. The sun had been invisible to me for some time; a heavy shade was resting on the river, when, just at the time that twilight melts into night, I found myself on the entrance to a spot of gloomy and awful magnificence.

I was then standing on the narrow path, one hundred feet or more above the river. This path led winding

down over tumbled rocks, bare but for the luxuriant moss that covered them, until it struck the level of the stream.

The mighty mountain on whose side I stood, still rising steeply to as grand a height as before, here drew back its encroaching feet, leaving a small semicircle of perhaps half an acre of level land, uncovered by trees, except a few black firs that formed a dark grove at one corner, and two tall mountain-birches springing in the centre of the plot.

Across the river, the opposite mountain rose with more frightful precipitousness than heretofore, and towering to a tremendous height, with black pines like unkempt locks on its stony brow, nodded dizzily over the wild waters that lashed along its base. Its face was matted in places with scraggy cedars, trailed over with running vines, and dripping here and there with water from many springs bubbling through fissures in the rocks.

The scene was of a character to approach the supernatural, and strange enough to satisfy my soul in its morbid cravings. I descended the steep trail, crossed to the centre of the open glen, and seated myself on a mossed rock under one of the two birches.

Deep darkness was gathering; blacker grew the faces of the leaning mountains, and as from the bottom of an almost fathomless well I looked upward, the small strip of sky visible between the parallel ranges became fast set with stars.

I thought not of going further on my walk, or of retracing my steps. By an inexplicable fascination I was held to the spot. Hours passed by while I remained seated there. The moon had entered on the scene, flooding it with mellow, ghostly light; only a breath of a breeze was circling through the pass; grandly roared the Nautihala close beside me, and the hour must have been near midnight, when a strange tremor, like those I feel when putting myself in the mesmeric trance, shook my frame.

My eyes became riveted on the slope down which I had threaded my way into the glen. Even the faint tracing of the trail between the tumbled rocks was visible, for the moon shone full on that side the scene.

Suddenly I saw the clear figure of a man issue from under the hemlock that waved at the sharp turn on the slope. He stood still at the moment he appeared, and seemed undecided whether to push on or retreat. His indecision lasted but a moment, and then he commenced the descent.

At half way down the moon shone more luminously upon his person. At a glance I saw that he was not a mountaineer. A stiff black hat covered his head, his clothes were dark, and evidently a heavy cane was grasped in one of his hands. I could not see his face, for he leaned forward, closely scrutinizing the path.

I know not why, but I thought not of hailing him. A sense of mystery seemed to pervade me, and everthing around me; still I thought not of dreams, ghosts, or of my communing spirit—the picture was too real.

After an interval of cautious descent, the figure was at the foot of the steep, not forty yards from where I sat, an intent observer of all his movements.

Gracious heavens! I had seen the man before, but, strange as it may seem from what afterward happened, I knew not where, or who it was I could not divine. His form seemed familiar to me. His face I had not yet caught a glimpse of. Still I remained silent.

Slowly he advanced. He was now just out from under the shadow thrown by the first birch, and close on the rocks lining the river. At that moment a freezing whistle, like (but louder in its tone) one made by the wild wind through the gratings of a sepulchre, sounded on the cool, clear air.

The traveler on foot stopped and turned in his tracks. As he did so, a sharp rifle report rang out. The traveler staggered, threw up his hands, and swinging completely round, fell backward; and as he reeled and fell, his face, thrown upward so the moonbeams struck it fairly, was for the first time visible to my eyes.

It was the face of my missing father!

The features, form, all—it was he. I cannot explain my feelings. I had no control of my limbs, or of my speaking powers. I was chained by some great unknown to silence and the stone beneath me.

Was he alive?

No. He was a shadow, an unearthly visitant, for at the instant the shot was fired, plainly I saw the trees outlined on the opposite bank of the river directly *through him!*

Motionless he lay there, as in reality, on the great sharp rocks, and the rapid waters lapped and licked the mossy edges of the marble blocks beneath him. With a seeming sob the breeze swept by, bending the long, lithe limbs of the two sentinel trees till they drooped like weeping willows; and the round moon, straight above, pale and yellow, poured down its trembling, melancholy light on the face of the apparition, rendering it more ghostly in its pallor, and showing a dark line leading from the centre of the forehead back into his silvery hair, and this line was lifeblood gushing from its broken fountain.

Thus a minute passed, then a second figure appeared, this one from the gloom and shade of the grove of black firs. He was coming toward where the spectral corpse of my missing father lay. His was a slouching walk. He was roughly dressed—a battered hat, woolen shirt and pants, with the bottom of the latter in rough boots. He carried a long rifle in one of his hands. His form was no more of a shadow than was the first figure, but I saw on its first appearance that it was incorporeal.

I studied his features as he advanced. Shaggy, red beard, broken nose, vicious eyes, and a square face was the study.

He reached the body, laid down his gun, rubbed his hands gleefully, and with the complacency of an experienced murderer, filled a pipe and lighted it with a match which he drew from a box taken from the vest-pocket of the victim.

With such a coolness was this done that even the trees, as if in sympathy with the bleeding body at his feet, seemed to shiver and cramp their limbs. And while he smoked, a hollow chuckle falling from his lips struck dismally on my ears, and in more hollow tones he spoke:

"Ha, ha! a bull's-eye shot. That whistle did the trick for me to strike the centre o' his forehead. There's no mistakin' he's got money, as I seed by his looks as he passed by the house this morning. All 'ill be mine, too—ha, ha! Hit 'ud be a quare thing if Dick Nosoul couldn't track a man lost on the mountings. Money is money!" And he drew forth a pocketbook from the dying man's coat. "Ha! wealth is satisfaction for the most ignorant, which I reckon I am."

These ghostly sentences, dropped in his soliloquizing as he searched his victim, were borne to me and imprinted on my mind in the tones in which they were uttered.

"I reckon he's done fer," he continued. "Best let the clothes rot on him; they're too fine an' might tell tales. I'll sink him in the cesspool."

As the last sentence rolled from his lips, he commenced unwinding a rope or chain from around his waist.

At that instant I came into command of myself. I felt myself awake as from a trance. Scarcely knowing what I

did, with a cry I sprang toward the apparitions. Like a flash all had vanished. Not a thing but what nature had arrayed the scene in was about me.

Dumbfounded, I retraced my steps to my former seat, and for a few minutes waited in vain for a reappearance, but none came. Shivering from the ordeal through which I had passed, I roused myself and decided that I had better attempt the return to the farmhouse.

My progress at first was slow, but under the bright moonlight I pushed steadily forward. The train of my thoughts was naturally on the weird occurrence of the night.

The fate of my father was revealed. Was his death capable of being revenged? My soul cried for vengeance, but could vengeance be obtained? Surely it could if the murderer was alive. But had not his ghost appeared to me! Truly his speaking appearance had been seen and heard; but was this necessarily his spirit—the spirit of the dead man? Might it not be a fantasm, simply an impression left there on the scene of an impressive occurrence by one of the actors concerned; and that appearance therefore not being necessarily a returned soul, was not the murderer in existence? Could not the scene have been so vividly portrayed without both actors being in the land of spirits? These thoughts were advanced as conclusions in the form of questions. It was the reasoning of a spiritualist.

I stumbled on. The walk consumed hours, in which I wandered again and again from the path; but ever the roar of the river acted as a guide, and I as often returned to the beaten trail.

It must have been near morning when, in an exhausted condition, I reached the traveled road, caught sight of the welcome outlines of the farmhouse, and was soon on its projecting porch.

The door was shut, but not fastened. I opened it, stepped inside, and then spoke while standing in the darkness.

"Halloo! Any one awake here? Halloo! I'm a late caller, but I'd like accommodations, nevertheless."

It had the desired effect. I heard what sounded like some one turning over in bed. A voice then returned:

"Oh, ah! I s'pose this be the man Mary spoke on. Find a cheer, and I'll try an' skeer up a leetle blaze from the coals."

It seemed as though a shock of paralysis had that instant touched me. For a moment my pulses stopped their beat, but immediately the attack passed off.

What caused it?

The voice that sounded in the darkness of that strange farmhouse was the voice I had heard before that same night on the bank of the Nautihala. There was no mistaking it. I was in the living presence of Dick Nosoul; I was confused, and could decide on no definite action.

Like a stone man I stood while the smoldering coals glowed, the sparks flew upward, and a bright fire sprang up in the fireplace. The room was feebly illumined, and the face and form of the man were visible. The apparition had been a speaking likeness of the real.

"Hit seems as though ye 'pears to be tired," said the man, as he stood, half attired, before me. "Better sit down, get warmed, an' then slip into thet room thar, whar ye'll find a bed."

THE FISHER'S WIFE AND CHILD.

SHOES AND THEIR HISTORY.—A FRENCH SHOEMAKER'S IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.—SEE PAGE 39.

In my indecision I moved toward the fire, seated myself, and, while doing so, heard the return of the party to his bed. What course should I pursue?

The late and sudden knowledge of my father's fate, coupled with this unexpected meeting with one on whose head rested the crime, roused a still deeper desire for revenge than had before pervaded me, extinguished all thoughts of reason, and nearly obliterated the consequences which I knew must result from a rash act on my part.

This latter thought of self was all that checked me in the commission of a crime that every other sentiment within me urged me to commit. I would wait, wait, and kill him in secret, as he had killed my father!

Shudder as the reader may at this open confession, put

EGYPTIAN SANDAL.

yourself in what was then my situation. If you are a man of strong passion, intelligence, and not prone to let your rights be trampled under foot, imagine your course.

I arose and entered the room assigned me. Fears of my personal safety, I know not why, but I had none. Thoughts of the startling chain of supernatural events that had been unwound that night prevented me from dropping immediately to sleep; but Nature over body and brain, tired and worried by the doings of the day and night, triumphed, and I fell into a sound slumber.

I awoke at a late hour. The girl of the previous afternoon's acquaintance and her mother were the only persons then in the house, the men folks having left. A breakfast was spread for me, to which I did scanty justice; and while the woman stood near, watching me with apparent curiosity, I ventured a few questions.

"Your name, I believe, is Nosoul?"

"I reckon 'tis," she answered.

"Where is your husband, Dick Nosoul? Is he near here?"

"No; he's gone to salt the cattle on High Rock Mountain, an' won't be back till late in the evening."

"Did any one go with him?"

"No."

"Where is this mountain you speak of?"

"Up thar," and she pointed through the open door away up the river; "beyond this first peak, whar the ridge gits highest, close on the river."

"Is there a trail?"

"Why, yes; the same one ye war on last night. Follow hit till whar the first branch o' water falls over the cliff an' crosses the path before you; then right arter that turn up a ravine; but from thar the trail is faint. Ye may reach the mounting-top by goin' on up all the time, but the

CHINESE SHOES.

rub'll be in gettin' back. Ye'll be lost sure; an' ef ye air, thar's no salvation."

Lost! I cared not. If lost, it would be on my return. Before that, my object would undoubtedly have been

accomplished, and possibly I might not wander from the path. I would take my chances.

"I guess I won't try it, then," said I. "I'll walk down the river and will return by supper-time."

It was then eleven o'clock. I left the porch. I was now on the track for Nosoul. It was my set purpose to take his life. I was fully armed. The thirst for revenge was too strong for delay, or I would have waited on the opening of the trail until his return in the evening.

I walked with alacrity, and had proceeded for some distance along the familiar path of the previous night's rambles without as yet having caught a glimpse of the brook near where I was to turn.

Frequently I stopped for an interval of rest. For one of these breathing spells, having followed the path up the wild, precipitous front of the mountain till the Nautihala gleamed below me at the distance of a hundred yards, I had seated myself on a projecting rock, when I saw on the trail, a short space from me, through the green, scrubby foliage of cedars and firs, what looked like the form of a man.

From my point of observation, only a portion of his back was visible. I at once sprang up and started toward it. A minute after I was standing over the form of Dick Nosoul as he lay stretched out on the rugged path. There was something the matter with the man. He was writhing as though in horrible agony. His face as he turned it upward to me was frightfully distorted. With an effort he spoke.

"Oh, man! Too late—too late! I'm a goner!"

His eyes rolled back until only the white balls were visible, while the muscles of his face twitched spasmodically.

I forgot my mission. The man to me was, for the time being, a fellow-creature in distress and in need of my assistance.

I noticed that his clothes were partly torn from him, and the upper portion of his leg and side of his body were swollen to a deep, dark color. That he had undoubtedly been bitten by a rattlesnake was my first thought.

"What is it? How did this happen?" I asked.

"I'm snake-bit," breathing heavily, he answered. "On the side of the mounting, about a mile from hyar, I knelt down to a spring for a drink. A bell-tail under me, coiled up in the grass, was hit by my knee. He sprung his rattles and struck at the same time, fastening on my hip. I managed to git this far."

There was no help for him. He would be a corpse in a few minutes. I decided to obtain a confession, if possible, from him.

"I'm afraid your case is hopeless," I commenced. "If there is anything you might wish to relieve your mind of before you die, you can make me your confessor."

"No, nothing. Shoot me, man, for God's sake!" he groaned.

I bent closer over him, and, speaking in a low, firm voice, said:

"Dick Nosoul, fifteen years ago, one midnight, at a place a little further up this path, and on the bank of this same river, in cold blood and but for money, you murdered a gray-headed old man, a stranger to you, but my father. Do you acknowledge it?"

Before I had finished, a look of surprise began to spread itself over his convulsed features; then a look of terror followed, usurping the places of torture and surprise.

With a strength bred of the latter, he raised himself partly on his knees, his pallid face quivering as he spoke:

"How know you this? I confess nothing, and——"

His breath seemed for a moment cut short; his face blanched to a more horrid whiteness, and he hissed, as he pointed past me down the path:

"Great God! Again—again! Thar he is now! He's comin'—his ghost—with the bullet-hole in his forehead!"

The shrubbery fringing the edge of the path before us was broken apart. A sheer precipice of splintered rocks, nothing more, shot downward, far down, to the impetuous river.

As the man hissed these last freezing sentences, and as I turned for a vain look in the direction he pointed, he had raised himself upright on his tottering feet. I imagined his motive, and attempted to clutch him; but too late.

With a blood-curdling cry, he flung himself from the cliff. His body bounded from successive crags, and sank from view in the white waters of the stream. It rose not to my sight, though, clinging to a leaning cedar, I watched the waters long for it.

The tragedy was complete, and nothing remains to be told.

WRITING WITH LEMON JUICE.

Father John Gerard, of the Society of Jesus, who was confined and cruelly tortured in the Tower of London, at the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, was in the habit of writing letters in orange or lemon juice to his friends. The manner in which he thus baffled the vigilance of his jailers is described in detail in his highly interesting autobiography, published a few years ago by the Rev. John Morris. Father Gerard says: "Now lemon-juice has this property, that what is written in it can be read in water quite as well as by fire, and as the paper is dried the writing disappears again till it is steeped afresh, or again held to the fire. But anything written with orange-juice is at once washed out by water, and cannot be read at all in that way; and if held to the fire, though the characters are thus made to appear, they will not disappear; so that a letter of this sort once read can never be delivered to any one as if it had not been read. The party will see at once that it has been read, and will certainly refuse and disown it if it should contain anything dangerous."

One result of Father Gerard's orange-juice correspondence was, that with the aid of zealous friends outside, he effected his escape from the tower in 1597. The last ten years of his life were spent in the English college at Rome, where he closed a long, arduous and meritorious career on July 27th, 1630, aged seventy-three.

FREDERICK THE GREAT'S BAND-WAGON.

During the brief occupation of Berlin by the Russian army, in 1760, the invaders plundered the Royal Arsenal of its more valuable arms and trophies of war, and carried off their booty to Russia. Among the objects peculiarly precious to the Prussian army that were thus "annexed" was a splendid car, presented by Frederick William I., thirty years previously, to his corps of field artillery, for the accommodation of their drums and colors on extraordinary occasions, such as reviews or grand parades.

In shape resembling a shell, and painted a bright scarlet, this car, drawn by four gray stallions, with tiger-skin trappings and tall red-and-white plumes, used to precede the artillery column during its march past the saluting-flag, surrounded by the so-called "Janissary-Music," in which his Majesty took such especial delight. The head drummer of the artillery-corps occupied the back seat,

having in front of him two huge silver-mounted drums, suspended in slings, and behind him the four standards of the corps.

Frederick the Great refused to take this costly equipage with him when he started from Berlin at the commencement of the Seven Years' War, never dreaming that the Russians would succeed in pouncing upon this capital behind his back; and so it fell into the hands of a Muscovite general, who conveyed it to St. Petersburg, where it was deposited with great pomp and ceremony in the armory at Fort Petropaulovsky.

Czar Alexander III. has lately intimated his intention to restore this interesting relic of Prussia's early military history to its rightful owner, the German Emperor. It will be brought to Berlin by a Russian guard of honor, and deposited in the Arsenal on the Linden Avenue, from which it was forcibly removed nearly a century and a quarter ago.

FATIMA.

By G. A. Davis.

With wide white wings and towers fair,
  White battlements and balcony,
And rainbowed windows flashing tall,
  Beside the dark-blue, dreaming sea
My castle stood; the golden doors,
  Sealed to the world, swung wide for me—
    Love was the key.

The marble courts were dim with shade
  Of blossomed lime and orange boughs;
The diamond dust of fountain spray
Shook in the perfumed air all day,
  And all the long, blue starry nights
The nightingales sang to the sea
  That clasped about my lordly house—
My house, where Love and I walked free
    And kept the key.

And he—my love, the castle's lord—
  What shall I say of him? I ween
No goodlier knight in olden time
  By bower or tourney games was seen;
Not Lancelot brave, nor Tristram true,
  Nor Galahad pure, I dreamed, could be
More strong, more tender, or more clean
    In God's clear sight, than *he!*

The long, long days were always June,
  A paradise of scent and bloom,
That breathed through all the warm sea-air
  And filled each sunshine-flooded room.
The blossoms drifted white as snow,
  All day the deep grass held the dew
Where thick-leaved lindens meshed their boughs,
  Nor let the sliding sunbeams through.
Oh, days of June! so fair to me
    Until *he* dropped the key!

A little clew—I scarcely know
  What shape the cruel warder bore.
Whose touch upon the rusted lock
  Flung wide for me that awful door!
  Out of the sunshine evermore,
Out of the warmth of June, alas!
  Into that room—where only he,
    Till now, had held the key!

A close-barred-room—a darkened place—
  I had not known that anywhere
In all my castle such a spot
  Lay hidden from the light and air!
I had not guessed that, stark and still
  Behind the iron-welded bars,
That dead thing lay, with upturned face,
  Shut from the sunshine and the stars!

But I have crossed the threshold grim,
  And I have seen her lying there,
Her white limbs stiffened into stone,
  Blood clotted on her trailing hair,
And in her eye's wide horror set
  The frozen mystery of despair!

The long white wings, the turrets tall,
  The shining stretch of sea-washed wall,
Looks from the headland clear and free;
  The sunshine fires the casement's glass,
The fountain flings up merrily
  Its rainbowed waves of shaken spray—
And no one knows, save I and he,
  That locked room's sunless mystery;
None know that, hidden in his heart,
  He keeps—and I have found—the key!

But sometimes in the long blue nights,
  Waking to hear the moaning sea,
I think, What if the dead should be
  Not dead, but only sleeping there,
And dreaming of life's old delights?
  What if she turn and rise—set free,
  O God! *since Love still keeps that key?*

SHOES AND THEIR HISTORY.

By M. E. W. Sherwood.

The shoe, the hat, the glove and the purse, the ring and the belt, the fan and the sword, are said to be the eight marked features of human apparel which must effectively tell their own story of epoch and of rank. Of all these, the shoe has the most varied history, and is, more especially, in all times and seasons, than any of its seven sisters, the illuminated missal of fashion.

We know well the foot of an Egyptian priest, for only he wore sandals of palm-leaf and papyrus (except that the Hebrews, their slaves, sometimes roughly imitated them. The Hebrews, however, wrapped up their poor feet in linen, or made shoes of wood and iron and brass for their soldiers). We know the foot of the senator of ancient Rome, with his high buskins ornamented with an ivory crescent, and called "*Calcealunati*," and tied with lachet or string. He has but to put out his foot to be recognized to-day in any picture. He did indulge, too, the Roman patrician, in "*Calceamenta* and *Cothurni*," which were simply boots covering the whole leg, made of the skins of wild animals, laced up in front, with the paws and heads of the slaughtered beasts hanging over as flaps at the knees. The skin was dyed purple or red, and great care was taken to insure a perfect fit. But these shoes are left open at the toes, as we see, by the ancient statues, which would not please our dandies of to-day.

Specimens of Egyptian sandals, formed of strips of palm-leaf, nicely fitted together and furnished with bands of the stem of the papyrus, are found in Egyptian tombs, and are preserved in various museums. Indeed, the earliest records that we have of shoes are to be found in

THE MAKER OF WOODEN SHOES.

the sculptures and bas-reliefs of the ancient Egyptians. Plutarch tells us that the women of Egypt were not allowed to wear shoes, and there is record of the Caliph Hakkan, founder of the religious sect of the Druses, having decreed that, on the pain of death, no shoemaker should manufacture shoes, sandals, or any covering for the foot for the use of women.

How the daughters of Egypt evaded this stern decree is not known. They may have learned how to make their own shoes, or it may be that the cobblers of those days were soft-hearted, and preferred offending the Caliph to incurring the displeasures of the fair sex.

Women, however, have never cared much for sumptuary bans, evading them as they do the paying of duties on French dresses to-day, in all ages of the world.

Certain it is that they *wore* shoes, as is shown by those sculptors, historians whose records are made in stone, and which speak as clearly to-day as they did in the time of Rameses.

The Egyptian shoe, however, was woven of strong river-grass and other vegetable materials, and rarely of leather. The idea of defilement *arising* from contact with anything that had died led to the entire disuse of skin or leather by the priests of Egypt.

Their shoes were frequently ornamented with representations of the Gods Isis, Osiris and Horus, and are intensely individual and characteristic.

We learn that the revenues of the Lake Hieris, which abounded with fish, were given to Queen Nitocris for her "shoe-ties." Whether this insignificant article of dress could have been fashioned of so rare materials to make the expenditure of such a sum possible, or whether this term with the Egyptians bore the same significance that "pin-money" has with maids and matrons of to-day, the chronicle saith not.

In the time of the ancient Greeks the wearing of shoes was common, but by no means universal. According to Homer, boots were worn in battle by the Greeks in the time of Agamemnon. Plato was sternly opposed to the wearing of shoes. Alcibiades, on the contrary, invented an envelope for the foot, which was called by his name, and which was held in high esteem by the dandies

THE INDIAN MOCCASIN.

of Athens. On entering the house the shoes were removed, as is the custom with the Orientals of to-day. Homer speaks of a man who, on leaving his friend's house, "tied his splendid soles to his feet." Spartan youths were trained to go barefooted.

With the Romans the matter of dressing the feet was a very important one, and by a man's shoes not only his individual taste was marked, but also his rank.

As a sign of inferiority, slaves were obliged to go with naked feet; a free man would scarcely dare to stir abroad unshod, lest his rank should be underrated, but there are some men superior to fashion in all ages.

The same rule prevailed in the French West Indies, and the colored girls still in slavery, especially if very nearly white, wore very long skirts, to hide her feet, while their more favored sisters who had been freed were equally careful to wear dresses short enough to show their shoes, the token of their freedom.

The *calceus*, or boot, and *solea*, or sandal, were the two kinds of shoes most in vogue with the Greeks and Romans. The *calceus* corresponded to our boot. It was made of undressed leather, covered the whole foot, and was fastened above the ankle by a leathern strap, which was bound firmly about the leg. Black was the ordinary color of the *calceus*, but it was not uncommon to find them of scarlet or dark-red leather. The Roman senators sometimes wore shoes of black or white leather, ornamented by an arabesque of gold or silver, or by the letter "C," signifying the *Centum*, or hundred, which was the number of the Senators in the first days of the republic.

The sandal or *solea* consisted of a cork or leathern sole cut in the shape of the foot and bound about the instep with slender leathern thongs or bands of cloth. In some cases the sandal was merely bound to the foot with straps passing simply over the foot, but the most graceful of these had a thong which passed between the first and second toe, and joining the strap which crossed the instep, was seamed with it at the ankle.

The luxury which became more and more extravagant in the days of the decline of the empire affected the shoes as naturally as any other part of the costume.

Precious stones studded the sandals, and not contented with ornaments of chiseled silver and massive gold, certain dandies wore soles of solid gold; the leathers were colored with the most costly dyes, and embroidered with the most exquisite designs, so that the shoe, from being a useful commonplace article of dress in that time, arose almost to the rank of a jewel.

As a love-token a lady's sandal was regarded by the Roman lovers very much as a tress of hair or a ribbon is nowadays treasured by romantic youths, or as, indeed, is "my lady's slippers" of to-day.

BLACKING SHOES A CENTURY AGO.

As a sign of mourning, the Romans always walked with naked feet at funerals, and we are told that the remains of Augustus were collected from the funeral pile by noblemen of the first rank with bare feet.

EARLY ENGLISH SHOES AND BOOTS.

Among his other extravagances, the Emperor Heliogabalus never wore the same *calceus* twice. We learn from Horace that the soceresses went with naked feet while intent upon their magical art; and from another authority we have on an ancient gem the intaglio of a procession made to conciliate the gods, in the time of a drought, in which the participants walked with unclad feet.

In the times of the early Christians an entire revolution regarding the fashion of shoes had taken place, and all preachers exhorted their followers to simplicity in this article of dress. The extravagant ostentation of the Roman dames was rigidly forbidden, and we again find the "conveniency of the foot" taking the place of an article of use only, and no longer one of ornament.

Tertullian, preaching humility to women, insisted on the simplicity of the foot-gear, saying that in case the glory of martyrhood awaited them, "their beribboned feet would not be convenient for the wearing of shackles."

Of all the thousand fashions invented for the protection of the feet in the different ages, the sandal has the advantage of being at once the most beautiful, the most healthful, if not the most comfortable.

It has been revived by the artists of all ages, and in sculpture is the only covering of the foot which it is possible to represent with grace. Indeed, it is the sign of the classic age.

Until the tenth century the Roman *calceus*, with various modifications, was worn by the French and English. But at that time more attention began to be paid to the covering of the feet, and we observe patterns and embroideries of intricate and pleasing figures ornamenting the neatly made shoes.

In the thirteenth century silk began to be used, but

only on rare occasions, in the manufacture of shoes. As they became more elaborate, they grew more inconvenient and unwieldy, and then the pointed shoe, that greatest absurdity of fashion, began to be introduced. In the reign of William Rufus, the Chevalier Robert-le-Cornu, a famous beau, invented this monstrous fashion, which for four centuries held its sway over the public foot. Though strongly inveighed against, "the points," in the reign of Richard II., had increased to such a prodigious length that they were fastened up to the knees by chains of silver and gold. The upper parts were cut to imitate the windows of a church, and the whole was made extravagantly conspicuous. In three centuries the Church issued bulls against this fashion. The extravagance of taste next impelled the width of toe, which Queen Mary restricted, by proclamation, to six inches.

The shoe, according to the pictures of that time, fitted the foot from the heel to the toe with glovelike precision, then a point, like a twisted horn, or resembling the beak of a bird, shot out into space for a distance, which varied from two to two and a half feet (the length etiquette demanded for the points of a princess's shoes). One foot was the length ordered for the boots of the *bourgeoisie*, or middle-class people. These points sometimes lay flat upon the ground, but were more frequently curved upward, in the shape of a crescent. In an effigy of Jean de Chalons, a nobleman of the fourteenth century, the point of the shoes is curved into the shape of a shepherd's crook. In armor, even, this senseless and inconvenient fashion was introduced, and in the military museums of France and England specimens are presented of steel and iron shoes with points. In battle these points were excessively inconvenient, and at the battle of Sempach we learn that "The Lords having dismounted from their horses, were obliged to cut off the points of their shoes, so incommoded were their movements by them."

The clergy, as we have seen, inveighed against this fashion, which they denounced as "unseemly," and Charles V. published an edict sternly forbidding all persons wearing pointed shoes, which he says "are against good manners, and are in derision of God and the church."

Early in the sixteenth century the pointed shoes had disappeared; kings and popes, prelates and bishops had issued edicts condemning them, but only the force of a new fashion was able to accomplish the task of banishing the pointed shoe. A large, square shoe, very broad at the toes, succeeded, and as it was the very antithesis of the shoe it displaced; for this reason, probably, it was warmly received.

In the sixteenth century the high English boots, with tops, became fashionable, the top being frequently trimmed with rich lace when worn by persons of quality. It was no longer allowable, as it had been in the days of the pointed shoes, to dress one foot in yellow and the other in red; it was considered essential that shoes should match. They were generally made of the beautiful buff-colored leather imported from Spain.

In the seventeenth century the high boots became very extravagant in form and shape, but they were still graceful, though the wide tops would have been large enough for a Jerseyman to carry home his Sunday leg o' mutton. Low shoes were always worn for evening dress at this period, and were ornamented by fantastic bows and rosettes, the "windmill bow" being a very favorite pattern.

In the eighteenth century the buckle was introduced, and low shoes again became popular, supplemented by very high heels, set far under the soles of the foot.

During the time of Louis XVI. great extravagance in the quality of boots and shoes reigned in France, and rich embroideries were introduced, costly brocades were employed in the making; but in the Revolution, that great leveling of all that was superfluous and luxurious, simple shoes returned to France and England, and so on over the whole continent.

In speaking of the foot-gear of the nineteenth century we must give preference to the English boot, as being the most comfortable and sensible in use among the civilized nations of the earth. It is the fashion for French and American women to speak contemptuously of the big feet of their English sisters, and to draw unfavorable comparison between them and their own small and beautifully shaped pedestals, incased as they are in that slipper of the time of Louis XV., which has come down to us, and still binds the female foot with its agonizing constraint. The difference of size between the English and American foot is not so great, after all, but lies in the difference of the boot, although the American foot is the smallest.

On going to Yapp, one of the leading bootmakers of London, and expressing a desire for a strong, easy walking-boot, the American woman is not a little startled at being told to stand on a sheet of paper, on which an outline of her foot is traced. The necessary measures are then made, and in the course of a fortnight the boots come home, made of a strong, soft leather, with a wide sole and flat, broad heel, not more than an inch high. The boot, in shape, somewhat resembles the human foot, being straight in the inner and curved on the outer side. A cold chill strikes to the heart of a would-be reformer, and with a sigh she tries the boot on. At first she will declare that they are "miles too large for her," and that she "never can be comfortable in such boats," and ten to one, on studying her feet in the glass, she will toss the boots aside, to be relegated again to the depths of her trunk, or to be given to her less vain Abigail. But if she be of a practical turn of mind, and really in earnest about her desire to be rid of all the inconveniences attending the wearing of ill-made boots, our American will, on some foggy morning, when she is bound on an errand to an unfashionable part of London, "just try the boots." And when, after a long day of shopping or sight-seeing—the two most fatiguing of pursuits—she finds that her first care need not be to rid her "poor feet" of their casings; that those extremities are no more or less tired than the rest of her body; that she is free from those shooting, agonizing pains which for so many years have tortured her, the dainty "bottine" of Pinard will be for ever discarded, and the absurdity of a Louis Quinze high heel never again give her the tottering gait, which is only a shade better than that of the Chinese women.

Were a prize to be offered for the most beautiful naked foot among the competitors, there would be found many an English, and scarcely a French girl, whose foot could be bared, and found to differ little from the classic standard. The idea that a small foot is a beauty, no matter how large a body it may have to support, is one of those delusions which it is as hard to displace from the mind of woman as that an hour-glass is the most graceful shape which the female figure can be tormented into resembling. According to the classic measure and standpoint, the foot should measure one-sixth of the height of the whole person.

If acute suffering and general hideous misshapenness were the only consequences of the French boot and high heel, this protest against it might seem of little importance, but disorders of the most painful and dangerous character are among its fruits. The Paris hospitals are full of women whose maladies can be traced to the unnatural angle at which their bodies have been thrown by

these high heels—the natural equilibrium being lost, and a constant strain of all the muscles being required to keep the balance, resulting in a most disastrous disarrangement of the vital and important organs. A new disease has appeared within the past ten or fifteen years, since the arrival of the high heels, which has been traced to their malign influence. Drs. Derby and Agnew, two of our most distinguished oculists, refuse to treat ladies who persist in wearing high-heeled shoes, for any affection of the eye.

Among the peasants of France, Holland, Belgium and Germany, heavy wooden shoes, called "sabots," are and have been worn for many centuries. The fashioning of these heavy and fatiguing shoes occupies most of the population in a certain district in Brittany, in the north of France. The sabot-makers live in the forests in little camps, and their tools are few and simple. An ax to cut down the trees, a saw to cut the wood into proper lengths, a large drill, a gouge and a plane, are all that is necessary to him. The inside of a sabot is scooped out, and then rubbed smooth, the outside is planed and sometimes painted black, though they are more commonly of the natural color of the wood. In journeying through that wild and beautiful country it is a pleasant thing to come upon the cabin of a sabot-maker, deep embowered in the forest.

Often the whole family will be found at work, the mother polishing the inside of the sabot, the sons sawing the wood into proper lengths, while the father sits and drills out the long white shavings, which the baby snatches with delight. They are often its only playthings, poor little Breton baby.

The moccasin of the Indians is one of the most comfortable of shoes that it is possible to find. Those who live in cold latitudes wear high moccasins, reaching to the knee, made of heavy, soft deerskin. These moccasins are much used by Canadian and Maine hunters, and are the only foot-covering that can be worn with the wide snowshoes, which are to carry them over the frozen crust in the severe Winter marches.

Of all the nations of the earth, the Chinese are the most barbarous in their fashion of dealing with the feet, for with half of their race (the women) the foot is never allowed to attain its natural size, but at the age of seven is broken and distorted into a shapeless mass of flesh. The toes are turned under the foot, and by means of bands and strong pressure finally reduced, after years of suffering, to a withered and shapeless bunch. The shoes worn by the women are very small; they are made of silk or satin. The sole is white, and is from two to three inches thick. The men's shoes are of the same pattern, and are often richly embroidered.

The small, crushed feet are a sign of caste, not wealth, amongst the Chinese women. Poor families will suffer every discomfort rather than allow the feet of their daughters to grow to their natural size, thus preventing their being able to work or to add their labors to the support of the family.

In certain castes the feet are allowed to grow to their natural size, and these women carry burdens, and do much of the heavy labor of the house. The Manchu Tartars, who are the dominant race in the Empire, do not suffer their women to crush their feet, and no woman who has submitted to the deforming process is allowed to enter the imperial palace. And yet the horrible fashion was introduced by an Empress of an earlier dynasty, who, about a thousand years ago, induced her husband to issue an edict obliging all the ladies at the Court to wear their feet and ankles heavily bandaged, in order that her own club feet might be so disguised without attracting attention.

The most honored shoe is the Pope's mula, or slipper, with its embroidered cross, which the haughtiest monarchs as the humblest pilgrims have stooped to kiss. When a cardinal is elected to fill the vacant see of Peter, his recent equals proceed at once to pay him this honor, and kneel to kiss the Papal slipper.

Shoes have played an important part in the romances of all ages. In our earliest childhood we delighted in the adventures of "Cinderella; Or, The Little Glass Slipper." This story is older than the very language in which our nurses told it, and comes down to us accompanied by a sort of moldering and exquisite perfume from amidst the papyrus archives which modern science has learned to translate from Egyptian hieroglyphics. Pti, a beautiful Persian princess, was taken captive by an Egyptian general, who brought her, with the rest of his spoils, to his home on the banks of the Nile. One day, after bathing her lovely self in the waters of the great river, and before she had quite finished her toilet, Pti was startled by the vision of a youth as beautiful as the Sun God, who ran toward her from a neighboring thicket.

The youth would have caught her in his arms, but the lovely Pti was a true daughter of Dian, and being swift of foot, escaped his embrace, leaving in her flight a tiny glass slipper. This the youth treasured, and through its medium, and with the aid of some Egyptian, Monsieur Claude (for with all other accessories of civilization, a detective force and its chief cannot have been wanting to the land of the Sphinx), was able at last to discover its lovely owner.

The Persians alone manufactured shoes of glass in those days; the lovely woman was, therefore, a Persian. The general had brought a train of captives with him from the land of flowers and glass slippers. How easy the following of such a clew when Cupid placed the first link of evidence, the crystal slipper, in the youth's hand! And the youth was no other than a prince of the blood royal, Ramesis II., the original of the great statue of Memnon, the singing statue, which stands on the banks of the River Nile to-day.

When Pti was at last found, she fled no more from her princely lover; but, as his wife, lived long and happy, and her *cartouche* is placed beside his in the greatest of all the pyramids.

Writers and poets of all ages have used the theme of a woman's shoe, from the time of Horace, who describes a coquettish Roman beauty of his day tightening the straps of her sandals about her pretty ankle, down to that of T. B. Aldrich, in whose "Queen of Sheba" the little slipper of the heroine plays so important a part in the life and character of the hero.

When Fanny Ellsler, "the divine," came to delight New York, in 1841, the late Dr. Francis Lieber, who was gravity itself in all his noble pursuits, having witnessed her *début* in the old Park Theatre, was anxious to see if the intelligence of the tongue corresponded to the witchery and grace of foot, limb and figure.

An old admirer of the *danseuse*, who had known her in Vienna, in Dresden and in Paris, gave him a note of introduction, which the sage author of "Ethics and Hermeneutics" hastened to present. He was received with charming amiability, and was bewitched by what he called "her soft and flat Vienna dialect." Some shoes were brought in, made after the model of those which had borne her through the twinkling *entrechats* and *pirouettes* of the night previous. The doctor seized upon one of these shoes, and entreated his fair hostess to allow him to keep

RIDICULOUS SHOES.

it as a souvenir and a relic. But Fanny was inexorable, saying, "*Je n'ose pas faire des jaloux!*"

One of Ouida's heroes drinks at an orgie, "champagne from a dancer's shoe"; and this was often done in olden time in the gay parties of fashionable revelers. The stirrup-cup is an old custom, and as it is naturally associated with the boot, collectors of bric-à-brac will occasionally show you a drinking-glass of olden date made in the form of a boot. In the best work which that wayward, unwholesome writer has given to the world, "Bébé; Or, Two Little Wooden Shoes," the sabots of the little heroine are pathetically described as being worn thin by the long journey the poor child has made on foot from her far home to Paris, where has gone the hero of her life, taking with him her happiness and peace of mind for ever and for aye.

In "Later Lyrics," a volume of poems by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, there is a poem which goes to the heart of all motherhood, called "Baby's Shoes." Indeed, the poetry of childhood is expressed in the pudgy little shoe, which speaks so tenderly of the tottering and uncertain gait, dear in its helplessness. Nothing is so musical as the trot of little feet, nothing so touching as baby's shoes. Nor are the old boots and discarded slippers always prosaic. We cannot, however, applaud the bit of *realism* which introduces as a *bonbonnière* the semblance of an old and patched cowhide boot in the boudoir of a lady. Longfellow speaks ill of the "wretch who could drink wine out of a boot." How can we commend the lady who would eat her sugar-plums from so vile a receptacle!

Shoemakers, from their sedentary habits, are said to be fanatics, and often insane.

While the French have had the reputation of being always the most fashionable and artistic shoemakers, Americans have not been left out as creators of the sock and buskin. New York has many an artistic shoemaker, one of whom is the father of a sculptor, St. Gaudens. Eastern Massachusetts has ever taken care of our understandings in more ways than one, and it would be but a feeble history of the shoe which should leave out the story of Lynn. Fish, which are caught along the coast, produce a cheap oil for preparing the leather. Sealskins from Labrador and Newfoundland were the best of material for shoes. In 1750 a Welsh shoemaker, John Adam Dagye, acquired great fame in the trade at Lynn, and in 1764 the London *Chronicle* speaks of the beauty of women's shoes made at Lynn. In 1788 this little town exported 100,000 pairs of women's shoes. During the Revolutionary War Lynn supplied the army with great quantities of shoes. In 1855 Lynn exported 6,000,000 of pairs of shoes, and more than half as many boots, reaching the immense sum of $4,000,000. Now Marblehead produces 1,000,000 of shoes annually, Haverill, Danvers, Worcester, Milford, Abington, Quincy, Braintree, pour out shoes like raindrops. Lucy Larcom, a famous poetess, began life by binding shoes at Lynn, and has written a charming lyric called "Hannah at the Window, Binding Shoes," which carries poetry into a prosaic occupation.

CHOPPINES.

Philadelphia has an important shoe-manufacture, amounting to $4,000,000 a year. This city has been famed for the excellence of its sole-leather and morocco. David Mead Randolph, in 1809, took out a patent for a method of riveting the soles and heels to the uppers, instead of fastening them by sewing, as had been done. The wooden peg now used for the fastening of seven-eighths of the common shoes was invented by Joseph Walker, of Hopkinton, Mass., in 1858. These pegs are produced by a machine, at the rate of fourteen every second, and go to the making of stout, cheap shoes.

The sewing-machine, of course, immediately found its way to the shoe, and now the "uppers" are stitched by sewing-machines run by steam, and tended by women, in "sale" shoes.

"Custom-made shoes" are, of course, made with more care than these millions for the million. Each customer has a separate last; the soles are sewed on with waxed thread, and the gaiters, either with elastic sides or lacings or buttons, is as neat a foot-covering as any made in any part of the world, or in any age; but it is neither as picturesque, as individual or as characteristic, as the papyrus

RIDICULOUS SHOES.

CARDINALS KISSING THE MULA OR SLIPPER OF A NEWLY-ELECTED POPE.

buskin, the senatorial calceus, the Greek sandal, the long-toed shoe, the cavalier boot, the Chinese monstrosity, the wooden shoe or the Indian moccasin. Indeed, it is the epitome of the nineteenth century. It is commonplace, useful, and "for the many." It shows that rank has been leveled, that the lower classes have risen, that beauty and grace have given way before labor and convenience. Comfortable, durable and cheap, fitted for the daily walk, and not the gaudy ceremonial of life, we may say that the wooden shoe tells the story of the iron age—of human progress.

One elegance of the past we do retain. Both men and women wear the buckle, occasionally, introduced by the gay and festive Charles early in the seventeenth century. The shoe-buckle continued to be a very conspicuous ornament of the shoe, and an important industry in England up to the time of George III., when it suddenly lost favor. George IV., when Prince of Wales, kindly sought to restore the buckle, for the sake of the suffering artisans, who were ruined by this change of fashion. He succeeded but feebly.

Shoes worn by ladies in this country and in England in the last century were very elaborate and costly, made of bright silks and velvets, ornamented with gold and silver stars and bows with jeweled buckles. The famous little slipper of Marie Antoinette, with its lovely buckle and rosette, and shockingly dangerous high heel, has come down to modern fashion freighted with all the sumptuousness and tragedy of that unfortunate beauty.

The buckle is very becoming to both the male and female foot, and is advantageous to a Summer shoe, as keeping its low-cut "upper" in place.

Of all races, the Americans have the most beautiful feet. The Red Indian has a foot which the Apollo might have envied. The young American girl, "that swift Camilla, skimming o'er the plain," treads on a delicate sole, which only touches the ground in two places. *Water could run under her instep.* Her ankle is as slender as that of a deer, and the elegance of her foot is the despair of even a French shoemaker. She should never pinch this lovely thing, or deform it by wearing too high heels.

Shoes have passed into proverbial philosophy in the familiar proverbs, "Waiting for dead men's shoes," "I would not stand in his shoes," "I prefer to be trodden on by the velvet slipper rather than the wooden shoe," and the well-known superstition of throwing an old shoe after a departing bride for good luck is a well-known and most ancient fancy. The horseshoe has become a synonym for good luck, and for ease and comfort what holds such honorable place as the *old* shoe? "Too big for his shoes," not finding "any shoe fine enough," are other expressions, and the scripture gives us as a synonym for humility, "The latchet of whose shoe I am unworthy to unloose"— all well-known and eloquent tributes to the shoe. It is our point of contact with that dear Mother Earth, from whom, Antæus-like, we must perpetually renew our strength. Hence the importance of Shoes and their History.

EXCESSIVE fear opens the door to desperation.

OLD BOOT-SHAPED DRINKING-GLASS.

THE GOLDEN ARROW-HEAD.

By Jane G. Austin.

It is a true story, although it does not sound like it; but it must be true, for it is told in the dryest and most unromantic style, in a big, tedious book upon mining, compiled for the benefit of a Congressional Committee, and we all know that the stories in such books are quite as veracious as those in the newspapers, and what can be said beyond that?

Well, then, seeing the vague outline of a fascinating history in the big blue-book, we made it our business to hunt up such legends, historical hints, and especially such old monastic records as are still moldily preserved in some of the ruinous churches and convents of Mexico, until, bit by bit, we have pieced out the whole story, even to the names of several of the personages who enacted the little drama we are about to set before you.

The scene is in and about a wild mountain-pass, between the mine of Real del Monte and the village of Tezeyuco, in the broken and bandit-haunted upland regions of Central Mexico.

The time is 1703, the principal personage a Jesuit father, called Padre Gonzalvo—a man perhaps sixty years of age, gray-bearded, stern-eyed, thin-lipped, tall and gaunt of figure, but with an expression of devotedness and absorption not only in his face, but in every line of his form, in even the footsteps that seemed ever pressing impatiently onward to more and higher labors, that attracted one's admiration and sympathy in spite of the repellent coldness of his mien.

Beside him walked a younger and handsomer man, his dress oddly compounded of a hunter's and a monastic garb, his handsome face harmonizing admirably with both; this was Paolo—other name unknown—friend, attendant, *protégé* of Padre Gonzalvo, who, after vainly attempting to make a monk of him, and finding himself constantly foiled by the exuberant animal life which, without any disposition to wickedness, seemed the ruling characteristic of Paolo's existence, had accepted him, in his present undefined position, as hunter, messenger, soldier of the mission station, with some few religious offices attached to his other duties, and a place in the procession on Sundays. Behind these two came several stout lay brothers, and an Indian boy acting as guide, and to him Paolo now impatiently turned.

"Mez, we ought to have come to the village before this, if it lies as you said."

"Just beyond this cañon, Señor Paolo," replied the boy, in such quavering tones that the padre turned and looked at him inquiringly for a moment; then asked:

"What is it, my son? Are you afraid of anything?"

"Yes, father, horribly afraid!" exclaimed Mez, his face turning lividly yellow and his teeth chattering like castanets. "The Tezeyucans will no doubt kill me if they can for bringing you here."

"But I only came to do them good—to convert their poor lost souls to God—to give them eternal happiness," said Padre Gonzalvo, his eyes lighting with fervor as he looked eagerly forward through the savage and tortuous pass upon which they had now entered.

"But they don't want to be converted, my father," insisted the boy, naïvely. "When I chanced upon the village last Summer, and told Metcal, the chief, where I had been all these years since my mother and I were stolen by the hunters, he wanted to kill me, lest I should ever go back and tell the white men that I had found my people, and speak of Metcal and his village; and it was only because I promised to forget all I had learned at the mission and become a good Tezeyucan again that he spared my life, and then I ran away, and come back because I love Paolo and——"

"Nay, my son, because you are a baptized Christian, and have no more part or lot with heathendom," interposed the father. "It was the grace of God working in your heart that brought you back to us, and by that same grace I am sent forth to find those poor benighted friends of yours and give them the glad tidings of——"

"Father, father!" gasped the boy, pointing forward to a cape-like promontory projecting almost across the cañon. "They are hiding there—they have seen us!"

"And what then? Here, get thee behind Paolo and me. We will go first, and show these poor savages how entirely we trust——"

But at this moment, as if in fiendish sarcasm upon his words, a flight of arrows shot from behind the rock and flew hissing past the ears of the lay-brothers, who, with one accord, tucked their long frocks under their girdles, and rushed headlong down the pass, clamorously invoking various saints and angels to protect them. With their shrieks mingled one shrill cry of pain and terror such as never passes the lips of man or beast but in the stress of mortal anguish; it was from the boy Mez, as he fell prone upon his face, with an arrow quivering in his heart, his eyes rolling in the last wild look upon sky and earth in which the spirit bids farewell to all that it yet has seen of life.

"Run, *padre mio*—nay, hide behind that rock!" exclaimed the hunter, raising his musket to his shoulder and darting forward, but a second volley of arrows met him midway, one of which grazed his cheek, and continuing its course, struck Padre Gonzalvo, and sent him stumbling to the ground.

"*Padre mio!* wounded, killed!" shouted Paolo, rushing back and catching the gaunt figure of the monk in his arms.

"No, no, it is nothing. Let me lie here, and make your escape; they will not harm me. See, they are in force—they are coming!"

And, in fact, the Indians, emboldened by success, were cautiously appearing from behind the rock, peering about to see if any larger force were in reserve, and brandishing their bows and spears above their heads with threatening gesture.

Paolo caught up the musket he had thrown down, and taking deliberate aim, fired into the densest part of the throng, exclaiming:

"There! Mez said you had never seen a gun! There's a specimen of one for you? Now, *padre mio*, let us see what legs can do for both of us."

And flinging one stalwart arm around the priest's body, while grasping his musket in the other hand, Paolo set off down the cañon at a prodigious rate, the Indians remaining too much bewildered and terrified at the flash, the explosion and the effect of the musket-shot to pursue them, for the ball had buried itself in the brain of one of the chief warriors of the tribe, and his comrades were still inspecting the novel wound, so different from that of an arrow, when Paolo disappeared at the mouth of the cañon.

Late the next day the little party reached the mission-station, weary, footsore and discouraged, for Padre Gonzalvo, fevered with his wound, seemed very ill, and as the lay brothers bore him through the chapel on his hastily-

constructed litter of chaparral-boughs, they muttered that it would be as well to lay him before the altar at once and begin to chant the offices for the dying.

Paolo alone preserved his usual equanimity, and, so soon as his friend and father was safely bestowed in bed, began preparations for extracting the arrowhead still buried in the priest's shoulder; in this he was rather assisted than directed by the timid and tremulous brother acting as physician to the mission, and it was the hunter into whose hand the arrowhead, broken from its shaft, fell as it was cut from the shoulder where it lay buried.

Throwing it aside, Paolo devoted himself to binding up the wound and settling the patient to rest; but when all this was over he turned and took up the arrowhead, examined it curiously for a moment, then, still holding it carelessly in his hand, left the room, and presently retired to his own little closet, where he remained shut up for some time.

That night Paolo watched with the padre, saw that all was going on well as possible with him, both then and through the next day, and finally, about twenty-four hours from the time of his return to the mission, astonished Padre Junipero, the sub-prior, by demanding to be received in confession, as he was about to start on a perilous enterprise.

The shrift was a brief one, and at the close, after receiving absolution, the hunter, kissing the hand of the good old monk, said, stoutly:

"And so you see, father, nothing is more likely than that I should leave my bones up there with poor Mez, and in that case you will tell the padre after he gets well, and you and he will pray me out of purgatory as quick as you can—won't you?"

"I will pray for your bodily safety at every office until you return, my son," replied the sub-prior, gently; "and at the end of a month, if you have not returned, I will daily at Mass pray for your soul's salvation and forgiveness. And now, my son, kneel for my parting blessing."

A few moments later Paolo had quietly left the mission-house, and was rapidly retracing the path toward the mountains.

Two days later, and just about the time when Padre Gonzalvo, sitting up for the first time, somewhat peevishly inquired why Paolo was absent when he was ill, a pitiable object limped into the village of Tezeyuco, just at the sunset hour, when the inhabitants, collecting about the doors of their lodges, and in the open space in their midst, devote themselves to social intercourse, and are, perhaps, as nearly amiable and gentle as their natural temperament ever permits.

This object might have been man or might have been woman, might have been old, might have been young, for its filthy and tattered garments were of no shape; the head and face were bound up as if wounded, the gait was limping and footsore, and, altogether, our stalwart young friend Paolo had contrived to make himself look as decrepit, harmless and absurd an object as can be imagined.

At his sudden appearance among them, several of the Indians started to their feet, seized their weapons and sprang forward; but at a quiet word and gesture from their chief fell back, and suffered the strange figure to limp slowly into their midst, when, pausing, he stared vacantly around, and pointing to his discolored mouth, gasped hoarsely:

"Water!"

At another sign from the chief an old woman came forward with a wooden bowl, which she held to the mouth of of the sufferer, now crouching upon the ground.

He drank eagerly, and then appearing somewhat revived, he inquired, in the Indian dialect, for the chief of the village; and, being brought before him, brokenly told the story of how, although, unfortunately, a white man by birth, he had, at a very early age, been adopted into an Indian tribe among the mountains further south, had lived in it ever since, and become so thoroughly an Indian as to have forgotten any home, kindred or name, other than that of Weetawa, which he might ever have possessed. His present forlorn condition he attributed to a prolonged captivity among the northern Indians, who had taken him prisoner in a foray upon his own people, and had treated him very cruelly. He had escaped from their villages about a month previously, and was slowly making his way southward and homeward; coming upon the territory of the Tezeyucans, he had resolved to ask their hospitality and protection for a little while, until he should be able to continue his journey.

To all this story, told with various details of time, place and circumstance combining to give it an air of truth, the chief and the councilors whom he had called about him by a look and gesture, listened attentively and in silence.

At the close they turned to each other, and a brief consultation took place, ending in the chief's returning toward the stranger, and quietly saying:

"You are welcome, Weetawa. Eat, drink and rest yourself for a few days or many days, as you will. The Tezeyucans are rich and they are generous; they make you welcome; your mat shall be spread in the lodge of Metcal, and his women shall feed you."

He signed with his hand, and the squaw again came forward, grasped the false Weetawa's hand, and led him away to the lodge or wigwam of her master, for it was Metcal himself who had spoken.

Pointing to a corner of the large and irregular hut, and tossing down an old blanket, she carelessly announced:

"Sleep there, Weetawa; eat this if you are hungry." And thrusting a piece of coarse corn-bread into his hand, she departed to resume her gossip.

"All right, so far, though I wish I had my share of the supper going on in the refectory about this time," muttered Paolo, kicking the blanket into a heap and seating himself upon it to gnaw the sour, hard bannock in his hand.

"Does Weetawa like honey?" asked a soft voice close beside him, and, looking up, Paolo saw in the dim twilight the slender form and charming dusky face of an Indian girl bending toward him, and holding out a piece of honeycomb on a sort of platter of birch-bark.

Stammering some form of thanks, he rose to his feet, and, while accepting the gift, looked curiously at the giver. Young—not more than fifteen or sixteen, and very beautiful in the style of her own people—she was worth looking at, especially now, when a little shyness lent color to her cheek and depth to her dark eyes.

"I am Kalooma, the daughter of Metcal, and this lodge is my home," explained she, as Paolo still kept silence, using his eyes rather than his tongue; but, aroused by this innocent avowal of her own importance, the young Spaniard lost no time in making himself agreeable to his pretty hostess, and presently confided to her such a detailed and wonderful history of himself and his adventures as would, had they only been true, have made him in verity the hero Kalooma innocently believed him. The conversation was not ended when Layla, the wife of Metcal and mother of Kalooma returned, ordered her daughter to bed, and motioned Weetawa to his own lair. The other inmates of the lodge soon followed, and in an hour the village was wrapped in slumber.

The next morning Paolo began his observations. He

had already noticed that Kalooma's slender wrists and ankles were loaded with bangles of what looked to him like the purest gold, purer than the arrowhead, whose broken bits lay carefully wrapped away in his clothes-chest at the mission. He now perceived that these adornments were not peculiar to the daughter of the chief, but were worn by nearly every woman, and many men of the village, the latter almost universally wearing a *totem*, or charm, around their necks, formed of the precious metal.

More than this; he had, even in that first day, strayed in upon a sort of smith or armorer, whose din of hammering had attracted him to his wigwam, and found him squatting beside a little charcoal-fire, made in a hole in the ground, and busily shaping, by aid of a rude stone-hammer in his hand, and a larger stone planted in the ground, just such arrow-heads as that which first had attracted him to Tezeyuco.

Scarcely had he entered the lodge, however, before the smith turned him out, forbidding him to intrude upon the "medicine" of his occupation; and soon after Paolo perceived that a half-grown lad was stationed near the door, evidently as a sentinel.

THE MILL IN THE WOODS.

"They know, then, that gold is precious, and they are afraid lest outsiders should discover that they have a mine under their control," murmured Paolo, as he carelessly walked past the armorer's lodge, without turning his head that way. "And that fellow's talking about the 'medicine' of his work, showed that they think there is magic about gold, and arrows made of it are sure to fly straight to the life. Yes, that's about it."

And quite satisfied with his own theorizing, Paolo strayed on, and presently met Kalooma coming from the spring, just within the edge of the forest, with a great earthen jar of water balanced on her hip; taking it from her, he brought it to the lodge, and then applied himself to helping the maiden in her task of pounding maize between two stones for the midday repast which Layla was making ready.

Day after day passed by, and Paolo, while keeping eyes, ears and brain on the alert to discover the source whence the Indians drew their abundant supply of gold he saw used so lavishly, was equally attentive in concealing the motive, or, in fact, any motive for his presence in the village, assuming an indolent and careless manner and lounging habits, but more especially a fondness for the campany of the squaws, which, while it brought him the contempt of the warriors, was perhaps the best means of disarming their suspicions.

Especially he attached himself to Layla, a good-natured, stupid creature, very much afraid of her husband, Metcal, and intensely jealous of Vila, his younger and more favored wife.

A little artful disparagement of this rival, some flatteries to herself, and some help in household matters, quite won the heart of the poor drudge; and made her smile very graciously upon the constant presence of the stranger in the lodge or in the maize-patch.

THE GOLDEN ARROW-HEAD.—"PAOLO BOUNDED UPON KALOOMA'S FLYING FOOTSTEPS WITH SUCH DESPERATE SPEED THAT HE CAUGHT HER JUST AS SHE LEAPED DOWN THE RAVINE."— SEE PAGE 46.

Several weeks had thus passed, and Paolo was beginning to wonder if Padre Junipero would commence saying Masses for the repose of his soul before his return, when an event occurred which suddenly changed the whole current of the story.

It was the day preceding the full moon of October, and all day long a suppressed, yet unmistakable excitement had pervaded the village, especially among the men, who collected in and about the armorer's lodge, talking in low and cautious tones, and always stopping and eying the stranger suspiciously whenever he approached.

Late in the afternoon Kalooma came and asked, in her pretty, coaxing way, if her good Weetawa would not go with her mother and herself into the woods to gather wild grapes, and although shrewdly suspecting that this was merely a device to take him out of the way, he at once consented, and the trio set forth for the somewhat distant valley in which they had seen the grapes ripening some days previously.

Arrived at the spot, Layla applied herself industriously to gathering such fruit as hung within her reach, while Paolo climbed the trees and threw down the purple clusters to Kalooma, who stood like a Bacchante holding up her loose outer robe of softest doeskin to catch them.

Later on, the young man found an opportunity for a confidential talk with Kalooma, while her mother was still gleaning such grapes as seemed better than those already plucked, and after a little skirmishing around the subject, he carelessly inquired :

"What are the braves all going to do to-night, Kalooma? It is not a war-party, nor yet a hunting-party. So much I can see for myself."

"Hush, Weetawa—hush ! You must not talk of these things, or we shall both be in trouble," whispered the girl, glancing anxiously toward her mother.

But Paolo, instead of heeding the warning, filliped the earring dangling so near his own shoulder, and said, lightly :

"Telaylo wishes to get some more gold to offer another pair of earrings to Kalooma, and he is going to-night with Metcal and the rest to look for it."

"Kalooma does not care for Telaylo or his gold," murmured the girl, glancing reproachfully at the lover, whom she imagined urged by jealousy to make this suggestion.

Paolo's heart leaped for joy; she had rather confessed than denied his theory of the gold ; but he answered, gloomily :

"I do not know; those who can make fine gifts are those whom girls like best for wooers. But perhaps I shall find some gold, too, among these hills, and then you will see what lovely things I can fashion for my beloved."

"But you cannot find the gold ; it is all in our place, and nobody ever could find it without knowing, and it is only in the first three days of the moon that it can be taken. The Spirits guard it all other times, and kill those who come near," exclaimed the girl, incautiously.

"And will Telaylo and the rest stay all the three days at the gold mine ?"

"Yes, they always do ; and you will stay with me, and there will be no one to be jealous of you," whispered Kalooma, turning the full splendor of her great eyes upon him, and forgetting, in her loving anticipations of the three days' liberty, the admissions she was making upon the subject she was bound by fearful threats and warnings to keep secret.

Paolo listened with eyes down-dropped, lest their eagerness should betray him ; and as the confiding girl nestled closer to his side, slid an arm around her waist and pressed her to him, murmuring :

"You are better and more precious than gold—*cara*—but still I would like to deck my idol as gayly as Metcal will Vila when he returns ; and I would give something to Layla, whom Metcal slights. I wish I could find the mine after the braves return ; I am not afraid of the bad spirit ; he could not touch me."

"Oh, but he would ; he would tear you in pieces ! I never will lead you to the mine to have you put yourself in such danger, and all to please me, bravest and best !"

"But I tell you, my pretty one, that your evil sprit cannot harm me, for I have a charm stronger than any devil," and Paolo drew from his bosom the little ebony-and-ivory crucifix Padre Anselmo had given him, with the injunction never to let it leave his person.

Kalooma handled it curiously, and asked so many questions that Paolo was led on to give her the outlines of the belief in which he had been trained by the worthy padre with scrupulous exactness.

"Why, Kalooma, you would be a Christian if you listened half an hour to one of the fathers," said he, finally, as he looked down into the girl's humid and eager eyes.

"Who are the fathers ? I had rather listen to you than to any one. Would you like me better if I were a Christian ? What is a Christian ?" demanded Kalooma, all in a breath ?

"Too many questions all at once, *carissima ;* but—who knows ? We shall see—we shall see."

And for the first time some serious intention regarding this beautiful child, whose artless love had gradually wakened in his own heart a feeling stronger than he had hitherto known, entered the young hunter's mind, and made him suddenly grave and thoughtful.

At this moment Layla rejoined them, and the three walked slowly back to the village by the light of the hunter's-moon now risen, broad and lustrous, above the Mountain of the King.

The little town was quiet and deserted, except for women, old men and children ; all the braves had disappeared, and one or two gossips, of whom Paolo carelessly inquired whither they had gone, returned only a surly and brief reply.

On the night of the third day they returned as mysteriously and as quietly as they had gone, but the next day a great feast was held, joyful songs chanted, and all the women wore the beaming and contented appearance of one who has helped to divide the spoils, and it was not hard for Paolo to make Kalooma confess that her father and his comrades had brought home an unusually rich supply of gold, and might easily have gathered twice as much had not the time expired in which it was safe to work the mine.

And now Paolo put all his powers of coaxing and of argument in play, not scrupling to add a good deal of love-making and a good many indefinite promises for the future to persuade his dusky love to betray the secret which, as Metcal's daughter, had come to her knowledge, and which her father had bound her by the most solemn oath, coupled with ferocious threats, to keep absolutely secret. But when a lover pleads, especially a much-desired and still uncertain lover, what girl ever yet found her father's wishes paramount ?

Not so fond and so untutored a maid as Kalooma, at least, to whom the fourth commandment was an unknown law, and who loved with all the ardor and *abandon* of her tropical nature.

Two days after the return of the gold-seekers from their secret expedition, Layla remarked in the lodge that she would go that day and gather chestnuts on the mountain.

"And I will go to beat the trees and help bring home baskets," said Weetawa, carelessly.

"And Kalooma will go to carry the other half of the basket," sneered Vila; but Metcal, who discouraged all dissensions in his lodge, loftily retorted:

"A girl is always well if she is with her mother. When Vila has a boy she will not like to be parted from him more than Layla from her child."

So the nutting-party set out just as the sun reached its height, and in climbing the dry bed of a mountain torrent Layla, stout and clumsy, twisted her foot between two loose stones, and could go no further.

Kalooma comforted and pitied her, and finally said:

"Rest here for an hour, little mother, and I will go and fill the baskets with nuts, and return. Weetawa will help me, and we shall soon be done."

Layla looked sharply into her daughter's eyes; they were clear and untroubled as at three years old; and, at any rate, these savage maids, like gypsy girls, are more trustworthy than their civilized sisters, so the mother gave consent, and the lovers hastily climbed the remainder of the ravine.

"Now is the time, Kalooma, the time of times!" panted Paolo, excitedly, as they reached the plateau where grew the chestnut-trees.

"To gather chestnuts?" asked Kalooma, ingenuously.

"No. To show me the entrance to the mine!" retorted Paolo, a little impatiently. "It is somewhere hereabout, I know, and we never shall have such another chance; and you have promised, remember!"

"But my father!"

"He will never know, silly child. I shall come to-night and to-morrow night, and perhaps the night after, and carry away as much gold as will make us both rich for life, and then I shall take you and push for the mission. Once there, we are safe, and Padre Gonzalvo will make you first a Christian, and then my wife. Before you have time to make up the wedding-dress I shall fetch you from the ciudad.

Kalooma raised her dark eyes to her lover's face, read it attentively for a moment, and then said:

"If Weetawa was as wise as he thinks he is, he would say only, 'Do it because you love me and I love you, Kalooma. That would be better than the finest dress gold can buy in your ciudad, of which I know nothing."

"You are right, Kalooma, and I am a fool. Well, do it for love of Weetawa, who loves you and wants you for his wife, and let me kiss your beautiful red lips just once."

"No; that is not the way with chiefs' daughters among the Tezeyucans," replied Kalooma, proudly. "When we are married—if that day ever comes—we shall see. Now, listen, Weetawa. We are going over this little narrow ledge of rock, and then along the face of that cliff which looks as if only a mouse could pass it. You shall go first, and look neither to the right nor to the left. I shall come after you, and just as I reach that thorny bush this side of the great oak-tree, I shall drop this string of wampum down a narrow little gully you will never notice. I shall not know that I have dropped the wampum, and shall not look after it; but to-night, when all are sleeping in the village, you can steal out and look as much as you like. If you see a pile of stones in front of a stump of a tree—— What was that?"

"What, my darling?"

"I saw something—somebody—up above there on the mountain. We are watched."

"Nonsense, child! Your own fears make shadows to frighten you. See, I am going on, and you must follow bravely as you can."

He strode away as he spoke, crossed the sort of natural bridge spanning the ravine, and held his way gallantly along the shelf-like path beyond, gazing about him at once carelessly and keenly, but seeing nothing strange or alarming, unless it was the slight waving of the tops of some birches upon the mountain-side, as if an animal were brushing past them.

But the next instant he was overtaken by a shriek from Kalooma, and the words, "Down, Weetawa—fall down!" followed in the next breath by the whistling of an arrow as it flew close past his ear on a line that would have pierced his brain but for the start he had given on hearing Kalooma's cry.

The next instant he was bounding back, but was met by another arrow, which, better aimed than the first, struck just above the eye, inflicting a shallow wound, from which the blood streamed down, almost blinding him, but not before he had seen Telaylo spring out of the ravine, brandishing the wampum-chain aloft, and heard him shout to the flying Kalooma to stop and listen to him, or he would have her burned for a traitor the next day in sight of the whole village.

The threat, which he knew to be no idle one, the pain and murderous throbbing of his wound, and the full confidence that Telaylo would never fail on his third shot, wrought Paolo's blood to the boiling point, at which self-preservation becomes not only a law, but a delight of human nature; and without further delay he fitted an arrow to the bow he could use as well as any Indian, dashed the blood from his eyes long enough to take a full aim, saw that Telaylo was just an instant behind him in doing so, and pulled the tough bow-string to his ear just as the Indian fitted his to the notched end of his arrow.

The second of difference in readiness meant life and death to both men, for as Paolo discharged his weapon he fell upon one knee, leaving the Indian's arrow to whiz harmlessly over his head, while his own buried itself deep in his rival's heart, settling for ever the jealousy and bitter hatred that had made that heart a torment to its owner for many weeks, and had sent him out that bright morning to spy and follow upon the trail of the lovers.

Without waiting to see more than the spring and forward fall, that told how well his shaft had sped, Paolo bounded back across the bridge, and upon Kalooma's flying footsteps with such desperate speed that he caught her up just as she leaped down into the ravine, at whose lower end her mother was awaiting her.

Catching her by the robe, and gasping for breath, it was fully a moment before he could ejaculate:

"Wait! You must not go back!"

"But I must, I must!" sobbed Kalooma.

"Then you lose me, for I shall never return to Tezeyuco. They will find Telaylo to-night. Stop, they must not find your wampum in his dead hand. I shall go back and get it, and then I shall make a bee-line for the mission, and reach it by to-morrow's noon. Will you come with me, Kalooma, or will you say good-by? Hark! your mother is calling; she is coming! She must have seen Telaylo pass this way! Decide quickly, child. Come with me and be my wife, or go to meet your mother and know nothing of what has become of me. I will secure the wampum, at any rate, that Telaylo shall not betray you, even in death. Choose!"

"I will come with you, Weetawa," replied the girl, in a low voice, and with her face wan and rigid as death, but still with a glitter in her eyes that told of the resolute warrior blood in her veins.

"Kalooma! Kalooma!" shrilled the voice of the mother as she hobbled her painful path up the ravine, and the

WARBLING A TENDER ROUNDELAY.

girl made a despairing gesture of farewell and love toward the sound, and then laying her hand in Paolo's, suffered him to lead her rapidly away.

"Now, sweetheart, hold you that direction, and walk as fast and as far as your little feet will carry you, while I run back for the wampum, and I will overtake you in the first half-mile," directed Paolo; and his bride, already adopting the meek obedience of the Indian wife, only bent her head and proceeded rapidly in the designated direction.

Paolo, meantime, sped back to the spot where he had seen his rival's body fall, and searched for it in eager haste. It was not to be seen! The short, crisp herbage was stained deep with blood, and the twigs were torn and bent as if by some frantic death-clutch, but that was all.

A little way off the bank suddenly broke away in the deep ravine, where Kalooma had intimated that the entrance to the gold mine was to be found, and Paolo, carefully approaching the edge, looked over. The dark and sullen depths kept their secret, however, and if the dying man in his last agony had, indeed, fallen over that sharp descent, his body had hidden itself in the broken clefts of the rock, or might even have flung itself down into the cavernous mine, whose secrets Telaylo had defended even to the death.

However it might be, Paolo had no time to determine; with Kalooma already on her way toward the mission, her mother already searching for her, and, after a brief, perplexed pause, the hunter, casting one last glance around, sprang once more across the bridge and along the path he had pointed out to Kalooma.

Late in the next day Father Anselmo's heart was made glad by the unexpected reappearance of the spiritual son whom he had counted as dead; nor was he at all sorry to receive a new convert in the beautiful and charming bride whom he had brought with him.

The baptism and the wedding took place in one day, with much simple festivity and rejoicing, and, after some months of training by old Dolores, the mission housekeeper, Kalooma was pronounced a most able and promising assistant to that worthy dame's failing powers.

Paolo's wound above the eye proved more serious than was supposed, and so weakened his sight as to keep him confined to the house for some months; but as soon as it was healed he set forth, in spite of all Kalooma's entreaties, on another secret expedition to find the opening of the gold mine.

The spot was reached and without discovery, but judge of poor Paolo's chagrin in discovering that the whole face of the spot had been altered past recognition.

SPEKE AND KING M'TESA.—"SPEKE CAUGHT HIS UPRAISED HAND, AND DEMANDED THE POOR VICTIM'S LIFE."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

Trees had been felled, great rocks prized over, earth thrown in, until the ravine was changed into a broken level, with no possible access to its depths, except by the labor of many men for weeks, and perhaps not then.

Doubtless the Indians had contrived some other entrance to the mine for their own benefit; but Paolo, in a long night's search, could gain no clew to it, and with morning light crept away, a sadder and no wiser man than he had arrived.

Nor was the secret ever divulged, nor is it to this day. Many other traditions go to confirm this, and make it almost a matter of certainty that there did once, and probably does still, exist a gold mine near Real del Monte of wonderful richness and extent; but no man can pretend to have a clew to its vicinity, and the only specimen of its ore ever produced to the public was the broken arrowhead which Paolo laid upon the altar of the little mission church as a thank-offering at the birth of his first boy.

SPEKE AND KING M'TESA.

KING M'TESA, the most despotic of all African potentates awaited Speke's arrival with impatience, and a large escort was sent to meet him. A delay having arisen, further messengers were sent to hasten his approach, who told Speke that the King had caused fifty big men and four hundred little ones to be executed, as he believed his subjects were anxious to prevent the visit of the white man.

Approaching toward the palace of the King, Speke was surprised at its extraordinary dimensions, consisting of a collection of gigantic huts such as he had never before seen in Africa. In these huts the four or five hundred wives of the King resided, and flocked to the doors to joke and laugh together as the traveler drew nigh. Speke was struck with the astonishing neatness and order of the whole place: the huts were beautifully thatched, and fenced with the tall, yellow reeds of the tiger-grass, while all the courts between the huts were strewn with mats and rushes in patterns, and kept with scrupulous care. Courtiers of high degree and decorous dress advanced to meet him, and the band played a "selection of music." The explorer was desired to sit down outside the palace to await the arrival of the King; but this he declined to do, and returned to his own hut until the King should be ready.

On his second visit he found M'tesa, a young man of about twenty-five, sitting on a red blanket, which formed his throne, in a state hut. The men in attendance were stooping low, cringing and prostrating themselves before the monarch, but Speke would only be received in accordance with the usages in his own country. This was a bold stroke, but it determined all his future relations with M'tesa. He was requested to stand in the sun to await the King's leisure to confer with him; instead of doing so he put on his hat, sat down on his own chair, and quietly put up his umbrella. Never in the memory of mortal man had such a thing been known, and every courtier counted it as a moral certainty that the traveler would be led forth to instant execution. But he was not; his firmness and happy audacity prevailed; he had won the heart of the King, and henceforth they were as brothers.

He found M'tesa to be the incarnation of despotism and tyranny, and his reign a reign of terror. The lives of all his subjects, from the highest to the lowest, were in his hands, and when fancy seized him he did not hesitate to kill as many as he would. His wives were legion, and scarcely a day passed that Speke did not see one or more of these unhappy creatures dragged off to execution, no one daring to raise his voice on her behalf. On one occasion, at a picnic, when the King was accompanied by a selection of wives from his harem, one ventured to pluck a fruit and offer it to her lord. It was intended to please him, but he took it as an offense, and ordered her to death. Immediately she was surrounded by the page-boys —hundreds of whom are kept to look after the women and to run errands—boys who are always on the run, and are killed if they dare to walk. As soon as these little black imps threw their cord turbans around her she attempted to beat them off, but failing, cried out in anguish to Speke to help and protect her.

M'tesa was about to strike her down with a thick stick, when Speke, whose blood was roused by this appeal to him by name, rushed at the tyrant, caught his upraised hand, and demanded the poor victim's life. It was a wonder he did not lose his own, but the whole affair seemed to afford only amusement to the capricious chief, who failed to see what difference a life more or less could make, and he therefore ordered the woman to be released. It was obvious, however, that Speke could not, with impunity, interfere in domestic matters, and this appears to have been the only instance in which he was instrumental in saving a condemned life.

It was a most painful thing for him, detained as he was month after month at the Court of Uganda, to witness the terrible sacrifice of life. He occupied his time, however, in teaching the young King, who showed great aptitude in learning. Amongst other things he taught him to shoot. One day M'tesa, having loaded a carbine with his own hands, gave it to a page, and told him to go out and shoot a man in the outer court, which was no sooner done than the boy returned to announce his success, "with a smile of glee such as might be reflected in the face of a boy who had just robbed a bird's nest or caught a trout!"

THE HISTORY OF MONEY.

THE most ancient records of coined money carry us away to the other side of the world—to the great empire of China. The early history of Chinese currency is principally known to us through a treatise, "Wen-hien t'ung K'ao; Or, The Examination of Currency, by Ma-twan-lin, a great Chinese scholar, born about 1245. In early and uncivilized times various objects have served as a standard of value. In the early Canada and in New Netherland, as still in the extreme north, beaver-skins were used in this manner. Maryland and Virginia estimated values, even of young women sent over for wives, on tobacco, the currency of those colonies. In ancient Europe cattle were the usual medium of exchange; whence, as every one knows, the word *pecunia*. In the *Zendavesta* the payment of physicians is calculated in the same way; but comparatively few, perhaps, realize that when we pay our *fee*, we are doing the same thing, for the word *fee* is the old word *vieh*, which, as we know, in German still retains the sense of cattle. In Africa and the East Indies shells are, and long have been, used for the same purpose. We even find indications that shells once served as money in China, because the words denoting buying, selling, riches, goods, stores, property, prices, cheap, dear and many others referring to money and wealth, contain the ideographic sign denoting the word *shell*. Indeed, Wangmang, about 14 A.D., attempted, among other changes, to bring into circulation five different varieties of shells of an arbitrary value. In this country wampum, or porcelain, as the French called it, beads made of clam-shells, were a recognized currency,

and the white settlers adopted it. On the Pacific coast the hyagua shells served the same purpose.

A curious illustration of the passage from a state of barter to the use of money is found in the fact that, pieces of cloth and knives having been used as in some measure a standard of value, almost as gray shirting is even now, so the earliest Chinese coins were made to resemble pieces of cloth or knives, and there are two principal kinds of coin—the *pu* coins, roughly representing a shirt, and the *tao* coins, which are in the form of a knife. These curious coins are said to go back four thousand one hundred years, and to have been made in the year 2250 B.C. Scimitar-shaped coins also at one time circulated (if I may use the expression) in Persia. But these forms were, of course, very inconvenient, and the Chinese soon arrived at the opinion that money, which was intended "to roll round the world," should be itself round.

A curious feature of Chinese coins, the nail-mark, appears to have originated in an accident very characteristic of China. In the time of Queen Wentek, a model in wax of a proposed coin was brought for her majesty's inspection. In taking hold of it she left on it the impression of one nail, and the impression has, in consequence, not only been a marked characteristic of Chinese coins for hundreds of years, but has even been copied on those of Japan and Corea.

Not only did the Chinese possess coins at a very early period, but they were also the inventors of bank-notes. Some writers regard bank-notes as having originated about 119 B.C., in the reign of the Emperor Ou-ti, but the evidence is not conclusive.

True bank-notes are said to have been invented about 800 A.D., in the reign of Hiantsoung, of the dynasty of Thang, and were called *feytsien*, or flying money. It is curious, however, though not surprising, to find that the temptation to over-issue led to the same results in China as in the West. The value of the notes fell, until at length it took 11,000 mim, or £3,000 to buy a cake of rice, and the use of notes appears to have been abandoned. Subsequently the issue was revived, and Tchang-yang (960–990 A.D.) seems to have been the first private person who issued notes. Somewhat later, under the Emperor Tching-tsong, sixteen of the richest firms united to form a bank of issue, which emitted paper money in series, some payable every three years.

The earliest mention, in European literature, of paper, or rather cotton money, appears to be by Rubruquis, a monk, who was sent by St. Louis, in the year 1252, to the Court of the Mongol Prince Mangu-Khan, but he merely mentions the fact of its existence. Marco Polo, who resided from 1275 to 1284 at the court of Kublai-Khan—I do not know whether in

> "The stately pleasure dome
> Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
> Through caverns measureless to man
> Down to a sunless sea"—

gives us a longer and interesting account of the note system, which he greatly admired, and he concludes by saying, "Now you have heard the ways and means whereby the great Khan may have—and, in fact, has—more treasure than all the kings in the world. You know all about it, and the reason why."

But this apparent facility of creating money led, in the East, as it has elsewhere, to great abuses. Sir John Mandeville, who was in Tartary shortly afterward, in 1322, tells us that the "Emperour may dispenden als moche as he wile with outen estymacioum. For he despendeth not, ne maketh no money, but of lether emprented, or of papyre. . . . For there and beyonde hem thei make no money, nouther of gold nor of sylver. And therefore he may despende ynow and outrageously." The Great Khan seems to have been himself of the same opinion. He appears to have "despent outrageously," and the value of the paper money again fell to a very small fraction of its nominal amount, causing great discontent and misery, until about the middle of the sixteenth century, under the Mandchu dynasty, it was abolished, and appears to have been so completely forgotten, that the Jesuit father, Gabriel de Magaillans, who resided at Pekin about 1668, observes that there is no recollection of paper money having ever existed in the manner described by Marco Polo; though two centuries later it was again in use.

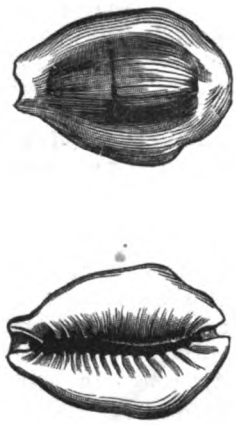
It must be observed, however, that these Chinese bank-notes differed from ours in one essential—namely, they were not payable at sight. Western notes, even when not payable at all, have generally purported to be exchangeable at the will of the holder, but this principle the Chinese did not adopt, and their notes were only payable at certain specified periods.

Various savage races are, we know, in the habit of burying with the dead his wives, slaves or other possessions. So also in Greece, it was usual to place a piece of money in the mouth of the deceased, as Charon's fee. In China, also, paper money is said to have been similarly treated. It was, we are informed, sometimes burnt at funerals, in order that the dead might have some ready money to start with in the world of spirits.

At the same time, in finance, as in many other matters, the Chinese, though they anticipated the white races, have not advanced so far. Their system of currency is not archaic, and banking appears to be but little developed. Deposits, which constitute the life-blood of banking, are, we are told, exceptional. Bills circulate, or are bought and sold at the exchanges in Pekin and other cities, but Chinese banking seems almost to confine itself to issuing and repaying bills. Moreover, though the Chinese possess, and have so long possessed a coinage, it is only suitable to small payments, and in all large transactions ingots are extensively used. These ingots have no public stamp, although they often bear the mark of the maker, which is sometimes so well known that a verification is dispensed with.

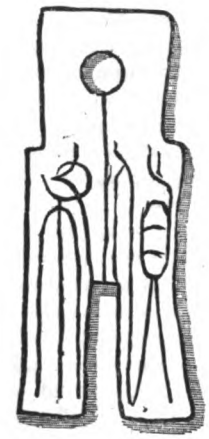
In their financial and banking arrangements the Japanese seem to have been much behind the Chinese. They had, indeed, a form of paper money. The Daimios, or feudal lords, in various districts, issued little cards representing very small values. In the museum of Leyden is one of those issued in 1688. The bank-notes, however, never reached a high state of development.

Money seems to us now so obvious a convenience, and so much a necessity of commerce, that it appears almost inconceivable that a people who created the Sphinx and the Pyramids, the temples of Ipsamboul and Karnac, should have been entirely ignorant of coins. Yet it appears from the statements of Herodotus, and the evidence of the monuments themselves, that this was really the case. As regards the commercial and banking systems of ancient Egypt, we are almost entirely without information. Their standard of value seems to have been the "outen," or "ten" of copper (94–96 grammes), which circulated like the æs rude of the Romans by weight, and in the form of bricks, being measured by the balance. It was obtained from the mines of Mount Sinai, which were worked as early as the fourth dynasty. Gold and silver appear to have been also used, though less frequently. Like copper, they were sometimes in the form of bricks, but generally in rings, resembling the ring money of the

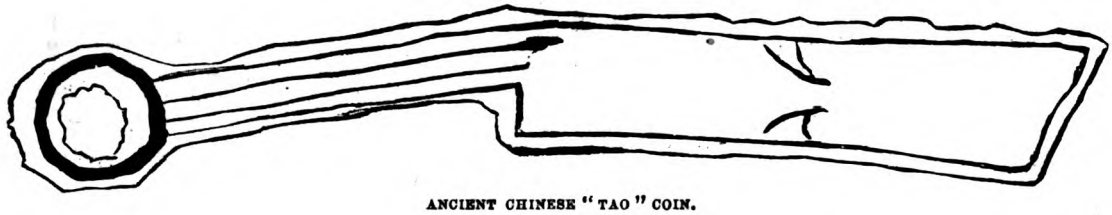


OBVERSE AND REVERSE VIEW OF THE COWRY.

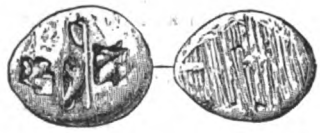
RING MONEY.



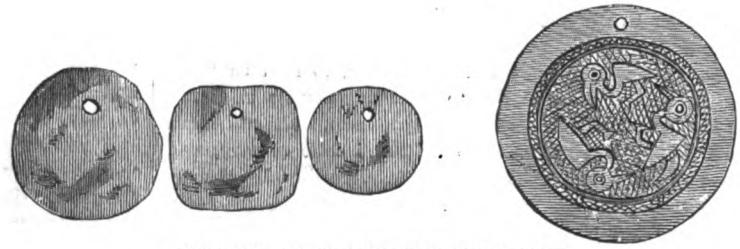
ANCIENT CHINESE "PU" COIN.



ANCIENT CHINESE "TAO" COIN.



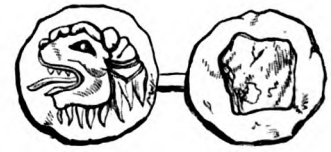
ANCIENT LYDIAN COIN.



GOLD AND SILVER COINS FROM CHIMU, PERU.

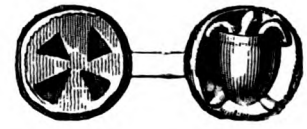
CHALCHIHUITLS, MEXICAN STONES, VALUED ABOVE GOLD.

STATER OF PHILIP OF MACEDON.



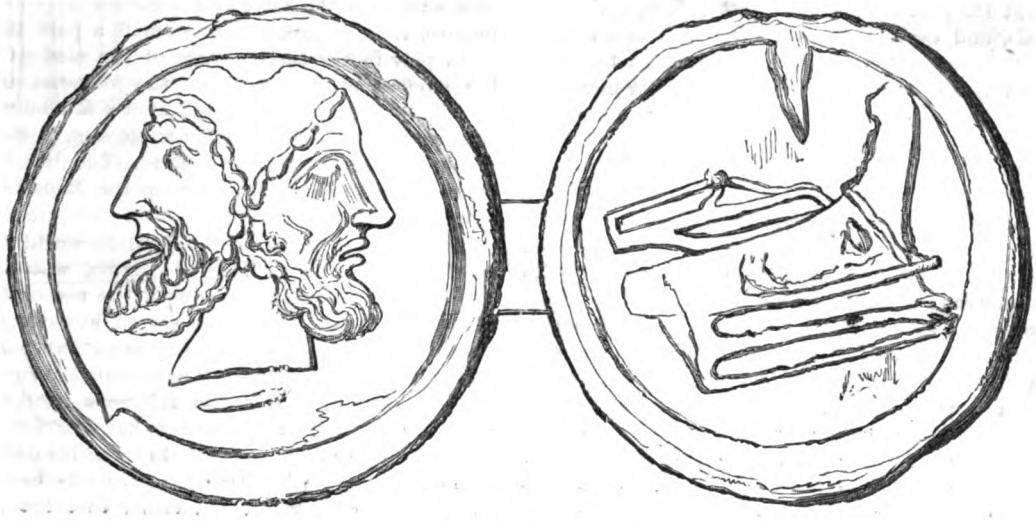
GOLD STATER.

JEWISH SHEKEL.



DIDRACHMA OF ÆGINA.

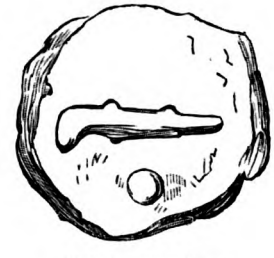
ANCIENT BRITISH COINS.



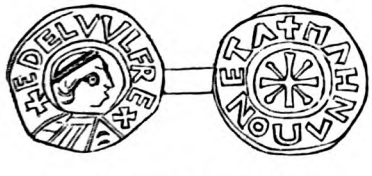
AS.— OBVERSE AND REVERSE.

UNCIA.— OBVERSE.

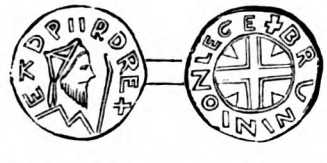
MILLED SIXPENCE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.



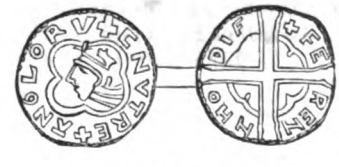
UNCIA.— REVERSE.



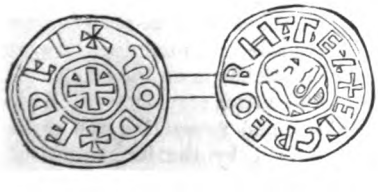
SILVER PENNY OF ETHELWOLF.



SILVER PENNY OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.



SILVER PENNY OF CANUTE.



SILVER PENNY OF EGBERT.

ROMAN GOLD COIN.

GROAT OF RICHARD III.

ancient Celts, which is said to have been employed in Ireland down to the twelfth century, and still holds its own in the interior of Africa. This approximated very nearly to the possession of money, but it wanted what the Roman lawyers called "the law" and "the form." Neither the weight nor the pureness was guaranteed by any public authority. Such a state of things seems to us very inconvenient but, after all, it is not very different from that which prevails in China even at the present day. The first money struck in Egypt, and that for the use rather of the Greek and Phœnician merchants than of the natives, was by the Satrap Aryandes.

In ancient Babylonia and Assyria, as in Egypt, the precious metals, and especially silver, circulated as uncoined ingots. They were readily taken, indeed, but taken by weight and verified by the balance like any other merchandise. The excavations in Assyria and Babylon, which have thrown so much light upon ancient history, have afforded us some interesting information as to the commercial arrangements of these countries, and we now possess a considerable number of receipts, contracts, and other records relating to loans of silver on personal securities at fixed rates of interest; loans on landed or house property; sales of land, in one case with a plan; sales of slaves, etc. These were engraved on tablets of clay, which were then burnt. M. Lenormant divides these most interesting documents into five principal types: 1. Simple obligations. 2. Obligations with a penal clause in case of non-fulfillment. One he gives which had seventy-nine days to run. 3. Obligations with the guarantee of a third party. 4. Obligations payable to a third person. 5. Drafts drawn upon one place, payable in another. He gives the following illustration of one of these letters of credit: "Four minas fifteen shekels of silver (credit) of Ardu-Nana son of Yakin upon Mardukabalussur son of Mardukbalatirib in the town of Orchoe. Mardukbalatirib will pay in the month of tebet four minas fifteen shekels of silver to Belabaliddin son of Sennaid. Our, the 14 arakh-samna in the second year of Nabonidus, King of Babylon." Then follow the names of witnesses. Nabonidus lived about 550 B.C.

These Assyrian drafts were negotiable, but from the nature of things could not pass by endorsement, because, when the clay was once baked, nothing new could be added, and under these circumstances the name of the payee was frequently omitted. It seems to follow that they must have been regularly advised. It is certainly remarkable that such instruments, and especially letters of credit, should have preceded the use of coins. The earliest banking firm of which we have any account is said to be that of Egibi and Company. Several documents and records belonging to this family are in the British Museum. They are on clay tablets, and were discovered in an earthenware jar found in the neighborhood of Hillah, a few miles from Babylon. The house is said to have acted as a sort of national bank of Babylon. The founder of the house, Egibi, probably lived in the reign of Sennacherib, about 700 B.C. This family has been traced during a century and a half, and through five generations, down to the reign of Darius. As regards the Hebrews, Mr. Poole tells us there is no distinct allusion to coined money in the Old Testament before the return from Babylon. Shekels, of course, are often mentioned, but the word, like our pound, denotes a weight as well as a coin, and in the older Scriptures shekels was used in the former sense. The earliest distinct mention of coins in the Bible is supposed to refer to Persian money, the word "drachm," which appears in the King James version, being a mistake for "daric." These "darics" have on the obverse the king kneeling, holding a bow and arrow. The reverse shows a rude incuse. They were probably struck in the fifth century B.C.

At a much earlier date, indeed, we read in the King James Bible that Abimelech gave Abraham "a thousand pieces of silver" in expiation of his treatment of Sarah; and, again, that Joseph was sold to the Ishmaelites for "twenty pieces of silver." But in both these cases it will be observed that the word "pieces" is in italics, and there is much doubt about the word; in the Septuagint it is "shekels."

Considering the zeal and success with which the Jewish race subsequently devoted themselves to commerce and finance, it is remarkable how small a part these professions play in the early history of the race. One type of the ancient shekels has on the obverse, in Hebrew, "Shekel of Israel, year 4," above a chalice; on the reverse, "Jerusalem the Holy triple city." Some numismatists ascribe these coins to Ezra. The first Jewish coins were apparently struck by Simon the Maccabee, under a grant from Antiochus VII.

The earliest coinage in the Western world is generally ascribed to Pheidon, King of Ægina, who has also the great merit of having introduced the use of weights and measures. According to Herodotus, however, we owe this invention of money to the Lydians probably in the reign of Gyges, about 700 B.C. The question turns very much on the date of Pheidon, in reference to which there is great uncertainty. Some writers have carried him back to 895 B.C., while others endeavor to bring his date to 660 B.C. The claims of the Lydians have recently been advocated by eminent authorities. In either case the honor rests with the Greek race.

The early coins form an interesting transition between the metallic ingots which previously performed the functions of currency and true money. Those of Lydia are not round, but oval, with an official stamp indicating their weight and giving their legal value; the Æginetan silver staters also imitate the elongated form of the earlier period, and are even more irregular than those of Lydia. Still they possess more of the character of a true coinage, in having been struck on a block.

In the following illustrations of ancient coins a silver coin in the British Museum, ascribed to Pheidon, is shown. On the one side is an incuse square, or punch mark, and on the other a tortoise—the symbol of the Phœnician goddess of the sea and trade. One of the other figures, representative of the Lydian coins, is supposed to be the earliest known. It is perhaps of the time of Gyges, but certainly not later than Ardys. Many of these ancient coins have been found in the neighborhood of Sardes. They have a device on one side only, the other being occupied by the incuse square, which is the admitted sign of the earlier condition of the earliest coins.

"The masses of metal," says Rawlinson, "prepared for coinage were originally placed upon an anvil with a rough excrescence protruding from it, having for its object to catch hold of the metal while the impression is made by means of a die placed above and struck with a hammer. This excrescence, a mere rude and rough square at first, which gradually improves, being first divided into compartments, and then ornamented with a pattern, until gradually it becomes a second device, retaining, however, to a late date its original square shape on the coins. The *quadratum incusum* is of the most archaic type, having neither pattern nor divisions, and presenting the appearance which might be produced by the impression of a broken nail."

The Greek coinage, however rude at first, soon acquired

a beauty and perfection surpassing all our modern efforts. The staters, for instance, of Philip and of Alexander, the coins of Syracuse and Metapontum, present to us the most lovely female faces and deities—perfect models of human beauty. Animals also are admirably represented, not only the horse, the lion, etc., but other smaller creatures, as the harvest-mouse on an ear of wheat on a Metapontum coin, and even insects, as, for instance, the praying mantis. The heads on the earliest coins represent gods and goddesses, the first human head being that of Alexander the Great on a coin of Lysimachus, and even in this case the great conqueror is represented in his divine character as descended from Jupiter Ammon, which is indicated by the ram's horns.

It would not, however, be fair to modern mints to attribute the comparative poverty of modern coins to want of skill. It is a great convenience that coins should lie flatly one on another, and the greater boldness of ancient coins, however it may add to their beauty, necessarily rendered this impossible. Not only were the Greek coins admirable for their beauty, but they were also made of pure metal and full weight, offering in this respect a striking contrast to those of most other countries. There were, however, of course, exceptions. Thus the money of Phocæa was notorious for its bad quality.

In ancient Greece, as now, the right of coinage was a prerogative of the sovereign. And here we find a curious difference between the Basileus and the Tyrannus. The former coined in his own name, but the Tyrannu, however absolute, never did so; their money was issued in the name of the people.

Coins are, of course, very instructive from an historical point of view. Nevertheless, they did not for a long time admit on their coins any allusions to contemporary events, and then only in an indirect manner. Almost the only exception is the enormous gold-piece struck by Eucratides, King of Bactriana, of which the French possess the only known example. The fact that it is just equal to twenty staters does not prove that it was ever intended to serve as a coin, against which its size must have been a great objection. Moreover, it would appear that very few specimens were struck. Indeed, there is some reason to suppose that the French example is the only one ever made, as the die appears to have been broken in striking it. Neither the Greeks nor the Romans had any name for a "medal" as distinguished from a true coin.

In Greece, the original business of bankers seems to have consisted in changing money for foreigners, but they soon commenced banking and allowing interest on deposits. We are incidentally informed that the father of Demosthenes kept part of his fortune with one of these Trapezitæ, or bankers. Some of them enjoyed considerable credit. Pasion, for instance, we are told, was well known and trusted all over Greece. The ordinary rates of interest were very high, and will not at all bear comparison with those of the present day, as they ranged from ten to thirty-seven per cent.; but the risks also must have been extreme, and, notwithstanding this large rate of interest, their profits seem to have been small. Even Pasion's business is said to have been worth but $2,000 a year, which appears scarcely credible.

The Greek bankers seem to have been as much notaries as bankers, and a large part of their business consisted in witnessing contracts between others; they seem, however, to have possessed a document not very dissimilar to our check. They were acquainted with letters of credit, and had even invented a form of endorsement.

The earliest Roman coins are said to have been struck either by Numa or by Servius Tullius. They were of bronze or copper, silver not being used till the first Punic war, 269 B.C., and gold some sixty years later. Even under the earlier emperors the different provinces and colonies had their own coins, and it was not until the time of Diocletian that one coinage was established for the whole empire. For a long period, indeed, every great Roman family had the right of coining denarii with their own device, though precautions were taken to preclude any tampering with the weight or fineness.

The first step in the degradation of the coinage was effected by the celebrated Flaminian law. This unfortunate error naturally opened the door to further debasement. Nevertheless, it was not till the time of Nero that any further steps were taken in this direction. He lowered the aureus, and reduced the denarius from one-eighty-fourth to one-ninety-sixth of a pound, increasing the alloy at the same time from five to ten per cent. After this, though the aureus remained stationary for some time, the denarius rapidly fell in value.

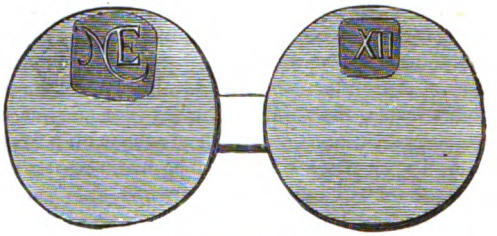
Although the great Roman families were long permitted to coin under certain precautions, this was, nevertheless, not only under the supervision, but in the name of the State. The first coins were not inscribed, but afterward they generally bore the legend "Roma," not as a geographical expression, but as a recognition of sovereignty. The same feeling which rendered the Greeks so long reluctant to put any human head on their coins, influenced the Romans also; to have done so would have indicated a claim to sovereignty, which, under a republic, would, of course, have been totally inadmissible. During the earlier period of Roman history, indeed, such coins were unknown.

In the year 58 B.C., M. Æmilius Scaurus represented himself on a small scale, in the act of receiving the submission of Aretas, King of the Nabatheans. We find, also, Marius, Sylla and Pompey, on their triumphal cars, but not even they ever ventured to put their likenesses on the coins. This feeling extended with still greater force to female heads. Even the representations of the women belonging to the imperial family under the earliest emperors were not only posthumous and commemorative, but were, moreover, at first introduced under the disguise of goddesses. Thus Julia was represented as Diana. Tiberius, in honor of his mother, Livia, attached her features to heads of the goddesses Pietas, Justitia, and Salus Augusta. Agrippina was not satisfied with this, and placed herself on coins with her husband Claudius, though she did not venture to have one struck with her own effigy alone. The rule was first broken by Drusus, who struck coins in honor of his wife Antonio.

The Greeks appear to have introduced banking into Italy, at least if we may judge from the fact that in early Latin writings most of the words relating to banking and finance are of Greek origin, and were gradually replaced by Latin words. The bankers in Rome soon became of great importance, and the old Roman comedies contain many allusions to them—not always, indeed, of a very complimentary description, although their professional honor stood very high.

It has been mentioned, as an indication of the unpopularity of Gaulish bankers, that when the revolt of Vercingetorix took place the houses of the bankers were first attacked. But surely another explanation may be given. Moreover, the extortion of high interest was not confined to bankers. Pompey, we are informed, lent money at fifty per cent.; Brutus, and Cato himself, at forty-eight per cent. The rate of interest in Rome as elsewhere in ancient times was, in fact, excessive. There was, however, no legal rate till the law of the Twelve Tables. It was then

THE SOMERS ISLAND PIECE.



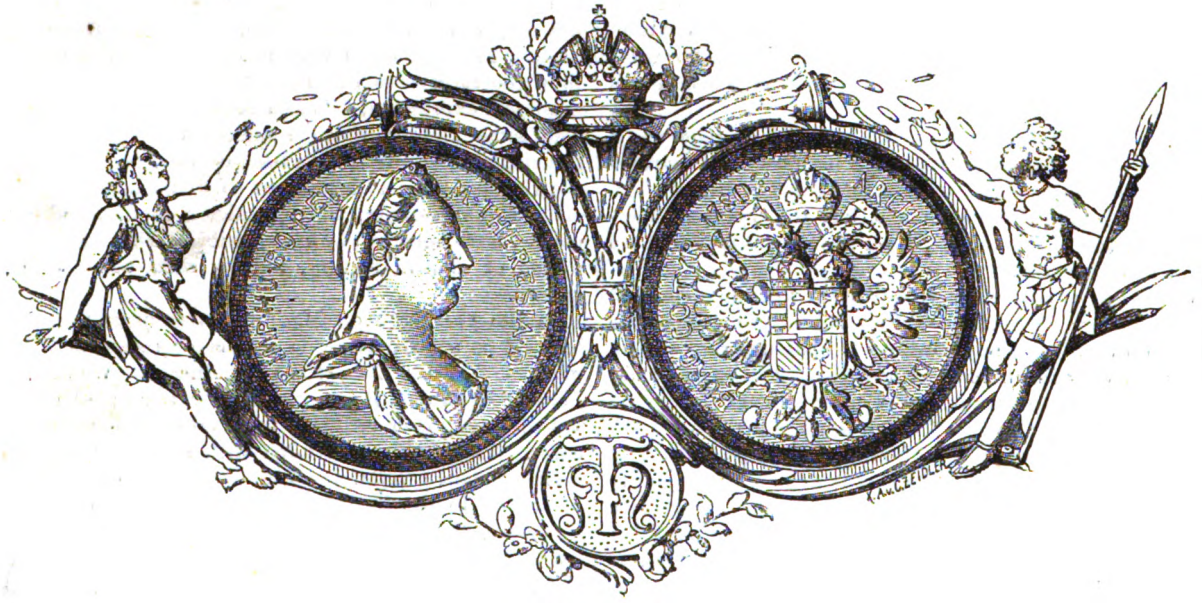
NEW ENGLAND SHILLING.

fixed nominally at eight and three-fourths per cent. Subsequently, in the time of Cicero, it was raised to twelve per cent. at which it continued until it was reduced by Justinian to four per cent. for "illustrious" persons, for those engaged in commerce six per cent., and eight per cent. in other cases.

We are told that all money transactions were carried on through the intervention of bankers, and that they kept the account-books of their customers. But however this may be, the system of banking does not appear to have been very thoroughly developed, because when Cicero sent his son Marcus to complete his education at Athens, he wrote to Atticus to inquire if it would be possible to procure a letter of credit on Athens, or whether it would be necessary for Marcus to carry money with him. The later Roman law contains numerous provisions relating to banks. It is by no means clear how the Roman bankers kept their accounts. We may hope that we shall ere long know more about Roman banking, because the house and archives of a Pompeian banker—Lucius Cæcilius Jucundus—have recently been discovered.

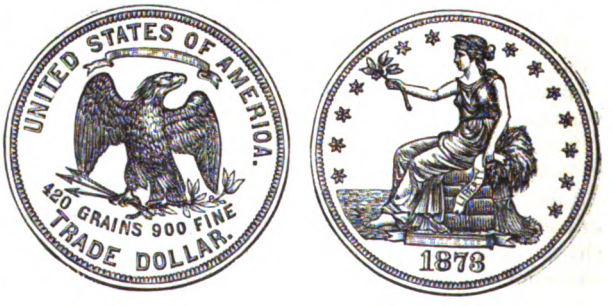
By general consent, gold, silver and copper have been the metals used as money. Iron, indeed, is said to have been used in Sparta under the laws of Lycurgus, but in this case there is no reason to suppose that it was ever coined. It seems to have been used, as it was, according to Cæsar, amongst the ancient Britons, in the form of bars.

Pollux mentions that the inhabitants of Byzantium in ancient times used iron for coins instead of copper, and so have the Japanese; but this metal is much too heavy for convenience. Coins of tin are reported to have been struck by Dionysius of Syracuse, and subsequently in Gaul, but they appear to have been almost immediately



THE MARIA THERESA DOLLAR—A PIECE COINED FOR A HUNDRED YEARS FOR CIRCULATION IN AFRICA.

JAPANESE COINS.



AMERICAN TRADE DOLLAR FOR THE CHINESE TRADE.

abandoned again. Cast coins of this metal were in use among the ancient Britons.

Glass seems to have been likewise at one time used for subsidiary coinage in Egypt and in Sicily. Platinum was tried in Russia, but was found unsuitable; lead is still used in Burmah; nickel in Belgium, the United States and Germany; and in 1869 and 1870 nickel pence and halfpence were struck for Jamaica. In addition to the commercial uses of coins, they are important from an historical point of view, and also in giving us authentic portraits of many interesting persons—Cæsar, Cleopatra, and many others.

The high rates of interest which prevailed in former times, of course, were very injurious to commerce, and naturally provoked unfavorable criticisms, which, however, were by no means confined to usurious rates, but often extended to any charge whatever for interest. Indeed, the idea that there is some wrong about charging interest for the use of money is not the least remarkable or disastrous of the various prejudices which have interfered with the happiness and comfort of man. The supposed axiom that *pecunia non parit pecuniam*, the misapplication of certain texts of Scripture, and the supposed interests of the poor, all contributed to the same error. Thus in the reign of Elizabeth, 1571 (13 Eliz. cap. 8), an act was passed against usury and "corrupt chevisance and bargaining by way of sale of wares," which were declared to have abounded "to the importable hurt of the Commonwealth," declaring usury to be forbidden by the law of God, in its nature sin, and detestable. Quaintly enough, however, this was in the first instance limited to five years, but subsequently (39 Eliz. cap. 18) it was continued, on the ground that it was found by experience "to be very necessary and profitable to the Commonwealth of this realm."

In Mohammedan countries, notwithstanding that interest is expressly forbidden in the Koran—or rather perhaps to a certain extent in consequence of that prohibition—the ordinary rate is three or four times as high as in Europe. In England, after the Conquest, as in most other Christian countries at that time, interest was expressly prohibited both by civil and ecclesiastical law; while as the Jews were allowed under the Mosaic dispensation to charge interest to strangers, the business of money-lending fell naturally into their hands. Subsequently a similar privilege was accorded to the Italian or Lombard merchants—from whom, of course, Lombard Street, still the centre of banking, derives its name.

In the reign of Henry VIII. a statute was passed legalizing interest to the extent of ten per cent., under James I. it was lowered to eight per cent., under the Commonwealth to six per cent., and in the time of Queen Anne to five per cent., and the usury laws were not altogether abolished till 1839.

In Scotland, interest was altogether illegal until the Reformation. In 1587 it was legalized up to ten per cent. In 1633 the legal rate was reduced to eight per cent., and in 1661 to six per cent. In Ireland interest was forbidden until 1635, when it was legalized up to ten per cent., reduced in 1732 to six per cent. In 1839 it was rendered legal to charge a higher rate of discount than five per cent. in England. According to the Code Napoléon, six per cent. was the highest legal rate on commercial loans, and five per cent. on those on real property.

MY SISTER ELLEN.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 63.

In the United States, again, the rate is fixed by law, and varies in the different States, being, for instance, eight per cent. in Alabama and Texas; seven per cent. in South Carolina, Georgia, Michigan and Wisconsin; five per cent. in Louisiana; and six per cent. in most of the other States. It is unnecessary to say that these restrictions are quite inoperative.

We are generally told, in histories of banking, that the first national bank was that of Venice, founded in the year 1157; but this institution was not at first, in any sense, a true bank. The State being deeply involved in debt, its creditors were formed into a corporation, and the debts made transferable, like our consols. It was not until 1587 that the institution began to take money on deposit. The depositors received a credit on the bank's books equal to

the actual weight of the bullion placed there, which the bank undertook to keep intact in its vaults, and to repay to the depositors at any time, or to transfer to any one else.

The earliest real bank was that of Barcelona, founded in 1401. In this case the city funds were made responsible for any moneys intrusted to the bank, which not only received deposits, but exchanged money and discounted bills. The Bank of Amsterdam was founded in 1609. The so-called bank of St. George, at Genoa, dates to 1407, but does not appear to have done genuine banking business until 1675. The bank of Stockholm, which commenced in 1668, was the first bank in Europe to issue bank-notes.

English coinage is far more ancient than their banking system. Before the Roman conquest they were already acquainted with the art of coinage, which appears to have commenced in Kent about 200 to 150 B.C., and to have spread over the southeast of England, to Devonshire on the west, and northward as far as Yorkshire. The principal mints appear to have been at Camulodunum and Verulamium. The original coins were copies of Gaulish imitations of the *staters* of Philip of Macedon, which have a head of Apollo on one side and a chariot and horses on the other. Gradually, however, the execution became worse and worse, as shown in the illustrations, until at length no one looking at one of these coins for the first time would be able to tell which side was meant for the head of Apollo and which for the chariot and horses. The fact that the dies were much larger than the coins assisted in contributing to this result. Some of the coins are inscribed, and in one series we find the name "Cun," short for Cunobeline, the Cymbeline of Shakespeare, from whose name one learned antiquary has absurdly supposed that our word "coin" was derived.

After the conquest the native British coinage was replaced by Roman coins, great numbers of which have been discovered. After the departure of the Romans, the Saxons, about the sixth century, commenced striking stycas, or half-farthings, and sceattas, from which comes our proverbial expression, "paying one's shot."

The mode of reckoning by pounds, shillings and pence was introduced in Saxon times, the pound being a pound of silver, though the penny, the one two-hundred-and-fortieth of a pound, was the largest silver coin actually struck.

The "penny" is the most ancient representative of Saxon coinage. The name first appears in the laws of Ina, King of the West Saxons, who began to reign in 688. The figure of Britannia was copied from a coin of Antoninus.

The mark, originally Danish, was introduced by Alfred; it contained at first one hundred, and afterward one hundred and sixty, pennies. It was never struck, but was only a money of account. Throughout Norman times the halfpenny and farthing were, as a rule, not separate coins, but halves and quarters of the penny very neatly cut. Though some Saxon halfpence are known, these coins were not struck in any quantity till the reign of Edward I. The gold coins recommenced under Henry III., who coined gold pieces intended to pass for twenty pence. Edward III. struck gold florins, current for six shillings. This coin being found inconvenient, he issued the "noble," sometimes called "rose noble," worth six shillings and eightpence, or half a mark. This, with its half and quarters, was the only gold coin till the "angel" of Edward IV.

Groats and half-groats were introduced by Edward III. They received their name from the French "gros," a large piece. It was one of the charges against Wolsey that he put his cardinal's hat on the money struck in the archiepiscopal mint at York. The "shilling" was first struck by Henry VIII. The silver crown, half-crown and sixpence commenced under Edward VI. The sovereign of twenty shillings was first struck by Henry VII. The guinea commenced under Charles II., in 1663, and was so called from the Guinea gold from which it was made; it was withdrawn in 1815, when the sovereign and half-sovereign were again issued. In the Middle Ages the coinage was constantly deteriorated by having the edges clipped, now prevented by the milling of the edge, a process first used in 1560. The unsatisfactory state of the coin led to the use of "tradesmen's tokens."

The pound sterling and its relation to the silver coinage was not finally fixed until 1717. Gold was not adopted as a legal standard of value until 1816. The "mint price" of silver is 5s. 6d. an ounce troy—*i. e.*, the ounce of silver is coined into 5s. 6d. The "standard" of silver is thirty-seven parts of silver to three of copper. The sovereign is composed of twenty-two parts gold and two copper. An ounce of gold is therefore coined into £3 17s. 10½d., which is generally termed the mint price of gold.

We sometimes hear surprise expressed that there should be a fixed price for gold. Gold, it is said, should be allowed to follow its market price. But when we are told that the mint price of gold is always £3 17s. 10½d an ounce, all that is meant is that an ounce of gold is coined into £3 17s. 10½d. The price of gold is fixed in gold, or, in other words, sovereigns are always of the same weight. Sir Robert Peel asked his opponents the well-known question, "What is £1?" and the simple answer is, that £1 is a certain quantity of gold, verified by the stamp of the mint.

There appears to be much uncertainty as to when, or by whom, coins were first struck in Ireland and Scotland. As regards the former country, they are never mentioned in the *Senchus Mor*, which is said to have been compiled about A.D. 440, in which, when the precious metals are alluded to, which is but rarely, this is always by weight. Such is, indeed, the case, even to a much later date. Thus, in 1004, Brian Boroimhe offered twenty ounces of gold on the altar of St. Patrick, at Armagh, though coins are said to have been in use as early as the ninth century. The earliest Scotch coins are supposed to belong to the time of Malcolm III., about 1050 A.D.

The derivation of the words relating to money and commerce are interesting and instructive. "Pecuniary" takes us back to the times when value was reckoned by so many head of cattle. The word "money" is from *moneta*, because in Rome coins were first regularly struck in the temple of Juno Moneta, which again was derived from *monere*, to warn, because it was built on the spot where Manlius heard the Gauls approaching to the attack of the city. "Coin" is probably from the Latin *cuneus*, a die or stamp. Many coins are merely so-called from their weight, as, for instance, the pound, the French livre, Italian lira; others from the metal, as the "aureus"; the "rupee" from the Sanscrit "rupya," silver; others from the design, as the angel, the testoon, from teste or tête, a head; others from the head of the state, as the sovereign, crown; others from the proper name of the monarch, such as the Daric, from Darius, the Philip, Louis d'or, or the Napoleon.

The dollar, or thaler, is short for the Joachimsthaler, or money of the Joachims Valley, in Bohemia, where these coins were first struck in the sixteenth century. Guineas were called after the country from which the gold was obtained, and the "franc" is an abbreviation of the inscrip-

tion *Francorum Rex.* The "sou" is from the Latin *solidus.* The word shilling appears to be derived from a root signifying to divide; and in several cases the name indicates the fraction of some large coin, as the denarius, halfpenny, farthing, cent and mill. The pound was originally not a coin, but a weight, and comes from the Latin *pondus.* The pound was originally a pound of silver, which was divided into 240 pennies. The origin of the word penny is unknown. Some have derived it from *pendo*, to weigh, but this does not seem to be very satisfactory.

Early English bankers seem to have been all goldsmiths as well as bankers. Even Alderman Backwell, who lost £295,994 16s. 6d., when the Exchequer was closed by Charles II., was a retail jeweler, and Pepys records on December 24th, 1660: "I went to chuse a payre of candlesticks to be ready for me at Alderman Backewell's." Mr. Price, in his interesting paper on "Early Goldsmiths and Bankers" gives several accounts current appertaining to this period, and still in existence at Messrs. Child's. The oldest of English banks are probably Messrs. Child's and Messrs. Martin's.

In the reign of Elizabeth there was a goldsmith named John Wheeler, from whom the business passed to William Wheeler, Junior, and subsequently into the hands of their apprentices, Messrs. Blanchard & Child, whose names appear in the "Little London Directory, 1677." Sir Francis Child, called by Pennant the father of the profession, is said to have been the first to lay aside entirely the goldsmith's business and become a pure banker in our sense of the term. The "Grasshopper," in Lombard Street, claims to have been the place of business of Sir Thomas Gresham, though his actual residence was in Bishopsgate. In the directory of 1677 it was occupied by Messrs. Duncombe & Kent, from whom it descended to Messrs. Martin. The Bank of England was founded in 1694.

The Somers Island piece is regarded as the earliest coin struck for America. The Pinetree pieces, coined in Massachusetts, were, in fact, the first assertion of colonial independence, the right to coin money being always regarded as the act of the sovereign power. A New England delegate, taken sharply to task by King Charles II., adroitly pretended that the tree was the royal oak, and placed on the coins in compliment to Charles himself.

Among the curiosities of money are coins struck to use out of the country and not in it. Among these are the Maria Theresa dollar, which is so well established as a standard in East Africa that it has been coined for more than a century always in the same form. It circulates in Africa, and is seldom seen in the empire over which Maria Theresa ruled. The trade dollar of the United States is another example. It is struck for the foreign, and chiefly for the Chinese, trade, and is not current in the United States. The very Government that issues it refuses to take it as money.

Besides the New England coins, pieces were struck by Lord Baltimore for Maryland, and Virginia boasts a piece. During the Revolution, and soon after, several States issued pieces, and some were struck for the whole country. After the adoption of the Constitution a mint was established, and our regular coinage dates back to 1793, an Act of Congress of April 22d, 1792, having established a mint, and a cent being the first piece struck.

New England resorted to the issue of paper money to meet the loss of a disastrous and unsuccessful expedition against Canada, and other colonies followed the example. During the Revolution, Congress issued paper money, the "Continental Currency," which ultimately became worthless after three hundred millions of dollars had been circulated.

The oldest American bank was the Bank of North America, projected by Robert Morris, and incorporated by Congress in 1781.

MY SISTER ELLEN.

By Rebecca S. Nichols.

Sister Ellen, I've been dreaming
Of a fair and happy time;
Gentle thoughts are round me gleaming,
Thoughts of sunny girlhood's prime.
Oh, the light, untutored fancies,
Images so quaint and bold—
Outlines dim of old romances,
Forming childhood's age of gold!
Eternal Spring was then above us,
Sunshine cheered our every path;
None then knew us but to love us—
Winning ways sweet childhood hath.

Thou art little Nelly, looking
Up into my anxious face,
I thy childish caprice brooking,
As thy merry thoughts I trace;
See thy dreamy blue eyes glancing
From thy founts of light and glee,
And thy little feet go dancing
Like the waves upon the sea!
Tossing from thy snowy shoulder
Golden curls with witching grace,
Charming every new beholder
With thine arch, expressive face.

Sister Ellen, I've been dreaming
Of some lightsome Summer eves,
When the harvest-moon was beaming
Softly through the dewy leaves—
How among the flowers we wandered,
Treading light as Summer air;
Looking upward, how we pondered
On the dazzling glories there!
We were children then together,
Though I older was in years;
And life's dark and stormy weather
Seemed like April's smiles and tears.

"MAGIC NUMBERS AND PERSUASIVE SOUND."

It is related of Frederick Chopin that his power with the pianoforte was such that he could hush the pupils of his father's school even in their most unruly moments. One day, when Professor Chopin was out, there was a frightful scene. Barcinski, the master present, was at his wit's end, when Frederick, we are told, happily entered the room. Without deliberation he requested the roysterers to sit down, called in those who were making a noise outside, and promised to improvise an interesting story on the piano if they would be quiet. All were instantly as still as death, and Frederick sat down to the instrument and extinguished the lights. He described how robbers approached a house, mounted by ladders to the windows, but were frightened away by a noise within. Without delay they fled, on the wings of the wind, into a deep, dark wood, where they fell asleep under the starry sky. He played more and more softly, as if trying to lull children to rest, till he found that his hearers had actually fallen asleep. The young artist crept out of the room to his parents and sisters, and asked them to follow him with a light. When the family had amused themselves with the postures of the sleepers, Frederick sat down again to the piano and struck a thrilling chord, at which they all sprang up in a fright.

THE FLOWER-GIRL.

THE LETTER "S"; OR, THE JOCELYN SIN.—"WINIFRED BROKE AWAY FROM HIM AND STOOD LIKE A TIGRESS AT BAY—THEN TURNED ON MARIE. 'IT IS FALSE, I SAY! BERNARD IS NOT DEAD!'"

THE LETTER "S"; Or, THE JOCELYN SIN.

By INDE.

Chapter IX.—The Honor of a Woman.

When Fulke followed Madame Frissae and General Jocelyn from Bernard's chamber, he descended to the library, now his usual haunt. The morning mail was heaped on the table, and almost before he observed it, Madame Frissae tripped in, with her characteristic absence of ceremony.

"My letters," she said, smiling, "and here. Why, you have not opened this telegram, laid on the very top to attract attention. Your penchant for your Winifred turns your brain," she added, sarcastically, as he tore open the envelope. "What is it?" she laughed, tauntingly. "Does it say while Bernard lives Winifred cannot be yours? Take my advice, Monsieur Stupid. My eyes have a knack of divining hidden things. Take my advice. Don't question that assertion too closely. Ignorance is such a delightful penumbra when one is resolved to succeed by some means, whether fair or foul. Don't ask that splendid young Hercules why Winifred cannot be yours while

Bernard lives. It don't matter to you their whys and wherefores; she must be yours. If she never tells you what claim he has, how can you be expected to know what is the matter?"

He handed her the telegram, and the telegram spoke for itself in the pithy language of words that were paid for:

"The *Arcturus* sails at sunrise October 7th."

She raised her eyes in mute inquiry. He had that ugly, sinister smile on his lips.

"The *Arcturus* is Bernard Jocelyn's vessel, and Bernard Jocelyn still has time to catch her before she sails."

"*Bon!*" she exclaimed. "That is better than we hoped for. It relieves the difficulty, perhaps, for ever. But"—Marie looked at him suspiciously—"are you quite sure that this is his ship, *Arcturus?* The papers and his advices stated that his vessel would sail October 28th. Is there not a mistake, and would he not have been the person informed of the change?" She was bending a sharp scrutiny upon him, but Fulke's homely countenance seldom changed its saturnine affrontery. He bore the scrutiny without flinching. "How is it that you have this telegram, instead of the person most concerned? How is it that you are acting as confidential friend of your detested enemy?" And Marie was at no pains to conceal her suspicion of the message so singularly opportune.

"Simply because I have made repeated inquiries—and because this is in reply to a message sent last night. You don't seem to believe me, Madame Frissae?" he said.

"I have no faith in anybody," she retorted. "I don't believe in any man, when things run counter to his interests. However, this falls in with your interest so marvelously that I still doubt it. If I were concerned I would assure myself of the truth. But, on the contrary, in this matter I prefer to take your word, and believe that the *Arcturus* sails at sunrise."

Fulke walked to one of the bookcases, and taking down a volume, opened to a shipping-list, and handed it to her.

"You see, there are two vessels of that name. One is a whaler, now absent on a four years' whaling expedition in the Polar seas; the other is the vessel now fitting for Arctic exploration. With all due deference to Madame Frissae's French wits, it would be hard for me to deceive anybody on this point, would it not?"

Fulke stretched out his hand and rang the bell as he asked the question, which Marie only answered by an incredulous shrug of her shoulders.

"Take this telegram to Mr. Jocelyn. Tell him his uncle directed the inquiry made," he ordered, as the servant appeared. "Tell him, also, that the express leaves the station at half past eleven, and that it is his uncle's desire that he will not lose a moment in securing his position. Moreover, as he is not in a state to travel alone, say that General Jocelyn has engaged the attendance of John Devèy, the sailor staying for the last few days at the porter's lodge. Devèy himself, you may tell Jocelyn, is employed on the *Arcturus*."

The servant took the telegram and left the room. As he did so Marie glanced up, inquiringly.

"*Mon Dieu!* You have your arrangements quite perfect for ten minutes' notice," she commented.

"I knew the vessel would sail to-day or to-morrow, and I had no idea of giving him too much notice. Fortunately, Winifred has just gone for her morning ride; she never returns before twelve; by that time Jocelyn will be thundering along in the express to town, and we will see then whether Winifred is mine or whether she is his," and despite the success crowning his efforts, the scowl of jealous rage darkened again on Fulke's countenance.

"She laughed at me this morning; she will do it again, she will do it at any time, and I detest her," Marie spoke, musingly. "I don't know any surer way of being revenged on one's worst enemy than by having her marry you."

"It don't matter what you think," rudely rejoined Fulke. "On that point I am determined. Uncle Hugh must compel Winifred to be my wife, or I will put the acknowledgment—signed by his own name—of the crime committed twenty years ago—I say I will put it into the hands of the detectives, and they will soon unearth the hidden iniquity, and make him pay the penalty of the law."

She tapped impatiently on the table as he spoke, listening disdainfully.

"What a fool! You don't remember that both of them—your Winifred and Bernard—have told you that while Bernard lives she cannot be your wife."

"Tut! She shall! He has no authority to prevent her. I say she shall! I don't believe his cursed boasting," was the angry, answer.

Marie Frissae flung down her letters, impetuously.

"I do! Monsieur Stupid, as certainly as I stand here. Bernard Jocelyn spoke truly when he said Winifred could not be your wife while he lived. It was no boasting."

"What was it?" he demanded, facing her sharply. "Have done with your confounded riddles."

"It was truth! It was sacred truth!" slowly rejoined the Frenchwoman, gazing fixedly at him.

The sullen aspect changed, an angry alarm surged into his face, a baffled, murderous, bitter wrath and terror and astonishment.

"Do you mean——"

"*Peste!* I mean nothing—nothing," she broke in, rapidly. "I have told you to ask no questions. So take the *grande* refuge of ignorance. I have warned you to let their words go without an explanation, and I have warned you to remember that it is quite possible that your handsome Jocelyn may have taken steps to make his word good—that while he lives Winifred can marry no one else—but you are not bound to know that; they have never given you a reason. You are free to act without asking embarrassing questions. Do you see, Monsieur Stupid?"

Fulke's atrocious temper was almost beyond control. He paced the floor in long strides, striving to speak, and striving not to ask the question on his tongue's end, and yet he comprehended her insinuation.

"General Jocelyn shall suffer for this cursed fooling. I have no love for them, and I am not going to stand by tamely and see that braggart carrying Winifred off before my eyes. I am not going to be made game of, when I have their very lives in my hand. I tell you, madame, if I can't marry Winifred, I can send Hugh Jocelyn to the gallows."

The Frenchwoman tossed her head in derisive scorn.

"How will that harm Bernard, or prevent his marrying Winifred and having the money as well the beauty?" she demanded, coolly.

"You are against me, like all the rest," he ejaculated, in a ferocious despair.

"No, no; I am only wise. Listen—I care for Hugh Jocelyn solely. I care not a sou for the girl Winifred. If it gives General Jocelyn peace for you to marry Winifred, you are to do it."

"How?" he demanded, sulkily. "If I take your meaning aright, she can't marry me."

Madame Frissae smiled, a wily, wary smile.

"If my suspicion is correct," she said, altogether without the excited gesture and fiery vivacity peculiar to her,

"there are two ways of getting around the grand impediment, and one thing for you to do."

"What is it? Speak, can't you?—speak!" eagerly ejaculated Fulke. "I will move heaven and earth to marry that girl. The more she hates me, the more I am set on having her. I tell you, Madame Frissae, I will not be balked. What am I to do?"

"Here are two chances for you," began Marie, standing perfectly still, her whole attention concentrated upon what she was saying. "Both require some patience. If what I believe falls out to be true, Bernard leaves Winifred suddenly, without notice of where or how long he is gone, with no provision for emergencies, his hold upon her undeclared. That is desertion. Where a husband deserts a wife, the law gives a remedy—divorce. But that involves a scandal. There is another chance. Bernard leaves Winifred without a word; he goes on a long, dangerous expedition; he is ill. Bernard may never return. Who ever returns from those expeditions? Which will you abide by?"

"The desertion," he said, pitilessly; "it is the surest—shortest."

"It is longest; it is always doubtful," she returned, coolly. "Monsieur Stupid, that magnificent Bernard is still in danger; he ought to be quiet—free of agitation and dolefully tranquil for months."

"Ay, if that is necessary he won't live a fortnight," and once more the sinister triumph rushed into the repulsive countenance confronting her.

"Why?" she asked, the self-same suspicion in her voice.

He took another turn across the floor, then stopped before her.

"Madame Frissae, I will let you decide for me in this case. I am not in the habit of asking advice; but don't you understand? I love this girl to madness——"

"Ah, it is quite the same thing if you hate her to madness," satirically interrupted the Frenchwoman, with a very unmitigated aversion in her expression.

"She is the most beautiful creature I ever beheld."

"Eh? *Mon Dieu!* I wish she was not so beautiful. She is the image of her mother," again interrupted Marie.

"And you hated the mother?" queried Fulke, curiously.

"I hated her for good cause. I hated the mother, and I hate the daughter," she hissed through her set teeth. "I will give Hugh Jocelyn peace and serenity; but I will purchase it with this girl. It is just; she owes him that much, and she shall pay the debt. What a grudge I have against her mother and her mother's child!"

Fulke smiled grimly.

"I trust you. What sense you have, and what genius! Tell me what you advise; I will listen; and there is no other woman in the universe whose chatter I would let weigh against my own wishes or plans," he said, reluctant admiration in the tone—admiration wrung from him by the open, reckless animosity, the long nursing of a jealous detestation quite as vindictive as his own.

"You must wait," she rejoined, tapping the table with her thin, skinny finger at the end of every sentence. "You must press no explanation—she will not offer it to you. She will take alarm for her father; she will conceal it from you. If Bernard dies you can marry her next day, you need not know his relation to her. If he lives, force the explanation, and force her to make a plea of desertion. There, *mon Dieu;* my head aches with thinking. *Tenez.*"

"I think I understand," slowly responded Fulke, growing sinister again. "It will be difficult to prove his death to her satisfaction, but Devèy shall do it."

"Not while you hold your threat over her father to terrify and bully her," answered Marie. "But understand, monsieur, this time the compact is with me. The day you marry Winifred Jocelyn you surrender that fool's bargain Hugh Jocelyn signed into my hands, and your lips are sealed for ever. If you break that——"

"What will you do?" demanded Fulke.

She leaned nearer, and put the bright-colored lips to his ear. "Kill you!" were the two words hissed through his brain.

"There, now," she laughed, derisively, as he started and recoiled a step; "don't be frightened. The dear general shall have peace; and there is the carriage and your villainous-looking sailor. Ah! I am sure that princely Bernard, with his courtly ways and grand seigneur look, will never, never come back and go to the conservatory to seek beauty and fragrance. How enchanting it is to be rich! Adieu, Monsieur Savage."

And the Frenchwoman tripped away through the great hall, with its busts and portraits, to the drawing-room, through which the aroma of flowers drifted with subtle sweetness. She wandered around the conservatory, plucking a few blossoms, always bright and deeply colored, fastening them deftly into her raven-black hair and in the lace at her throat. Possibly their freshness may have contrasted painfully with her somewhat withered and faded beauty. This touch of nature revealed the touch of ash, the human effort to restore God-given tints; but she never suspected it.

Catching her own reflection in one of the great mirrors of the drawing-room, Marie smiled complacently upon the new dress, the new jewelry, and marvelous cosmetics.

"Ah, yes," she exclaimed, nodding at the gaudy little image in the mirror, "I am almost as good as new. I might almost rule as I once did, I have learned such wisdom. Ah me! what a terrible pity one can't have beauty and wisdom at the same time! What a sad pity that one comes just as the other leaves! We could carry the universe with beauty and wisdom, too. Ah! that blessed cosmetic! it does almost as well as nature itself—if that jealous little *diable* was not at such pains to tell them I painted. The artful minx! That is the last straw. To say I painted!" and Marie shook her tiny tawny fists at the figure in the mirror, angrily. "Eh, it is wonderful how pretty women are slandered. Think of the girl telling her father and Bernard that I painted, when, God knows, it's the merest touch of rouge on my cheeks and the faintest tint of carmine to my lips! And as for the little hint of pearl-powder to whiten me up, and the exquisitely fine shadow of penciling to define a blue vein or two and darken one's brow, it's sheer malice—cruel malice to call it painting. One detests such slanderous tongues. Such eyes as mine are worth an artist's skill to deepen their effect. She will find that I can use them to do execution yet. I can use them at least to see that the slanderous creature has cheated them all. She has married that beautiful Bernard, but she shall not have him. The slanderous wretch! to say that I painted because I used a little harmless rouge and cosmetic. Ah, the evil of this world, it even affrights Marie Frissae!"

She ceased abruptly deploring the wickedness of fallen humanity, and ran to the window as Bernard Jocelyn slowly descended the stone steps, and, entering the carriage, sank back on the cushions, wearily. His face was flushed and excited. He lifted his hat courteously as Marie wafted him a kiss from the tips of her fingers and called out a coquettish "Adieu, dear Bernie—adieu—adieu!"

He buttoned his overcoat closely, and smiled in the

nervous, half-agitated way peculiar to invalids venturing abroad before being sufficiently strong or restored.

"Handsome as a prince," she ejaculated, watching the carriage drive rapidly away with the patrician-looking gentleman leaning back on the cushions, his eyes bright and cheek feverish with suppressed excitement. Opposite him the bloated, and, as the Frenchwoman had told Fulke, "vaillainous-looking" sailor, Devèy, sat upright, apparently unaccustomed to the luxury of silken cushions.

"*Ciel!*" muttered the vivacious watcher at the drawing-room window, "I fancy, Monsieur Bernard, that in twenty-four hours you will wish you had not taken that ogre, Fulke, at his word, and rushed off so impetuously. Yes, there is something wrong about this matter, and Hugh knows nothing. But if it gives Hugh peace, it don't matter who suffers. Fulke has had a long interview with Devèy, and he is such a tiger one can't manage Fulke," and gathering another daintily arranged bouquet of rare exotics, the Frenchwoman sauntered out of the drawing-room up-stairs.

Instead of going to her own room, she turned toward the apartment occupied by Bernie. The doors stood open, and a mulatto valet was moving about, gathering up the various coats, hats and sundry garments scattered about in the hasty departure of the invalid. Her keen glance rested on a letter lying on the table, and before the preoccupied servant was aware of the lady's presence, Marie held the billet in her own tenacious, claw-like fingers.

"I beg your pardon, madame," the man said, in some confusion. "Marse Bernie said as I was to gib dat letter to Miss Winifred; I promise it sho', and he gib me a dollah fo' doin' of it, en Miss Winifred was to gib me a dollah mo when she gets it."

Marie laughed pleasantly.

"Your master does not wish Miss Winifred to have this letter, Wilson, but you shall have your dollar, and I will hand this to General Jocelyn. Miss Winifred is to marry Mr. Fulkerson very soon, and your master does not wish her to receive letters from Mr. Jocelyn—you shall have your dollar; here it is now, and half a dollar more for doing your duty;" and dropping the coins into the man's hand, Marie dropped the letter with its boldly written inscription—"Miss Winifred Jocelyn"—dropped it into a pocket, under her ruffles and frills, and strolled away with a virtuous air of doing a righteous thing.

"Now, bress God!" ejaculated Wilson, standing stock still; "ef dat ain't de brassiest thing I ebber seen dis many a day. Ole marse nebber knowed a bressed thing about dat letter, I'm sartain sho', en Marse Bernie he done gimme dis yere brown cloth suit en blue neck-hankercher, en dem shirts wid de stannin' collahs, en dat breast-pin, en dese yere flowered slippahs, en dem fine boots, en dat razor and two razor-straps, en dat sweet-smellin' soap, en a bottle ob sweet-brier water, as 'll make dem cloe's smell like a bunch of flowers fur six months, en a dollah, en den, Wilson Browne, you done let dat little furrin witch creep in heah, sneakin' ez a kitten, and whisk dat letter off'n de table—well 'tain't no use sayin' nuffin long ob de letter, fo' niggah can't do nuffin gin dat little furrin witch, wid eyes in de back ob her head. I rather spects Wilson will take de shine off ebery niggar on de plantation next Sunday at meetin'. Marse Bernie forgit 'bout dat letter fo' he gits back agin." With a flourish of one of Bernie's handkerchiefs, well saturated with "sweet-brier," the valet gathered up his spoils and hurried away, pausing occasionally to say to himself: "I nebber seed de little furrin witch till she done hab dat letter." Wilson consoled himself for his negligence, and determined to repair the difficulty by saying nothing to Winifred.

Marie Frissae tripped to her chamber with the billet penned in the last hurried moments before Bernard quitted Jocelyn Hall—the only adieu to his unsuspecting Winifred, secure in the trim little pocket. "This would tell the story," she said, drawing it therefrom, and examining the seal curiously. "I refrain from giving it to Hugh for his own sake; it will or will not confirm my suspicion. Is it wise to act in the dark? is it diplomatic to permit an admirable opportunity of ascertaining the truth to escape you? Clearly it is not—clearly my duty to my friend requires me to open this letter; and then the girl told him I painted—slandered me grossly, because of my harmless cosmetics. Yes, she said I painted. I will read the letter!"

The Frenchwoman broke the seal with a vindictive jerk, a vengeful glitter in her black eyes.

"Winifred, my darling wife," it began.

"*Tenez!* just as I said," ejaculated Marie, aloud. "The hypocrisy of that pretty mamselle is appalling."

"By some strange contradiction my orders are again altered. My vessel sails at sunrise to-morrow. I have just time, by traveling all night, to reach her an hour before she sails. My love, the imperative necessity of taking this appointment alone compels me to leave you without a last kiss from your sweet lips. Trust me, darling. Be true to me through everything. Trust no representation coming to you from Fulke or your doubtful guest, Madame Frissae. They are both perfidy itself where you are concerned. Remember that you are my wedded wife, and that nothing can, or shall, take you away from me. I have an abiding faith that I shall return with mended fortunes. Share that faith, my own love. The separation is only for a few months. Farewell,

BERNIE."

"Ingrate," muttered Marie, angrily. "*Mon Dieu*—I am so lucky and so unlucky—if she had read this note it would have put her on her guard against Fulke and myself. It is not right or honorable to encourage disobedience. I must be honorable if I am shabby, poor. Poverty makes one wise; it would be wise to show this note to Winifred's betrothed husband."

Once more the Frenchwoman descended to the library with Bernie's letter in her pocket. Fulke read it sulkily, and laughed an unpleasant, evil laugh.

"The representation won't come from me or from you, but it is just possible that this time to-morrow Jocelyn may want to pen a different epistle; it is just possible that my pretty cousin will find his fortunes not mended by this expedition, even if he returns—and who knows whether that will ever happen? The doctors tell me that any violent shock may prove fatal to Jocelyn for months to come. By this time to-morrow," added Fulke, with that same sinister triumph, "Jocelyn will have had a violent shock—who knows whether he will survive it?"

CHAPTER X.

STRANDED.

WINIFRED galloped up the winding, well-shaded road leading to the porter's lodge. The girl spent most of her time on horseback in the bright October sun, breathing the fresh frosty October air. It brought to the delicate cheek a glow which, save for the exhilarating exercise, might not have been there, for of late, since Bernie quitted Jocelyn Hall without a word of farewell, and the sombre gloom of past evil had descended upon them, both Winifred and her father grew pale and drear in aspect. The beautiful dusky eyes had dark hollows beneath them, and a mournful sadness in their luminous depths, stirring the compassion of those who met their glance. The sensitive, rosebud lips oftener curled in a mocking, less joyous smile than of yore. The girl had lost her blithe gayety, always gentle and sweet, but ever unflagging.

Winifred seemed to shrink with a curious timidity from society, and even Marie Frissae's hard eyes sometimes softened as if the melancholy pathos of the musical voice touched her battered heart.

Bernie had been gone more than a fortnight, and, oddly enough, Fulke had absented himself from the Hall, save for an occasional call upon Madame Frissae. He had, with unexpected good taste, refrained from pressing his obnoxious suit for the time. Winifred quivered with terror whenever she caught sight of his slouching, thick-set figure going down the avenue or crossing the grounds.

Nobody understood the armistice granted by their enem unless, possibly, the Frenchwoman, but all were gratef for it.

General Jocelyn grew more cheerful, and smiled ples antly at the wit and vivacity of his lively guest. Winifr

DOLOROSA.

did not pretend to fraternize with Marie. From the fi they had been antagonistic, and to the very last it seem they would continue antagonistic. The girl's natural r finement disdained the flashy, rejuvenated charms ar bland gush of their guest, and she was at no pains to co ceal her scorn. However, Marie was the ruling power

Jocelyn Hall. Winifred, like her father, yielded tacitly. She gave up the fight as hopelessly as Hugh Jocelyn himself. Her brave spirit seemed cowed and grown timid in this last fortnight; so she galloped for hours over the moors.

"It is the only way I can be free of these people," she said, when Mammie Jane reproachfully reminded her that Madame Frissae now had to entertain the visitors drawn to Jocelyn Hall by Winifred's winning beauty and the general's family prestige.

"Dey'll think dat furrin lady is de missus. Folks don't know what's come ob you, Miss Winifred, when you is ridin' en ridin' over de whole creation, en dat little madame is a-settin' in de drawin'-room fannin', en talkin', en bowin', en laughin', en axin' folks to lunch or dinner, like ef de whole bressed place 'longed to her, en dat, too, when we is de fustest fambly in de land, en God-a-mighty knows who dem Freeze-ups is. 'Tain't right, honey—in your grandam's own drawin'-room."

"Oh, Mammie Jane," pathetically moaned Winifred, "I cannot talk now and laugh, and I cannot breathe in the room with that false, dreadful, painted woman."

And she had gone again and again, although her birthday was approaching, and Madame Frissae had announced General Jocelyn's intention of celebrating it by a *fête* of some kind.

It lacked only a week of the day Winifred would be twenty years of age, and the girl had been absent until far into the afternoon. She rode swiftly along the road to the gate, which, however, remained unopened until Winifred drew rein before it.

"Oh, miss, I am sorry you had to wait," apologetically began a sickly-looking woman, emerging from the cottage in some consternation at finding Miss Jocelyn at the gate. "Brown has stepped over to see the doctor for me, and I am so poorly and trifling that I can't sit up all the time."

"It don't matter in the least," Winifred said, kindly, as she rode through and the gate swung back into its place.

"Have you been ill very long? You look dreadfully weak."

"Yes, miss; I am that weak and nervous I can't bear nothing. I've been worse since the night Mr. Jocelyn got knocked down; it did give me an awful turn; and then his gettin' up and goin' off so sudden-like, and lookin' so like he wasn't fit to be out of his bed when he and John drove by here in the carriage. It's foolish of me, miss. The gentry knows their own business; but wasn't it a bit venturesome in him?" inquired the woman, gasping for breath as she sank into a chair on the little porch.

Winifred was almost as pale as the woman herself as she let the reins fall on the neck of the thoroughbred, and said, in a low tone:

"Did he look ill?"

"Oh, yes, miss, terrible ill. He seemed kinder fevered and trembly. Fur all Mr. Jocelyn's such a strong, handsome man as never feared nothing, he had hard work holding the glass of water I give him, and his hand was that cold it might have been solid ice, and his face had two burnin' red spots in it; but he only laughed when I told him to go back to his room. It wasn't right, miss; and John won't be no service much to him;" and the gatekeeper's wife glanced up into the pretty, anxious countenance, half reproachfully. "John Devèy is my cousin, but distant-like," she added.

"He is to cruise on the same vessel, my father tells me. Have you heard from him?" Winifred asked, with some difficulty.

It was hard for her to talk of Bernie, and yet her heart ached to hear some tidings of him. She loved him so passionately, and he seemed drifting away from her, gone into the murk and mists of this unreachable, impenetrable mystery surrounding her. A terrible fear, too, possessed her that Bernie was in no condition to leave his chamber. The servants said so, Mammie Jane lamented over his imprudence, Madame Frissae dropped continual hints of the danger, and now this woman brought her testimony to fill the loving, breaking heart with miserable apprehensions.

"No, miss, I haven't heard anything more'n they got off, and Mr. Jocelyn was wonderful wakeful and excited like with the journey, which isn't good for him, seein' his head was hurt, miss. It was awful suddent, too. I don't know how it comes as John Devèy got the place; he didn't get no letters or messages. Brown says he didn't have no idea of goin' two days afore he went. Do you know anything about it, miss?"

"Nothing whatever. Perhaps papa secured the place for him, so that he might accompany Mr. Jocelyn;" Winifred suggested, eagerly.

The woman shook her head, doubtfully.

"Between you and me, miss, I am glad he is gone; but I don't think he's the person General Jocelyn would choose to go with Mr. Bernie if he only knowed him; and leastways I know your father never set eyes on John; and, miss, if you won't let it go no further—I wouldn't do my kinsfolk an ill turn—but Brown and me was scared to death all the time he was here. You see, miss"—she dropped her voice into a whisper as she glanced around furtively—"John Devèy has always been a terrible bad man. There ain't no kind of good in him; and it beats me to know how he come to get the place, and why he was so secret about it."

"I must ask my father," Winifred said, conscious of a pang of apprehension creeping over her.

"Do, miss, for I mistrust there's sommut wrong about it. There's always sommut wrong about John Devèy's doings. Mr. Bernie knowed nothin' about it, or about John's goin', for he's the last man he would have had——"

The woman stopped abruptly.

"Why?" demanded Winifred, sharply. "Why? Tell me the truth."

"Well, miss, you see, Mr. Bernie thrashed him like a dog last Summer for beatin' old Peters, and he never dared show his face here afterward till Mr. Bernie got hurt. Then he come skulkin' back; and that's why I knowed Mr. Bernie wouldn't have had him if there wasn't no other man in the world. Take my word for it, there's sommut wrong under it all, and no good will come of anything John Devèy has a hand in," the woman added, lugubriously, rocking herself to and fro in the chair, and shaking her head with a weird, ominous significance.

"Papa knew nothing of this," interposed Winifred. "Are you sure it is the same man?"

"General Jocelyn never set eyes on him, miss. Nobody but Mr. Fulkerson. He knowed that John Devèy hated Mr. Bernie like pisen—he knowed it; and, take my word for it, miss, no good will come of it, mark you, now. Susan Brown says no good will come of anything John Devèy has a hand in, and, take my word for it, there's sommut wrong under it all."

"I'll ask papa at once," exclaimed Winifred, gathering up the reins, hastily.

"Do, miss; but, all the same, there's sommut wrong," she persisted, still rocking and shaking her head ominously, long after Winifred galloped away up the broad avenue. She was several shades paler when the groom helped her to dismount, but she gathered up her riding-dress and entered the library. No one was there—even Fulke had deserted it of late.

Winifred passed up-stairs to the study, quite sure of finding her father there—and she was not mistaken. General Jocelyn was writing, and Madame Frissae, sitting at the opposite side of the table, with some papers and open letters, evidently just read, seemed to be drawing designs on a sheet of foolscap. Winifred hesitated; it was always this way now—the Frenchwoman and the general—she could never see her father alone, never say anything to him, or have the old confidential talks as they had before they became rich and miserable.

"Papa, can I speak to you a moment?"

The general hesitated and glanced at Marie, who never moved or lifted her head.

"My dear, unless it is a very great secret, just tell me now, will you. Our friend Marie is so thoroughly acquainted with our family affairs that it is scarcely worth while to maintain any reserve in her presence," he said, without laying down his pen.

"*Ciel!* is that you, Winifred?" exclaimed the Frenchwoman. "I am so happy! I want to know how you like this design for decorating that great, superb hall. It is really adorable."

"Papa," Winifred said, going close and laying her hand on his shoulder—"papa, did you send that man, John Devèy, with Bernard?"

"Why, no, my dear. It happened, fortunately, that he was to cruise on the same vessel; he was only a common sailor, but he might be of use to Bernie on the journey," her father said, putting his arm around her waist.

"Did you procure the place for him, papa?" she persisted.

"Certainly not, child. I never heard of the man until the day they left here. I only thought it a fortunate coincidence. I supposed that Bernard had taken the appointment I succeeded in obtaining for him. I had reason to believe that Bernard would sail on the *Arcturus*, and that this sailor would sail on the same vessel." He patted her hand affectionately for a moment, then said: "Don't perplex yourself about it, my child; it is very singular."

"What is singular, papa?" she asked, quickly.

The Frenchwoman laughed and glanced at the general, significantly.

"*Ma petite!*" she broke out, with naive impetuosity, "you have not read the papers. We are horribly perplexed! That handsome Bernard was a grand mystery." She pointed to the morning paper. "There is the announcement: The *Arcturus* sails day after to-morrow, October 28th. There is the list of crew and officers. Bernard's name is not in it. Instead, there is the name of W. R. Penrose, *vice* Bernard Jocelyn."

"Papa, you tell me, will you? I will believe *you*—what does it mean?"

Winifred's face was quite pale. The general drew it down and kissed the white, cold cheek kindly, but he evinced neither alarm nor distress.

"It means that the *Arcturus* will not sail until day after to-morrow, and that Bernard will not sail in her. It means that there has been some dreadful mistake, and that he has deliberately deceived us, or that he is——"

"Dead," came in a low, stealthy whisper from the Frenchwoman.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MESSAGE.

When Marie uttered that one terrible word, "dead," the general tightened his arm around his daughter, as if he would save her from falling, but Winifred broke away from him and stood like a tigress at bay—then turned on Marie.

"It is false, I say! Bernard is not dead. Why do you dare to tell such falsehoods? He is alive and will come back; and there is some terrible mistake, papa."

"Ah, *mon Dieu!*" murmured Marie, in the subdued tone she sometimes used. "Let her see it, dear general. My grand compassion would not let me read it."

"Read what? Papa, what is it?" cried out Winifred, the mighty dread coming into her voice, despite her faith.

"*Ma foi!* then her own eyes may read it," retorted Marie, with a disdainful shrug of her thin shoulders. "My grand compassion would have saved her the truth. Ah! *mon Dieu!* the magnificent Bernard was not prudent." She laid the paper before Winifred, repeating its one fatal line slowly: "W. R. Penrose, *vice* Bernard Jocelyn—dead."

Winifred glared at it fiercely. The general said not a word. She seemed to be devouring the brief printed words. The whole history of the expedition, to her, lay in those three words—short enough, but freighted with a horrible import—"Bernard Jocelyn, dead!"

"Papa," she swallowed a suffocating sob, and gasped faintly, then Winifred's old bravery seemed to return. It had shaken her hand like the shock of an earthquake, but having survived it, she stood as resolute and skeptical as ever. "Papa, it is not true—it is not true! I tell you Bernard is living. Papa, will you send to the *Arcturus*, and find out? Will you telegraph now—now?" she implored, folding her arms around his neck caressingly, as if she dreaded he might refuse.

"Yes, my darling; certainly. I will investigate the matter at once, and set your mind at rest. But do not hope, Winifred; it is best you should not. It seems an interposition of Providence to make you forget Bernard—because I fear me an inexorable necessity may separate you, at any rate."

The general stroked and patted her hand as he spoke.

"Will you telegraph now, papa? I will ring for one of the servants," persisted Winifred, still pale. "Will you write the message now?"

"Certainly, Winifred. I only wish I had known of this before. The boy should have had a relative at his bedside. Poor fellow, he had friends, if they only were aware of his situation."

"Papa," interrupted Winifred, almost savagely, "you shall not say that. You shall not. Bernard is living. Oh, papa, don't you think he is living?" she moaned. "Why should he die?"

The general dipped his pen in the ink, reflectively; a pained expression crossed his countenance.

"My dear, the message to Bernard was the cause of his abrupt departure."

"I know it, papa. You told me they telegraphed him to come," echoed Winifred, watching him breathlessly.

"Yes, my dear. I am glad to remember that I did not have a hand in hastening him on that journey. It was premature; he was not in a condition to be excited. He did not consult with me. I knew nothing of it until he had gone, and remonstrance was not possible. Simple removal to his lodgings would not have injured him."

"Why should he remove?" demanded Winifred, hotly.

"My dear, your Cousin Fulke insisted upon his moving," replied her father, gently.

"The ogre, the monster!" interpolated Madame Frissae, glancing up curiously at the girl.

Winifred made no angry outcry; she looked as if the tip of a lash had stung her.

"Fulke," she repeated, brokenly, "Fulke—Fulke again."

"But I had no hand in Bernard's sudden journey to his

ship, Winifred, understand that. Neither can I see that Fulke could be concerned in it. Bernard went in response to the message by telegraph. I never saw it. I should have urged him to give up such a hazardous undertaking. You do not blame any one, do you, my child?" inquired Hugh Jocelyn, uneasily. His conscience goaded him painfully as he strove to imagine or convince himself, as well as Winifred, that nothing coming from him tended to endanger Bernard's life or bias his abrupt action.

"No, no, papa. How could you do anything so cruel to your nephew? He is not dead, papa; I know that. Bernard will return," she said, shuddering in spite of herself, and turning very pale.

"I trust there is a mistake," the general slowly answered. "There is a mistake, there is a mistake——"

"*Ciel!* While you have talked I have written the message. Ah, it gives me a sadness to utter the words. Read it, *mon ami*," interrupted Marie, handing the sheet to the general.

"'When and where did Bernard Jocelyn die? Is it certain he is dead?' Will that do, Winifred?"

The girl's fingers shook visibly. She seemed to strive to decipher the words, plain enough to any save a blurred vision.

The Frenchwoman, watching her keenly, said, with how much of expostulation she herself only knew, "She half believes it now. She is hard hit, the little fool."

"That will do, papa." She rang the bell violently, and then returned to her father. "Papa, will you send some one to see whether it is true if—if they should telegraph that it is? I do not believe it, papa. I would not believe it if the messenger comes back with the worst news. Will you believe it, papa?" She asked the question with a pathetic entreaty to him in every accent, to assure her that he, too, would be doubtful.

Hugh Jocelyn understood the appeal, but shook his head gloomily.

"I am afraid there is too much ground for probability. Dr. Foster predicted it, Winifred, the moment he heard of Bernard's rashness, and this time I fear the doctor's prediction is verified."

"I will not believe it," asserted Winifred, turning to to the door, opened by the servant. "Papa, you will send me the answer as soon as it comes, will you," she asked, "and not let it fall into any other hands first? You will let me open it?"

"You shall open it, certainly, my dear," assured the general, in some surprise.

"*Ma foi!*" exclaimed the Frenchwoman, pettishly, as the door closed after Winifred and the servant. "Who is suspect? I cannot understand it at all."

"She dreads Fulke's agency, I am afraid," suggested Hugh Jocelyn. "She certainly detests him. God knows it is only her good I seek by yielding to his demand for Winifred's hand. God knows, if it concerned only myself I could soon end it. But my poor little Winifred I cannot leave disgraced and a pauper. I am pledged not to do that. But, heaven have pity, I may be doing wrong still!"

"*Cher ami*, you are right." Marie laid her thin, tawny hand upon his, softly. "You must purchase reprieve for yourself to save her. You must marry her to the heir to avert the calamity of poverty. Oh, *mon Dieu!* Poverty is the worst of all sorrows and unhappiness, carking, miserable, grinding poverty, narrowing you down to wretched prejudices and meanness; paltry, nasty, vulgar little ways, and disgusting, shabby shifts to keep body and soul together. Save her from that, Hugh; save your Winifred from the revolting ways and necessities of poverty. Leave that for the petty little souls who never lived, and who never cared to live, and whose natural place is the chimney corner of a cabin. It won't do for us. The degrading, humiliating miseries of poverty murders such as we are. You are right to save your Winifred from poverty. You are only saving her from insult and scorn."

"Ay, I trust I am doing right," groaned the general. "It is so easy to end it."

"For you—yes, for you!" exclaimed the Frenchwoman, in her swift treble. "But the most pitiful of all creatures is the penniless gentleman or gentlewoman. I will go down and find Fulke. He said he might be here this afternoon. He may be able to tell us of that magnificent Bernard. He was his rival, and he will not forget him."

Madame Frissae gathered up her papers, and as she did so the deft hand lifted the dark box of dueling-pistols, and then she tripped out of the room, unobserved by Hugh Jocelyn, who still leaned his head on his hands, still wore the haggard misery of expression, changing the once pleasant countenance to something akin to desperation.

"One can never be sure what he might do. These Jocelyns are a mad race, and Hugh has a wild time ahead with that obstinate girl and that savage Fulke. But Marie is beside him," she said, depositing the pistols in the safety of the locked closet in her own chamber. "*Mon Dieu!* I was beside him once before, but these were not the pistols; ah, no, these were not the pistols. There were no pistols that time. Ah, fortunate Marie!" The Frenchwoman paused in front of the glass, to take a last survey of herself before descending to the library. "I really believe I might have a brighter touch of rouge; this country air and marvelous fare might justify a deeper tint. Only this morning Hugh said I had improved, and looked almost as well as in the old days. Ah, me! when it is all tranquil, and Winifred is married to Fulke, and the compact is burned, and that tiger takes off his claws, Hugh will glance again at me. Poor Marie will have her day then, if she keeps her wits about her. Yes, I will put on a little more rouge, a bit more color, now that I am growing young, and then I will go down to Fulke;" and Marie skillfully deepened the hue of her already well-colored cheek, until it glowed with a startling redness, strangely unnatural on the thin cheek, never again to round into youthful plumpness. "Ah, yes, she shall marry Fulke; it is all plain now. But—but—it is terrible, the ferocious brute. *Ciel!* She said I painted, the little diable. She slandered me to her father and Bernard, all because of my harmless cosmetics."

Fulke was not there, but Dr. Foster came in just as Madame Frissae settled herself in a chair, with inward thankfulness that it lacked an hour of time to dress for dinner—an important event nothing ever interfered with.

"Ah, Dr. Foster," she exclaimed, impulsively, pointing to the paragraph in the paper, "I have just sent for Mr. Fulkerson to hear of this! Ah, your handsome patient!"

"My handsome patient, madame, has been actually murdered by sending him off on that fool's errand three weeks ago." The physician talked loudly and angrily. He was, without doubt, suspicious as well as disturbed by the news in the morning paper. "Whose doing was it, ma'am? Be as good as to tell me that, will you? For everybody in the house knew that Bernard Jocelyn's life hung on a thread—everybody knew that any violent shock would kill him—any excitement or agitation, and yet, knowing this, somebody hurried him out of a sick-bed into the rush and bustle of embarking on that cursed expedition. Somebody did that, and whoever did it, murdered that fine young fellow in cold blood—deliberate, premeditated murder! Now, who did it?"

THE GAMEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

The medical man had no Parisian polish. He was rough and honest in his narrow little way, and he was troubled with a heart—a heart that had a kindly interest in this handsome Jocelyn he had from the time of jackets and tops, when the boy had been just as frank and fearless and handsome.

"Ah, my dear," exclaimed Madame Frissae, a graceful deprecation in the tone; "you are mistaken, dear doctor. Nobody hurried the beautiful Bernard."

"I say, ma'am," interrupted Dr. Foster, "it's no manner of use saying that, when my colleague and myself both understand General Jocelyn's wicked hatred of him, and we both believe that it was a put up job to get rid of him; and, curse it! they have got rid of him with a vengeance—that is what I believe, ma'am."

"You are so wrong—ah, so wrong! The general does not hate Bernard. The general is his best of friends."

The assurance was charmingly uttered, but it fell on deaf ears.

"I know what I know," was the dogged answer. "I tell you I was offered an enormous bribe to hurry him out of this house before it was safe; and, moreover, ma'am, the general's own nephew tries to hush up the very strong proof that the general himself attempted Bernard's life a few weeks ago, and now he has accomplished his purpose."

"Dr. Foster"—just a shade of alarm grew visible in Marie's face as she approached the sunburnt, tobacco-chewing country doctor, and laying her hand, glittering with rings, upon his sleeve, said, in her most moving, coaxing tone—"Dr. Foster, you are deceived. Fulke himself was jealous of Bernard. He it was that wanted him to quit Jocelyn Hall. Fulke is engaged to Winifred, and Bernard is very handsome—ah, so beautiful! Don't you comprehend, doctor? Fulke wanted you to hurry him off; but Bernard went in response to the telegraphic message to come. The dear general is misrepresented."

"That is all very well, ma'am," was the rude answer. "Tell that to anybody who will believe you. I don't know anything about their foolish love business; but I know this: General Jocelyn offered to increase our fees five thousand dollars if we would get Bernard about and out of the house at once. We couldn't do it, and we didn't get the five thousand. General Jocelyn offered us one thousand dollars bonus to forbid Miss Jocelyn entering the sick-room or seeing Bernard. We could forbid it conscientiously, and we did get the one thousand dollars. Now, ma'am, it's just this way—we might believe it was Mr. Fulkerson; but Mr. Fulkerson hasn't five hundred a year, all told, and he couldn't raise one thousand cash any more than he could raise the five thousand; and if General Jocelyn didn't feel in this way, how does he come to pay his money to carry out these nasty-looking designs. I think any jury would decide against him; and I say again, ma'am, that General Jocelyn is responsible for Bernard Jocelyn's death, and I don't care who knows it."

The Frenchwoman, despite her nimble wits, found herself strangely perplexed with this obstinate, unimpressible rustic sticking tenaciously to his damaging facts.

"That's all about it, ma'am," he said, taking up his hat, with a grim, unshaken determination in his aspect—"that's all about it, ma'am, and it's no use of your saying one word about it. I assert that if Bernard Jocelyn is dead, Bernard Jocelyn's uncle is guilty of his death. Good-day, ma'am. Don't forget, ma'am, that we got the one thousand dollars; but we didn't get the five thousand—our hands are clear of that. Good-day, ma'am."

The irate medical man stalked out of the room, and out of the house, and the wily, wary little Frenchwoman sank down into her chair, with an alarmed sense of having been extinguished. This man's straightforward statements were quite unmoved and unswayed by her beautiful toilet and charming condescension.

"The brute can't appreciate me; and poor Hugh knows nothing; he is innocent as an angel; he cannot refuse money to that monster, and he cannot tell them why. Ah, *mon Dieu!* it is frightful. Fulke means to ruin him, if he does give him all he asks. Ah! if I had never spoken that little word to him of Hugh's secret! One does not know that grudge against Winifred and Winifred's mother will soon be canceled now. Eh, Fulke, is it you? She looked up rather gloomily as he opened the door, an irrepressible elasticity and satisfaction discernible in his whole appearance. If Fulke had ever been gay, he might claim to be so now, but he had only been sardonically jocose, and that described his mood as he walked briskly into the library.

"Have you seen it?" he asked, without circumlocution.

"*Ciel!* of course I've seen it, and heard it, too; and, monsieur, I just want to know whether or not it is true?"

Her keen black eyes searched his face sharply.

"It is true as the gospel, madame; I told you he would have a shock, and that it might prove fatal. He did have a shock, and it did prove fatal," was the pitiless answer, syllabled in brutal exultation.

"What sort of a shock did he have?" she demanded, in pettish disgust. "It was no better than murder."

"That may be," was the meaning rejoinder; "but it was a murder the law don't punish, and that is not to be said of all the crimes in the Jocelyn family."

"*Ma foi!* it don't matter," she retorted, angrily. "It don't matter; we have set on foot strict inquiry, and they are expecting a reply to the telegram every moment."

"They! Who?" demanded Fulke, angrily. "Winifred. Does she dare to do that openly, when she is engaged to me? But curse it," he added, grimly; "I'll settle all that after; and now understand, madame, she will only hear the report of his death confirmed. I have asked no questions of her relations with this Jocelyn; I don't care to hear them, to-morrow I will push my suit; in one month she is to marry me; and to-day I will tighten the vise on Hugh Jocelyn—thanks for your hint that day in New Orleans."

"You fool," burst out the Frenchwoman, enraged at his sneering triumph and effrontry. "You don't even guess it; you are in the dark. Ah, *mon Dieu!* you know nothing."

"I know enough; if there is any more inquiry behind that, I advise you in mercy to your dear friend, or whatever the general may be to you—I say, Madame Frissae, I advise you to withhold it," contemptuously retorted Fulke. "Now listen to reason. I am not the man to fool with women's chatter and gabble; I despise them all except Winifred, and you can't expect any man to think as much of you as of Winifred, because she is beautiful. I wouldn't marry her if she were not. But be reasonable, get the answer to that telegram for me, and I will help your plans along. Hugh is compelled to listen to me."

"I don't want your help, Fulke," and the fiery temper flamed into the black eyes. Nevertheless, the Frenchwoman, wary and selfish and vindictive as she was, never forgot her own ends served by Fulke's grotesque, cruel love affair. "I don't ask your help; ay, I scorn it, always, always; but, *mon Dieu!* I do want you to marry Winifred and take her away to your own miserable, dismal house. I tell you my grudge against the girl and her mother is bitter and deep, and I am paying it now while I free Hugh of your *griffes*."

"If you can do that," slowly supplemented Fulke.

"I will do that, or—I will kill you, monsieur; be certain of that," was the cool assurance.

"Very well; now get me the answer to that telegram, and then do you go up and tell Hugh Jocelyn that my affairs must be settled. Upon second thoughts, I defer seeing him until to-morrow. Upon second thoughts, I will let you tell him that I wish him to consult with Winifred upon the day for our marriage, and that to-morrow I will call and ascertain what day she has named. I only stipulate that it must be within a month; he should appreciate my extreme patience in the matter."

The Frenchwoman bent her head in intense thought for a moment after Fulke's harsh, discordant voice ceased.

"I will do this; ah, poor Hugh! but I will do this, Fulke, always understanding your bargain. Every foul, false insinuation against Hugh Jocelyn is to be contradicted, refuted; you are to acknowledge to the doctors why you paid that thousand dollars to banish Winifred; you are to silence those falsehoods about Hugh's detestation of Bernard; you are to crush that vile suspicion you are spreading now of Hugh's animosity to his nephew; you are to deliver the written compact to me the day you are married, and you are to swear that never by word, hint or token will you inform or abet inquiry of Hugh Jocelyn's crime twenty years ago in New Orleans. I tell you, monsieur, you are to keep to the letter of this bargain; and I warn you, monsieur, that if you dare break one single syllable of this compact, you do it at the peril of your life—for I will kill you."

Fulke scarcely liked the icy menace in the blazing, merciless eyes, full as hard and relentless as his own, and a thousandfold more desperately reckless.

"The little devil meant every word she said. I haven't a doubt those scrawny fingers are quite capable of making good her threat. But she don't know Fulke," he commented, listening to the sharp, decisive tap of her heel, as Marie walked swiftly along the passage overhead. "No, Fulke is not the man to knuckle down to any chattering magpie of a bedizened Jezebel."

Humming the refrain of a drinking-song, quite surprising on the lips of such a cautiously circumspect person as Fulke claimed to be, he walked away, in his peculiar slouching gait, down the avenue. He had just passed the porter's lodge, when the servant dispatched with Winifred's message returned from the station. Fulke glanced back as the sound of horse's hoofs caught his ear, but it was growing very dark, and the man seemed in a wonderful hurry, and for once his vigilant effrontry was in fault. The servant galloped on, and Fulke, after a moment's hesitation, said, "It is rather soon for an answer yet," and resumed his walk. Five minutes later the sealed telegram was handed to General Jocelyn.

"Take it to my daughter," he ordered, without breaking the seal.

Wilson found Winifred in her dressing-room; she had not thought of making a toilet for dinner. The girl sat before the dressing-table, her head bowed on her folded arms, her golden hair falling around her in shining masses. She shivered as Mammie Jane came across the room and laid the official envelope on the table, among the jewels and ribbons and laces. Winifred shivered, but she did not move or touch it; her intense eagerness had faded into intense dread.

"Open it, honey. Maybe it ain't so, chile," urged Mammie Jane, passing the black, motherly hand tenderly over the girl's soft, rippling hair. "Maybe there's comfort in it, and maybe there's not. If it was not as Marse Fulke had set eyes on you for hissef, I'd hev a hope; but it allers comes as Marse Fulke wants. God-a-mighty hissef can't harm Marse Fulke. It comes just as he wants. They are touched and took when he wills it. Open the telegram, chile."

Winifred broke the seal slowly; her fingers were as cold as if life and warmth had fled for ever. She drew out the folded paper mechanically, her face ashen and deadly in hue; drew it out and read the words slowly and deliberately—words of fire scorching and searing themselves upon the passionate heart. The paper fell from her helpless hands. Winifred never moved or uttered a sound; she was stunned. The paper was on the floor, but the message was on her heart and brain—and the message was this:

"Bernard Jocelyn died March 7th. There is no doubt of his death. His effects are at the City Hotel, awaiting a claimant."

CHAPTER XII.

"IN GOD'S NAME, WHO ARE YOU?"

It was a rough morning. March 7th was not what old sailors, with recollections of frightful tempests and boiling seas, might call a rough morning. Nevertheless, the wind blew a steady gale as the vessel, with sails spread, stood out to sea, and the crew took their last glimpse of their own land for many a long, weary month. The captain and first mate were holding consultation in the captain's cabin, while sharp orders and loud responses rang out above the howling wind. The vessel itself seemed built to withstand shock and storm. Extra heavy planks and timbers, iron-plates and stanchions betokened strength, and pointed out, in plain terms, that the ship would cruise among crashing icebergs and drifting mountains of Arctic ice. The plainest comfort, absolutely devoid of luxury; stores scientifically reduced in quantity, and strong in quality, all bespoke in nautical phrase to the initiated a long and perilous absence, in regions where simply enough to eat and keep warm reached the summit of human effort. They were amply prepared for accident and emergency, just as other ships, as strong and well stored, had gone before them, never to return. However, these were old salts, carrying the best of all storage for Arctic waters, viz., experience. The experience of many a voyage to the ice-bound seas, nevertheless, with their goodly share of this, no one knew that he would ever behold his own land again.

Captain Colman, bluff, decided, a trifle stern-looking, and marvelously rugged, weather-beaten and lined in appearance, turned sharply and quickly around as the mate said, slowly:

"Ay, sir; he seems coming round; but it's a queer notion going on a cruise like this in a condition like that."

"Well, sir, there's time enough to recover, the Lord knows, before he's like to need his strength; he's not shipped before the mast, that a trifle of ailing need be very serious. But I admit, sir, the youngster is in bad plight for what we have before us. It's no child's play, sir. I'll step in after a bit and take his bearings."

"Do, sir, by all means. I am not satisfied myself," and the mate walked away rather irresolutely, very much as if only half his mind had been expressed, and as if the mental reservation was by far the most important part. "No luggage, and half dead, I may say, and away to the poles in that plight—a ship without rigging. It's confoundedly strange!" he muttered. "But it's the captain's business, not mine."

He paused, however, and looked into the cabin in passing, just as the tall figure stretched on the couch

moved uneasily, and the dark-gray eyes opened slowly, with a look of inquiry in them as they rested upon the bronzed face of the first-mate.

"Ay, Mr. Jocelyn," he said, briskly; "glad to see you coming around. I began to think you were in bad condition to ship with us."

Bernard Jocelyn brushed his hand across his eyes, evidently making great effort to remember, or even comprehend, who this pleasant seafaring man was, and what he meant.

"Thanks. I believe I have been ill again. I—it's confoundedly hard for a man that has never been sick before in his life to quite understand being so."

Bernie spoke apologetically, and still brushed his hand across his eyes, in a vain effort to clear his bewildered brain.

"I seemed to come around all right, and I don't seem to comprehend how it is I am knocked up again. Have I been ill for any length of time? My head certainly has a tired, dizzy feeling."

"You came aboard last night, badly knocked up. But Devèy explained that it was a recent illness, over-exertion, or something of the kind. Devèy is one of the crew—a new hand, gotten aboard by your interest, I believe. Ay, sir?" questioned the mate.

Again the intense perplexity drifted into Bernie's countenance, the struggle to remember.

"Devèy!—my interest?" he repeated, vaguely.

"Ay. Here is the captain," explained the mate, as Captain Colman at this moment appeared.

"Good-morning, Mr. Jocelyn. You're righting up again. Tough pull of it. I was afraid last night when you came aboard. Devèy said you'd had an accident."

"Devèy!" again repeated Bernie, vaguely. "What does he know of it? The fellow is right, however; I had a confoundedly ugly accident before I left Jocelyn Hall, and had some fear that I might not be able to make the voyage; but I don't seem to see how I got aboard at last, and what knocked me up again."

Bernie looked at the captain and mate interrogatively, as he raised himself slowly from the pillows, and sat on the side of the berth, tugging at his long mustache in a half-bewildered way.

He was an odd contrast to the two seamen, with his magnificent proportions, his waving brown hair and white hands and the graceful, *débonnaire* manner.

"Oh, Devèy brought you aboard last night. General Jocelyn is your uncle, I believe. Well, he has shipped Devèy with us. Old sailor, I believe," answered the captain, taking a pinch of snuff.

Bernard smiled the intensely perplexed smile of one at a downright loss to understand.

"I remember that the fellow Devèy—an infernal scoundrel, by-the-way—traveled with me from Jocelyn Hall, but I was not aware that my uncle used his interest to get him aboard ship—that must be a mistake," Bernie said, in his tranquil way.

"Beg pardon; there is no mistake about it," was the decisive answer. "The fellow understands his business; won't have a chance for any rascality. You look weak, Mr. Jocelyn. I recommend a still pull of grog; it brings a man round sooner than anything else."

"Thanks," replied Bernard; "I have some better tonic in my chest."

"Your chest!" queried both men, glancing significantly at a diminutive trunk lying near Bernie's feet.

"Yes, sir; fortunately, I made complete arrangements for the expedition before my recent illness—in fact, as soon as I received your instructions on the subject. My anxiety to make the voyage stood me in good stead this time."

The perplexity in Bernie's countenance apparently was reflected in the two faces opposite him. The captain took another pinch of snuff.

"As soon as I have my chest, I believe I will try the tonic. I am rather used up," added Bernie.

"The truth is, Mr. Jocelyn," abruptly remarked Captain Colman; "the truth is—you came aboard without any chest or belongings except that rather light craft there at your feet, sir, and the fellow Devèy said it was all the rigging you shipped with."

Bernie looked startled as he slowly rejoined:

"The deuce take the fellow, Devèy, if my chest is not on board; he must have deliberately left it, and yet I don't understand why he brought me aboard without my baggage. I remember feeling weak and ill at the city hotel, and Devèy brought me some coffee; and the truth is, captain, I can't recall anything from that moment to this. I suppose I was ill, but it is a miracle that I am here at all. All the same I don't see how I can weather it without my sea-chest."

"You'll find it tough work after October. Winter in the Arctic regions is no small matter. But we can help you out, and there are the fur clothes; they are everything," good-humoredly replied the captain. "It's a strange thing in the fellow, and either gross carelessness or rascality. The Winter will be hard on you."

"The Winter?" echoed Bernie. "Do you propose to spend the Winter at the Pole? I thought we had orders to quit the icebergs before October?"

Captain Colman and his mate stared at Bernie, as if some doubt of his sanity intruded itself.

"I never heard of such orders, sir," sharply retorted the captain. "You don't suppose the matter rests with me, or that we are going on such a cruise as this without knowing what we are about? A Winter—we are to spend several Winters at the Pole, sir."

Again the startled surprise broke into Bernard Jocelyn's face, surprise and dismay depicted in every lineament.

"Your letter of instructions—I have it in that hand-trunk there—stated especially that we would not pass the Winter in the northern waters."

The captain glanced at the mate interrogatively.

"I never wrote a letter of instructions, Mr. Jocelyn. There was no time to do so."

A hot, crimson flush rushed over Bernie's face, then receded, leaving it paler than usual. He was weak, and strangely ill and feverish; his brain whirled dizzily; he could not comprehend, and these men only added to his nervous bewilderment. He spoke with an effort to suppress a faint irritability.

"I beg your pardon, sir. I received my letter of instructions when I received my appointment, three months ago."

"Three months ago? Your appointment?" echoed captain and mate, in sharp amazement. "Why, sir, it is only last week that General Jocelyn arranged for you to ship as a volunteer for this cruise to the north."

Bernard Jocelyn looked strangely ill and weary. His head grew confused and harassed, and an odd sensation of lightness came over him. He supported himself with the pillows nervously, and his voice was higher in pitch as he said:

"I don't seem to understand it. Open the trunk and see for yourself. There is the letter, signed by Captain Thoresby, of the Arctic Expedition."

"Then I am not the man, for I am not Captain Thoresby, of the Arctic Expedition."

Bernard pressed both hands to his head and sank heavily on the pillows.

"Great God!" he ejaculated, "they have played me false at last! In God's name, who are you?"

"Captain Colman, of the whaler *Arcturus*, bound for Spitzbergen on a four years' whaling expedition."

The words were clear and distinct enough, but they elicited no response. As Fulke had predicted, a violent shock had come to Bernard Jocelyn.

CHAPTER XIII.

"AH! WHAT DOES IT MATTER NOW?"

MADAME FRISSAE could never be said to shirk anything she consented to undertake; therefore, when she told Fulke that she would take his message to the general, in reference to the final adjustment of the matrimonial project, to which he held with such terrible tenacity, Marie did it without delay or circumlocution.

"Ah, *mon Dieu!*" she said, that night, when Hugh Jocelyn came from the after-dinner wine, and Marie, instead of Winifred, handed him a cup of tea. Winifred excused herself from dinner, so that the Frenchwoman did the honors—presided in her place with such overweening delight, and such naïve pride, that the host was almost consoled for the absence of the dainty, beautiful creature, always smiling upon him from the opposite end of the table. "I have a communication, Hugh. Come on the sofa, *cher ami!* I hesitate to tell it you, but—ah, the insupportable barbarity of the savage hurries me on. Sit here by me, Hugh, and let me whisper it."

General Jocelyn looked alarmed, like one who feels that at any moment a terrible calamity could fall and overwhelm him. Nevertheless, he availed himself of the proffered seat among the cushions, beside the flashy little Frenchwoman.

"What is it, Marie? What can it be?" he asked, reluctantly.

"It is—ah, how hard to speak it!" she began, with well-feigned hesitation, glancing at him from behind her fan with a half-shy, rather effective side-glance. "Hugh, I have been faithful and true, haven't I?" she abruptly questioned.

"Yes, yes, Marie—faithful enough, save for that one fatal lapse which has given Fulke the power to ruin me. Yes," he said, bitterly, "you were faithful for a time. But a woman's fidelity is, perhaps, at best, of limited duration."

The eyes behind the fan flashed, but fiery as she might be to all the world, to Hugh Jocelyn she was singularly mild, almost humble, save on that one point of leaving Jocelyn Hall.

"And you say that," was the low response, "when you know what I forfeited for your sake, when you know what contempt and scorn was flung upon me, and I bore it for you—for you, without the reward of a word or shadow of tenderness from you; yet you will not forgive the little tiny word I whispered to Fulke, when he did so tease and harass it from me. How could I know that he would pounce upon it, and ferret it out to have a hold upon you, make a wheel of it to break my friend upon? And you will not forget or forgive it."

"Ay," he returned, putting his hand over his eyes, "I have no time to forget it."

"And no will to forgive it. Ah, Hugh, poor Marie is toiling now to rescue you from Fulke's clutches. See if I am not. He has promised to resign that compact into my hand—to unloose his claws and be silent for ever when——"

"When? when? Why don't you finish, Marie? When will Fulke do this wonderfully generous thing?"

Hugh Jocelyn's skeptical, ironic tone piqued her. From any one else she would have resented it with fiery indignation, but the tawdry, reckless, faded woman was dangerously tender to this one man, whose ruin she had, perhaps, achieved that morning in New Orleans when wily Fulke won her secret away.

"When? Ah, Hugh, look more kindly on your poor little friend. You, who have been so generous to me, can you not be kind, too—just a little bit kind?"

The wooing tones came stealing past his ear with a deprecating pathos, genuine enough, but wholly in vain.

"When did you say?" he asked, gazing beyond her into the fire with the troubled, preoccupied expression always on his face now.

She bit her lip angrily, but he never observed it. She at least expected a small share of consideration from him. Marie was content to take whatever scant dole of his affection she might chance to win.

"When Winifred becomes his wife."

"Ah, is that it? My poor child! Does he still hold the father's life in the balance to compel the daughter to marry him? God! what have I come to?" gloomily answered the general.

"Ah!" Marie said, in a soothing tone, "he tells me to say many hard things."

"What are they?" responded Hugh Jocelyn, hopelessly. "Surely I should be used to hard things by this time—to degradation, if anybody can become accustomed to that."

Madame Frissae leaned nearer, and suddenly stooped and kissed the concealed hand.

"Hugh, Hugh, you break my heart! I kiss the degradation. It is nothing—nothing. You are always grand and noble."

He started, and drew the disfigured hand away.

"I did not mean that. Great God! I must bear that hideous brand of shame for all eternity! God in heaven! how could you remind me of that?" A certain horror seemed to seize him, as if some new bolt had stricken him. "Did he—in God's name, Marie—did he ask you anything more of that? Did you tell?"

"No, no. Oh, Hugh, I told him nothing!" She spoke in tearful earnest, softly touching the hand as she spoke. "He only guesses, and tortures you with cunningly worded insinuations. What does it matter if they saw the hand itself, Hugh?"

He shuddered as he answered, slowly:

"It is there for ever—the brand of unmerited shame. But with one crime on my soul, who will believe me guiltless of the other? Ah, God! it is there, merited or unmerited. The sin is branded on my hand for ever, and no human eye shall gloat over my degradation while I live."

"Hugh, you can be free and safe, and shall be. Listen to me. You must see Winifred in the morning, and insist—nay, command her to say what day she will marry Fulke. Hugh, you must do this."

"Marie, is this what Fulke asked you to say?" he interrupted. "Go on; do his bidding; he is master here."

"Oh, cruel, cruel Hugh! I am compelled to say this—to break it to you, dear, dear Hugh. He compels me. You know those are his only terms. He is hard as adamant; because Fulke is mad in love with Winifred. He loves her, Hugh, and people are always good to those they love. They must be that; and Winifred will not mind—now that Bernard is dead—she will not mind taking Fulke."

Hugh Jocelyn raised his head quickly, almost eagerly.

"Marie, Marie!" he questioned, in a low voice, "do you—can you think that?"

The Frenchwoman smiled at the success of her crafty suggestion—smiled even while she felt chagrined at his anxiety for Winifred. It was another grudge against the girl, laid away in this hard heart, absorbed by one tenderness.

"*Mon Dieu!* do you not see that while Bernard lived she wanted to marry him, and now that Bernard is dead, she will care not a *sou* who she marries," explained Marie. "And oh, pray, Hugh, do not be angry with me, but that ferocious Fulke says it must be within a month. Think of it—one month! No *trousseau*, no jewels from Paris—or anything; but he will have it so; he is savagely determined to force you to his terms."

"He knows it is as much as my life is worth to refuse; he knows I cannot refuse," was the bitter response.

"But think what a heaven for you afterward, Hugh. Ah, *mon Dieu!* what peace, what tranquillity always—always. *Cher ami!* it is the best you can do. You must see Winifred in the morning, for Fulke bid me tell you he would be here at noon for your answer, and it must—mark that savage brute—he says it must be satisfactory."

General Jocelyn groaned. It was hard that even this Frenchwoman should see the depths of ignominy to which he had fallen—almost past endurance.

"How can I approach Winifred so soon after Bernard's death?" he asked, after a long silence, while Marie reclined luxuriously among the cushions, and watched him with intense anxiety, and a world of compassion solely for him.

"*Ma foi!* he was only a cousin. She was not engaged to him. How does it matter? Ask her not a question of him," was the wary counsel she gave. "Bernard Jocelyn can only claim a cousin's share of regret. They were not even engaged. Winifred is not even *fiancée*."

"No, they were not engaged," repeated the general, as if the foregone conclusion admitted of no question. "They were not engaged, or Winifred would have informed me of it. There was always such unbroken confidence between us; she had no secrets from me."

The Frenchwoman smiled derisively, even while she said, in a subdued, sympathetic tone:

"Ah, yes! Such a comfort to know that, and so different from her mother. She did have secrets from you."

"Let the dead rest, Marie; you are not the person to blame her, or cast a breath of defamation upon her name. Let her rest, I say!"

Hugh Jocelyn was not to be trifled with. When he spoke in that way, even if she dared brave his displeasure—which Marie had no idea of doing—the limit had been reached. With all her reckless daring and fatal knowledge of the guilty past, the Frenchwoman absolutely could not utter a depreciative word of Winifred's mother.

"Yes, ah, yes, Hugh! What love was yours! You adored her, but I remember how much she robbed me of. And ah, poor Gabriel was not quite so happy——"

"Peace, I say. What do you mean, Marie, by bringing up the past in this way? Be content with meddling in the present. What is it to you? Advise me what to do about Winifred. Women surely should understand each other."

Madame Frissae glanced up in mute admiration; she never adored Hugh Jocelyn so much as when he required a certain sort of submission from her. Like some ferocious animal the fiery little Frenchwoman loved a master.

"*Ma foi!* I have it all arranged in my head," she answered, vivaciously. "To-morrow you will fix the day, and next week, at the *fête*, we will whisper it to our friends, and the neighborhood will be on the *qui vive* for a grand wedding. And oh, Hugh, you will let me arrange the details; give me *carte blanche*, and I will appear in such a lovely toilet, and look almost as well as I used to twenty years ago. This is such a charming, healthy place, one gets young as the years roll on."

The general listened to her lively chatter in a half amused way, but with only partial attention.

"It is pleasant, and Jocelyn Hall was always considered healthy. I never saw any one improve in appearance as you have. Your color is quite—indeed, even more brilliant than I ever remember it," was the innocent answer.

"Ah, *mon Dieu!* I am not *triste* now, you know. Trouble robs one of life and beauty. I have no trouble or sorrow at Jocelyn Hall, and tranquillity brings my roses back," sweetly observed Marie, with a satisfied glance at herself in the opposite mirror, and inward congratulation that Hugh Jocelyn seemed oblivious of Winifred's "slanders" as to the reality of those roses.

"It don't matter," she said that night, as she washed the roses off in warm water; "it don't matter in the least. Men are so gullible, such terrific fools, a clever woman like myself can make them believe anything, and that rouge is the very best I ever had."

General Jocelyn looked pleased. In the kindness of his heart the host was gratified at the tribute paid the old place by this bland guest. He glanced at her more attentively.

"I never saw a more perfect glow of health in any countenance. You do look charming," he said, evidently dismissing the subject with one of those rare compliments he sometimes vouchsafed Marie, and which she never forgot.

She chattered with more sparkling vivacity than ever. Such delightful *tete-à-tetes* seldom fell to her lot, and the wary Frenchwoman meant to avail herself of this great opportunity.

"Once lift this trouble from him and marry off that girl Winifred, and I'll snap my fingers at anything else in my way," she confided to childish old Madame Frissae, as she lay on the sofa in her dressing-room that night.

The black hair was twisted in a tight knot, and a row of rather oily-looking curl-papers graced her tawny brow, instead of the usual fringe of curls. The brilliant tints of cheek and lip had vanished, and a very dark-yellow, little, wiry-looking middle-aged woman, curled up on the sofa, with scarcely a vestige of the high-colored, flashily-dressed dame of an hour before.

"He, he, he!" laughed the older Frissae, in a cracked treble, and all the glee of a child with a new toy. "And will we stay here always, and have good things to eat and pretty things to wear, and a rug under my feet, and the wines—ah, those wines—every day, to give life to one's old blood? Marie, it's heaven. Will we stay always?"

"If things fall out, as I say they shall, and if we get rid of that Winifred. Who knows," added Marie, between her set teeth—"who knows but what she may balk me, as her mother did, this Winifred?"

"No, no, Marie, she must not," broke out the old crone at the fireside. "She must not. Mathilde's child is not as clever as her mother. Marie, you must watch her. We might have to go away, and give up these grand dinners."

"Stop your babbling, you old imbecile," sharply cut in the daughter. "Your tongue will be the means of driving us away. If you tell of Mathilde it will make mischief. I say silence you. Nobody knows of that save you and me, and if you can't hold your wagging old tongue until the time comes, I'll just send you back to the old garret in New Orleans."

"Oh, don't, don't! I will be still. I will not breathe about Mathilde. Strange, nobody knows it."

"Silence, you old fool!" interrupted charming Marie, yawning several times, and sauntering off to bed, leaving the withered old woman mumbling to herself over the fire.

However, nobody guessed the secrets of the boudoir when she came flying airily into the breakfast-room, to do the honors of the table once more in Winifred's stead.

"My dear general, you grand old sphinx, why do you open the papers instead of going to see Winifred? Do you forget that Fulke will be here at noon, *cher ami?* She must be definite to-day," reminded Marie, as the general gathered the papers, with the evident intention of going to the smoking-room.

He paused abruptly.

"Forget?" he echoed, bitterly. "Never. But is it time? Can I not wait a little? Poor Winifred! Must I go now?"

"Faint-hearted as a boy," derisively commented his guest. "You must go now, dear Hugh—now; and you must keep to the point. Fulke is in no mood for quibbles or excuses. Winifred must let him know at noon what day she will marry him."

"True, it is a terrible necessity. Oh, my child! Why should I murder her to save myself?" he muttered, quite gloomily.

"*Tais toi!*" laughed Marie. "Because to murder yourself would kill both of you. Go, Hugh; it is just as well now as ever. Ah," she added, spitefully, "I will have it now—there is no balk when Marie pushes."

But the door had closed on Hugh Jocelyn. The door had shut him out from the hard, resolute spirit invisibly urging him forward. He slowly ascended the steps and tapped irresolutely at Winifred's door, conscious of a terrible desire to risk anything rather than press this matter upon her.

"My darling, are you ill? What is the matter, Winifred? You look dreadfully pale," he asked, stopping stock still, as Winifred turned her white, tearful face toward him.

Father and daughter gazed at each other one moment. Both felt instinctively that each heart was full of unutterable woe, neither dared confide. The two Jocelyns were being driven before a nameless sin of twenty years agone. And that other Jocelyn—what had become of him?

"Papa, I am not ill," she faltered, the dusky eyes filling with tears as they shifted away from him. "Not very ill, not at all ill—my head aches."

"My darling, I am glad of that. I have so much to say. I must say it, my child. God knows I am forced to speak. Can you bear it, Winifred? A cruel fate compels me to speak before noon."

Hugh Jocelyn spoke desperately, with a passionate agony in his suffering face and lacerated heart, and Hugh Jocelyn's daughter listened with the self-same, passionate agony in her ashen, quivering face, and the self-same throbs of racking pain in her broken heart. She shuddered as a prescience of what he might say crept icily through her. They were both deadly pale. But he meant with dogged resolution to unfold the scheme they compelled him to urge; and she with the same endurance resolved to listen to whatever her father must perforce say to her.

"Before noon?" she echoed, faintly. "The time is brief. I can bear it, papa." He sat down beside her, and Winifred pressed her face down on his shoulder, and folded one arm around his neck. "Go on, papa."

"Winifred, you can guess the horrible secret that Fulke holds over me," Hugh Jocelyn began, glad that her beautiful, pale face was hidden from him. "He uses that to drive me like a galley-slave, to comply with his devilish demands. Winifred, we must obey—you and I—for God knows it is all true that he says; ay, and worse. My child, do you despise your father, now that you know that he is a criminal? My darling, it would be better for you, perhaps, to abandon me, as all the world would do if they heard the admission I have made to you. Do you despise me, Winifred?"

"Papa"—she clasped both arms about his neck, but she never raised her head from his shoulder—"papa, I love you. How can you ask that I will do anything to save you, darling papa?"

"You do not despise me, my precious child. Are you sure of that?" he reiterated, anxiously.

"Oh, papa, when we have been together in trial and trouble always, why should you think I despise you in this frightful hour of peril? Papa, I will give my life for yours. My life is nothing—it shall go for yours, dear, dear papa. You are all I have now," she murmured, brokenly.

"Winifred, my life is worth nothing but for your sake. You are young, with long years before you. For your sake I must still keep up the hollow pretence of honor. There are other reasons, too, compelling me to struggle on in these iron fetters instead of putting a bullet through my brain——"

"Papa," she interrupted, shivering and trembling as if an ague had seized her—"papa, don't torture me by saying that. My heart is broken now—don't torture me more. You are all I have left. Tell me what they demand of you. Oh, papa, it does not matter what becomes of me, now—now that Bernie is gone; I live only for you."

"My child, Fulke, perhaps, loves you as well as Bernie. He may be as kind——"

"Papa," she interrupted again, with a little cry of pain, "do not speak of love or of Bernie—that is past. Tell me Fulke's orders and threats. Do not be afraid; I can bear anything for you."

"My angelic child," muttered Hugh Jocelyn, pressing his lips to the golden hair—"my own angelic child, if I could only explain; but it would be useless. The one terrible fact remains, the fact in Fulke's possession. Explanation would be idle for you, and—yes, I confess it—impossible for me. Fulke has narrowed it down to two things: your hand in marriage, or my downfall; and, Winifred, he has notified me imperatively that you are to marry him within one month."

"Within one month!" she gasped, in a feeble voice. "Oh, God! what does it matter to me now?" she moaned.

"My child, he will be here at noon to demand of me what day you have named," began Hugh Jocelyn, a keen anguish in his countenance and a sharp anxiety.

"Papa, does this save you from shame? If—if it happens that I marry Fulke, does it remove this danger from you? Does he swear it?" she asked.

"Yes, my child."

"Papa, I cannot listen—oh, I cannot even listen, until you prove beyond a doubt—that—that it is true about my poor Bernie. God will that it might not be true!"

"It shall be investigated thoroughly, my darling. I shall tell Fulke that until the sad fact of the poor fellow's death is proved, you will not listen to any overtures from him. I can keep him off for a short space, perhaps, and then—if it is proved, Winifred——"

Hugh Jocelyn waited in terrible suspense; her heart throbbed violently as she lifted her head from his shoulder

and fixed the great dilated eyes upon him with heroic steadiness.

"If it is true, that awful thing," she whispered, huskily, "it does not matter what becomes of me. I will give my life for yours. I will save you, papa. You are all I have."

(*To be continued.*)

AT THE VILLAGE PUMP.

THE TRUNKS OF TREES—Recent botanical research has shown that the trunks of trees undergo daily changes in diameter. From early morning to early afternoon there is a regular diminution till the minimum is reached, when the process is reversed, and the maximum diameter is attained at the time of twilight; then again comes a diminution, to be succeeded by an increase about dawn—an increase more marked than that in the evening. Variations in diameter are believed to coincide with the variations of tension, but they are shown to be inverse to the temperature, the maximum of the one corresponding roughly to the minimum of the other, and so on. In connection with these investigations at may be remarked that the height of a man is greater in the morning than in the afternoon; and, again, that other influences being suspended, the barometer is higher in the morning than in the afternoon.

EVERY person should be bland, courteous, and affable.

THE SINGER'S GHOST.—"FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HER LIFE SHE TURNED IN PUBLIC UPON HER MYSTERIOUS FOLLOWER, AND REBUKED HIM WITH STINGING AND IMPETUOUS WORDS."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

LEAF BY LEAF, AND TEAR BY TEAR.

YONDER, where the garden-close
Edges of the seacliff nears,
In her hand she holds a rose,
Shedding leaf by leaf with tears,
White and pink, and pink and white,
Falling 'gainst the sunlight there;
Like her soft cheek's peach bloom bright,
Halloed with her sunny hair.
'Neath the rose-walk's gloom she stands,
Love's sweet pleadings shyly hears,
Shedding from her trembling hands
Leaf by leaf, like happy tears.

Yonder, where the barren sea
Laps against the gray, cold shore,
White, and worn, and old, sits she,
Weeping, waiting, evermore.
Winter woods are waning fast,
Snapt are all her love-dreams gay,
Brave, sweet Hope has sunk at last,
Dead and crushed beside the way.
One late rose within her hands,
Bends she o'er Hope's quiet bier,
Dropping, where she lonely stands,
Leaf by leaf, and tear by tear.

THE SINGER'S GHOST.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

"LAGUERRE will be superb to-night; she is drunk." Such was the inscription, in French ("Laguerre sera divine ce soir; elle est ivre") that I read at the foot of a most remarkable portrait in the possession of Monsieur Legrand, who was, twenty years ago, the most widely known merchant of curiosities in Paris. The portrait to which it was affixed was that of Josephine Marie Laguerre, one of the most brilliant ornaments of the French operatic stage of a century ago, and quite as celebrated for her vices as for her talents; for while Gluck, the composer, spoke of her as *la perle de la scène*, Piccini, his rival, and after him Bachaumont and others were fond of alluding to her as *la bacchante des coulisses*.

The picture showed Laguerre in the prime of life, in the classical dress, or, rather, undress, of one of the fabled nymphs of the bacchanalian *cortége*, with a ravishing abandon in her air and looks, and the tiger-skin mantle rippling down from her half-bare shoulders, to the most picturesque revelation of her soft, luxurious proportions. But it also showed a woman whose peerless eyes, glorious hair—though powdered to a snowy whiteness and built up *à la Pompadour*—and perfect regularity of feature could not altogether make up for the inroads which years of dissipation and self-willed indulgence had already made upon her comeliness, and which even the painter's art had been too much leavened with honesty to quite conceal.

The quotation inscribed beneath the portrait was written in faded ink upon a time-yellowed card, which still retained, though but faintly, the impression of a coat-of-arms in an upper corner.

"It was just where you see it now, wedged in between the canvas and the frame, when I bought the painting at an obscure auction-sale five years ago," said Monsieur Legrand, in answer to my inquiries. "It may have been stuck there by some one or another of a host of noble lovers after the death of the original; but of that I cannot say. I only trust that it may some time enhance the historical value of the picture, and thus enable me to sell it to advantage."

My interest was greatly excited. I at once set to work to consult La Harpe, Bachaumont, "Les Mémoires Secrets," and other authorities pertinent to the subject, and on the following day was enabled to say to my friend, the dealer in curiosities:

"You have not trusted in vain, Monsieur Legrand. That inscription was appended to the portrait as a sort of ghastly joke, though it was nothing more than the quotation of a saying then much in vogue concerning the beautiful original in the year 17—, and by no less a personage than the Comte d'Artois, the youngest brother of Louis XVI."

And I referred him to a certain folio of "Les Mémoires Secrets" as my authority.

But I also learned much more of what might be called the romantic and prosaic, the lofty and ignoble career of that strange, contradictory and fascinating character, Josephine Marie Laguerre, which cannot fail to be of interest to the reader.

Laguerre was not only known among her theatrical contemporaries as *la bacchante des coulisses*, but also as *la femme du fantôme*—"the woman with the ghost," and it will be seen that she was as abundantly deserving of one term as of the other.

We first hear of Laguerre as one of the choir-singers of the Royal Academy of Music, in 1774, at the early age of fourteen. Her precociously powerful voice was her only recommendation; she was not known to have a relative, a protector or a friend; she had come from no one knew whence; and, as she remained entirely reticent upon this subject, while making no secret of bearing an assumed name, this mystery accompanied her to the end, and shrouds her memory to this day. Besides for her beauty and talent, which were very soon recognized, she was remarkable from the first by being incessantly followed and haunted, wherever practicable, by a dark, gaunt, poorly-dressed, strangely-looking young man, several years her senior. He shadowed her everywhere. His pursuit was mostly of a timid nature, and limited to glances and gestures of the saddest and most reproachful meaning; but occasionally in lonely places she had been observed to permit his approach, to listen to what seemed wild appeals and expostulations in a foreign tongue from his lips, and then, after repulsing him either scornfully or gently, to go upon her way, only to be dogged, haunted, shadowed as before.

In vain did her youthful intimates of the chorus or the ballet strive to wring from her the secret of this man's following; she was ever evasive, jocular or morosely mute, as the case might be. Her lovers—for even at that age she had lovers—emulated each other in offers to rid her of the annoyance with their swords, but only to be met with an intimation that any harm done to the unknown would be regarded as an unpardonable affront to herself. So there the mystery rested, as it remained for years. She soon became known as the "girl with the ghost," as she was afterward known as "the woman with the ghost."

Two years later, in 1746, Laguerre made her *début* in a chief part as *Adèle de Ponthieu*, and at once caused a sensation. Incontestably more beautiful than her predecessor, Rosalie Levasseur, and more fresh and charming than Sophie Arnould, who at that time chanced to be playing elsewhere, she exhibited a maturity and command of voice, combined with histrionic powers, never theretofore

surpassed, if even equaled, and fairly took the city by storm.

"More than once," writes Gluck, the composer—"more than once in composing my opera of 'Arnide,' has my imagination been fired by the thought of that fascinating magician, Mademoiselle Laguerre. What a superb voice! what action! And yet, they say, she is already rushing headlong to perdition.

Common report had scarcely calumniated her in this respect.

Almost at a single bound she had attained the very pinnacle of her profession. Something more than the rival of Arnould and Levasseur, she was both hated and feared by Saint-Huberti and other cantatrices of almost equal eminence, and she swept grandly on, adding the maturer laurels of the years to the giddy triumphs of her *début*. But, alas! she at the same time speedily formed less enviable associations. Her lovers succeeded each other in her fleeting regard in rapid succession; she obtained a reputation for avariciousness, as well as for licentiousness, playing with men's hearts as with shuttlecocks, while draining their purses with a smile; and she became the intimate and *protégée* of La Guimard—the notorious *danseuse*, La Guimard, whom Marmontel speaks of as *la belle damnée*, and for whom her lover, the Prince de Soubise, Spanish Ambassador, built a pleasure-house in Paris that was the wonder and scandal of even that luxurious age.

But it was probably before this that Laguerre had contracted the convivial habits that earned for her the chief and unenviable designation by which she is memorialized. La Guimard and she, with their dissolute companions of both sexes, presided at orgies in the hotel of the former, the character of which even "Les Mémoires Secrets" scarcely more than hint at. Her favorite everyday resort was a cabaret, with gardens attached, kept by one Berge, next door to the Academy of Music itself.

She became so used to depending upon stimulants as an artificial inspiration as to be totally unfit to appear upon the stage without being in a state of semi-inebriety, which, however, never betrayed itself to her audience. A revengeful supernumerary, whom she had insulted, once almost ruined her reputation by smashing her flask of *eau de vie* just as she was about to be called on for *Iphigénie*, and it was only through the good nature of one of the ballet-girls that she received a timely renewal of the "sinews of war" requisite to the *aplomb*, fire and *abandon* that distinguished her stage presence.

Accompanied by her faithful maid, Ninette, she would enter Berge's cabaret precisely two hours before the rising of the curtain almost every day, with the regularity of clockwork, retire to a secluded alcove or arbor, and there, after a light repast, absorb champagne in large quantities, topping off with several *petits verres* as the callboy would enter hurriedly to summon her to her dressing-room.

Often at this time she would seem scarcely able to stand; she would have to be almost carried to her room, and, owing to her violent and capricious temper, the task of dressing her for her part was a most onerous and trying one.

But the manager knew better than to despair. Though she would have to be supported to the very verge of the *coulisse*, she would no sooner step within the full blaze of the footlights than she would start into a magnificent and transfigured life.

The orchestral breathings, mingled with the first rustle of subdued applause that welcomed her approach, acted upon her as the breath of onset upon the veteran battle-steed.

She met the silent but searching challenge of myriads of eyes and scores of leveled lorgnettes with the serene brow and disdainful mien of conscious genius. Her whole being seemed electrified. She sang like a goddess, and every step, every gesture, was instinct with the divine delirium that seemed to buoy, elevate and sustain her in empyrean altitudes of art and song.

No wonder that the inscription on her picture, "Laguerre will be superb this evening; she is drunk," became a popular saying among her associates and admirers.

Her audiences applauded her to the echo. Frequently Berge, the cabaret-keeper himself, was among them, and his manner of testifying his admiration was quite as sincere as any other, though perhaps less complimentary. The worthy fellow regarded the singer's successes as a sort of creation of his own. His applause was but a disguise for the self-congratulation he felt over the magical efficacy of his own wines and liqueurs.

"Bravo! That was my Muscat speaking in that high chest-note," he was wont to mutter, under his breath, while beneath the spell of one of Laguerre's performances. "Ha, messieurs, it is not Laguerre, but my champagne, that is floating up in that *bravura*. *Parblieu!* wait till the *petits verres* begin to work! Then you will see soul, imagination, heaven itself, come rippling from those lips! Ah, this divinity! what would she be without me?" etc., etc.

In the meantime, Laguerre's ghost lost neither vitality nor persistence. The years glided by, the girl became the woman, the obscure novice blossomed into the laureled favorite of a world's recognition and esteem; but, seemingly, she might as well have escaped from her own shadow as from the silent, mysterious and reproachful following of that singular unknown.

Who was he? Whence came he? Why did she shrink from resenting his strange pursuit? Was he a pious brother, or the old-time lover of a bygone innocence, still cherishing the hope of causing her to turn from the brilliant but vicious career that was swiftly and surely sweeping her into its abyssmal vortex?

No one knew, and finally no one cared. The public grew tired of speculating about the stranger's identity and the mysterious relations that unquestionably existed between him and the actress, and finally grew to consider his presence as a matter of course.

No one seemed to know where he lived, seldom was he seen to exchange a syllable with any one, and he never smiled. He might have been the incarnation of Laguerre's own conscience—if she had any—so closely did he haunt her steps.

He lurked among her audiences, watched her sadly and reproachfully through every scene. Did she step from threshold to carriage he was there, looking perhaps over the lackey's shoulder with the gloomy, everlasting censure of his haggard gaze; he even ran after her carriage for miles, so as to meet her eyes again upon alighting from it. He never entered Berge's, but stood ever at the door, overlooking alike her brusque, rustling entrance and her maudlin, tottering egress with the same mournful, supplicating glance.

Besides being called Laguerre's ghost, he came to be designated as Laguerre's spaniel, and would doubtless have been spoken of still more brutally but for the mingled respect and dread in which he was evidently held by the actress herself.

But toward the close of her career, when her star was on the wane, and having refused to listen longer to amorous pleadings on the part of old lovers or new ones, she divided most of her time in taking care of the money and property she had wrung from her admirers and battling

the fell disease that for years had been insidiously but surely eating into her life, she began to lose patience with her phantom.

She was observed to have several interviews amid the shrubberies of the Luxembourg, in which she gave way to her anger, stamping furiously upon the ground and emptying upon his sorrowful but unshrinking head a volume of invective in that strange language which only those two seemed to understand.

A few evenings after such a scene had been secretly observed and commented upon—it was during the last years of her life, and at a season when the opera was closed—Mademoiselle Laguerre was entering the Hotel de Guimard upon the arm of no less a personage than the Prince de Guemenée, to attend a *fête champètre* given by the prodigal favorite of the Spanish Ambassador, when her attendant sprite, with unusual boldness, almost blocked her passage between the carriage and the door with his lugubrious presence.

Her escort only smiled, but Laguerre herself was angry and more or less under "the influence." For the first time in her life she turned in public upon her mysterious follower, and rebuked him with stinging and impetuous words, saying, half aloud, as she disappeared with the prince:

"*Ny a-t-il aucun de me débarrasser de ce cauchemar de ma vie?*" (Is there no one to rid me of this nightmare of my life?)

LEAF BY LEAF, AND TEAR BY TEAR.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 82.

It was but the expression of a momentary petulance, to be forgotten a moment later, but it was destined to have fatal effect.

Ninette, Laguerre's maid, had lingered at the *porte cochère* while her mistress entered the hotel, and a few minutes later, when the banqueters were already at table—with La Guimard at its head, and half the resplendent *aventurières* and titled sybarites of the day as her guests—she sent in a lackey to earnestly request a few words with Laguerre.

The latter was invariably averse to relinquish her seat without having feasted and drunk to satiety, and at the same time was equally aware that Ninette would not venture to interrupt her without very good reason, so she craved permission of the company to summon the maid to her presence, which was, of course, accorded.

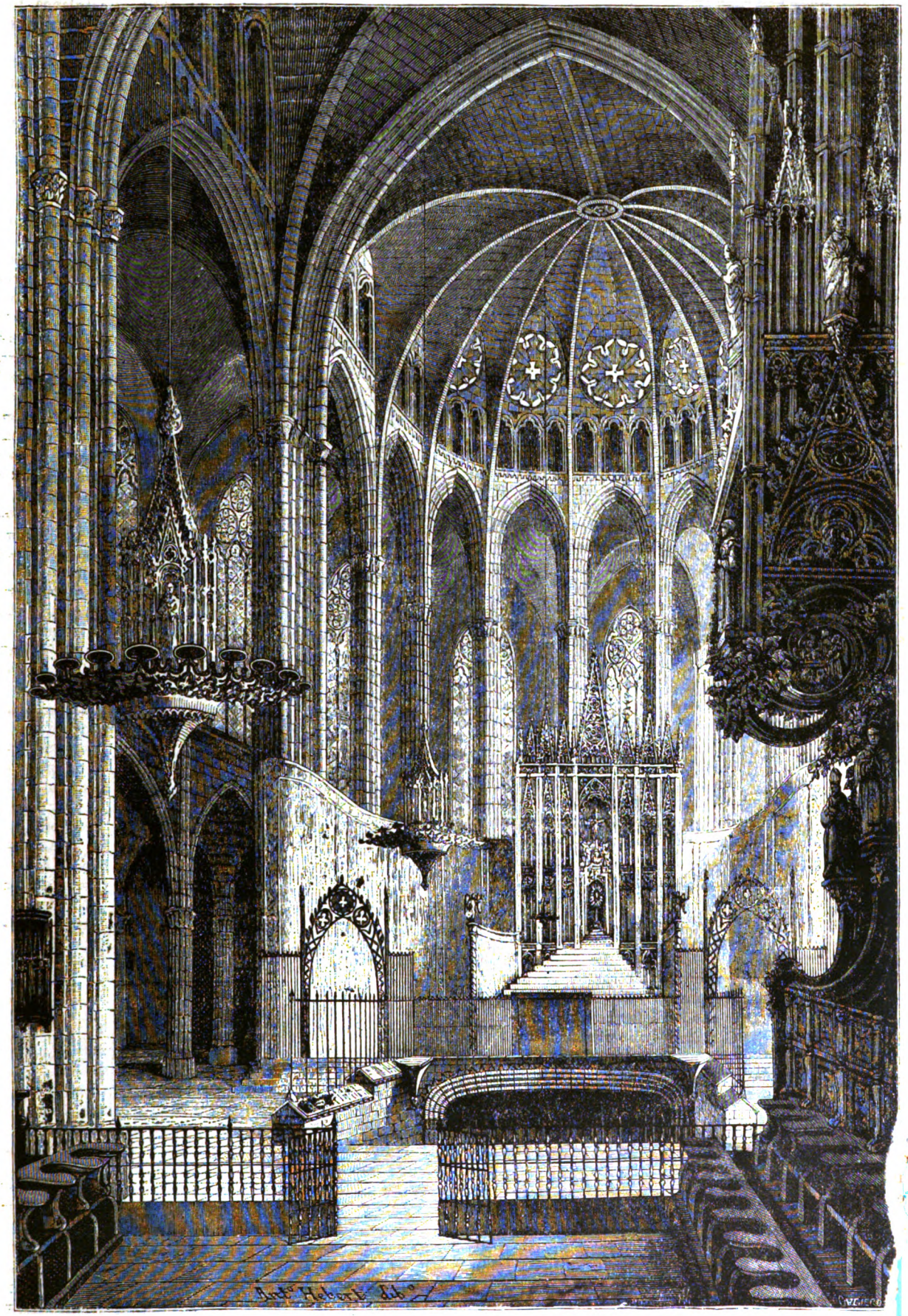
"Ah, mademoiselle," whispered Ninette, "I am afraid the poor ghost will be killed."

"*Mon Dieu!* explain," murmured Laguerre, greatly agitated.

"The angry words you let fall at the *port cochère* were overheard by the hot-tempered young Marquis de V——, who has so long vainly sought your favor," continued Ninette. "He at once lashed *le pauvre fantôme* over the legs with his rapier, and bade him follow him to the Bois de Boulogne."

"Oh, *ciel!* and then?" gasped Laguerre, turning deadly pale.

"Ah, *ma maîtresse*, and then *le pauvre fantôme*, after throwing up his arms despairingly, signified his assent.



THE CITY OF THE CATALANS.— THE CATHEDRAL AT BARCELONA.— SEE PAGE 87.

They went away to the Bois in the cabriolet. There will be a duel!"

Laguerre uttered a cry, and scarcely waiting to make the necessary excuses, hurried from the *salon* with Ninette.

In a moment they were in her carriage, which was being driven in the direction of the common Parisian dueling-ground at the top of its horses' speed.

They arrived at the Bois, but all too late.

As they entered a little moonlighted glade that was notorious for such scenes, the cabriolet containing the Marquise de V—— and his second was being whirled away.

Prone upon the turf, with no one at his side but one of the *habitués* of Bergé's cabaret, who had acted as his second, lay the unfortunate unknown, bleeding his life away in the moonlight.

As Laguerre sprang out of the carriage and rushed toward him with a wild, remorseful cry, he struggled first into a sitting posture and then to his feet. Thus he stood a moment, erect, with his gaunt arms stretched out threateningly toward her, and his hollow, fading eyes emitting their last reprobating glare, which now might also signify a malediction.

Then, without a word, he fell to the ground and expired; while the conscience-stricken singer threw herself with a shriek upon his remains, and swooned away.

The *bacchante* of the opera carried her mystery with her to the grave.

She had the remains of the unknown decently interred on the following day, and their resting-place marked by a plain tablet of marble, that was innocent of any design or inscription.

But she was never weary of denouncing the Marquis de V—— as a murderer. Far from his having gained anything in her esteem by this duel, she would never do so much as look at him again, and it was at her instigation that the Prince de Guemenée, the Duc de Choiseul and the Comte d'Artois so far exerted themselves as to permanently ruin the young noble's prospects at court and in the army.

The portrait which suggested this sketch must have been taken at about this time, as it was now that her health and spirits began to give way; and there is no disguising the intimations of secret sorrow and despair, as well as of breaking health, beneath the grace and beauty of the painted lineaments.

Josephine Marie Laguerre was yet young when she at last closed her eyes upon her brilliant, troubled and in many respects unenviable career.

Though she died possessed of much wealth—said to have been over a million livres—her well-known intention of leaving it almost all to the Church caused her to be deserted by most of her companions of pleasure during her final illness; and had it not been for La Guimard—kind-hearted but dissipated Guimard—who remained by her to the last, she would have died in comparative friendlessness and isolation.

She had congenial company in death, however, as in life. On the same day, and almost at the same hour, one of her most dissolute intimates, Louison Rey, a supernumerary dancer of the Grand Opera, died of galloping consumption at the Hotel de Guimard, in only her nineteenth year, and still fresh-looking and pretty.

DOMESTIC society is the prime charm of life. If our fireside is comfortable, we may despise the malevolence of the ingratitude of the world, and bear with fortitude the injuries of fortune.

A WHALE'S BLOW-HOLE.

A NEW white whale having been brought alive from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to London, Mr. Buckland thus speaks of its wonderful piece of mechanism, the blow-hole:

"The first unaided idea, of course, is that an animal destined to live in water must be a fish, and, of course, breathe by gills. I once terribly offended an old salt by telling him a whale was not a fish.

"'Hang it, man!' he says, 'I've been at sea, man and boy, for forty years, and now you tell me a whale is not a fish.'

"A whale, however, is pure mammalian, like ourselves. The young are born alive, and suck milk; their blood is warm; they have a four-cavitied heart; their bones, muscles, nervous system, resemble in structure those of mammalia.

"But the orders are that these great mammalia are to live all their lives in the waters, without ever coming out. Other creatures, notably the hippopotamus and the walrus, seals, etc., come out of the water when they choose, but get their food in the water.

"How, then, is the breathing of these animals to be managed? In the seal, etc., we find self-acting valves, that close the aperture in the nostrils as tight as a cork in a wine-bottle when the creature descends beneath the waves.

"In the whale we find altogether a different kind of self-acting breathing-valve. The windpipe does not communicate with the mouth; a hole is, as it were, bored right through the head.

"Engineers would do well to copy the action of the valve of the whale's blow-hole; a more perfect piece of structure it is impossible to imagine.

"Day and night, asleep or awake, the whale works his breathing apparatus in such a manner that not a drop of water ever gets down into the lungs.

"Again, the whale must of necessity stay a much longer period of time under water than seals, etc. This alone might possibly drown him, inasmuch as the lungs cannot have access to fresh air.

"We find that this difficulty has been anticipated and obviated by a peculiar reservoir in the venous system, which reservoir is situated at the back of the lungs. Seemingly this is unimportant, but it is of the greatest practical service to whalers.

"If the harpoon wounds this reservoir the animal will bleed to death; moreover, the whale has no valves in the veins useful to him in his subaqueous doings, but fatal to him when he has the ill-fortune to have a harpoon in his back."

THE SENSE OF SMELL.

THE sense of smell occupies itself with gases, for these alone can gain access to the organ, or cause the sensation of smell. Lest the reader should suppose this statement opposed to the testimony of his experience, from the well-known fact that solids, such as cedar-wood, camphor, and musk, excite the sensation of smell, while ordinary scents are preserved and carried about in a liquid form, it must be explained that these substances contain volatile essential principles, which, on free exposure to the air, are slowly given off in a state of vapor.

Some solids give off particles of their substance in a state of vapor without first becoming liquid, as is ordinarily the case. Thus snow, which coats the earth in Winter, will diminish daily, even though the air is frosty, and there is no melting process going on. In other cases, as

in cedar-wood, oils naturally volatile seem to be long entangled in the solid matter, and but slowly rendered to the air; but their odoriferous power is so great that very small portions of them produce strong perfumes. This is sometimes truly wonderful.

Doctor Carpenter states that a grain of musk may be freely exposed to the air for ten years, during which time it perfumes the whole surrounding air; yet when weighed, there is no perceptible loss observed. Matters which exhale odorous emanations are detected at a great distance, from the tendency of gases to pass through and diffuse themselves equally throughout all other gases. Thus, though there be but a very small escape of coalgas in one part of the room, it soon announces itself to the nose in every corner of the apartment. This is a faculty peculiar to gases, and produces many interesting results.

HOW CLOISONNE IS MADE.

To THE lovers of Japanese art it may be interesting to know how the ware known as shippo or cloisonne, so much admired by the æsthetic lover of bric-à-brac, is made. The process of its manufacture is full of interest. It is instructive to note the infinite care and tedious painstaking necessary on the part of the operative, from the inception of the design until the final completion of the article.

The first thing is to fashion the shape of the vase, plaque, or whatever it may be, from the sheet copper. This is done by brazing together pieces of copper that have been hammered into the required shape and then giving them the correct and artistic form to meet the idea of the designer. This is done by hand labor, all the lines being brought into harmony by the use of a wooden mallet.

After the article has been shaped it goes to the artist, who designs the ornamentations. He draws the outlines of the figure and scenes to be enameled on its surface with a black pencil. Then it goes to the hands of the operatives, who affix the delicate copper wires that divide the innumerable shades of color, and that are part of the design itself. An adhesive varnish is used by them to cause the delicate pieces of wire, which they apply with pincers, to remain in place. It is scarcely possible to contemplate this process without feeling the heart ache at the tedious work, slow and precise as it of necessity must be.

When a portion of the design is thus laid on it goes to another set of men, who render the work permanent by applying with a pencil-brush a thin coating of porcelain between the delicate wire-work. Additional wire is then applied until the entire design is laid out. To look upon an ordinary piece of shippo-ware and attempt to count the pieces of wire that are placed upon it would appall one, but to think of cutting these minute pieces and applying them one by one will give a conception of patience that knows no weariness.

When the tracery work is complete the article goes to the persons who apply the porcelain. They are surrounded with cups of porcelain paints of all colors and shades, which they put with their delicate brushes into the wire tracery in accordance with their conception of the harmony of color. Thus it is that no two pieces of this ware are duplicates. The designer of the ornamentation gives original conceptions, as his fancy moves him at the moment of drawing, the applier of the wire carries out his idea of filling in the outlines of drawings with his infinitesimal pieces, and the man who applies the porcelain enamel is his own judge of the colors to be laid on.

When the article leaves the hand of the one who has put on the enamel it goes to the furnace and is there roasted. The surface, when it comes from the oven, is of course very rough and uneven, and it is sent to the polisher, where it is rubbed with a kind of sand and pumice-stone until it is made smooth and lustrous as it is seen in its finished state.

THE CITY OF THE CATALANS.

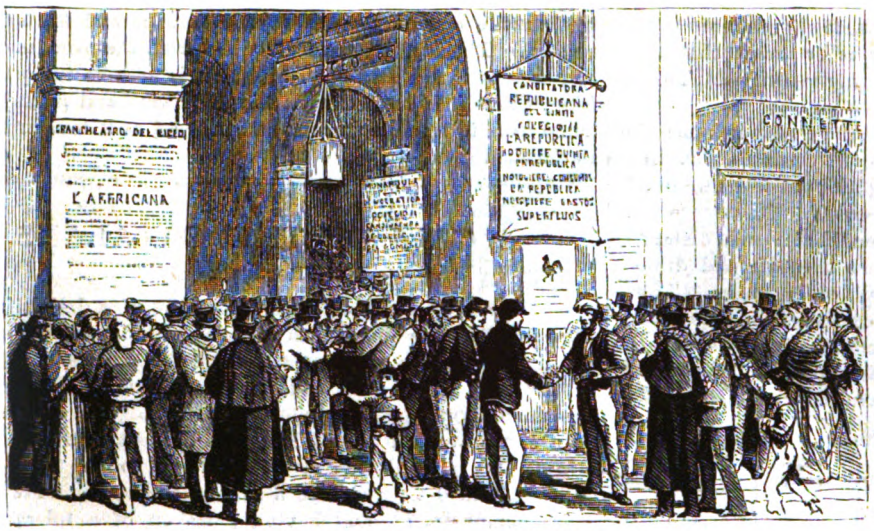
By N. Robinson.

It was at three o'clock in the afternoon of a delightful May day that the ponderous diligence thundered out of the foul-smelling yard attached to the stables of the Hotel Petit Paces, and commenced to rumble through the narrow but picturesque streets of Perpignan, *en route* to a climb over the Pyrenees and a descent into Sunny Spain. I preferred this mode of travel to the eternal railroad, and having secured a seat in the bow-windowed front compartment, and having partaken of a tolerable *table d'hôte* dinner, prepared to enjoy "to the last wheeze" the glories of the peerless Pyrenees.

I may briefly mention that I had run down to Marseilles from Paris; had done the latter seductive city, from the peep over the Mediterranean through the finger-nail of the colossal gilded statue that stands a thousand feet over the blue waters, to an ice at Moufflier's; at last struck Perpignan—a fearfully and wonderfully made little fortified town, its gates—how delightfully medieval this sounds!—guarded by the baggy-breeched sons of Gaul; its cafés swarming with gayly uniformed officers; its streets teeming with the peasantry from the surrounding country in their picturesque costumes. Perpignan is a brave old town, half Catalan, half French, and was dented with shot and shell since ever that grim old monk, Schwarz, invented gunpowder. It is the key to the Mediterranean side of Spain, hence its value from a strategetical point of view. It is utterly out of the world. It dozes during the day, waking up to repair to the quaint little park outside the Northern Gate—a park consisting of eight rows of magnificent old trees in straight lines, with seats round every trunk. Oh, these trees! How cut and carved their trunks! and what vows they have overheard from the lips of the lovers of centuries! A brawling stream darts by, spanned by innumerable rustic bridges giving upon wine-gardens, from whence bacchanalian strains from the lungs of inebriated rustics mingle with the plash of the swift-flowing rivulet. Donkeys, flashily accoutred and laden with market-produce, or spoils extracted from the shops in the town, pass and repass, followed by men in red caps and blue blouses, or maidens in the shortest possible skirts, and sabots resembling miniature Noah's arks.

I sat beneath the trees in the park, and listened to some of Strauss's waltzes performed by a military band, and after a fashion that would fairly cause the recently discovered mummies of the Ptolemies to take just one turn *à trois temps*. All the swells promenaded, and let me tell you that the confections of M. Worth have extended their ramifiations to this quaint, quiet little dozy corner of *La belle* France.

Crack, crack! jangle, jangle! hi, hi, hi! and off we dashed, the officers seated outside the cafés courteously bowing to me as I sat in my bow-window, the peasants staring—their eyes and mouths wide open, the shopkeepers nodding and waving hands to the driver, the children following, cheering vociferously, and half hidden in clouds of suffocating dust. We were soon out of the town, and having rattled through the village of Boulou, commenced



A MUNICIPAL ELECTION AT BARCELONA.

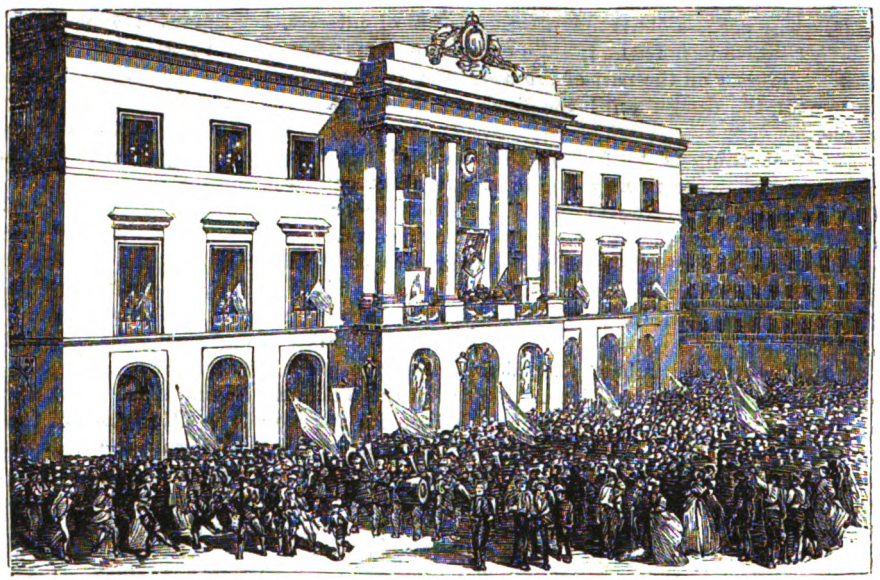
the ascent of the Col de Pertus. The diligence made such slow progress that I quitted my bow-window, and walked a mile or so in advance, over the very road traversed by no less illustrious personages than Pompey and Cæsar; while as for the Goths, they used it with a vengeance, and until Charles Martel hammered them into "good shape."

Louis XIV. erected the Castle of Bellegarde on a most commanding peak, the view from which is absolutely enchanting. This castle commands the pass between France and Spain.

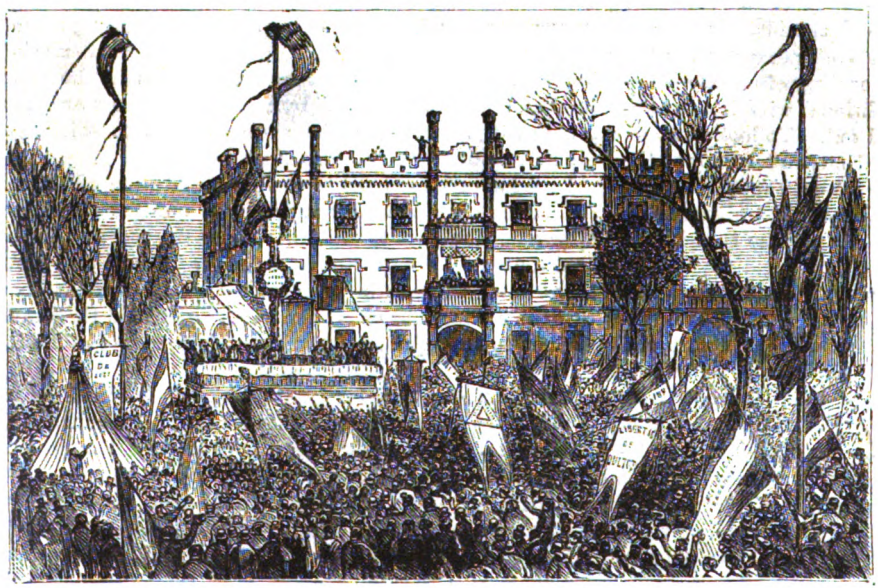
The rugged and ragged and jagged heights are dappled with the ruins of ancient fortresses, now so battered and bleached and hoary as to be scarcely distinguishable from the crags upon which they stand. That some of them are intensely picturesque the reader can well imagine.

At about half-past eight, just as the sun was streaking the sky with blood-red bars shot with gold, we struck the frontier, where gaunt, wolfish-looking gendarmes gruffly demanded our passports, eying us the while as though we were outlaws by profession and smugglers by predilection. All went well, however, and we were permitted to cross the stone bridge spanning a ravine, with a stream howling some three hundred feet below.

At Junquera, where we arrived about midnight, we were set upon by brigands, in the form of Spanish Custom-house officers, who, although it was raining cats and dogs and Jumbos, lugged us out of the diligence, tumbling our baggage through the mud into a sort of shed, lighted by a solitary lamp, where we were detained for about an hour, during which these true hidalgos diverted themselves by playing at hide-and-seek with the contents of our various valises. "What barbarians!" exclaimed a French lady, as a garment—well, a garment not usually exhibited in public—was held up, with a view to ascertaining if the lace embroidery was beyond the pale of ornamentation.



THE PLAZA DE LA CONSTITUCION, BARCELONA.



A STREET SCENE IN BARCELONA.

THE ROYAL PALACE AND CUSTOM-HOUSE, BARCELONA.

Here I purchased a black loaf and a bottle of Catalan wine. One bite of the bread was more than enough for me, one sip of the ruby and I had coal-tar in my mouth till I reached Gerona.

As day began to dawn the lights and shadows in the Pyrenees were of surprising grandeur. At various portions of the road I perceived waterproof-clad, cocked-hatted gendarmerie, a rifle carelessly lying across the left arm of each. These men stood motionless as statues, and never so much as deigned to notice us as we sped upon our way. This rural police is a very effective body of men, and highly prized by those in authority. They are nearly as picturesque as the Rural Guard of Mexico.

We darted past olive-groves and through the strongly fortified town of Figueras, where we changed horses, and at four A. M. jangled into the yard in front of the railway depot at Gerona. This town is, I believe, well worthy a visit, if only to "take in" the window-carvings on the façades of houses old as the Cid.

How delightful the change from the cramped-up bow-window to the train! What a stretching of legs and succession of luxurious arm extendings, accompanied by luxurious yawnings!

The railway to Barcelona runs along the bank, almost in the water, and is dotted with villages and Summer villas, and lined with cactus hedges.

Barcelona was soon recognized by the smoke of her factory chimneys, while Mount Juich—"Jew mountain"—with its wicked-looking fort, towered high in air over a forest of Gothic steeples.

The hotel touts bounded upon us. I was warned against the Oriental, while the Cuatros Naciones had been damned with faint praise. To the Cuatros Naciones I was duly conducted through the medium of a very jerky and kneading sort of stage, whose driver evidently possessed a partiality for the narrow streets, where the smell of garlic was thick and strong enough to be canned for exportation.

The major-domo, a very sallow personage, with Edgar of Ravenswood locks, and a shirt-collar open to the middle of his breast, received us with true Spanish courtesy, and I was elected to an apartment one story up, with a balcony giving upon the Rambla. A bath prepared me for *almuerzo*, or midday breakfast, served in a long, dark, but cool apartment, the rays of the sun being completely barred out. The so-called march of civilization having "leveled up" everything, this déjeûner was about the same as would be served in New York, St. Petersburg, Vienna, London or Venice.

The Catalan wine, of which I gradually became greatly enamored, was new to me. Its flavor at first savored of coal-tar, the substance coating the sheepskins in which it is kept, but latterly I forgot the tar and took to the ruby, being enabled at country ventas to hold the *bota*, or skin, on high and take my drink by letting the wine squirt into my mouth. This in a country where goblets are scarce, and garlic in plenty, is a safe and satisfactory mode of slaking the thirst.

Barcelona is the Cincinnati of Spain, and tacked on to this wondrous old city is a smart, pert suburb, resounding with the whirr of machinery, and thronged with "hands" of both sexes.

Happily, however, the old city is *so* old, and so conservative, that it contemptuously disregards its sprightly offspring, and retains its narrow, tortuous streets, its bizarre houses, with their quaint window-carvings; its shrines, its churches, and its foul smells, feeling perfectly secure and in nowise dismayed at the so-called "progress of the nineteenth century," or indeed of any other century.

Many of the streets retain the names given them while the Moors were rulers in the gilded halls of the Alhambra—Calle de la Plateria, Goldsmith's Street, Bread Street, Fish Street, and so on. One street, the Calle San Fernando, has, however, burst into plate-glass and a certain Parisian coquettishness that ill becomes it. This innovation should have moved "up-town." All the stores in one very narrow alley are exclusively devoted to the sale of images of the Madonna of Monserrat, who is held in great veneration by the Catalans, the celebrated shrine being but a hard day's journey from Barcelona. Another street is relegated to those long coffin-shaped trunks without one of which no true Spaniard ever leaves home.

While strolling in the direction of the Cathedral, let me say an historical word or two. Barcelona was a Laletanian city, founded by Hercules, of course, 400 years before Rome. Refounded 235 B.C., by Amilcar Barca, father of Hannibal, and thence called Barcino, it became the Carthago Nova of the North coast. The Punic city was small, and only occupied the hill Tabor, or just the present site around the Cathedral. In 206 B.C. it was made a colonia by the Romans. Taken about 409 A.D. by the Gothi-Alani, it soon rose in importance. After many changes and chances during the eighth and ninth centuries, in 878 it was rebuilt by an independent Christian chief of its own, whose twelfth descendant dropped the title of Count of Barcelona in assuming that of the King of Arragon. During the Middle Ages Barcelona was the lord and terror of the Mediterranean, and divided with Italy the existing commerce of the East. It was then a city of commerce, conquest, and courtiers of taste, learning and luxury—in fact, the Athens of the troubadour. Here, April, 1493, did Ferdinand and Isabella receive Columbus after his discovery and gift of the New World. In 1640 the Castilians rose against the taxation and violation of the usages of Philip IV., and threw themselves into the arms of France, turning, however, against her in the War of Succession and espousing the Austrian cause. The Duke of Berwick, under orders from Louis XIV. of France, put Barcelona to the sword, and, later, Bonaparte seized it by stratagem. Within the present century it has proved itself ever ready to revolt. In 1827 it rose for Don Carlos, in 1834 it opposed Christina; in 1840 it pronounced for Espartero, pronouncing against him in 1841.

I have arrived at the Cathedral, its walls bleached and battered by the hand of Time. The exterior is forbidding; the interior is very imposing. It was built on the site of a pagan temple. Its predecessor was converted by the Moors into a mosque. The first church was consecrated about the year 1058; of this little now remains but the doorway leading from the cloister into the south transept, and another leading into the Church of Santa Lucia.

The present Cathedral was commenced in 1298, and the last stone placed in 1448. The edifice is a type of the ecclesiastical architecture of Catalonia. The elevated steps at the approach, the belfry towers, the lofty roof supported by slender piers, the superb stained glass, the semi-circular colonnades which girdle the high altar, etc., etc. The *coro* and pulpits are Gothic, the organs ornamented with Saracens' heads, the pipes being horizontal, imparting to the instrument all the appearance of a gigantic mitrailleuse. An enormous Saracenic head, with a beard painted to resemble the stains of blood, is a conspicuous object, and a terror to delinquent juveniles.

In a chapel crypt below the high altar lies the body of St. Eulalia, the patroness of the city, and to whom the cathedral is dedicated. Put to death February 12th, 304, by Dacian, her soul ascended to heaven visibly, while her body was in due time miraculously revealed by its pass-

ing, in 878, to Bishop Frodoyno, who carried the "sweet corpse" to the cathedral, two kings, three queens, four princesses, cardinals, etc., etc., attending. The silver lamps were "annexed" by the French, as well as a considerable portion of the sacred plate. The chapter paid 40,000 livres to preserve the plate, and the guileless French took the money, then—they took the plate. *Vae Victis!* By a miracle, or next to it, the splendid gold custodia escaped.

The Order of Montesa was instituted in the Cathedral on July 22d, 1319, and here, in 1519, Charles V. celebrated the installation of the Golden Fleece. San Oldegar lies in a chapel all to himself. The gothic cloisters are beautiful with their frescoes and court of oranges and fountains of sparkling water, notably the fountain *de las Ocas*, so called since here was the canonical aviary. As the guild of bootmakers were benefactors to the Cathedral, a sculptured effigy, dated 1208, shows a *zapatero* sticking to his last. The tailors, too, stand out in bold relief.

To the right of the Cathedral steps is the Canon's almonry, and close by, the Plaza de Rey and the ancient palace of the Gothic Kings, given in 1487 by Ferdinand to the Inquisition.

The churches in Barcelona are thick as leaves in Vallombrosa, that of Santa Maria del May being the most imposing after the Cathedral. It was commenced in 1328 and finished in 1483, its stained glass being matchless. It is erected on the site of a chapel of the Goths. In the capilla San Miguel lies the body of the only painter that cotton-spinning Catalonia can boast, Antonio Villodomat. San Francisco is said to have visited a Franciscan convent burned in 1835, and in the Church of San Belem, in the Rambla, is the identical sword offered by Loyola on the altar of the Virgin of Monserrat.

I devoted a day, all too short, to visiting the Casa Consistorial and the Casa de la Disputacion, which face each other on opposite sides of the principal square near the Cathedral. The former was founded in 1365, rebuilt in 1609. The exterior stairs leading to its three stories are of exquisite design. The archives of Aragon are kept in the Casa de la Disputacion. They number 8,000, and only come down to the year 874. They are mines of historical information. I don't think much of the Lonja, or Exchange, beautified! by a French artist, in 1770. There are two of Villodomat's pictures here, both worth seeing.

Not far from the Exchange is the Palace of the Captain-General, which was built in 1414 for a cloth hall, but was turned into an armory in 1514. It has no pretensions to architectural beauty of any description.

This quarter of Barcelona is a mine of treasure to the architect or antiquary, but the treasure requires to be sought, since many of the richest finds are in the oddest and most out-of-the-way holes and corners—as, for example, in the private building, the Casa de Dusai, Calle del Regomir, now a dyer's yard, the classical pillars and rich sculpture bespattered and besprinkled with hideous pigments. Then the *patio* in the home of the Cardonas, near the Bajada de San Miguel. What a staircase! what an elaborate roof! what pillars, window-decorations, carvings and coats-of-arms! Another half dozen twistings and turnings and you stumble upon the fifteenth century home of Gralla y Despla. Further on is El Palace, that wondrous old edifice that first belonged to the Templars, and then became the palace of the wives of the Counts of Barcelona. The chapel used to be muchly frequented by the faithful, for did it not contain the prow of the galley *Victoria*, in which Don John of Austria commanded at the battle of Lepanto?

The Ajama, or Jews' Quarter, no longer exists, but its site is traceable; its wealthy inhabitants were all massacred in 1391. Barcelona would be rich in Roman antiquities were it not for the Goths and Moors and Spaniards, who razed and burned and destroyed for fifteen centuries, and with disastrous success. In the Calle del Paradis, some columns built upon by houses, are supposed to have been the termination of the aqueduct from Collcerola, of which an arch remains in the Calle de Capellans. There are six arches in one house; one in the *patio;* three in a large room, and two up in the garret. These have been called the tombs of Hercules, Ataufus, etc. Opposite the Puerta de Santa Lucia of the Cathedral are some Roman inscriptions in a place called Arcediano; and I found that a water-tank, from which some very frowsy elderly ladies were filling earthen pitchers to the tune of talking at a thousand words a minute, was nothing less than a splendid old sarcophagus, with reliefs representing the chase. There is yet a richer sight in store for the antiquary. Let him turn into the Caza del Pinos, Plaza Cucurella, and he will be confronted by a Roman female in marble, and with the head of a Bacchus. In a house in the Calle San Pedro Baja will be found another sarcophagus, also used as a tank. Roman sewers, *cloacae*, still exist in the Calle de la Boqueria and the Calle de Junqueras, while in the Gefatura Politica, on the staircase, is a colossal female foot, said to have been portion of a Juno.

If Spanish swords of the true Perrillo brand possess any attraction for the reader, I advise him to visit the Museo Salvador. I wound a trusty blade around my wrist as if it were a piece of whalebone. Such temper! Matchless.

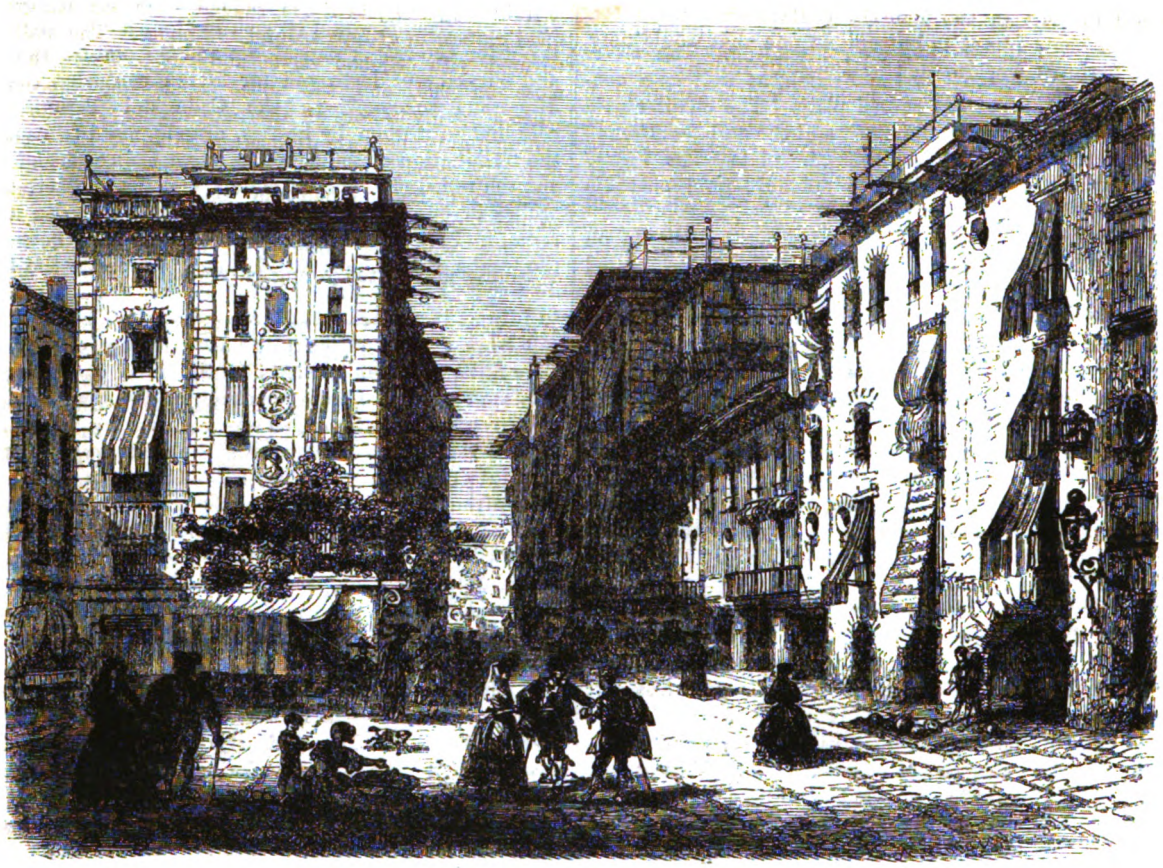
The Library of San Juan is open to the public every morning. It is situated in the Riera de San Juan, and contains 40,000 volumes, principally pickings from conventional libraries, ere the remaining volumes were destroyed by the mob. The MSS. of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries are things of beauty, as well as joys for ever, to the antiquarian. I also paid a visit to the Episcopal Library, which, in addition to 15,000 rare volumes, possesses a superb collection of MSS. and rare old coins.

The cemetery at Barcelona is unique. Immensely thick walls, pierced with openings, run in parallel rows, the openings in layers one above the other like pigeon-holes. Each niche admits a coffin, or two or three, as the case may be. The coffin is run into its receptacle, the wall is hermetically sealed, and the funeral is over. There is none of that terrible rattling of stones and clay on the coffin-lid, as with us—that sound which sends such an icy shudder through the hearts of the afflicted mourners. As I witnessed a funeral ceremony, and saw everything done so systematically, and so neatly withal, I gave my mental vote in favor of the Barcelona mode of interment.

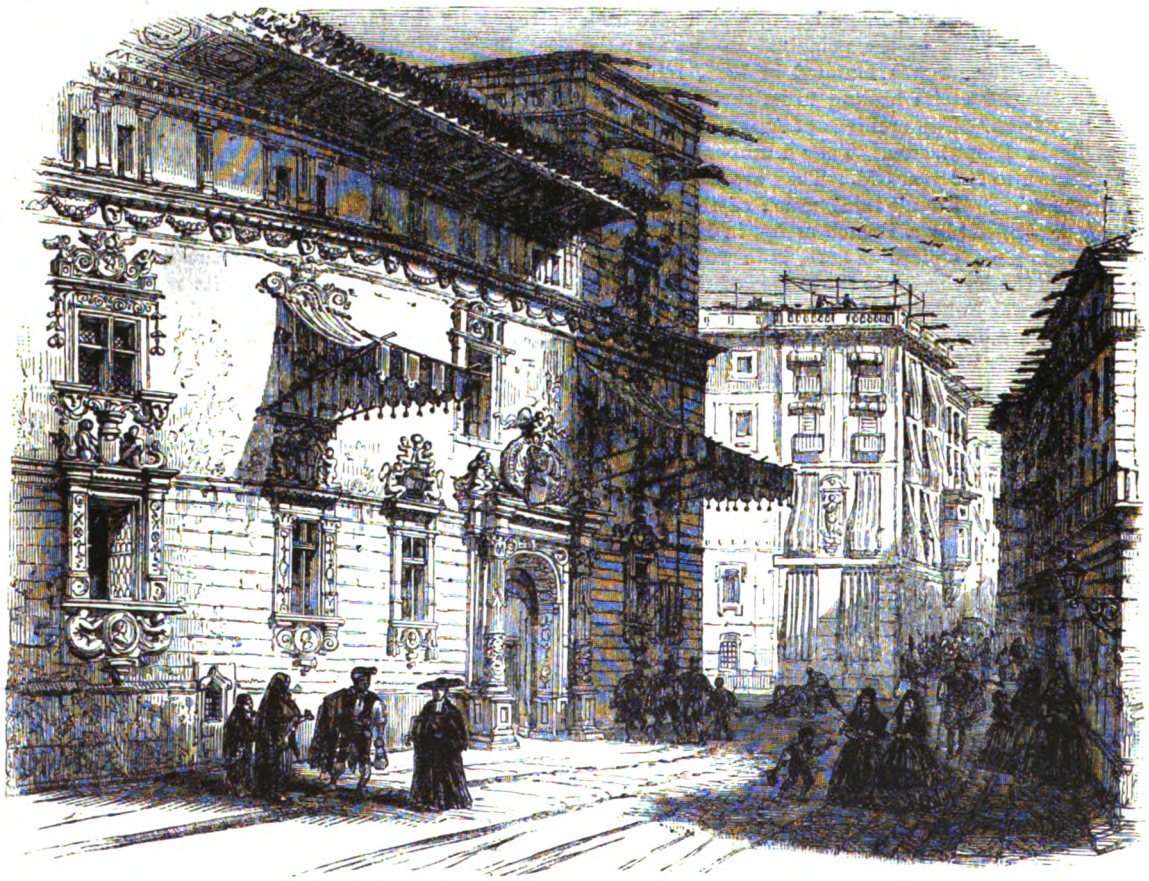
The perspective in this city of the dead was strange. It is a veritable city of the dead, for there are streets lined by houses several stories in height, each tenement containing its mute inhabitants.

Away with melancholy! Let me turn into the Rambla and take a saunter beneath the shade of its limes!

The Rambla is nearly two miles long, and extends from the harbor to the General Post-office. It is nearly straight, and gently rises from the Mediterranean. Six rows of trees adorn it, and beneath the trees for almost its entire length a flower-market is held every morning, the perfume of the semi-tropical flowers floating on the air, and caressing the nostrils. I used to leave my window open, and on awaking the scent of carnations saluted me with delicious fragrance. Never, in all my wanderings, did I behold carnations equal to those



A STREET-VIEW IN BARCELONA—THE PLAZA SAN AGUSTIN BELLA.



THE GRALLA HOUSE AT BARCELONA.

exposed for sale in the Rambla at Barcelona, and for a couple of cents I used to buttonhole one that would defy all the perfume ever distilled by Piesse or Lubin.

The Rambla is the great promenade, and is thronged, I may say, at all reasonable hours. Of course, during the terrific midday heat it is comparatively empty, but it is used at early morning by mantilla-attired señoras and señoritas, on their way to and from church; later on the housewives and dueñas occupy it, *en route* to market. In the afternoon the carriage-ways on both sides are crowded with equipages that would do no discredit to the Central Park, while shopping is done in the various and *expensive* stores which line the Rambla for nearly its entire length. In the evening everybody turns out—entire families, officers from the various barracks—and isn't Barcelona full of them?—nursemaids with daintily attired children, flashily dressed girls from the factories, attended by shoddy-clad admirers. Military bands play in Summer, and impromptu waltzes are gotten up by merry couples, who have assisted all day at the waltzing of shuttles, while the bystanders aid the dancers by a snapping of fingers, in imitation of castanets.

CATALANS RUSHING TO THE CITY HALL, BARCELONA.

Nearly opposite the Fonda de las Cuatros Naciones, and in the Rambla, stands the Royal Opera House, one of the largest in the world, and which when full presents a *coup d'œil* as unique as it is charming. It was built in 1847 on the site of a convent; burnt in 1861, it was rebuilt in the following year. The height of the *Sala* is enormous; there are five tiers of boxes above the pit tier, and, owing to the divisions being only on a height with the frontage, they appear all to communicate. The decorations are white and gold, with a little delicate coloring introduced on prominent points; the roof is painted in bright frescoes, and around are medallion portraits of the great composers. It is lighted by 364 jets of gas, ranged, each beneath ground glass globes, in groups around the house. The stalls are covered with crimson velvet and gilt borders; they are close on 900, and the house holds 4,000 spectators. Operas are given here on alternate nights; on the intervening nights there are dramas and dancing. The orchestra is pretty good, but the house deserves a better. The *foyer* is very fine. I had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of a young prima donna, Señorita Pillar Enrique, who was stopping at the same hotel. This charming and gifted young lady was gracious enough to provide me with a seat in her box on two gala occasions, so that I saw the Opera House at its very best. As the Barcelonians are particularly partial to amusements, and, in fact, to all kinds of gayety, they have acquired such taste in self-decoration and personal adornment that a very fine general effect is produced when the great auditorium is packed from parquet to god-land. At the Opera House one sees a perfect dark, and, I may say, blazing beauty; for amidst the rich silks, the gorgeous satins, the sparkling jewels and the glistening fal dals of all colors, especially the immense fans, there shines out from every female face the flash of the Spanish eye, telegraphing the emotions of the human soul as the music falls, stirring like a breeze upon its chords. The variety of uniforms, too, glowing in all parts of the *salle*, renders the scene exceptionally gorgeous, and the manner in which the glittering multitude occasionally excitedly rises *en masse* to applaud and wave handkerchiefs as it spontaneously feels the sudden effect of some passage of unusual power is perfectly electrifying.

The moment the curtain falls, everybody turns into the *foyer*, where cigarettes are lighted and *granazao* partaken

of—a delightfully cooling substance, less solid than ice, and more easily "scooped in." It is flavored with orange, lemon, banana and pineapple, according to desire. Opera is enthusiastically patronized, especially Italian, and Barcelona is regarded as a happy hunting-ground by the *impresario* who knows how to deal with Spaniards. The Teatro Principal is devoted to the drama, and is occasionally visited by a French company. It is a handsome house, decorated in crimson, white and gold.

From the opera to the Plaza de Toros is an easy transition, as one witnesses a bull-fight during the day and attends the opera at night. The Bull Ring, situated in the quarter called Barcelonetta, where the poorer and laboring classes, together with a community of shipchandlers, reside, has no pretensions in appearance to anything else than what it is—namely, a great wooden slaughter-house. It is very large, and capable of seating 18,000 spectators. I was lucky in attending a fight where two extra bulls were graciously awarded by the Alcalde, and in beholding one matador stand thirty-five minutes in front of a bull ere he could deliver the final sword-thrust, during which period of time, the luckless toreador was pelted by a thousand oranges, a hundred hats, a few dozen canes, a rare selection of fans, while as for cigars, they flew about his uncovered head like hail, while a storm of yells and groans and hisses ascended to the azure.

I mentally resolved that I would never witness another bull-fight. Bah! I was in my place on the following Sunday, and the next, and the next. The "hush" that falls upon the spectators as the bull darts into the arena is like that of the Derby after the cry, "They're off!" It lasts but an instant, but is so perceptible as to prove startling.

The display advertisements announcing a *Corrida de Toros* are works of art, and I would respectfully recommend them to the greatest showman on earth, Mr. Barnum. A deal of betting took place at my hotel on a certain bull, books being made as at a racecourse. I backed the unfortunate animal for a few pesetas, and at the close of the *corrida* found myself in possession of ten times the amount put down. This being my only wager while in Spain, I record it.

Before I quit the subject of the amusements of the Barcelonians, I may mention that the most exquisite little Summer theatres line the magnificent Gracia boulevard. The audience is seated in the open air, the stage only being covered. At one of them, Pie Catalan, I attended the performance of a most delightful opera bouffe called "El Barberillo de Lavapiez," and I wonder greatly that some American manager has not imported it, especially as "Carmen" has proved such a mine of wealth. The music is sparkling, and one can whistle portions of it on the way home, which is a true test of its "snap." The situations are delightfully funny, and the scenery and dresses immensely fetching. In the first act the cachuca is danced by a student, a padrone, a señorita and a dueña. I was so pleased with the performance that in an enthusiastic endeavor to *encore* it, I outraged Spanish propriety, and was invited to move toward the door. This ceremony over, I was re-admitted, and the cachuca repeated. The reproof was grave, the concession gracious. I bowed my thanks to the audience, and was applauded.

There are numerous dancing gardens in the Gracia. One dance, called the Americano, is a naughty form of the "Danza," which I have seen performed so gracefully at private houses in Mexico. This dance is grace and elegance itself when danced properly, but as performed in the Gracia is simply disgraceful.

The Gracia extends for a couple of miles, is very wide, and exquisitely cared for as regards roadway, trees and grass-borders. Some of the most palatial dwellings I have ever beheld line this boulevard. They belong to the merchant princes of Barcelona, and are chiefly built of white marble, in the Moorish fashion; the balconies, gates, etc., being richly gilt. Great courts stand in the centre of each, ornamented with fountains and the most varied-hued flowers. The windows are protected by outstretched striped awnings. Anything more rich or more inviting than these palaces it is difficult to conceive.

I was fortunate enough to receive an invitation to dinner to the residence of Don Ramon Guzman, who conducted me through the entire mansion. The interior was even more handsome than the exterior, and that post-prandial hour, reclining in a caressing arm-chair, on a balcony overlooking the court, the moon bathing everything in liquid pearl, the perfume of the flowers filling the night breeze, and strains of music wafting themselves like sighs from the theatre at the other side of the Boulevard, together with the *granazao* dashed with cognac, is one of the most soothing in the whole of my checkered career. When my ship comes in I—what will I not do?

The hill of San Pedro Martir ends Gracia, and to this charming resort the Barcelonians repair in force upon Sundays and Saints' days, to sip the Catalan wine, suck oranges and eat bolao in the numerous gardens dotting its crest. By all means ride out to this mountain, and on the roof of the horse-car. Avoid, if possible, sitting next a representative of the military, as between perspiration, owing to the heavy uniform, garlic, and half-naked feet, the guaraches, or sandals being their only covering, the aroma is not that of Araby the blessed.

Beyond San Pedro Martir are Sarria and Sanche, the latter the gitana, or gypsy quarter. The pepper woods on the hills are favorite picnicking places, but single couples should not stray from the main body, be the occasion for soft whisperings ever so propitious, for the mountaineers have an ugly reputation, and the prowlers therein are a little too free with the *macheta*. The view from these woods is superb. The blue Mediterranean, dappled with white sails, the harbor with its outstretched arms, the city rich in spires and domes and cupolas, and—factory chimneys; the Genoese-looking, red-tiled houses in Barcelonetta; Mon Juich with its grim fortress, and away to the right and left the scimitar-shaped beach, dotted with villas white as the driven snow.

The lounger in Barcelona is perpetually returning to the Rambla, and he never tires of finding himself beneath its perfumed shade. The national costume is *en evidence* here—at least it is on the Rambla that one is most certain of beholding it, for the march of progress in "leveling up" costume, and save at Seville, and in the heart of the Basque provinces, the attire is third-rate French boulevard. The ladies repair to the early morning church services in the graceful *mantilla*, as it is *de rigueur* to assist at the Mass in the time-honored costume, and it is only on such occasions that this exquisite national dress is seen in full blossom.

Knots of men of the lower order collect in the early morning on the Rambla, attired in velveteen knee-breeches, white gaiters, shirts, with showy waistcoats, and wearing sandals. On their shoulders they carry brooms. These men are for hire, and the broom is the sign of their being desirous to earn a *cuarto* or two. As a rule, if one if these men earns a *peseta* (25 cents), he leaves off work, goes to the Venta and spends it in *vino tinto* and *bolao*. It seldom occurs to him that it would be better to work a little longer and earn two *pesetas*.

Country-folk affect the Rambla, and their quaint cos-

tumes, the ladies being as showy as macaws, add to the general enlivenment of the scene.

I would warn the visitor to Barcelona never to pass nearer to the harbor than the barracks. The sewage of the city empties itself into the harbor, and as the Mediterranean is almost tideless, the "rank compound of villainous smell" is appalling. I had occasion to go out in a boat to meet the *Donau*, one of the magnificent steamers plying between Marseilles and Barcelona, as some friends were on board whom it was my bounden and pleasurable duty to meet, and when but half-way toward the steamer the effluvium from the harbor absolutely made me ill. The garrison, however, seem to like it, and along the quay, morning, noon and night, soldiers with "ladies fair" are to be seen in every position denoting *dolce far niente*.

The military Masses are attended by the rank and fashion of the city, on account of the music. The entire gallery of each church in which the Mass is celebrated is devoted to the band, which performs secular and very *chic* music during the entire service, save at the elevation of the Host, when a silver bugle rings out, arms are presented, and the national anthem played.

A visit to Mon Juich repays, but it should be done either in the early morning or in the late afternoon. The mount is only 735 feet high, but for stratagetical reasons, the road is so zigzagged that the ascent seems to be interminable. This mountain, as I have already stated, stands like a grim, gigantic sentinel over the city, its fort showing a very prominent set of wicked-looking iron teeth. The garrison is usually 600 strong, sometimes stronger, and the newest princples of defense are being continually experimented upon, so as to render the fortress absolutely impregnable, a certain section of the Barcelonese having a sneaking regard for it in the event of a *pronunciamiento*. I made the ascent on a gray day—at least the morning was cloudy, but by the time I got half way to the summit old King Sol peeped from behind his vail and began to grill me. I turned out of the road to seek the friendly protection of a fig-tree. I had been forestalled, for there on the sward, beneath its shade, lay the veriest-looking villain I ever placed eyes upon, and I have seen a few. He was, without exception, the most cutthroat-looking rascal it is possible to conceive, and would have made the fortune of a melodrama in the Old Bowery Theatre. Luckily, he was fast asleep, and in his right hand, which lay upon the grass, was a shining double-edged knife. How quickly I regained the highroad may never be told!

The challenges, as you mount to the fort, are as numerous as the ticket-checking on a trip to Coney Island. You are suspected, and dirty faced sentries gaze at you as though plunging their bayonets into your intestines would afford them the greatest pleasure in life. Within the fortress they are civil enough, and a young officer, a very obliging and gentlemanly fellow, took the greatest pains in exhibiting the superb panorama that surrounded us on all sides, pointing out the chief places of interest, and giving me "straight tips" as to what was best worth seeing outside the *enceinte* of the city. I met him subsequently at the opera, and initiated him into the dulcet mystics of a B and S.

From the Rambla—how I haunted it!—you turn into the market, and what a market! What color! What a babel of tongues! I never, not even in the famous Billingsgate, heard the tongue of woman wag to such shrill, discordant music as in the market at Barcelona. She repairs thither for the sole purpose of "barging" and bargaining. The marketing is done every morning, so that she has her meal of talk as regularly as her breakfast. She buys the leg of a fowl at one stall, the wing at another, and the liver at a third. Then she gives the butchers a benefit, while driving a desperate bargain for the smallest cutlets, and the quaintest Liliputian joints. The fishstalls are her happy hunting-grounds, for the question of freshness is one that admits of very extensive illustration. Then come the vegetables, a bunch of radishes here, an onion there, until she winds up with bolao, and having completed her purchases and discharged her battery of invectives, she repairs to the adjoining church, and in the dim religious light offers up a pious prayer ere turning homeward to her picturesque little kitchen, a kitchen a perfect symphony in blue and yellow tiles, and worthy of that Princess in the "Arabian Nights" who made those seductive cheese-cakes. It makes one shudder to see the manner in which housewives and little girls carry home live fowls or lambs or rabbits. The legs of the unfortunate birds are tied together with a horrible tightness, their heads hanging downward, and are conveyed in this position, the good dame stopping to complete her purchases or to chat with some gossip, utterly regardless of the writhings of the luckless bipeds. Lambs and rabbits are conveyed after the same fashion. Callousness to the sufferings of animals is alleged to be due to the bullfights, as the tiniest children are brought to witness the tortures and death-struggles of the bulls, and the still more disgusting sight of the disemboweled horses, their entrails trailing along the ground or garnishing the horns of the bull.

The Presideo, or convict prison, is a very large establishment, and usually full. The system of prison-labor is adopted in all its thoroughness, the inmates being instructed in different trades. They receive one-half their earnings—part at once, which is instantly expended on cigarettes—the balance on leaving. They are well fed, and the juvenile offenders, in addition to being well taught, receive an extra allowance of nourishment.

Barcelona is beginning to feel proud of its very youthful park, and in time, this budding institution may hope to vie even with the Rambla. At present, however, it scarcely deserves the name, and garden would prove a better title. To those who love the whirr of the spinning-jenny a visit to any of the numerous factories around the city will, of course, prove a source of interest. It is a picturesque sight when the bell rings for the midday meal to see the "hands" grouping themselves on the shady side of the building, the girls and men picnicking, and, the meal over, the click of the castanets is sure to make itself heard when a chorus rises on the Summer air. As a rule, the Spaniards have singularly unmusical voices, and their songs are nothing but a low, monotonous chant. It is only in the dance that vitality displays itself.

The Pordioso, or party who begs "for the love of God," is a pest in Barcelona, and the stranger is mercilessly attacked, not only in the entrances to the churches ere pushing aside the heavy curtains, but in the streets and most frequented places. Except at Killarney, I never was so pestered by beggars as in Spain, especially in Barcelona.

Barcelona is admirably adapted as a Winter residence for invalids, and I found many of this unhappy confraternity lingering in the lap of Spring. It possesses all the social advantages of a capital city; it has one of the most magnificent opera-houses in the world, where the newest operas are superbly mounted and admirably rendered. Its carnival season is reported to be the jolliest in all Spain; while it enjoys a warmer Winter temperature than either Rome or Naples. It can be struck by steamer from Marseilles in twenty hours, by rail from Perpignan or by diligence. The Fonda Cuatros Naciones is only so-so, but its location is admirable, and I am informed that its

THE PROCESSION OF CORPUS CHRISTI AT BARCELONA.

managers are learning to unbend a little, their necks during my sojourn being considerably stiffer than their shirt-collars.

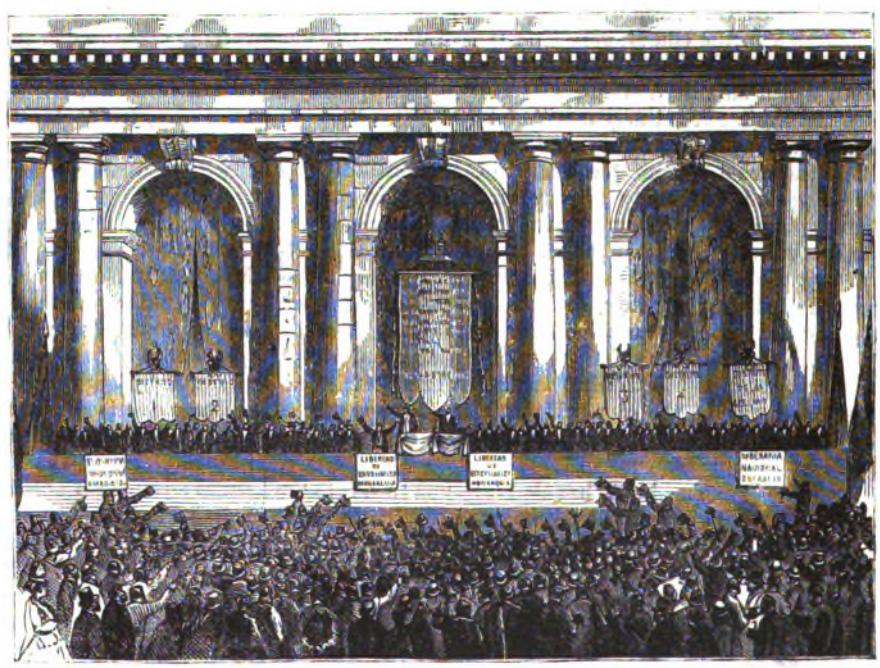
From Barcelona the visitor can make some charming trips, especially that to the far famed Monastery of Monserrat, which owns its foundation to the miraculous image of the Virgin, the handiwork of Luke the Apostle, which was brought to Barcelona in the year of our Lord 50, by St. Peter. The extraordinary mountain, "Mons Serratus," upon the summit of which the convent is perched, is indeed jagged as a saw. It rises an isolated gray mass, about twenty-four miles in circumference, with a range of height of 3,800 feet. The rent which divides this tremendous wall is said to have been made at the moment of the crucifixion, and it is indeed Titanic.

The population of Barcelona is about 230,000; in 1876 it was 215,965, so the city is most decidedly looking up.

I would advise American tourists to visit Barcelona. Spain is only thirty-six hours from Paris, and Africa does *not* commence with the Pyrenees, Alexandre Dumas to the contrary notwithstanding. If the weather be warm the tourist might go to Saragossa, and work round to San Sebastian, one of the most picturesque watering-places in the wide world. Saragossa is well worth a peep, while San Sebastian is just one of those enchanting spots where one lingers to the very last. By adopting this line of travel the tourist will have entered Spain on the Mediterranean side and quitted it by Biscay's Bay.

There is more of color, fascination and new sensation in a trip to Spain than to any other European country. The country is strange and beautiful, the habits and manners of its people novel and striking; it is out of the beaten track, and is absolutely *terra incognita*. Go to Spain.

In the arrangements of nature there is nothing done in vain.



DEMONSTRATION IN FRONT OF THE LONJA AT BARCELONA.

A SILVER WEB.—"A YOUNG MAN WITH A PLEASING, ARISTOCRATIC ENGLISH FACE, CAME QUICKLY FORWARD, LAYING HIS HAND ON THE GIRL'S BOWED HEAD. 'WHAT IS IT, MARGHERITA?' HE SAID."— SEE NEXT PAGE.

A SILVER WEB.

By Carrie D. Beebe.

Above is a soft Italian sky; below, a world covered greenly with velvet moss, grasses and nodding plumes of verdure; and between the world and sky a balmy, languorous air, heavy with perfume from the orange and lemon groves—this is without the city. Within, set in a narrow lane, almost an alley, stands a house, like the others about it, always comfortless, and rapidly falling to decay.

It has no windows below, the only light and air come through the open door, and in them are no whispers of perfumed flowers, only a heaviness that makes one long for the country, with its shaded groves and cool, flowing streams.

Sitting in the doorway, in a well-worn gown and cap, is a woman past middle-age, with small, piercing black eyes, a skin like parchment, and hands drawn out of shape with rheumatism. She sits and dozes at intervals, and watches the passers-by. While at her right hand, where the light from the doorway falls in a bright bar across the silken web she is weaving, sits a young girl at her loom, swiftly tossing to and fro a shuttle wound with shining thread.

As beautiful as the crone is ugly, she seems quite as much out of place in the dingy apartment, with its cheerless aspect and damp earthen floor, as the beautiful fabric she is weaving. Sometimes the old woman's glance lingers upon the girl in fond, silent admiration, and the dim eyes light as they rest upon the softly rounded face with its creamy-olive complexion, paler than that of the maidens one usually meets in this fair city of the South.

The Italian lips were full and red, yet set together with English firmness; the eyes were lustrous and dark, with narrow, arched brows above them; and the heavy black hair was the glory of the proudly-shaped head, for it had a hint of the purple, metallic glitter we see on the plumage of birds, and rose high above the parting over her brow from its very luxuriance of growth, and hung in two long braids at the back, below her waist.

The silk she wove was bright and glittering, too; of that intense shade known as peacock-blue. It was heavy and soft, and grew as if by magic under the swift, delicate fingers, whose cleverness seemed a natural gift, for they were too soft and fair to have known continuous labor.

Occasionally the woman in the doorway exchanged a word with some one who passed along the street, for many paused to toss her a pleasant word for the sake of better viewing the fair worker. But the girl wove on; she had plenty of admiring glances, but she needed bread far more.

Like Enid, she wore a gown of faded silk, and wore it, too, right royally.

"Margherita," called the crone, at last, "why art thou so silent this fair morning? Thou art not ill?"

"No, my good Assunta."

"Nor sad, my girl?"

"Nor sad," repressing a sigh; "but the Spring air lacks vigor, and it takes all my force of will to throw my shuttle through the warp. I have no strength for words."

"And yet," in a playful tone, with an undercurrent of earnestness, "if Mr. Seymour, the young English artist, chanced this way, couldst thou not find a word for him?"

"Not even for him." The shuttle flew faster than before, and the pale face glowed with faint color.

"Thou art sad, my child," said Assunta, rising with an effort and drawing her chair nearer the loom. "It is selfish for me to sit in the sunshine, and thou working in the gloom. Thou art thinking of how unlike to this was thy lot two years ago."

"Perhaps I was," the girl returned; "but I was especially thinking of my mother's country, fair England, and wondering if I might ever see its shores again. Even the poor there live in houses almost grand, and high, not rude and low like ours."

"But many of the poor there, Margherita, work in deep mines in the bowels of the earth; dark, cruel mines, that never see the light of day. Surely, thy work is better, child?"

"True, dear friend. Some English lady, titled and fair, will perhaps wear the beautiful silk I am weaving for a court dress, trimmed with the softest Brussels lace, and velvet for her train." And then she turned aside that a tear might not fall upon her work. "Ah, bear with me, Assunta!" she said; "my thoughts go wrong to-day, but my heart is right, and by-and-by——"

"Ah, dear heart—by-and-by! What will come then? How could I know when thy father's sudden death left thee in my care, that my hard strong hands would fail me, and thy fair tender ones be forced to labor instead? When I see thee thus, gentle and uncomplaining, working as if it were thy birthright instead of——"

But the shuttle had grown still, and springing from her loom, the girl threw herself down beside the woman, and buried her head in her lap.

"If I could die, Assunta!" she cried; "if I could die!"

"Curse him!" the woman muttered, as her stiff, shriveled hands stroked clumsily the shining hair.

A shadow darkened the doorway: a young man with a pleasing, aristocratic English face looked within, and, though he received neither look nor word of welcome, he came quickly forward, laying his hand upon the girl's bowed head.

"What is it, Margherita?" he gently said.

The sobs ceased. The sad, tear-stained face was lifted proudly; the wet eyes met his without shrinking, as the lips steadily answered:

"It is nothing!"

Then, rising, with a cold bow, Margherita turned and went up the narrow staircase to her room.

"Tell me, Assunta," Herbert Seymour said, as soon as the girl's footsteps died away, "has any trouble befallen you?"

The woman turned her face coldly away.

"Why will you not answer me?" he asked. "As a friend, I beseech you to tell me the cause of Margherita's tears?"

"You wish to know?" she said, suddenly. "I will tell you. Already you are aware the child is of gentle birth, but poverty has brought her to this. You came, and because you said soft words to her in her mother's tongue, which otherwise she rarely hears, her whole heart went out to you. This you saw and encouraged. It was enough for a time that she saw you often; it brightened the long days, and tinged with the color of pleasure her sad life. But she finds at last your words are frivolous; you have amused yourself because she wore her heart upon her sleeve, that is all. And now I ask you to go your way, and trouble us no more."

The man stood for some moments in silent thought. He was surprised; but he felt the woman's words were half true, and then he was accustomed to take things

calmly, for he, too, was of gentle birth, and had seen much of the world.

"My good Assunta," he said, at last; "were I to come to you with a proposal for Margherita's hand, would you —would she—refuse me?"

"When you do come with such a proposal," she answered, "we will consider it, sir."

"Enough. I understand and respect your pride. Perhaps, since I am scarcely in a position to marry at once, I did wrong in seeking Margherita's society so constantly. I am the second son of a baronet, and my allowance is too small to allow me to live as I would in England, though here I can pursue my art in comfort. I have been, and have made it no secret, strangely interested in Margherita. Do not send me away, now, but give me a little time to consider the matter; if I find upon reflection I do not love her enough to make her my wife at once, I will bid her adieu and see her no more."

Margherita's girlish figure paused half-way down the staircase, while he spoke. When he finished she came and calmly confronted him.

"Pardon me," she said, "if I overheard your words. Assunta is wrong if she attaches any blame to your conduct. I am but a simple girl, easily charmed, and if I gave you my love unsought, it was not your fault, but mine. I am ignorant of the world's ways, but I know that those who truly love have no need to pause and consider. You have done me the honor to like me a little; were either of us rich, you might even ask me to be your wife. But you have not the means to support me without giving up some luxuries; hence you hesitate. You are very right, and I am not wrong—if I do not see you any more. Mr. Seymour, I will bid you good-morning and good-by."

She turned to her loom and began to toss her shuttle to and fro, but in an uncertain way. He came and stood beside her.

"Margherita," he said, very gravely and earnestly, "I love you!"

She turned her face away, but not before he saw the skeptical curve about the mouth.

"Why do you doubt me?" he cried. I love you as I love no one else upon the earth!"

"Perhaps people love differently," she answered; "for me, I would do anything for those I love. I would work my hands sore for Assunta—I have, many times. You see me—ah, God! how poor—fainting under unaccustomed work. You think, 'I could take her out of this drudgery, it is true, but if so I must give up many luxuries I now enjoy.' Is this love? Heaven protect me from it, if love it really be!"

"Margherita, I may have been thoughtless, but, indeed, I am not the monster you picture me. I love you, dear child; I am very, very sure of it now, and I ask you, in all sincerity and reverence, to be my wife."

His face was white, this man who was always so collected and cool, and he was trembling with excitement. Margherita was very calm.

"Hush!" she said. "Do not speak words you may afterward regret. Passion is a fitful fever, and momentous questions should not be settled when one is under its power. No man who lives shall say he stooped to take me for his wife; and should you marry me, you would think it, even though the cruel reproach might never pass your lips. Nay, do not look so resolute; I can be firm, too, if need be, and though you ask me a thousand times, when you had finished I would tell you, I cannot be your wife!"

"Margherita," he answered, sadly, "when I would soothe, I only vex you; so, for the present, I will go, as you bid me. I love you, and you shall believe it some day. To-morrow I will come again at this hour, but now, dear child, good-by."

The hand that held the shuttle trembled a trifle. He caught it in his own and held it to his lips, kissing it softly, and then he went away.

Margherita paused but a moment in her weaving; there was no more bread, and the piece of silk was almost done.

Faster and faster the shuttle flew, like a tiny mouse peeping first over and then through the other side of the warp.

"When it is finished," she said, wearily, to Assunta, "I will work no more to-day."

That night was a wakeful one to Herbert Seymour. The possibility of losing Margherita had shown him how dear she was to him, and how desolate his life would be without her.

"I have seemed like a trifler," he said, contritely; "but I will make amends. I will not leave her until she has said 'Yes' to my entreaty."

But when the morning came, and he hastened at the hour he had appointed to the dreary place Margherita called her home, he found a strange woman, slatternly and stupid, weaving a dull-colored silk in the loom at which the young girl had worked patiently, day after day.

"They have gone," the woman said, "both Assunta and Margherita. Some relative came unexpectedly and took them away, I do not know where. They went yesterday —it was late in the day."

Herbert was struck dumb with astonishment. Yesterday he was not quite sure he wished to make Margherita his wife. To-day he would give the world, were it his, to find her.

Among a pile of bobbins which a half-grown girl was filling he saw Margherita's shuttle, still half filled with shining silk.

"Will you sell me this?" he asked the woman.

And that night, after a fruitless search for his lost love, when he sought slumber at last, he held fast in his hand a shuttle, holding a tiny reel of silk of bright peacock-blue.

A year later, his father and elder brother being dead, Herbert Seymour succeeded to the baronetcy and his father's estates.

He grew at once to be a favorite in society, yet the fact was apparent to all that he was in no haste to seek a wife. The truth he told to none; yet, while trying every means in his power to find her he grew to dreaming dreams and laying plans that were all to come true when he saw Margherita once more, for find her he must and would, though she had, so far, eluded his search as completely as though the ground had opened and swallowed her up.

In the Summer he joined a merry company of guests assembled at the Summer residence of Lord Hathaway, in the vicinity of a quiet Scottish lake, where the shooting was excellent and the scenery grand.

One day, when he remained at the house, he was invited by Lady Hathaway to join the ladies at their five o'clock tea, which they were enjoying near the lake in the cool shade.

"A dear friend has just arrived, Sir Herbert," Lady Hathaway said—"the niece and adopted daughter of the Earl of Clifton. Come, and you shall have your cup of tea *tête-à-tête* with Lady Margaret."

He went, and when presented, stared strangely in the lady's face.

"Can it be possible?" he began; and Lady Margaret opened widely her magnificent eyes, as though in slight surprise.

"I beg your ladyship's pardon," he said, with a profound bow. "I must have made a mistake; and yet, if you could know how like you are to a friend I have lost and searched for vainly—you would be gracious enough to pardon my seeming rudeness."

Lady Margaret bowed low in answer. Her face seemed rather pale, and she scarcely spoke while she drank her tea; but there was much chatter about them, and no one seemed to notice.

Soon the ladies began to scatter—some to take a nap, others to wander about the ground—and then Sir Herbert rose and offered his arm to Lady Margaret.

"The boathouse looks cool and inviting," he said. She bowed in reply, accepting his arm. "I see," he continued, "your ladyship has not forgiven me."

"Indeed I have," she answered. "But this lady of whom you spoke?" falteringly.

"Do you care to hear the story?" he asked, eagerly.

She bowed again, for her lips were unsteady, her eyes drooping beneath the greedy gaze he bent upon her.

"Sit down," he said; "you are pale—it is the heat. Nearly two years ago I met and loved a beautiful Italian girl—a lady born—but supporting an aged servant and herself by weaving. I watched her often while she worked, and, half unknown to me, she wove my heartstrings fast in the silken web. At length, fancying me careless and trifling with her, she bade me leave, and, though I begged her to be my wife, she refused. I left her, and next day returned, determined to win her consent; but she had gone, leaving no trace behind her. Only one relic of the

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

past sweet days I found—a tiny shuttle, half-filled with the silken thread she wove. I secured it — see, I have it still."

Lady Margaret put out her jeweled hands to take the trifle; her eyes were filled with tears.

She pulled a length of thread from the reel, and then whirled it back again, as if it were a familiar thing.

"Since that day," Sir Herbert said, "I have searched dilgently for her, but all in vain."

"And you love her still?" she asked, very softly.

"My love for her is the one great passion of my life."

She lifted her eyes to his for a moment, as she held the shuttle out in her hand.

"Only for this," she said, "I never could believe you."

"Margherita!" he cried; and drawing her close to him, he kissed, with unsteady lips, the face he had worn in his heart so long.

THE OLD MANSE.

Two months later Lady Margaret was in London, selecting some articles for her trousseau.

"Here is something in peacock-blue, my lady," said the polite shopman; "a color so fashionable two years since, and again in favor."

She turned quickly and unfolded the piece to the end, where she saw the number woven in, and on either side a thread of soft, black hair.

"I will take it all," she said; then, turning to her maid, she added: "We will return. I do not care to make further purchases to-day."

That evening, when Sir Herbert called, Lady Margaret had the silk brought in for his inspection. And her maid said, afterward, in relating the circumstance, that Sir Herbert's infatuation for his future bride was so great, he not only kissed the pretty hands that held it up for his inspection, but the silk also, a strange proceeding, according to her idea.

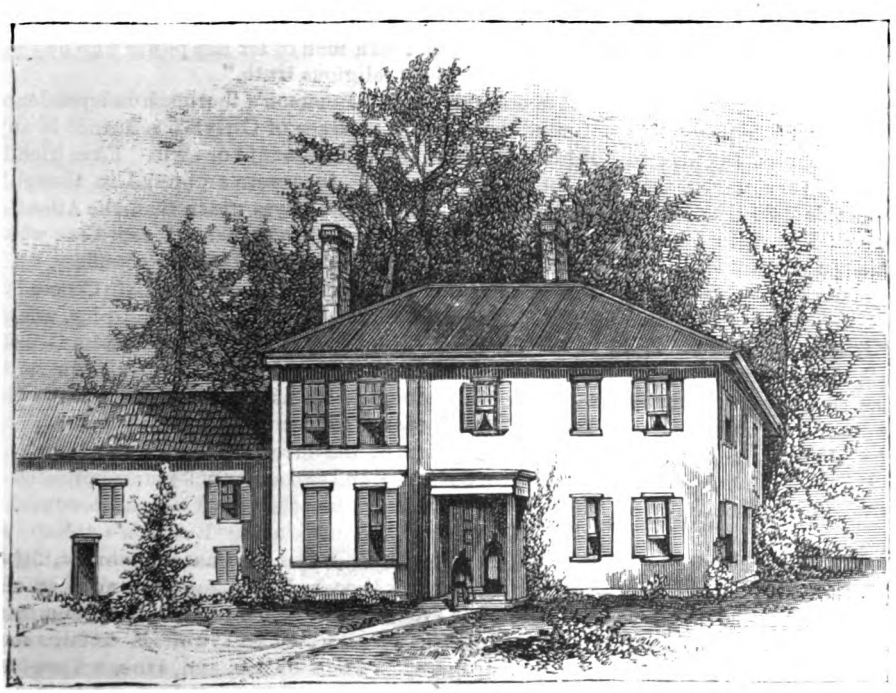
RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

By Richard B. Kimball, LL.D.

Forty-five years ago John Quincy Adams, in his matter-of-fact way, wrote as follows: "A young man named Ralph Waldo Emerson, a son of my own loved friend, William Emerson, and a classmate of my lamented son George, after failing in the every-day avocations of a Unitarian preacher and schoolmaster, starts a new doctrine of transcendentalism, declares all the old revelations superannuated and worn out, and announces the approach of new revelations."

The "young man" of whom this sarcastic record was made is the subject of this notice.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in Boston, May 25th, 1803, and died at his house in Concord, Mass., April 27th, 1882, lacking four weeks of the age of seventy-nine. He was the son of William Emerson, a Calvinistic clergyman, who, by-the-way, introduced none of that creed into his sermons, and who was a man of fine culture and remarkable eloquence. His mother (Ruth Haskins) is described



THE HOME OF EMERSON.

as a lady possessed of great patience and fortitude, of the serenest trust in God, of a discerning spirit and a most courteous bearing. The Emerson family was among the earliest settlers of New England, coming to the country in 1635. The line is clerical, and in each of eight successive generations the pastoral office has been held by some one of the family, either on the paternal or maternal side.

At the age of eight years, Ralph Waldo was sent to the public Grammar School, and soon afterward the Latin School, of Boston. At fourteen he entered Harvard College, where he graduated in 1821. During his first year in college he was "President's freshman," doing official errands for the sake of compensation. He was spoken of as a slender, delicate youth, younger than most of his classmates, and of a sensitive, retiring nature. Throughout his college career he showed the conscientiousness which was to control his life, and also a strong literary tendency. Edward Everett and George Ticknor were among the professors at Cambridge, and one of the tutors was Caleb Cushing. The stumbling-block of Emerson's college course was mathematics. He gained prizes in rhetoric, ethics and Greek philosophy, and was Class Poet at graduation. All things considered, his college career was by no means a brilliant one, but he was already an extensive reader. He devoted himself to the classic authors, to Montaigne and Shakespeare. While in college, and for some time after leaving it, he assisted his brother William in teaching a ladies' school, in order, it is said, to aid his brother Charles in going through the university.

It was soon evident that Emerson was not fitted for teaching, and two years later (1823) he began the study of theology. He was influenced to this step by the advice of Dr. Channing, and the traditions of his family would certainly favor it. In 1826 he was "approbated to preach" by the Middlesex Association of Unitarian Ministers. He spent the following Winter in Florida for his health, preaching at several points in the Southern States. In March, 1829, he was ordained pastor of the Second Church, in Boston, as colleague of the Rev. Henry Ware, Jr., and in the following year became sole pastor, and so continued until his resignation of the pulpit, at the close of 1832.

This brief pastorate was a memorable one. Channing was then in the fullness of his career, impressing all who came within his reach. But there was in the discourses of this young man a certain charm, of which not even Channing had caught the secret. He won the confidence of men of the world and of politicians, who happened to listen to him. He was placed in the School Board, and made chaplain of the State Senate—very uncongenial offices, probably, to him. It was at this time that Father Taylor was establishing his Seamen's Bethel, in Boston, in which work he was enthusiastically aided by Emerson. The story goes that when the Methodists complained that their missionary should associate with a "Unitarian going to hell," Father Taylor replied, "If Emerson goes to hell he will change the climate there." Mr. Emerson became known during his pastoral service as a most interesting preacher, remarkable for independence and originality of thought, as well as for charm of style and manner. He did not attract much notice on the part of the general public until the date of his resignation. The circumstances were peculiar.

It must be recollected that he was a Unitarian clergyman. The Unitarians, as a body, were distinguished by the liberality of their religious sentiments, and the latitude allowed to individual judgments; yet he found himself unable to conform to the rites and ceremonies of their church. The distinct reason given by him for withdrawing from it was, that his views regarding the communion service had undergone a change, and he could not conscientiously continue longer to administer the rite. In this way there came to be two parties—those who clung to the rite and those who, with Emerson, determined to abandon it. Both sides rested their conduct upon grounds of conscience, and thus was made a distinct issue, with the line drawn sharply between the old and the new. It soon turned out that many shared the opinions and persuasions of Emerson on this and kindred topics, so that a new doctrine in spiritual things began to sway the minds of many thoughtful men. The Unitarians held, with other Christians, that the Bible was an inspired volume. The new doctrine taught that it was to be read merely as a book. Not that Emerson at once distinctly so declared it, but the new movement early came to that significance. It was a departure from the old grounds of faith and doctrine. The new school claimed to rest upon deeper foundations than any recorded words, namely, upon the intuitions of the human soul, and thereupon the new philosophy took the name of "Transcendentalism." For a few years Mr. Emerson, although he had ceased to be a pastor, conducted the regular Sunday service in different pulpits, as opportunities afforded; then he ceased to preach in pulpits altogether.

While he was still connected with the Second Church in Boston, Emerson had been attracted by various contributions in the current English periodicals which spoke to his mind "with an emphasis that hindered sleep." Their author was Thomas Carlyle—a writer then not famous, scarcely recognized. Emerson now resolved to make a pilgrimage to the Old World, to which he had of late been particularly attracted. In August, 1833, he preached in the Unitarian Church in Edinburgh, and afterward made his way across the desolate moors to Craigenputtock. The meeting between Emerson and Carlyle has become a matter of history. The latter, in a conversation with Longfellow, spoke of Emerson's coming as being like the visit of an angel. Then began that friendship which lasted for a lifetime, and which had such a hold upon the rugged cynic that he scarcely seemed a cynic when the name of Emerson was uttered. A letter of Emerson's of about the same date shows a trace of disappointment in the young pilgrim's mind. He says: "My own feeling was that I had met with men of far less power who had yet greater insight into religious truth."

It is one evidence of Emerson's thorough independence of mind that there is no trace of Carlyle's influence in any of his writings, whether in thought or style. Firm friends as they were personally, they were separated in thought, spirit and expression by an abyss wider than the Atlantic, as they themselves appear to have been conscious when introducing each other to their respective countries.

After his return from Europe, Emerson went to Concord to reside, living with his relative, the Rev. Dr. Ripley, where, in 1834, his first little book, "Nature," was written—published two years later. Some little time after, he went to reside in his pleasant home at Concord, just outside the town, which he ever after occupied. He gave an address in commemoration of the incorporation of the town two hundred years before, and two series of lectures in Boston—the one, biographical; the other, on English literature.

In 1836 Carlyle, in introducing Emerson's "Nature" to Englishmen, writes, "The utterance is abrupt, fitful. The great idea not yet embodied struggles toward an embodiment, yet everywhere there is the true heart of a man, which is the parent of all talent; without which much talent cannot exist." In 1836 Emerson gave a series of ten lectures in Boston on the "Nature and Ends of History," which embraced a discussion of all the institutions and

interests of society from the transcendental point of view. Channing's great theme was the "Dignity of Man," but here seemed to be a new school teaching the *divinity* of man.

About this time a Transcendental Club was formed. It first met in the house of George Ripley, in Boston, on the 9th of December, 1836, and afterward in Boston and various places in the vicinity. Emerson attended nearly all the meetings. Theodore Parker, Elizabeth Peabody, Thomas J. Stone, Bronson, Alcott and Margaret Fuller were among the early members. Dr. Channing and George Bancroft were frequent visitors. Out of the Transcendental Club, grew the *Dial*, a little quarterly journal, edited by Margaret Fuller. It lasted only four years. With much sublimated trash, it contained articles of rare merit and undeniable power. At the end of the second year Emerson became the sole editor, and some of his most remarkable essays and many of his best poems were printed in its pages. Another outcome of the Transcendental Club was the Brook Farm Community, about which so much has been written.

It is impossible for the younger writers of the present generation to appreciate the enthusiasm with which the followers of the Transcendental school rallied around their high priest, or the ridicule heaped upon it by the community generally. It may be compared to that showered upon the present school of æsthetes. It was quite the same way in England. People suggested they might understand Emerson better if they stood on their heads. The London *Punch* poked its fun at the Transcendentals without stint. Among other nonsense, it discovered in the Emersonian sentence, "Plant yourself on your instincts and the world will come round to you," a valuable suggestion to drink sherry cobblers in the hot weather, in which case the world might at least *go* round *with* you. The proverbial remark of Boston gentlemen at the time was, "We do not understand it, but our daughters do."

Emerson's residence became the Mecca for those who were the children of his illumination, and the comers and goers kept the peaceful town of Concord in a perpetual flurry. Nathaniel Hawthorn, who had gone to reside at the Old Manse in Concord with his young wife, has given us a graphic description of the "comeouters," as they were called, who came thither on pilgrimage:

"There were circumstances around me which made it difficult to view the world precisely as it exists; for, severe and sober as was the Old Manse, it was necessary to go but a little way beyond its threshold before meeting with stranger moral shapes of men than might have been encountered elsewhere in a circuit of a thousand miles. These hobgoblins of flesh and blood were attracted thither by the wide-spreading influence of a great original thinker, who had his earthly abode at the opposite extremity of our village. His mind acted upon other minds of a certain constitution with wonderful magnetism, and drew many men upon long pilgrimages to speak with him face to face. Young visionaries, to whom just so much of insight had been imparted as to make life all a labyrinth around them, came to seek the clew that should guide them out of their self-involved bewilderment. Gray-headed theorists, whose systems had finally imprisoned them in an iron framework, traveled painfully to his door, not to ask deliverance, but to invite the free spirit into their own thraldom. People that had lighted on a new thought, or a thought they fancied new, came to Emerson, as the finder of a glittering gem hastens to a lapidary to ascertain its quality and value. Uncertain, troubled, earnest wanderers, through the midnight of the moral world, beheld his intellectual fire as a beacon burning on a hilltop, and climbing the difficult ascent, looked forth into the surrounding obscurity more hopefully than hitherto. The light revealed objects unseen before—mountains, gleaming lakes, glimpses of a creation amid the chaos—but also, as was unavoidable, it attracted bats and owls, and the whole host of nightbirds, which flapped their dusky wings against the gazer's eyes, and sometimes were mistaken for fowls of angelic feather."

It was in the midst of this excitement that I first met Mr. Emerson. It was in the Summer of 1838, when he delivered an address before the literary societies of Dartmouth College on the "American Scholar." It was nearly identical with one he had given the year previous before the Phi Beta Kappa of Harvard. The scope of this address is that there should be an abandoment by the thinking man of the New World of the empty ways of classic and European traditions. The scholar must not live in the world of books alone, but in the world of men, also. On this occasion he excited intense interest among the students of Dartmouth, who gathered about him at the levees given during commencement week. At one of these, while conversing with some ladies about his visit to Scotland, I ventured to ask him if he went to Abbotsford. "No," he languidly replied, "the man was not there." I said at once to myself, "This is either sheer affectation or Emerson has no imagination." Later I made up my mind that he had none.

Meantime Emerson's writings were beginning to attract the attention of men of thought in Europe. We have already noticed how Carlyle was impressed. In 1841 the first series of essays was published. It fell into the hands of Edgar Quinet, while he was giving his lectures at the Collège de France. "A new philosophy," he said, in one of them, "might be expected to come forth from those virgin forests sooner or later, and already it begins to raise its head." Herman Grimm, in Germany, was equally pronounced in his judgment of Emerson. The authorities of Harvard University, who had condemned him as a heretic some years before, appointed him a lecturer in the same institution. In this instance the world had certainly "come round" to him.

The publication of "Nature" was, as we have stated, in 1836. In the same year he prepared for the press Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," from *Fraser's Magazine*. He afterward edited an edition of the "French Revolution," the proceeds of which he sent to Carlyle. He then collected from the English reviews, and published in three volumes Carlyle's miscellaneous works. Most emphatic testimony of the repute in which Emerson held Carlyle.

Between 1838 and 1841 Mr. Emerson published several orations, essays and lectures, and in the latter year his first volume of essays. His second series of essays appeared in 1844, followed by a small volume of poems in 1847. In that year he revisited Europe, and gave numerous lectures in London, Manchester and other places in England, and in Edinburgh. They consisted of those afterward published under the titles "Representative Men," "Powers and Laws of Thought," "Tendencies and Duties of Men of Thought," "Politics and Socialism," "Poetry and Eloquence," "Natural Aristocracy," "Napoleon," "Genius of the Present Age" and "The Humanity of Science." These lectures produced a remarkable impression upon the English mind, and brought their author in contact with the leading literary men of the time.

On his return to America Emerson gave the lectures, afterward printed in a volume entitled "English Traits." Also a lecture on the French, with a pleasant account of his sojourn in Paris. He from time to time rewrote and collected in volumes a large number of lectures delivered in various parts of the United States. These were severally entitled "The Conduct of Life," "Society and Solitude," "Letters and Social Aims." In 1867 Emerson's second volume of verses appeared, "Mayday and Other Poems." These volumes had but a limited circulation. It was because Emerson was not a poet. His poems are mainly philosophical thoughts in verse, and are greatly

EMERSON'S LIBRARY.

and deservedly appreciated by thinkers, especially by scientific thinkers. In his "Fragments of Science" Professor Tindall says:

"The reader of my small contributions to the literature which deals with the overlapping margins of science and theology will have noticed how often I quote Mr. Emerson. I do so mainly because in him we have a poet and a profoundly religious man, who is really and entirely undaunted by the discoveries of science—past, present, or prospective. In his case Poetry, with the joy of a bacchanal, takes her graver brother Science by the hand and cheers him with immortal laughter. But Emerson's scientific conceptions are continually transmuted into the finer forms and warmer hues of an ideal world."

Mr. Emerson's last important course of lectures was delivered at Harvard in 1870, under the title: "The Natural History of the Intellect." Two years later, his health, already impaired, suffered seriously from the shock caused by his house being burnt. He was persuaded to visit Egypt and afterward London, but he was not able to accept invitations or to lecture. The only speech he made was a brief one at the Workingmen's College in London. On his return to Concord, in May, 1873, the inhabitants met him at the station with a band of music, and escorted him to his house, which had been rebuilt by his friends in exactly its old form. But Emerson was never again the same man. His general health returned, but his memory gradually declined. His last appearance in any literary capacity was on the death of his friend Carlyle, when he read before the Massachusetts Historical Society "Reminiscences of Carlyle," written many years before.

It is not yet time to decide what is to be Emerson's position among the world's thinkers. It is more than probable that it will fall greatly below its present standing. The sweetness and dignity of his character, his pure intellect, and blameless life, go far to aid the influence of his writings in this generation. Emerson had many remarkable qualities as a literary man. No living writer had greater power of condensation—of saying so much in so few words. Further, he had the faculty of presenting an old, hackneyed though important truth, in a garb so peculiar that it strikes you as original and fresh. This I conceive to be one element of true genius, and Emerson everywhere exhibits it. To the student his terse, philosophical religious teachings are especially impressive, but no scholar can mistake the fountains from which these are derived. From the works of Plato, from the "Shaster" of the Hindoos, from the "Zendavesta," from Buddha, the meditative recluse of India, and from the Mystics of Germany, Emerson absorbed and digested so well that the ingredients of the mixture could never be discovered except by the careful and painstaking scholar. Notwithstanding his earnest remonstrance against "Retrospection," the "Building of the Sepulchres of our Fathers," and so on, no man ever drew deeper than Emerson from the wisdom of the past.

The old Hindoo sages, wrote ages ago: "God dwells in all things in His fullness. All worship is one. Systems of faith are different, but God is one." The spirit of this text runs through all of Emerson's writings which touch on religion, and I beg the reader to observe how much they resemble the epigrammatic style of the Hindoo. The fact is, having cut loose from the Church, it seemed to be impossible for Emerson to accept any assurance from the teachings of Christ. It appeared, almost, as if in his independence he had determined that he would derive no comfort from them. Was he influenced by the spirit of the Assyrian who exclaimed: "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them and be clean?" So Emerson put out the light which he held in his hand, and went back—back far beyond the time of the Assyrian to find the true wisdom. Then he returns to us with his "Lo!" here, and "lo!" there, "see what I have discovered; shake off your fetters and be free!"

He was sincere, he was independent. We credit him so far. Further, New England especially owes much to him for emancipating it from shackles put on by narrow minds, all the harder to be rid of because they were honest minds. Jonathan Edwards, in his generation, had done noble work in the same direction, but with a different spirit.

In his teachings Emerson has this great advantage: he is oracular simply, and like the oracle, speaks with authority. He does not dispute or discuss—he announces. All his life he was a preacher—a propounder. He did not write books; what he preached or propounded was collected into volumes. He had let go his hold of Christianity, but he remained a religious man. This is his statement:

"A man who has read the works of Plato, and Plutarch, and Seneca, and Kant, and Shakespeare, and Wordsworth, would scorn to ask such schooldame questions as whether we shall know each other in the world beyond the grave. Men of genius do not fear to die; they are sure that in the other life they will be permitted to finish the work begun in this; it is only mere men of affairs who tremble at the approach of death. Our dissatisfaction with the materialist statement, in whatever form it comes, is a blazing evidence of tendency. The soul does not age with the body. On the

borders of the grave the wise man looks forward with equal elasticity of mind and hope, and why not after millions of years on the verge of still newer existence? For it is the nature of intelligent beings to be for ever new to life."

The reader will observe there is no mention of Christ in the above paragraph. The whole is like a phantasy, soothing to shallow minds who want to believe something.

Mr. Emerson was not an inventor; he was, however, marvelous in his power to set people thinking. He never undertook to give us machinery for a new school, nor did he propose new systems or new creeds. Several years ago I asked him when he intended giving us a system of his own. "Oh," he replied, "that is not my vocation. That is for the man who comes after me." He spoke as he always spoke, with sincerity. What his writings greatly lacked was heart. We search in vain for evidence of the affections. The man seemed to be a thinking *egomet*. All is cold, clear, colorless. He tears down the church where we are accustomed to worship, and erects in its place a beautiful but cold and gloomy mausoleum. After reading some of his exalted disquisitions on God and Nature, we are strongly tempted to exclaim, with the gentle Marguerite, when replying to the transcendental ravings of Faust, "Thus taken it may pass, but for all that there is something wrong about it, for thou hast no Christianity."

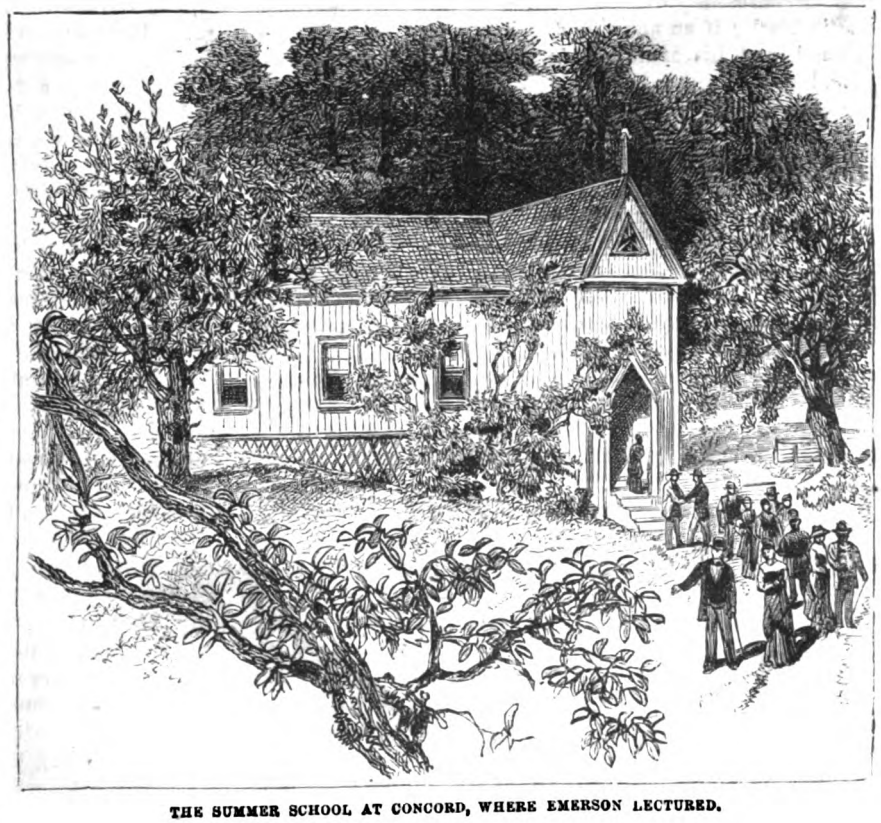
We come to what, to us, is the brightest phase of Emerson's character. Of all men, he was sturdily independent, and his convictions and conduct were for the right in all practical matters, whether of public or of everyday life. He was the first scholar who dared to sympathize publicly with the despised Abolitionists, and opened his church for their speeches in 1831, when to do so was to run great risk of his church being destroyed and he himself mobbed. In an address to his townsmen on the anniversary of West Indian emancipation, in 1844, he uttered warnings against the encroachments of slavery. When John Brown was in prison in Virginia for his armed attack on slavery, Emerson exclaimed, "Fools! who can only cry 'Madman' when a hero passes," and declared, if he should be executed, Brown would make his "gallows glorious like a cross." It was about this time that, answering the remark of a politician that the principles of equality in the Declaration of Independence were but glittering generalities, Emerson exclaimed, "They are blazing ubiquities." When the Civil War had begun he said to those who were hoping or fearing that slavery would survive it, "The war is a conflagration which will not be staid until it has consumed all that is wood or stubble. The iron will alone remain." When the war had ended, Emerson addressed an audience of five thousand in Boston, and declared the result as the unfaltering verdict of the United States against national disruption. In conclusion he said:

"America means opportunity, freedom, power. The genius of this country has marked out her true policy—opportunity; doors wide open—every port open. If I could, I would have free trade with all the world, without toll or Custom House. Let us invite every nation, every race, every skin—white man, black man, red man, yellow man. Let us offer hospitality, a fair field, and equal laws to all. The land is wide enough, the soil has food enough for all. Let us educate every soul."

Mr. Emerson was twice married; in 1829 to Miss Ellen Louisa Tucker, of Boston, and in September, 1835, to Miss Lydia Jackson, of Plymouth, who survives him. Of four children, three, one son and two daughters, are also living.

WHAT "WIFE" MEANS.—Says Ruskin: "What do you think the beautiful word 'wife' comes from? It is the great word in which the English and Latin languages conquered the French and Greek. I hope the French will some day get a word for it instead of that *femme*. But what do you think it comes from? The great value of the Saxon words is that they mean something. Wife means 'weaver.' You must either be house-wives or house-moths, remember that. In the deep sense, you must either weave men's fortunes and embroider them, or feed upon and bring them to decay. Wherever a true wife comes, home is always around her. The stars may be over her head, the glow-worm in the night's cold grass may be the fire at her feet, but home is where she is, and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than houses ceiled with cedar or painted with vermilion—shedding its quiet light for those who else are homeless. This, I believe, is the woman's true place and power."

HATE idleness and curb all passions. Be true in all words and actions. Deliver not your opinion unnecessarily; but when you do, let it be just, well-considered and plain. Be charitable, and ever ready to forgive injuries done to yourself.



THE SUMMER SCHOOL AT CONCORD, WHERE EMERSON LECTURED.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT COLOR-BLINDNESS.

In the year 1790 Mr. John Dalton, the principal of a well-known school at Kendal, England, then about twenty-seven years of age, an acute and vigorous observer and thinker, walked into his garden and gathered a bunch of geraniums and roses, with which he set off into the town. On his way a party of young ladies complimented him on the beauty and brilliancy of his flowers, but were rather facetious as to their arrangement.

"You have got," they said, "all the reds and greens so curiously mixed; and you a botanist, too."

"For my part," said Mr. Dalton, "the whole bunch appears to be pretty much of one color; though some of the leaves which you call *light-green* seem to me rather more like white; while the dark ones would match with a stick of red sealing-wax."

Mr. Dalton was suffering from color-blindness, then an unknown word, but now beginning to be talked about as something more than a curious and rare infirmity of vision. It is hard to understand the possibility of a boy's climbing into a cherry-tree laden with ripe fruit, and seeing no difference between the color of the cherries and the green leaves that hide them. Yet Dalton not only did this, but when grown to manhood actually walked down "The High" at Oxford in the red gown of a D.C.L., totally unconscious of his flaming appearance in the eyes of all who passed him.

Recent statistics prove that nearly sixteen in every thousand sighted persons may actually do what Dalton did, as a boy in the cherry-orchard, or as an illustrious doctor at Oxford. Taking the population of the United States as about 50,000,000, this will give about 800,000 who are color-blind; any one of whom may innocently put a patch of crimson on a garment of sable, or choose a plume of *red* ostrich feathers for the hearse of his departed spouse. If a gallant captain in the navy, he may select scarlet unmentionables to match his uniform of blue; if a clerk, he may unconsciously write half his letter in red ink and the rest in black; if an artist, clothe his green trees in glowing red, and his azure sky in pink; or if a cook, compound a salad without detecting a shade of difference between ruddy lobster and cucumber of green.

Such mischances may seem trivial, but when one remembers that a similar infirmity may befall the engine-driver of the "Flying Dutchman," or the pilot of a "homeward-bound" up Channel, the matter is a very different one. "Red" (*danger*), says the signal—"Green" (*safety*), says the driver. "Starboard," says the red light—"Ay, ay, *Larboard* it is," says the man at the helm, with a thousand souls on board! One pilot in every twenty-five may be color-blind.

All such contingencies, however, were undreamed of in the days of Dalton, although before then it had been reported to the Royal Society that one Harris, of Maryport, Cumberland, having picked up a scarlet stocking, could see no reason for calling it red any more than calling unripe cherries green. But as years went by, Mr. J. Dalton, by this time famous as a scientific chemist, thinking more deeply of the tricks his eyes played him, laid before the Manchester Philosophical Society (1794) a paper on extraordinary facts relating to vision of colors, in which he wondered how such amazing differences of vision as his own and Harris's could have so long existed without notice. Whatever the Manchester philosophers thought of this, after a few years the subject happily fell under the ken of Sir J. Herschel. The problem of semi-blindness at once attracted him. He sent to Mr. Dalton a variety of different-colored skeins of silk, not naming any, but asking him to match such as seemed alike, and note all points of dissimilarity. This was exactly what Dalton wanted, and on the data thus furnished Herschel founded that theory now generally accepted, of which we will try to give a brief summary.

Dalton, looking at the solar spectrum, saw in it only two varieties of color—yellow and blue, as he called them; red seeming to him only as a shade, or defect of light—a strange peculiarity which Herschel regarded not as a question of defective vision, but of pure sensation.

People possessed of normal sight have, it seems, "three" primary sensations as to color, whereas the color-blind have but "two." To these "three," red, yellow and blue, we sighted people refer all colors; the others being but various mixtures of the three primary tints. To the eyes of the color-blind all the other tints seem referable to but "two" primaries, "which," says Herschel to Dalton, "I shall call A and B; the equilibrium of which two produce your white, their negation your black, and their mixture in various proportions all your compound tints. What sort of sensation," he adds, "A and B afford to the color-blind, we can no more tell than they can tell what our *a*, *b*, *r* (red, yellow, blue) afford to us."

To this strangely limited form of vision—admitting only two tints, blue and yellow—Herschel gave the apt name of "dichromic"; and his theory, having been amply verified by succeeding investigation, is now generally (with some slight modification) accepted. Whatever other peculiarities, therefore, the vision of the color-blind may possess, its compass must be of the most limited kind. If yellow and blue be to them the only visible tints, all the wondrous and beautiful combinations of orange, green, red and violet must be unknown; and the charm that lies hidden under such words as the rainbow, springtide, dawn and sunset, and speaks with living power to the inner heart of the rest of the world, to the color-blind carries but a broken message. The beauty of earth, sea and sky, as it appeals to *us* in all the full mystery of blended, contrasted and harmonized color, is simply beyond their conception. A partially deaf man may, indeed, gather somewhat from the broad roll of the deep, full-toned choir; a faint echo of its mighty volume of sound as a whole; but of its softer and more delicate *nuances*, its tiny waves of melody, its lights and shadows, the cadence, the dying fall, or the gradual resurrection into the stormy rapture of a full diapason, he can know nothing.

Scarcely less hapless, as regards the glowing world of color, is the condition of the 480,000 color-blind, to most of whom the countless images of grace and beauty that speak to the world from the flowery mead, the dying glory of Autumn, the expanse of azure sea, the flush of dawn along the mountain-tops, or of ruddy sunset against the peaks of eternal snow, are simply accents in an unknown tongue.

But the whole question of color-blindness opens up to points of wider importance. First, color-blindness, it would seem, is not to be regarded as curable, or, indeed, as itself a disease, though possibly a symptom of diseased retina. Dalton's eyes, after his death, were carefully examined (*one* actually dissected) for the purpose of ascertaining the cause of "his anomalous vision"; his idea being that such faulty sight was owing to the fact that one of the humours of his eyes was a colored medium, probably some modification of blue. But the post-mortem proved beyond a doubt the fallacy of this theory, the vitreous humours being found absolutely free from color.

But though not a positive disease, color-blindness would seem to be widely inherited—four brothers in one family

being thus afflicted; of whom, oddly enough, three were clever wood-engravers, and the fourth, still more oddly, a painter in water-colors, which, however, he was obliged to have labeled for him in his daily work.

Statistics, too, however imperfect, clearly prove this much—that the tendency to color-blindness may be staid by good diet, and a healthy exercise of body, brain and sight, as a single fact may help to show. Out of 18,000 persons examined by the English Ophthalmological Society, 5,000 were members of the Metropolitan Police, among whom color-blindness prevailed to the extent of 4.5 per cent., while among the keen, intelligent youngsters in the playing-fields at Eton, this ratio sank to 2.5 per cent. And if the skeins of colored silk could have been applied to the young maidens of a well-known girls' school (seven or eight hundred in number) it would have fallen still lower, probably to about 0.4 per cent.; the ratio of color-blindness among women as compared with men being twelve times less. This wide difference between the sexes is natural enough, when one remembers the earlier development and swifter intelligence of little Mary, who learns and rejoices to dress her doll or herself in the gayest colors, while her brother Jack cares little or nothing whether his breeches are scarlet or green, as long as they have good big pockets in them.

One more point has yet to be noted among the statistics of color-blindness; the singular fact that the three classes most liable to this anomalous vision are deaf-mutes, Jews and Quakers. As regards the first of these, if it be true that freedom from the calamity depends largely on the perfect and healty condition of body and brain, the low status of the deaf-mute is at once a sufficient cause. The great majority of deaf-mutes belong to a low and debased class, for whom, until recent times, little has been done. Scrofula, an inherited disease, is too often the cause of their special calamity, which again they bequeath by close intermarriage to their children, thus furnishing more inhabitants for the strange world into which neither sound nor color finds true entrance.

Why the descendants of the house of David, who, as a whole, are deficient neither in power, intelligence nor culture, should be especial victims of color-blindness is not so clear. But even among them close intermarriage is the rule rather than the exception, with its inevitable fruits.

A LADY'S PET FISHES.

Mrs. Burgess, residing on the borders of one of the most beautiful lakes in America, has been in the habit, once or twice a day for a considerable period, of feeding the fish in this lake, and my friend was favored with an invitation to witness this novel feast. She first splashed the water with her hand, when in a moment there was seen approaching from every direction, hundreds of large shiners; then eels, varying in size from one to about three feet in length, swimming very cautiously. Next turtles appeared on the surface, ten, twenty and thirty feet away, their necks stretched apparently to see whether it is friend or foe who is disturbing the waters.

In less than three minutes these various species had collected directly before her, and as she commenced to feed, the water was fairly alive with them. They take bread directly from her hands, the turtles would allow her to take them entirely out of the water, and while she held them in one hand, they would eat with the greatest voracity from the other.

But the eels were the most amusing. There was one she called Quinn, measuring about three feet in length, that repeatedly came to the surface, and would glide back and forth through her hands, and several times she lifted him partially out of the water, but he was careful to keep his head under. He seemed to feel that she would take no undue liberties with him so long as his head was in its natural element, but the moment he saw daylight, he would dart back with rapidity. Another small one, about a foot in length, seemed to be particularly fond of her caresses, and could be handled about as she pleased, it being understood, though, that he was to remain under water.

LOVE AND MONEY.

By Sarah Doudney.

"Love is potent, but money is omnipotent."

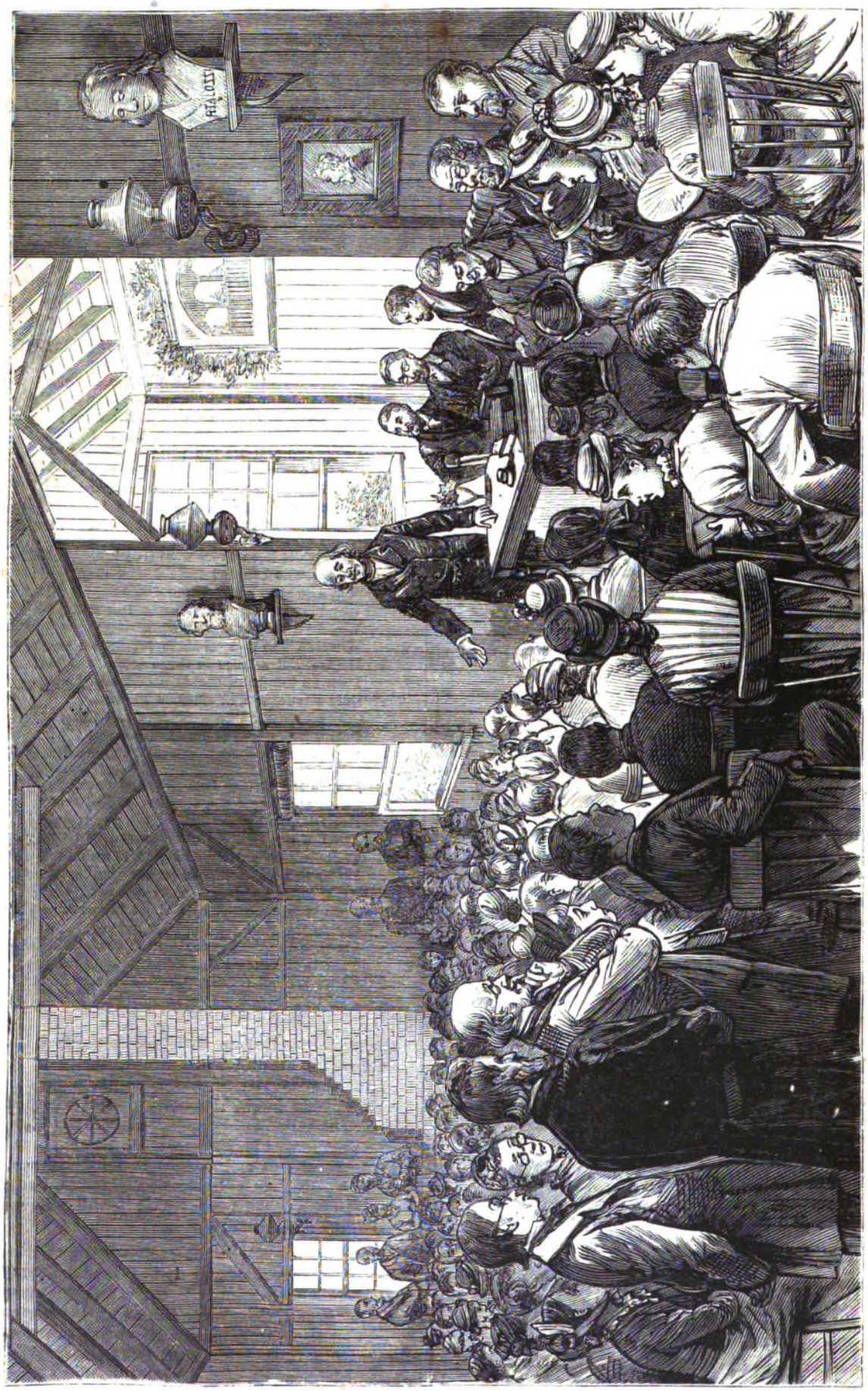
Out in the twilight, alone in the lane,
All the old sweetness steals o'er me again;
All the old longing, forgotten of late,
Stirs in my heart as I stand at her gate;
Silent and dim is the cottage to-night,
Smothered in roses, cream-tinted and white;
Jasmine blossoms besprinkle the sod,
Dusky and still are the paths that she trod.
Oh, for one moment to meet her, and see
Just the old look, that shone only for me!
Why am I sighing here—what can I do?
"L'amour fait beaucoup, mais l'argent fait tout."

Little white Rose, there were true knights of old—
Heroes, who counted Love dearer than gold;
Men with strong arms, who could fight for their way;
Why were we born in this world of to-day?
Why does society smite with a sneer
Wretches who wed on three hundred a year?
Why——But a truce to these follies of mine!
I am no knight of the days of lang syne;
Only a lounger with duns at his heels,
Only a dreamer who maunders and feels,
Only a trifler who sighs after you;
"L'amour fait beaucoup, mais l'argent fait tout."

Safe in the cottage that nobody knows,
Sleep, and forget me, my little white Rose!
Heartsick and weary, I turn from your gate,
Tired of the strife betwixt passion and Fate;
There will be parting and pain if we meet:
Better to leave you than grieve you, my sweet;
Ay, it is true, as some poets can tell,
Love is best proved by a silent farewell.
Out in the starlight I wander again,
Through the deep gloom of the oak-shadowed lane,
Back to the crowd that cares nothing for you;
"L'amour fait beaucoup, mais l'argent fait tout."

Citizenship.—Just as each member of a household should regard his own family as a distinct unit, of which he is a component part, and from which he can by no means separate himself, whose joys and whose sorrows, whose character and whose reputation are all his, so should each citizen regard his own nation. He should feel a just pride in its virtues and delight in its prosperity, a just grief in its disasters and shame in its follies, but through all so intense a oneness with it that he will neither wish to boast of the former nor to expose the latter.

"Speech was given to the ordinary sort of men," says South, "whereby to communicate their mind, but to wise men whereby to conceal it." "The true use of speech," says Goldsmith, "is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them." Voltaire, who probably borrowed the thought from Goldsmith, says, "Men use words to disguise their thoughts.



RALPH WALDO EMERSON.—THE SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY IN THE CHAPEL, ORCHARD GROUNDS, CONCORD.—SEE PAGE 101.

AT BAY.

THE wind was blowing a gale outside, and the rain and hail pattered threateningly against the windows; but the little group gathered round the glowing grate-fire in the pleasantest of libraries could afford to clap their hands and laugh at every fresh gust of wicked old Boreas.

They were all housed for the night. Everything about them was cheery and comfortable—so comfortable that it is scarcely strange that the younger members of the group thought very little of the sufferings of the houseless.

Harry Winchester was sixteen—a bright, intelligent young man who adored his mother, and was unusually fond of his two sisters, Maud and Kate; the former twelve years old, while Kate, the sunbeam of the family, was eight.

The girls were engaged in a game of checkers. Harry sat on a hassock by his mother's side, and his head rested in her lap, as they gazed silently into the fire.

"A terrible night for the poor!" said mamma, at last, with a shiver.

"Awful," said Maud, crowning her sister's man as she spoke; "but, after all, mamma, what's the use of thinking about 'em when we can't do 'em any good?"

"Um, um, um!" laughed Harry. "You'll have to send Maud to some other school, mamma. Her 'aren'ts' and 'orfuls' are something really extraordinary."

"Extraordinary, Master Harry," replied Maud, with perfect good nature, "means more than ordinary, and more than ordinary means better than others. So you have complimented me, after all, by the use of an improper word."

"Good for Maud!" said Kate, while Mrs. Winchester and Harry laughed in spite of themselves at the girl's quickness of repartee.

"But what is the use, mamma, of thinking of things that you can't help?—I mean, poor people."

"I suppose," put in Harry, "that if all the rich people in the world would really do all they can for the poor, there wouldn't be any poverty at all.

"Not so much, of course," replied Mrs. Winchester; "but there are very few of us, I fear, who do all we can. I want to do my share, but such a storm as this always sets me wondering if I really have or not. I know by experience what it is to be poor and cold and very lonely, and what it is to be in danger, too, not only from the fury of the elements, but from wild beasts and Indians. I am quite sure, children, that I can fully appreciate and sympathize with every description of suffering.

AT BAY.—"I SNATCHED THE POKER FROM THE FIRE, AND, ARMED WITH THE IRON AT WHITE HEAT, I PROCEEDED TO WOLF NUMBER ONE."

The girls stopped in the middle of the game, open-mouthed, with a surprise that amounted to consternation.

Harry lifted his head from his mother's knee and gazed at her in silent wonder.

"You, mamma?" spoke Maud, at last. "You poor and cold and hungry? Why, mamma, I thought we were always rich."

"I knew better than that," said Harry; "but I had no idea it was so bad. Tell us something about it, won't you, please?"

"A storm like this," said the lady, "always takes me back to a night in Minnesota, fifteen years ago this very Winter. At that time your father and Harry, who was then a little over a year old, and myself, lived in a log cabin three miles from the nearest neighbor. We started West

from Massachusetts, where we both were born, you know, against the advice and wishes of all of our friends; but your father was not at that time in very robust health, and his physician advised him to go to Minnesota. We had a little money, and with this bought a few acres of land, and partially stocked it. At first we had two workmen employed, and as the men-folks were never far from the cabin, I seldom felt afraid. For the first few months everything went on admirably. Your father's health improved, and, lonely as it was, we grew to like the place more than at first I had supposed it possible. Scarcely a day passed but one or more Indians called upon us, but they were friendly, and a little rice, a bit of sugar, or a cast-off garment sufficed to keep them all in good humor."

"But you didn't give something to all the Indians that called upon you, did you?" inquired Kate, who had now drawn close to her side.

"Yes, always some little thing. Sometimes they would bring a haunch of venison or some game to exchange for sugar and rice and meal, and we were usually glad to accommodate them. We were told, when we first arrived in Minnesota, that it would never do to turn them away without the gift of some little thing, and we found it was so. I was always very careful also to be cordial in my greetings, without appearing to be over-hospitable, for the Indians are sure to discover anything that savors of putting-on for the occasion. As I was saying, for several months we got along exceedingly well, and then a change came. A disease broke out among the cattle, and in almost every case proved fatal. Then we were obliged to discharge our hired men, and manage as well as we could alone. This made it very hard, and very dangerous for me. It was at this time that we suffered for the common necessaries of life. Your father caught a terrible cold in his heroic endeavors to save his cattle, and was confined to the house for a month with a low fever that was exceedingly distressing for both of us. What cattle remained I had to feed. All the wood we burned I was obliged to cut. It had been hauled into the shed and sawed, but not split, and this was by no means the hardest thing I had to do."

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed the children, in chorus.

"Never mind, now," said the lady. "It was doubtless the best experience I could have had, hard as it was. It brought out the weak points in my character and developed them. I do not regret it, my dears, and you must not. The day preceding the evening I am going to tell you about had been more trying than usual. It seemed to me that a whole tribe of Indians had visited the cabin, the first one arriving before we were out of bed. We had a little corn-meal in the closet and a part of a very reasty ham. Flour, sugar, molasses, and even our salt, had given out, and it became necessary for your father to go to the nearest settlement to make some purchases. He was not able to, but there seemed no alternative, and so I helped harness our only remaining horse, who was about as able to make the journey as his master.

"'I shall be home long before night,' said your father, as he drove away, 'and I advise you to keep the door locked. I shall feel better to know that you are not entertaining any of these confounded, treacherous redskins.'

"I laughed, and promised to do the best I could, sure that this advice was by no means wise. I had seen enough of these strange creatures to know that a door locked against them would be productive of the worst possible results. So I concluded to do as I thought best under these most peculiar and trying circumstances.

"For two hours after your father's departure I enjoyed the most perfect quiet—or, rather, I should have enjoyed it had it not been for a constant anticipation of evil. I supposed this was occasioned by my dread of the Indians—a dread I never was able to conquer. It was very seldom that I saw a brave or a squaw approach, and they never made any noise.

"The first thing I would know the latch would softly lift, and an Indian would stand before me. My first visitor was Deerskin—a brave at least seven feet high and large in proportion. Harry was asleep in my arms when he entered, and folding his blanket around him, surveyed me from the corner of the room. I laid the baby in the cradle, and, after carefully saluting him, proceeded to the preparation of some corn-dodgers, which I knew he was very partial to. I was also very hungry, and being in excellent health, was able to eat and digest the coarse stuff without the slightest trouble.

"When I had finished baking them, I passed an old tin plate with several of the dodgers upon it to Deerskin. The reason I gave him the oldest dish I had was because the Indians always take away with them whatever dish is placed before them.

"Generally I gave them whatever I desired them to have in a paper or on a piece of board, but the dodgers were greasy, and, besides, I knew Deerskin would be pleased with the tin.

"'Good squaw,' he remarked, after eating the last one. 'Squaw give brave more.'

"I filled the tin again and passed it as politely as I would have done to a Crown Prince.

"'Good squaw,' he said again; 'no more.'

"And then he commenced a series of groans and strange noises, which I decided after a moment were made in imitation of some wild animal.

"'Do you mean wolves, Deerskin?' I asked, when he finished.

"He nodded his head gravely, but with satisfaction, and I knew that this was what he meant. Then he made a motion before the windows and door, which was intended to warn me in regard to fastenings, and then left the cabin without another word.

"My first impulse was to run after him and ask him to remain with me till my husband returned; but then I knew that I should be almost as afraid of him as of the wolves, so with a sensation of relief hard to describe I watched him cross the fields.

"Some squaws dropped in in the course of the afternoon, but they had nothing to say about wolves, and I made up my mind that Deerskin might be mistaken in regard to their nearness. I was expecting your father every minute, but seven o'clock came and he had not arrived.

"I thought of the wolves, and was frantic with terror. Oh, how hard it was to remain quiet in this little hut in the wilderness, and reflect that even then my husband might be dead or dying, and the one who would have given her life to save his at any moment unable to render him the slightest service."

"I shouldn't think you'd think that was good for you," said Kate, breaking in upon the story, her sweet eyes full of tears.

"No doubt it was, my dear, or I should not have had to bear it," her mother replied, taking the child's little hand in hers and kissing it fondly.

"Well," she resumed, "ten o'clock came, and I was still alone. I sang and told stories to Harry in order to keep him awake, for the stillness and suspense was more than I could bear. The dear little fellow would fall off to sleep once in a while in spite of my efforts, and then I

listened with my ear to the window until it seemed as if my heart would leap from my mouth.

"I had fastened the outside shutter as well as I could, but I found there was a flaw in one of the hinges that made it a little insecure. The window was also fastened on the inside, and our only door was barred and bolted.

"About eleven o'clock I heard a noise which at first seemed like the sound of wagon-wheels. Then it ceased as suddenly, and I knew I was mistaken. The agony of that moment can never be described, nor the horror of the next one, when I heard, just at the front of the cabin, a growling and groaning similar to that made by Deerskin in the afternoon.

"Then I knew that the wolves were upon us. For a moment, but only for a moment, I was like one stupefied. Your father had taken his rifle with him, and there wasn't under the roof a weapon that I could use.

"I had just been singing 'Little Tommy Tucker' to Harry, who preferred this to anything in 'Mother Goose,' when I first heard the growling. I threw him into his cradle, and looked about me for something to fight with. A long poker stood by the fire, and this, without the slightest idea of what I should do with it, I plunged into the red-hot coals.

"I was not a moment too soon, for presently the wooden shutter flew back, and a wolf—a horrible, open-mouthed, blood-curdling creature—stared me in the face. In a moment a pane of glass was shivered into atoms. One more moment, and not only this wolf, but a hundred more, if I judged by the noise, would occupy the cabin. I snatched the poker from the fire, and thrust the tongs into the hottest place, and then, armed with the iron at white heat, I proceeded to wolf number one.

"As the monster opened his horrible jaws, I thrust the poker into his throat. He fell, and another wolf took his place. Oh! would the tongs be hot by the time I needed them, and how should I get from the window to the fire in time to prevent the bloodthirsty animals from entering? Five wolves were driven away by the poker, and four, I was sure, had been killed.

"For the moment there was a lull in hostilities, and just as I was making up my mind to jump for the tongs, a succession of quick shots assured me that somebody had come to my relief. Then I heard my husband's voice, and five minutes afterward he and Deerskin stood in the cabin.

"I forgot to tell you that after your father started in the morning it had commenced to rain, and by the middle of the afternoon there was just such a storm as is raging to-night. The horse had fallen a couple of miles from the settlement, and would not rise. Your father had to walk this distance over a horrible road, and then get help to return for the wagon.

"All this had taken time, and so in various ways he had been delayed till the storm had subsided and the moon had had risen. A mile from home he found Deerskin waiting for him, to warn him of the danger to be apprehended from the wolves.

"'Good squaw! No hurt!' were the Indian's first words as he entered the cabin. 'Great Spirit take care good squaw, and good squaw's papoose.'

"Your father mended the window-shutter and boarded up the broken glass, and then I went to work and got supper for the hungry travelers. We had a good cup of tea, some more dodgers and some molasses-cake, which Deerskin was so fond of that he actually laughed aloud—the first time such a thing ever happened.

"The next morning there were found sixteen dead bodies, and when examined, five were found to have been killed by my red-hot poker."

ENTERTAINING COMPANY.

"A BIG feed"—that is a "good time" in the estimation of many. "What did you have for supper?" one asks of another who has been "out to tea." In old-fashioned settlements, where the neighbors go "visiting," spending the afternoon, and busy with knitting or some light sewing, it is often suspected by the hostess that her company has come more for the sake of the supper than for the visit. Sometimes this suspicion is very unjustly entertained.

I have myself been very much annoyed by the way in which friends I went to visit allowed themselves to be "cumbered with much serving," so that it was almost impossible to have any reasonable conversation with them. I like good things to eat when I am hungry, but I feel almost insulted if that is the only entertainment offered me. I could get something to eat at home, but not my friends' company.

The best visits among neighbors, in my opinion, are often those which are unannounced, and where the visitors do not stay to tea, unless they are sure they are desired to do so, and their staying will not make trouble for the hostess. There is something decidedly vulgar in the great "spread" sometimes made by those who entertain company. So many kinds of cake and sauce—so much indigestible stuff to please the sense of taste and make the visitors ill next day!

And yet it is both natural and praiseworthy to wish to treat our friends to something nice in the way of food. Good eating is a privilege as well as a duty. We must eat to live, and so the first question in regard to our food is, whether it will "nourish these frail bodies of ours," as many a man has prayed at the opening of a meal which could "nourish" only by the working of a miracle. Too great a variety is burdensome to both guests and hostess, and it rarely proves the liberality of the one who entertains, but shows only too often a love of display and spirit of emulation. There should be enough of everything, and each dish should be good of its kind, especially the bread and other solid articles.

If we cannot possibly get a meal for our visitors—the guests of an afternoon or a single day—without cooking anything while they are with us which necessitates our absence from the room for much time, it is best to do so. We knew of a case in which two ladies went to pass the day with the newly married wife of an old friend. This wife was so overcome by the occasion, and so "laid herself out" to show her appreciation of it, that in preparing an elaborate dinner she devoted herself so entirely to it that her visitors only saw her at the table while the meal was being eaten, and went away disappointed at not having accomplished the object of their visit, which was to become acquainted with their friends' wife.

When we know beforehand that company is coming, we can have everything ready to set upon the table, and so not spend over half an hour getting supper. The supper ready, it is our part to make our guests feel perfectly free to eat or not of the dishes set before them—to make them feel by our cordial manners, rather than by words, that we like to share our best things with them, and are pleased to have them enjoy them, while we will not make them eat merely to please us, but let us talk about something besides the food. Cheerful conversation at table promotes digestion.

THE busybody labors without thanks, talks without credit, lives without love, and dies without tears.

CECIL CARTERET'S HEART.—"HE CATCHES HER IN HIS ARMS, BUT THE WARM ENFOLDMENT MEETS WITH BUT THE COLDNESS OF DEATH."

CECIL CARTERET'S HEART.

CECIL CARTERET sat in his office in Wall Street, puffing leisurely at his cigar, picked up, one after another, the letters that had just been brought down from the post-office. With rather an indolent air he cut open envelope after envelope bearing the post-marks of Liverpool, Havre, San Francisco and Genoa, not to mention half a dozen nearer home, for it was July, and presumably business was dull. Two from Doty, of Cincinnati, circulars from hotels at Saratoga and the Branch, and—Carteret starts back a bit, and his dark, level brows contract as he catches up a big, thick, square envelope, crested in gold, addressed to him in a thin but bold hand.

It is years since Carteret has seen that writing, and, curious as he undoubtedly is about the contents, he holds the letter between his fingers with an odd smile on his lips, a smile half loathing reminiscence, half contemptuous amusement. Only for a few moments. He reaches it toward the gas-jet, and then, with a subtle, impulsive movement, draws it back, tears it open and reads:

"ON BOARD YACHT FIDÈLE.

"CECIL: Although we parted ten years ago, I can see your dark, clear eyes flash with surprise, and perhaps with scorn, as they fall upon this page of mine. It has been a weary life, Cecil, my boy. I sacrificed my all on the altar of my ambition, for I sacrificed you, the only being I ever loved, so help me God!—myself, my youth's freshness, and my dream of bliss. In less than a month my pride had turned to bitterness, my triumph into mad regrets for the heart I had flung aside. But to-day, Cecil, I am free. I buried my husband—ah, what mockery!—the Prince Kartoryska, in Russia before I left, three months ago. Will you not come and see me? I am faded, old, worn. In the Princess Kartoryska you will never recognize the little Vashti whom you loved, and who danced her way into your heart at the Odéon. But you will come and see me for the sake of 'auld lang syne,' because I have not a single friend or relative to welcome me to my native land, because I long to see you; and am but the weak shadow of your ever faithful VASHTI."

He threw aside his cigar—it had gone out. He read and re-read the faintly violet-colored sheet before him. He recalled the old days when Vashti Yorke, a little American *danseuse*, who had migrated to Paris and the Odéon, had charmed him with her startling beauty and her elfish mirth. In fact, she had fascinated many another than the young student of twenty-two. Artists raved over her, sculptors said she would be grand in a few years—the girl was but fifteen—and managers tried to capture the attraction.

Vashti did not dance so extraordinarily well; but the tall, lithe figure, the pallid, marble-like face, with the eyes of fire, the sinuous grace—the promise, as it were, that breathed like an impalpable atmosphere from "l'Americaine"—were more her charms than any actual beauty of performance.

"Whom you loved!"

Carteret glanced down at the letter. He had loved her. Oh, surely, madly; with every pulse of his young heart. He remembered, with a small shudder, that he had gone through a mortal agony the day she was married to the Russian prince, with his sixty odd years and his sixty odd millions. Yes, he remembered it all, and, remembering, there came back upon his cheek the old hot flush, the old wild throb through all his veins, when he expected to see

THE EARTH'S TREELESS REGION.—A PATHWAY THROUGH AN AFRICAN PRAIRIE.—SEE PAGE 117.

her. Why, he was going to see her! Was he not? Cecil Carteret lifted the pen and dipped it in the ink. No, of course not! The old subtle fascination seemed to breathe up from the scented sheet. Yes, he certainly would.

They exchanged two or three billets, and all was arranged. He was going to-day to see the girl whom he had once loved almost too well—for as a girl he could not give up thinking of her; a slight slip, who should run to meet him in her yachting-dress of blue-and-white—he had seen her once in some such in a ballet.

He took the Long Island Railroad, and was whirled on down, far off to a sleepy little town nestling in a cunning cove of the lower bay. He found the rowboat from the *Fidèle* awaiting him at the shore; out in the deep water, riding on the sun-touched waves, he beheld the *Fidèle* herself, a thing of beauty, surely, large and exquisitely proportioned; white, with a glittering gilt figurehead, with sails snowy as the breasts of swans, with more sailors, like this one who was ferrying him over, in white-and-yellow uniform, their golden buttons and hatbands shining in the light.

"The princess had crossed the ocean in her yacht, so it was a craft of some size, and of wonderful speed," so spoke the sailor, and they were drawing near, nearer; a few strokes more and they were alongside the *Fidèle*, and in another moment Cecil Carteret stepped on board.

The decks were spotless, with white-and-yellow awnings, with their fringes of bullion, hung over luxurious divans upholstered in white-and-gold, the cushions emblazoned with an eagle and wild dog, the crest of the Kartoryskas.

No one was to be seen. As by magic the crew had disappeared, the tiny rowboat was not visible. Cecil stood like a man in a dream, listening to the plash of the waters breaking at the prow, and filled with a vague sorrow that she had not come to meet him in the pretty yachting-dress.

Hark! mingling with the plash of the waves, there breaks upon his ear the soft, melancholy swell of a violin, and then the firm undertones of the harp, the bird-like notes of a flute. Slowly, like the measured plash of the waters at first, anon swelling into the sweet, *so* sweet melody of one of Strauss's waltzes. *Is* he dreaming? But no, a door opens, and a staid, elderly woman advances toward him, and with a low bow says:

"Madame awaits monsieur within the saloon."

So "monsieur," feeling very much as if he were in a trance, followed the attendant's gesture and entered the saloon.

She sat upon a low divan, amid downy-white cushions, with their golden tassels and crests—a woman—as curiously beautiful as she had been ten years ago; the lissome figure was more fully developed, but no more rounded; there was the same marble purity, and there were the same wonderful eyes, shining like burning stars upon him.

She rose, and came forward to meet her guest. Alas! not with the playful grace of the little girl he used to know in the yachting-dress, but with the sinuous and half-proclaimed *abandon* of the woman of the world, the woman of "society," statuesque in the clinging morning-robe of creamy cashmere, with its yellow broideries.

"Cecil—ah! Cecil, am I, then, so changed that you do not know me—Vashti?"

"Changed?"

Yes, she was changed; but so more entrancing, more fascinating, than in the old days, that Cecil Cateret smiled a bit at the womanish coquetry that showed itself in her first note to him.

"Ah, there is no more Vashti," he replies, recovering his usual grace of manner and speech. "I find the Princess Kartoryska, and that kind of woman that your ladyship's mirror must long since have told you she is."

"*Bravissimo!*" she cries, putting out a hand to pat his dark head; but she knows not why.

Surely Cecil Carteret did not shrink from her touch? The slender brown hand falls instead to playing with the long braids of her black hair.

"And am I changed?"

"Not a whit!" she cries, quickly, glancing with passionately admiring eyes at the faultless face so near her own. "And yet," adds the princess, "you are—Cecil, you are not yourself. What is it? What has life done for you since we parted in Paris? I know nothing of you, absolutely—tell me."

"What has life done for me? What it does for most men, I presume—neither more nor less. I am rich as the world goes; I am——"

"Are you happy?"

There is a wild, impatient ring to her voice as she leans toward him; an eager despair, as though for the first time the dim suspicion that her old lover might hold those dead, dear days as the dust of idle pleasuring, was creeping to shatter the new joy she had sailed over seas to find.

"Happy!"—for an instant, as he repeats her word, his eyes are looking off across the blue bay, and surely the shadow of happiness shines in their depths. With a little sigh and a boyish flush he turns again to her, and in that movement it is as if Cecil Carteret put something behind him—gave himself up to this woman's siren will. "Happy! Vashti, am not I with you?"

Most voices have said this, and it would have been sweet from most in the ears of most loving women; but this voice of Cecil Carteret was one of those full, luscious voices one fancies the archangels must have.

The Princess Kartoryska has risen from her drowsy lounge; she stands erect like some goddess by him, her two arms about his head as some victorious wreath, her scarlet lips fall full on his in one kiss that savors to her of heaven. And he?—that boyish flush for a moment crimsons all his face, and then, with an odd, desperate sigh, he folds her in his arms.

* * * * * *

"Vashti, Vashti! why did you send for me?"

The yacht of the Princess Kartoryska lay at anchor off the Branch; the princess herself, who had come ashore with two or three maids and two or three monstrous trunks, had established herself at the West End. And Cecil Carteret took occasion to run down about every other afternoon—in fact, Cecil's club friends began to chaff him most unmercifully, and the affair was town-talk generally—at least, so much of town as was in town in August.

Cecil smiled, and made some weak remonstrances, "Old friend," "Boy and girl together," etc.; but there was a queer, haunted look in his eyes that never used to be there—a feverish, dissatisfied look; and he had odd, nervous ways with him nowadays, and seemed to be uneasy and restless whenever any one else, no matter whom, man or woman, was in conversation with Vashti.

"Did he love her?" It was a question the princess asked herself a hundred times a day; 'tis true there would be outbursts of feeling now and then—desperate gusts of passionate demonstration; but were they not rather the answer of a generous nature to the wild call of her own?—had the Princess Kartoryska lost a tithe of that old bewitching power that used to wile men from their homes and keep them at her side, as it were, against their wills, in the days when she was only Vashti Yorke? Who knows?

She had been walking up and down the broad piazza with him; off at sea the twenty blue—true blue—lights of the *Fidèle* twinkled distinguishable among the other craft. The strains of the band came sweet and strong from the ballroom, where most of the people were. The spell of the night, the music, the salt, soft air was upon her, had steeped her sensuous nature to the full.

They stopped as by common inclination, and sat down beside each other on a settee under one of the windows, and neither spoke any word—neither noted the fair young woman who stood at the casement above them, whose blue, intent eyes were almost deathlike in their wide, downward stare.

"Oh, my Cecil!" Vashti Yorke slipped down at his feet in the moonlight, and all her soft velvet draperies fell about her, and the diamonds on her throat and arms flashed scintillating splendor in his eyes. "Cecil, Cecil, say once, just once, that you love me!"

The lithe arms twined about him in an agonizing clasp as he tried to raise her.

"No, no. Let me lie here. Let me beg for it as some slave might a boon of his master. I have hungered and thirsted for it, Cecil, and you never have said it once."

The tone was low, but piercing in its intensity, and the look on her pallid face was one that Cecil Carteret remembered until he saw another there, more full of awe in its solemnity and sad incomprehensibleness.

"Cecil—Mr. Carteret!"

"My God!"

Cecil Carteret starts to his feet and pushes Vashti Yorke from him in a kind of spurning scorn. They have both heard that low, clear voice calling his name, but they neither of them see the speaker; she is standing just above them in that window, and she meets Cecil Cateret along the eastern corridor, and laughs with a shy joy as she touches his hand with hers.

"I came down for a surprise, Cecil, and I know you don't like surprises, nor do I; but I couldn't resist the temptation."

"I am glad you didn't."

He says it with a queer, fierce gladness in his tone.

"Oh, Cecil, will you introduce me to this beautiful Russian—this Princess Kartoryska?"

There is an odd, breathless anxiety in the girlish voice.

"Yes, I will." Cecil Carteret glances down at the fair, innocent face so near him. "You haven't kissed me, Mabel—will you?"

"My lord has learned to ask for favors," she answers, smiling; "how long since? Of course you may kiss me.

And he does—presses one soft touch of his lips on her forehead.

"The princess is right here. I will introduce you now."

They turn the angle of the corridor. Vashti Yorke is sitting there in the pallid moon's light, her lithe body stretched out, and the velvets falling around her, and the gems gleaming in the dusk—like some queen in her ruined state.

"Princess Kartoryska, allow me to present to you my wife."

In those two words there is enough of tender, proud possession to satisfy any woman; Cecil Carteret stands leaning on the balustrade with folded arms, staring at these two women talking together, and like scales from his eyes falls off the old delusion, the olden fascination of the fiery eyes in the face of marble.

* * * * * *

The next day the princess gives a *fête* on board the *Fidèle*. For half a day beautiful women and their attendant cavaliers amuse themselves with wondering admiration of the yacht and enjoyment of its luxuries, and the exquisite music provided for them by their lavish hostess.

At eight, the moon being risen and the translucent west aglow with rosy pearl and cool green and yellow tints, the banquet is spread on deck, and Vashti, in the white and golden robe he saw her in first after the old days, presides with something of a royal grace.

She has placed Mabel Carteret at the foot of the table, and Cecil is at her right. Mabel is laughing and chatting with the gentlemen at either side of her. Is there a faintly nervous tremor through the young wife's laugh and talk, or is it the contrast with the hostess's superb repose?

"Cecil"—she calls him so quite quietly, with a little flash of defiance, maybe, in her dark eyes as they meet Mabel's blue and steady ones—"Cecil, will you hand me those peaches?"

Alton reaches over quickly to supply her want.

"No, thanks, captain; I asked Mr. Carteret to hand them to me, and I feel despotic to-night—like humoring my own slightest whim. Don't you think I should, Cecil?" turning to him, and glancing choosingly at the dish of fruit he offers; "because this is my last day in America."

"Your last day in America, princess?" comes regretfully from twenty pairs of lips.

She inclines her head.

"Thanks. Mr. Carteret, will you peel me this one?"

She hands him a golden knife that lies beside her plate, and Cecil deftly strips off the velvet coat, and cuts the large ripe fruit into dainty quarters for her.

"Thank you, Cecil." Upon him flashes the dark and wondrous splendor of her eyes as she eats the peach. "Yes, my last day in America. To-morrow I shall be far enough away from you all." But upon Cecil Carteret alone does she look. "Long ago, *mes amis*, I was young and pretty, and a *danseuse* in another country. I threw away the heart that loved me—that I loved—and gave myself to Prince Kartoryska. I came back to my country to find my love; I found him, had him," her great eyes flash a languid fire toward fair-haired Mabel, "heard his voice, kissed his lips and hands, but, *mes amis*, I could not find his heart."

There is despair and desolation in the voice, and on the pallid face, where dark-gray shadows gather—shadows that shall quench for ever the witching light of eyes divine in darkness.

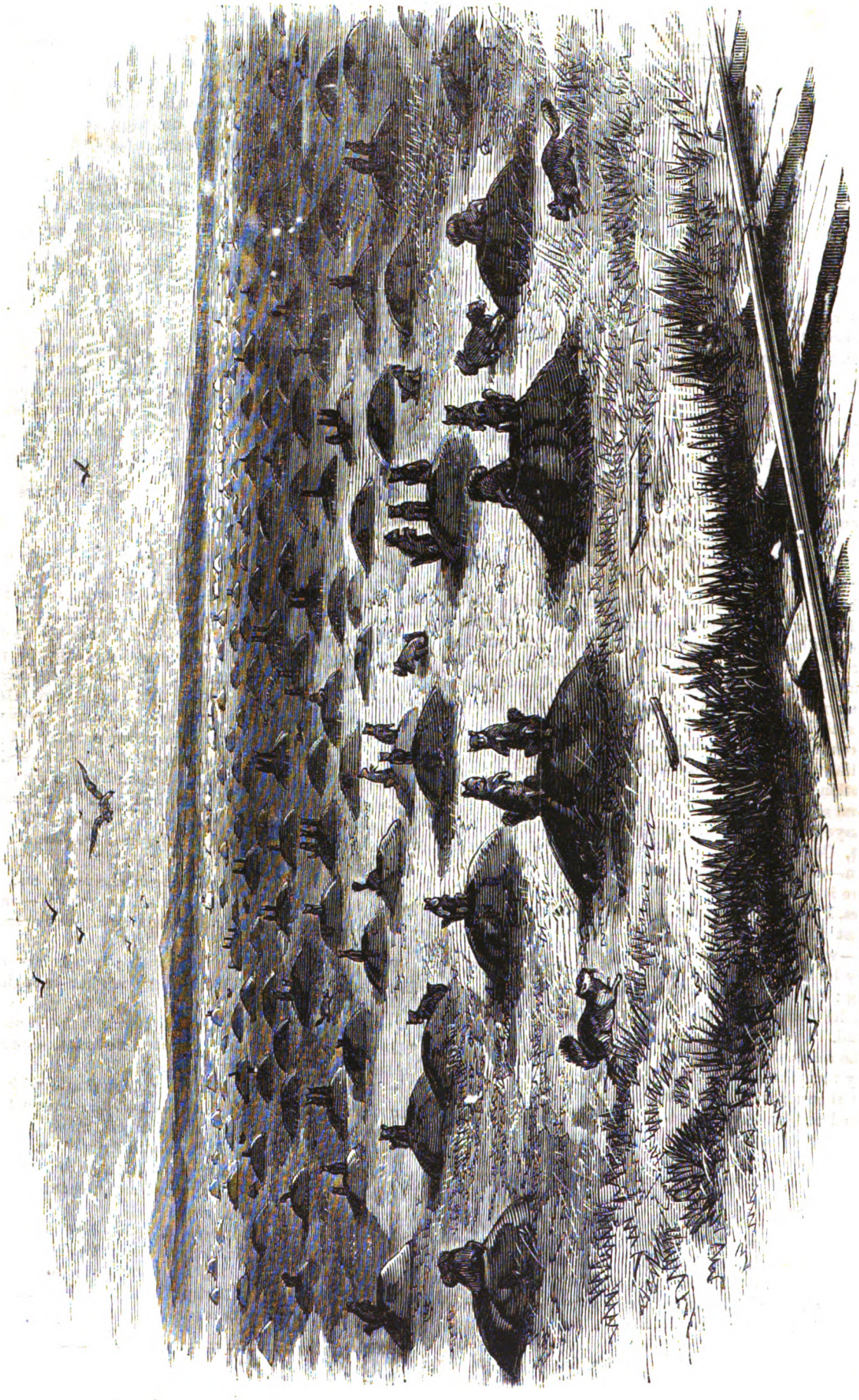
The guests start from their seats; but before one of them can reach her, Vashti Yorke is "far enough away from them all," verily.

Cecil Carteret catches her in his arms, but the warm enfoldment meets with but the coldness of death—death that he had dealt her all unconsciously.

"It was discovered that the golden knife with which one of the guests had cut a peach at the banquet of the Princess Kartoryska on board her yacht, the *Fidèle*, had been previously dipped in a deadly poison. Of this peach the princess had partaken, death ensuing almost immediately—a most determined and romantic suicide." So said the newspaper reports.

Mabel Carteret never related to her husband what she had heard that night in the corridor at the West End, and Cecil Carteret, as he folds his young wife to his breast, shakes off the tragic memory of Vashti Yorke, as if it were some poisonous nightmare.

ALL is hollow where the heart bears not a part, and all is in peril where principle is not its guide.



THE EARTH'S TREELESS REGION.—A PRAIRIE DOG CITY NEAR THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.—SEE PAGE 117.

THE EARTH'S TREELESS REGION.

By Prof. J. D. Whitney.

The earth's surface presents itself for study and observation with a wonderful variety of form and character. In the first place, we find, as we travel over it, that we have to accustom ourselves to great changes of temperature; the range—as measured by the Fahrenheit thermometer—to which the traveler may be exposed, between the burning sands of the Desert of Sahara and the regions of the frozen north, being as much as 200 degrees. Even to one remaining on the same spot, it may, as the seasons vary, reach fully three-fourths of that amount. The most rapid change of climate may, however, be made by rising or descending in altitude. A few hours' climb will carry the traveler from a tropical heat to eternal snow and ice. The change from a very moist to an exceedingly dry climate is another familiar experience of every person who has given a moderately wide range to his journeyings.

Diversity of surface is another and an important element in the sum-total of impressions made upon the mind as any particular region of country is looked upon by even the least reflective traveler. The manifold varieties of form which exhibit themselves in plain, valley, gorge, cliff and precipice, make up one of the essential elements of what we call the landscape. These varieties of surface may exist in any latitude; but their whole character is liable to be profoundly modified by climate, which not only manifests itself to our feelings, but influences the whole character of vegetable as well as of animal life, although the latter does not form properly a part of the landscape itself.

The form of the surface depends chiefly on the character of the underlying rocks, and the diversities of condition to which these have been subjected during the lapse of the geological periods. Rocks, however, both in form and character, repeat themselves all over the world. The most skillful geologist could not, if dropped at random anywhere on the earth's surface, place himself, or make out approximately in what region he was, from an examination of the rocks alone. If these, however, contained fossils, he might, in many cases, be essentially aided in his endeavor to ascertain his whereabouts by their study; for although there is a wonderful resemblance, in not a few instances, between the extinct faunas of different regions, this resemblance rarely amounts to identity. Moreover, such an investigation of the fossil forms of any district

A CACTUS THICKET.

necessarily presupposes search beneath the surface, while our object, at the present time, is only to consider what is above it.

The flora of any region is, or might be, to the botanist who was thoroughly familiar with the vegetation of the entire earth, almost an infallible guide in such a case as has been here presupposed. We might imagine a person to have made himself so well acquainted, by study in the herbarium alone, with the different plants growing over the earth's surface, that he would, in a general way, if set down anywhere on it, give a very good guess as to his whereabouts. No geologist, however, would succeed in doing this, or in making any approach to it, from a study of the rocks alone, no matter how minute his preparatory studies might have been. Nor would the simple topographer fare better in this respect, for surface forms and contours repeat themselves indefinitely; and although it is true that in no two places they are exactly alike, yet there is no such method and harmony in the grouping of topographic details that any particular form could be assigned to any particular region. The inference from this is, that however important form of surface may be, as giving character to the scenery, yet the vegetation with which that surface is clothed is really the most essential feature in the complex of ideas which goes to make up what we call the landscape.

It is of one particular form of surface, and of the vegetation which is more or less peculiar to that form, to which the reader's attention is to be called at the present time. The more nearly level portions of the earth, and the kind of flora which these exhibit in various countries, are to be studied for the purpose of finding where they are situated, what has been their origin, and how their topographical features and climatological conditions are connected, in a general way, with the character of the vegetation with which they are clothed.

We have not far to look before discovering that comparatively level regions, distinguished by peculiarities of vegetable growth, are of common and wide-spread occurrence over the various land-masses of the earth. It appears, also, that a number of terms designating these peculiar areas are in general use, and that there is no sharp line to be drawn between them. To a certain extent, however, we do use, in speaking of these level areas, the same term which the people themselves employ who live in the region we mean to designate. Thus we speak of the steppes of Asia, the pampas of Central South America, or the llanos of the northern portion of the same country, because the inhabitants of those regions themselves use those words as indicating the peculiar features of the surface in question. Yet some of these terms, especially the word *steppe*, which is the German modification of the Russian word *step*, is frequently applied to other regions than that of Northern and Western Asia, where it properly belongs. Thus we often read, in works of physical geography, of the steppes of Western North America, while some of the terms which belong to this category are applied quite vaguely, and somewhat differently, by different writers. It will be well, therefore, to pass in rapid review the more important level areas of the world which have certain features of vegetation in common, and to indicate their peculiarities, giving the names by which these areas are known to the inhabitants, and endeavoring to show what combination of conditions is indicated, in each case, by the name in question, and how far such terms may with propriety be used in other regions of generally similar character.

We may, however, in the first place, allude to what may be called the essential feature—especially from the botanical point of view—of the areas in question, namely, the entire, or almost entire, absence of trees upon them. This is the important fact which the observer, or the physical geographer, has in mind when speaking of steppe or pampa. But it must be borne in mind that absence of arboreal vegetation does not, by any means, necessarily imply absence of all vegetation, or even that other forms of vegetable life than those of forest trees may not be present in abundance and in great variety.

We may begin our studies with the steppes of Asia, since these are the grandest of all in extent, and, perhaps, the most varied in character; for not only are the vast areas of that nearly level and treeless country, which lie along the northern and northwestern side of all the great central elevated mass of that continent, commonly designated as steppe, but a large part of that central region itself is described under that name by recent eminent geographical authorities, so that we may include in the various forms of steppe existing in Russia and Central Asia the grass-covered plains of the lower regions and the almost entirely barren valleys lying between the various mountain ranges which are piled up over so large a portion of High Asia. Absence of trees is the essential feature in both the "steppe" and the "high steppe," as these regions have been, and may, perhaps, with propriety be designated; but the lower regions are in large part well covered with grass, and suitable for occupation by a pastoral people, dependent chiefly for the means of sustenance on their flocks and herds, while the higher valleys are almost uninhabitable, very sparsely covered with a shrubby vegetation, and both too cold and too dry to offer any attractions except to the adventurous geographical explorer, who has still much to accomplish on the great central plateau of High Asia before its topography and natural history will have been anything like satisfactorily made out, even in their most general features. The vastness of the area which may be designated as steppe on the Asiatic continent is almost overwhelming. Nearly half of the 18,000,000 square miles which Asia covers is essentially a treeless region, and, perhaps, a half of that half belongs to the high steppe division, in which cold and dryness are the predominant characteristics.

From the fact that the steppes of Russian Asia have been longer known and more written about than any others in the world, the term steppe has been most ordinarily applied to similar areas in other countries. This is especially the case because such a use of the word has been sanctioned by Humboldt, who was the first to draw popular attention to this variety of surface as a feature of importance in physical geography.

In North America, where the treeless regions occupy so large an area, and where many of the physical conditions so closely resemble those prevailing on the Asiatic continent, the use of the term steppe has never been introduced among the people. Here, in fact, the character of the surface and distribution of vegetation over it, as well as its climatological peculiarities, have all been more satisfactorily and fully made out than in Asia, in spite of the fact that the latter country has been so much longer an object of scientific study. We may, therefore, dwell somewhat more at length on the treeless regions of the American Continent than we have done on those of the Old World.

As in the case of the Asiatic High Plateau, so in North America, we have an elevated region of great extent, intersected by numerous mountain ranges rising much above the general level of the plateau itself. In Asia this high region is centrally situated with reference to the continental mass; but in North America it occupies the western side of the continent, and on the Pacific side descends

suddenly and rapidly to the ocean level. In approaching this high, mountainous division of the continent from the east, the traveler passes over a surface which appears to the eye to be almost everywhere level and unbroken, but which really rises with a very gentle but gradually increasing slope to the base of the Rocky Mountains, where the elevation is nearly a mile above the sea-level. This gently-sloping belt has a width of more than five hundred miles, and extends from Mexico north through the whole continent to the Arctic Ocean. It forms the region universally known as "the plains." It is an area nearly destitute of trees, but covered with a growth of various grasses, dense and abundant in the lower regions, and gradually becoming less so as we rise in altitude, but nowhere absent altogether. The trees, chiefly of the poplar family, and familiarly known as "cottonwoods," are scarcely found at all, except along the edges of the streams, and they become less and less abundant as we proceed westward. This is the region so extensively ranged over by herds of "buffalo" (*Bison Americanus*), which not long ago existed in almost countless numbers, but which are fast disappearing as the country becomes more and more invaded by railroads, carrying hunters who seem bent on exterminating every kind of game which presents itself.

Beyond the Rocky Mountains, and between that range and the Sierra Nevada, is a belt of country in the central part of the territory of the United States which is more than a thousand miles in width, a large portion of which is without drainage to the sea, and is known as "The Great Basin." From the predominance over much of its surface of a shrubby plant familiarly called "sage-brush"—a species of *Artemisia*, or wormwood—the region is frequently designated by its inhabitants as the "sage-brush country." The valleys of the Great Basin are not suited for pasturage, except to a very limited extent. "Bunch-grasses," of which *Poa tenuifolia* is one of the most abundant and valuable, are sparsely scattered over the lower hillsides, and along the river banks there is often a coarse growth of sedge-grasses, with a few cottonwoods and shrubby willows. The sage-brush country as it continues to the southwest, toward Mexican territory, becomes more and more occupied with various forms of the *Cactus* family, some of which have the altitude of trees, and give rise to the most curious type of landscape.

Between the Rocky Mountains and the Great Basin there is, included within the parallels of 36° and 44°, and lying chiefly in the States or Territories of Colorado, Wyoming and Utah, a broad belt of country greatly diversified by mountain ranges, and very dry and forbidding, although having a drainage to the sea. A large part of this region is underlain by fresh-water Tertiary deposits, and belongs to the type of country known throughout the far West as the "Mauvaises Terres," or "Bad Lands." The typical Bad Lands are, however, on the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains, and are largely developed along the various branches running into the Missouri River from the southwest, within the limits of the Territory of Dakota. The Tertiary rocks of the Bad Lands are soft and permeable to water; and, being very easily eroded away, they have been worn into forms of the most striking and even picturesque charactar, although the general aspect of these regions is one of utter sterility, a condition resulting partly from the nature of the rock formations, and partly from the general extreme dryness of the climate.

Immediately upon the very backbone of the country, within the area occupied by the ranges properly designated as the Rocky Mountains, there are several broad and nearly level tracts, formerly the beds of lakes, which have become dry during later Tertiary times, and which are almost entirely destitute of arboreal vegetation. These areas have long been known as "The Parks," a name peculiar to this region, and which seems to have had its origin in the fancy of the early hunters, by whom, also, the smaller treeless plains, scattered here and there through the mountains, are designated as "Holes."

Between the sage-brush-covered valleys of the Great Basin rise numerous ranges of mountains, on the summits of which snow is usually to be found throughout the whole Summer, lying in small patches in sheltered gorges, near the very highest points. None of these ranges rise high enough to have what may be properly called a line of perpetual snow. The lower slopes of these mountains are usually quite destitute of trees, which, however, make their appearance on the high ranges as we rise toward their summits, the juniper and the one-leaved pine being the predominating species; the whole aspect of the vegetation, both of mountain and valley, being extremely monotonous, while the topographic features of the country are varied and even attractive from the brilliancy and beauty of the atmospheric effects, which are connected in their origin with the prevailing dryness, and which, at certain times, especially at sunrise and sunset, seem almost to glorify a region otherwise repellent in character.

Next to Asia and North America, the southern division of the New World demands our attention for the great extent of its level and treeless areas, so well known from the picturesque descriptions given by Humboldt. In point of fact, however, we understand less of the conditions in that part of the world than would be supposed, when the number of travelers who have visited it is taken into consideration. The absence of good maps, and of statistics of climate kept up for any considerable length of time, gives a very fragmentary character to most of the physical-geographical work which has been done in South America. In the absence of facts, theories have been promulgated which will scarcely bear the test of examination.

The treeless areas of that country are known by various names. They are called "llanos" in the regions north of the equator, where they lie chiefly within the limits of Venezuela; in Brazil they are designated as "campos," and as "pampas" in Peru, and especially in the central region lying between Brazil and Patagonia, and mostly included within the territory of the Argentine Confederation.

The Spanish word "llano" is almost exactly the equivalent of the English "plain," the idea of the flatness being the predominant one in both cases. "Campo" is the equivalent of the Latin "campus." But "pampa" appears to be a word which originated in some one of the South American aboriginal languages. It is applied in Peru to the regions of moving sand-dunes along the cost, but not to the treeless slopes of the Andes.

The llanos of South America are described by Humboldt as extending from the Caraccas coast chain to the forests of Guiana, and from the snowy mountains of Merida to the great delta formed by the Orinoco at its mouth, embracing an area of a quarter of a million of square miles. According to official determination, nearly two-thirds of Venezuela is "llano," or grassy plain, the prevailing vegetation belonging to the two orders of Cyperaceæ and Gramineæ. A large part of the surface is described by Humboldt, as well as by Codazzi, by whom it was officially surveyed for the Government, as being extraordinarily flat; so much so, indeed, that over areas of several hundred square miles "no part seems to be a foot higher than the rest." The soil over large tracts is

GENERAL VIEW OF THE MAUVAISES TERRES OF NEBRASKA.

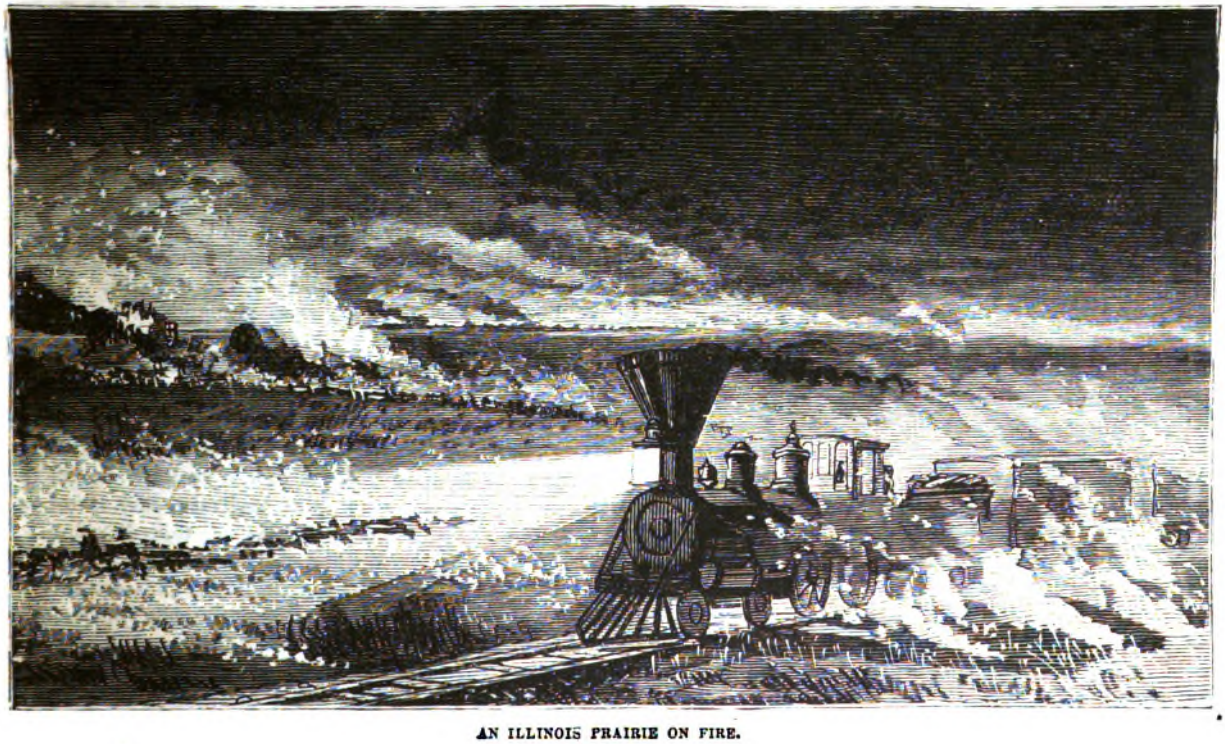
described as being absolutely destitute of even the smallest pebble.

The region of the llanos is one of large rainfall, but the precipitation is very irregularly distributed through the year, it being entirely confined to the so-called rainy season. Humboldt describes with poetic fervor the awakening of the vegetation to renewed life under the influence of the welcome rain.

The pampas occupy a much larger area than the llanos, and are, as stated by recent travelers, of a considerably diversified character. The whole region commonly included within the designation of pampa by physical geographers extends over more than a million of square miles. Some of this is grassy plain, well fitted for pastoral uses; a portion further to the north, where dryness is a more predominant characteristic, is a barren waste, the soil being thoroughly impregnated with saline matter, evidently the bed of one or more former lakes. Flatness, absence of trees, abundant development of grasses in the moister portions, these are characteristics of the region of the pampas, just as they are on the steppes and plains.

"BAD LANDS," MINNESOTA.

Before proceeding to a discussion of the causes of the peculiar condition of the surface indicated by the term steppe and the other nearly equivalent words, it may be



AN ILLINOIS PRAIRIE ON FIRE.

noticed that it seems necessary that the two features of comparative flatness of surface and absence of trees should be present at the same time, in order to give rise to so marked a type of landscape as to call for a special name. There are large treeless areas on the slopes of mountains, although the occurrence is not a common one; but there is no special term by which such areas may be designated, and it is evident that they could not be included under any of the terms which have been mentioned. It must also be admitted that level tracts of country are much more likely to be barren of arboreal vegetation than are mountain slopes or regions with broken surface. For this fact there must be some reason, and we may now proceed to inquire what it is.

Before going any further, however, it will be well to notice in general what physical causes influence the character and development of vegetation. And it requires but a limited amount of observation before it will be clearly perceived that variations of temperature and in the quantity of moisture in the atmosphere have the most powerfu influence on the flora of any region. In the case of temperature we see this almost equally well illustrated, whether we journey toward the Polar regions, or rise on the sides of lofty mountains, the decrease of temperature manifesting itself, in either case, in a most marked degree by corresponding changes in the vegetation. The forest trees which are recognized as typical of warm climates disappear; those characteristic of colder regions make their appearance; these become more sparsely distributed and dwarfed in size, and finally give out altogether; some grasses and flowering-plants maintain their hold up to still higher and colder latitudes, and finally all these disappear, and only the lichens remain, of which no land, however far north it may lie, has ever been found entirely destitute. Of a similar character is the decline of vegetation as we ascend the slopes of high mountains. Trees finally disappear; grasses and flowering plants higher up do the same, and the lichens maintain their hold to the last, and often until the line of eternal snow is reached.

That these effects are mainly due to temperature changes seems altogether probable, since there is abundant evidence that differences in the distribution of moisture are not here to be considered as the efficient agent in the matter.

That the presence or absence of moisture has a great influence in determining the character of vegetation cannot be denied, and that the distribution of forests over the earth's surface is largely connected with the amount of rainfall in different regions is beyond a doubt. An inspection of a rain-chart of the earth, and a comparison of the position of the rainless and drier areas with that of the belts or tracts destitute of trees, will be sufficient to show at once that, in a general way, regions where the rainfall is deficient are those where trees are least developed; and also that a vigorous growth of grasses may be found where the precipitation is quite moderate in amount.

That the desert regions of the world are the rainless ones cannot for a moment be doubted. Absolute deserts, however, if by the term desert is meant a region entirely destitute of vegetation, are not by any means of frequent occurrence, and when such tracts do occur they rarely extend over large areas. The amount of desert on the earth is exceedingly small when compared with that of the region to which the name steppe may properly be applied.

Moving sands form the surface least favorable to vegetation; for even a rock surface entirely destitute of soil may be more or less incrusted with lichens. Hence the fact that a considerable portion of the Sahara is underlain with a sandstone which easily disintegrates on weathering, giving rise to great masses of pure sand, is regarded as one of the reasons for the utter barrenness of such large areas in Northern Africa.

Since moisture is essential to the vigorous growth of trees, so that very dry regions are, as a general rule, not covered with forests, it will not be difficult to understand why treeless areas are usually found in the interior of continental masses, as is so well illustrated by the position of the plains of North America, and that of the pampas and llanos of the southern division of the New World. The edges of the continents are the regions where the larger portion of the rainfall on the land takes place. To this rule there are but few exceptions; the most striking one is the existence of a rainless belt along a considerable part of the west coast of South America, a condition of things depending on the position of the chain of the Andes in that region with reference to the trade-winds.

But it is now necessary to proceed one step further, and show how it is the level areas are so apt to be treeless, and thus to account for the co-existence, in so many cases, of flatness of surface and absence of arboreal vegetation.

To explain this, it will be necessary to allude to another feature of the North American landscape, not yet mentioned, about which much has been written, and but little correctly stated. Writers thus far have, almost without exception, confounded the prairies with the plains in discussing the physical geography of the continent. In point of fact, however, there is a very great difference between the two. The word *prairie* was originally introduced and used in describing the geography of the Valley of the Mississippi by French travelers and missionaries. Hennepin, writing about 1680, describes the prairies of Illinois, and defines them with care and accuracy. The word itself, as used in France, is almost exactly the equivalent of the English "meadow," meaning a level area covered with grass. It is a term now current in the United States only as applied to the treeless tracts in the immediate vicinity of the Mississippi River, and lying chiefly within the boundaries of the States of Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri and Arkansas. The prairies in these States are areas covered with a vigorous growth of various grasses, interspersed with numerous flowering plants, but destitute of trees. All through the prairie regions, however, there are tracts covered with a dense growth of "timber," as forests are universally called in the United States.

This timber seems, at first sight, to be quite arbitrarily arranged with reference to the treeless areas. Sometimes the trees occupy large tracts on the higher portions of the country; at other times, and indeed much more generally, they line the sides of the "bluffs," which extend along the river courses, although not in close proximity to them. These bluffs are the steeper transitional areas between the nearly level or gently undulating uplands, which form the larger part of the surface of the country all through the prairie regions, and the "river bottoms," or quite flat land bordering the streams. Although the relative position of the tracts occupied by timber and grass may seem quite arbitrary, such is not by any means the case. The reason of this distribution becomes evident enough when one examines with care the character of the soil of the region. The trees are invariably found to be growing on the gravelly or coarser varieties of soil, while that which underlays the prairies themselves is exceedingly fine—so much so, indeed, that it polishes the implements which are used in its cultivation instead of scratching them. This extremely fine soil, which is, beyond a doubt, unfavorable to the growth

of trees, is in places the result of the filling up of old lake-basins with fine sediment; but, in the true prairie region, more often the residuum left after the dissolving away of the soft, easily decomposed rocks which underlay the whole region in nearly horizontal beds. This residuum, which is almost impalpably fine, seems to have been swept into the basin in which the rocks were being deposited by marine currents coming from a great distance, and therefore bringing only the most finely comminuted material.

On some lines of railroad running west from Chicago, on which cuts of a few feet in depth are quite frequent, so that the character of the soil can be easily recognized, and especially within the first few years after the building of the roads, the varying character of the vegetation, as one passed from timbered to grass-covered areas, could easily be recognized, in almost every instance, as being accompanied by a corresponding change in the texture of the soil. In a great majority of cases one might tell by simple feeling of the soil, with the eyes shut, whether the surface was occupied by forest or by prairie.

The peculiar position of the prairie belt with reference to the treeless region a little further west, where, beyond question, absence of sufficient moisture is the prime cause of the giving out of the trees, has naturally led physical geographers, not fully acquainted with the facts, to assert positively that the prairies are but the beginning of the plains, and that the origin of both was due to the same cause. A less reasonable theory even than this has been and is still frequently advocated by residents of the prairie region, as well as by others, namely, that the prairies are the result of the burning over of the surface by the aboriginal inhabitants. This theory is entirely opposed to all the facts, and it is quite unnecessary to occupy space in refuting it.

The meteorological records which have been kept for a considerable term of years at numerous stations in the prairie region, chiefly under the direction of the Smithsonian Institution, authorize the assertion, with no possibility of any contradiction based on facts, that the prairies are not dependent for their existence on the absence of sufficient rainfall. On the contrary, the precipitation over some of the very best developed prairie areas is large, much larger, in fact, than it is over the principal portion of the forest-covered region of the Eastern States.

The theory advocated of late by some physical geographers, and especially by Peschel, for the absence of trees over extensive regions of the earth, is to the effect that it is not the want of a sufficient quantity of rain, taking the average for the whole year, but its unequal distribution at different seasons. In this way the attempt has been made to account for the existence of the North American prairies. The most careful examination of the rainfall statistics proves, however, that in the region in question there is no such irregularity of precipitation as this theory demands. The distribution, through the year, of the rainfall in the prairie States is in no respect different from what it is along the Atlantic border, where forests are of universal occurrence. Besides, it is a fatal objection to this theory that there are regions most densely covered with forest, where the rainfall is as irregular as possible, whether considered from the point of view of the annual average or of the distribution by seasons. Thus in California, along the western slope of the Sierra Nevada, forests exist which can scarcely be surpassed anywhere in the world in density and absolute size of the individual trees, and yet there the precipitation is almost entirely limited to two or three months of the year, scarcely a drop of rain ever falling during the months from May to November.

It is a fact, therefore, that the character of the soil has a powerful influence on the growth and character of the vegetation, as well as temperature and moisture. Wherever, for any reason, the soil is of especially fine texture, here grasses will flourish in preference to forests, provided the rainfall be not entirely insufficient. Hence we see at once why plains are more likely than mountain slopes to be treeless. It is toward the plains that the finer materials, abraded by erosion and denuding agencies from the higher regions, are being constantly carried, as they have been in former geological ages. The broader the plain, the more likely it is that a considerable portion of it will be covered with fine detritus, whether this be of subaërial origin or deposited at the bottom of the sea.

THE EDITOR'S OPERA-GLASS.

THE cold Spring, the dense ice-packs, the terrible overhanging berg of frozen water which has so grim an outlook of the great ocean steamers, all, all surrender before the fierce heats of later May and early June, and the phenomenon of an Arctic Spring has been followed by a profuse sudden Summer.

July, the young imperial month, always has something of the Cæsars about it. It wears its coronal of fresh sovereignty proudly. The green leaves of that chaplet are not yet covered with the dust of the arena. Even the June races have not effaced the perennial freshness, and the conqueror stands "laughing on the misty mountain tops," in spite of Olympian dust.

Fashion disintegrates, and is now making up its mind where to go. There is no such word as "Town" any longer. Its denizens babble of green fields. The Coney Island dissipation has been but a whetting of the appetite for Bar Harbor, and the best dresses have not been revealed to the public eye as yet. They are in reserve for Saratoga and Newport, and Sharon and Richfield, and the White Sulphur. There is no such thing as an American "Spring season." Half the world is off for the London season (if they did not get caught in an ice-pack), the other half has carefully made fractions of itself, and has dispersed its units and ciphers at West Point, for the annual graduation (which was remarkably brilliant this year), or at the various country houses which open their hospitable doors, or even on the top of the coaches which now run daily to convenient points, not to speak of those sporadic coaching-parties which go from their owner's stables out to a friendly house at a near distance for a lunch, with the pretty girls and attendant beaux and chaperons—a delightful expedition.

This is the most sensible feature of our modern dissipation—the coaching-party. Our uncertain climate may render the parties on the "Tally ho" somewhat a matter of lottery; but the opulent owner of a coach can always be ready of a sunny morning to take his lovely freight out for a drive.

The open-air amusements of Americans, owing, perhaps, to the absorption of our men in business, have been very few up to the last few years.

Now they are many. The hunting mania threatens to equal that of Great Britain, and the Westchester County Hunt opened with its usual prestige. Polo and lawn-tennis, ball-playing and the races, call the fair lingerers in town out to the neighborhood of Jerome Park.

But the greater exodus has been, and is to be, this Summer to the Adirondacks and to Mount Desert.

THE EARTH'S TREELESS REGION.— A RIDE THROUGH THE PAMPAS, SOUTH AMERICA.— SEE PAGE 117.

It may surprise many a reader to tell what the Opera-glass saw at Bar Harbor, Mount Desert, on a June day.

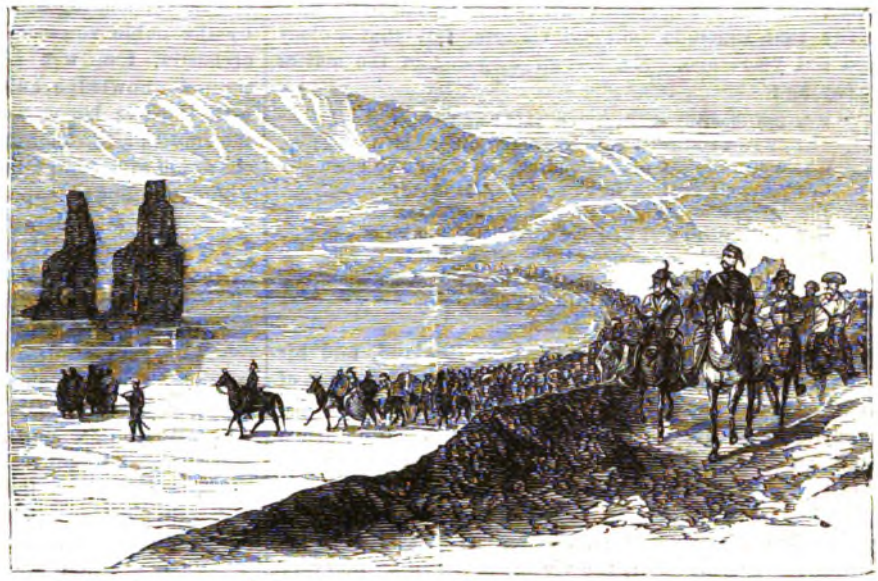
For instance—A dining-room at the Rhodick, the largest hotel on the Maine coast, which will seat a thousand people, and also feed them.

The St. Sauveur and the Rhodick both putting in *steam elevators*, to enable their guests to rise to unaccustomed heights without fatigue! The steamer *Lewiston*, touching at Deer Island, Sedgewick and Southwest Harbor, coming into the principal harbor along the coast of Mount Desert. Bar Harbor affords one a delightful sail. Boston, New York and Philadelphia people have lined the coast with luxurious cottages, and the whole settlement has an air of permanence and of antiquity which a *brand-new* American settlement, only five years old, could scarcely be expected to produce.

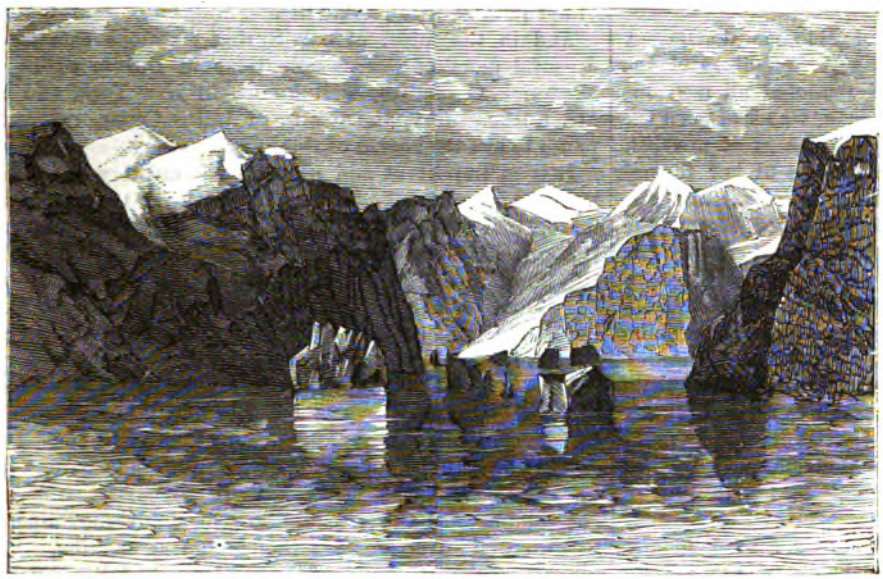
THE EARTH'S TREELESS REGION.— A PRAIRIE FIRE.

The water of Silver Lake has been brought from among the mountains to every hotel, so no one will be poisoned. Happy the Opera-glass who can ascend Green Mountain and gain a view of the ocean that washes these picturesque shores! and catch a glimmering of the white sails bound for another world. The highest mountain summit in Maine can also be seen from this unique spot. And certain other units and ciphers have been turning their Opera-glasses upon Santa Monica, a watering-place in Southern California, that delightful spot in the oases of this world—a land

of fruit and floral beauty. At Santa Monica is a seaside resort of rarest loveliness. There, under the eucalyptus-tree, with the cactus at one's feet; with geraniums eight feet high; with the heliotrope running up to eighteen feet; with the calla making itself at home everywhere; with that profusion of fruits and flowers which made some careful observer say that "the plants of California have no idea of the fitness of things, they always overdo it"— there, turning the Opera-glass upon the Pacific Ocean, unbroken for a thousand miles, one finds Paradise, and can bask in uninterrupted sweetness of air and the perfume of every variety of verbena, pink and



THE EARTH'S TREELESS REGION.— THE COLOSSI OF MEMNON, IN THE DESERT OF EGYPT.

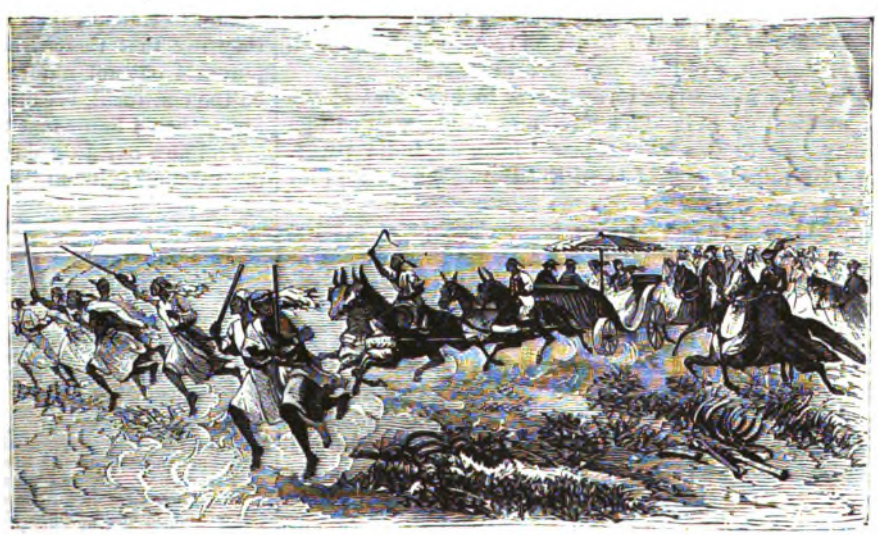


THE EARTH'S TREELESS REGION.— AMID THE NORTHERN ICE.

lily, geranium, flowering shrub, and also lie under the shade of a solid wall of roses fifteen feet high by ten wide; lie in the sand on the beach, bathe in water that is tempered to a soft heat, and eat grapes from morn till dewy eve without daring to compute how many grapes there must be due from a hundred and twenty thousand vines, with twenty pounds to a vine! which is one man's vineyard only.

But since the last month that the Opera-glass swept the horizon from Maine to California, the choicest grape of literature has been plucked by the great vintner, who "treadeth out the grapes." For the unseen future he has gathered the thinker up to the fountain of Thought.

Emerson, our original poet, our first philosopher, our "nugget of wisdom," has gone. It has been a fatal year for men of letters, and in the death of Emerson one phase of American thought seems utterly impoverished. Some one said, happily, of him, that when "Emerson uttered a great truth Nature felt relieved." Oscar Wilde, in one of those remarks which have an air of affectation, but also such a depth of reality in them, said, wisely, "America started early into philosophy, and in Emerson outspoke the world." There was a certain



THE EARTH'S TREELESS REGION.— THE CAVALCADE IN THE DESERT, EGYPT.

congeniality of intellectual temperament which led people to say that Emerson imitated Carlyle, but that fallacy died out years ago. Mr. Lowell disposed of the matter by saying:

"E.'s the clear-eyed Olympian, rapid and slim;
The one's two-thirds Norseman, the other half Greek;
Where the one's most abounding, the other's to seek.
C.'s generals require to be seen in the mass;
E.'s specialties gain if enlarged by the glass;
C. gives Nature and God his own fit of the blues,
And rims common sense with mystical hues;
E. sits in a mystery, calm and intense,
And slowly looks round with his sharp common sense."

Emerson was highly appreciated in England, and his visits there afforded him one of his most charming of books. It was he who said that the love of truth, so conspicuous in all Anglo-Saxon blood, had never a higher, a more suggestive compliment than the common paraphrase, "That's the plain English of it."

Mr. Bancroft and Victor Hugo are now the literary outposts. These two great men—one, the historian of his own country; the other, the vivacious *raconteur* of every man's land—are about the same age, both well and strong, and enjoying life and a foretaste of their own immutability abundantly.

Sad it is to read of the end of Madame de Balzac, worried and harried to death by the creditors of the great novelist, whose genius had rendered all men his debtors. The beautiful Polish woman, who had been the first inspiration of the earlier days of the great novelist, died in such poverty that the expenses of her funeral were paid by her sister, Madame Jules Lacroix. The sale of her furniture went on at the Hôtel Drouet during the whole of a week, and things brought only ridiculously low prices. The articles associated with Balzac were few. Some doubtful pictures, an ivory crucifix and his bust——which sold for 3,805 francs, were almost the only valuable remnants of the most famous novelist of his generation.

Another sale in Paris brought better prices. The little Byzantine Hotel, 32 Rue de Monceau; the "Sumptueux mobilier artistique, les superbes tapisseries et tentures, meubles de style, garnissant l'hôtel de Madame la Vicomtesse de la Panouse, née Marie Heilbron," sold better. The noble husband succumbed to the smash of the "Union Générale," and Marie Heilbron's hardly earned money followed Nilsson's. She returns to the operatic stage; the Viscount goes to the Cape to find diamonds. Madame Heilbron's furniture was said to present the usual aspect of "*fouillis* of plush, silk and tapestry; Gothic dresses, Renaissance of *bahuts* and Louis XIV. consoles—an amalgam of the *debris* of three or four centuries."

It will be interesting to art-lovers to hear that at the sale of Paul de Saint-Victor's library in Paris, an edition of Balzac's "Contes Drolatiques," 1855, on India paper, with first impressions of Doré illustrations, were sold for 1,500 francs only.

We do better than that over here. The great musical festival at the Seventh Regiment Armory, introducing, as it did, the Nibelunger Ring, and Madame Materna, the great interpreter of Wagner, was no doubt interesting, but somewhat heavy and tiresome. Many people adore Wagner as a god, and an inspired composer, who at Bayreuth rather announced that he was sent a prophet into this world, to create a new art. Others think that he turned his back upon melody because melody had turned her back upon him, and therefore he created a scientific melody, as Pygmalion carved a woman out of marble.

But the interest of a vast audience was certainly enchained by the work of a chorus so admirably drilled, and by the singing of a grand artist like Materna, assisted by the noble voices of Galassé and of Remmertz. The orchestra, too, was admirable, and the whole festival showed knowledge and cleverness. The *Walküre* scene, with the five harps, was grand, weird and mysterious—the singers all thoughtful, able and skillful. We heard a charming and sympathetic *Sieglaide*, and a Brünn Wilde, who could not be surpassed; but with it all, who would have endured the fatigue of hearing it over again?

The rudeness of Thomas himself, in his arbitrary orders to shut the doors at two o'clock precisely, not making allowances for two or three hundred ladies and children who were kept out in the pouring rain, deserves severe rebuke. Five minutes should be allowed for difference of watches, the incidents of street-cars, etc., etc., and if people pay forty dollars for a set of tickets, have they not a right to go in when they please? No amount of disturbance to those within could compare with the wrong done to those without by the most insolent order. It was one fertile reason for the remark that this festival did not compare for popularity with that of last year. The Italian afternoon, at which Miss Cary received a splendid ovation, was most enjoyable. It is a matter of universal regret that this great artist is about to retire, in the plenitude of her powers, into private life.

And in the midst of our Spring emotions came the dreadful news of the assassinations in Dublin of Lord Frederick Cavendish, well known in New York, and of Mr. Burke. July, the month of Julius Cæsar, can well pause to ask the reason of this crime.

It is an important and pleasant commentary upon the strong hold which law and order has over the American mind, that with Guiteau, still unhung, Washington, through May and June, was so gay and so agreeable that President Arthur went on scoring social triumphs by his dinners and receptions. He has made so acceptable, industrious and useful a chief executive, that only praise follows him.

In the line of the drama, we are promised a play from the classic pen of Henry James, Jr. His "Daisy Miller" (Shakespearean in its fidelity to the unsophiscated daughter of a half-understood civilization) is to be put on the stage. Women who flirt with their couriers, who do not comprehend the *convenances* which govern Europe, will do well to go and see this immortal creation. "I judge everybody now," said a distinguished lawyer, by their estimate of Daisy Miller. "If they say that Henry James, Jr., has insulted his American blood by holding her up to ridicule, then I know that they are fools; but if they say that therein he has described a large class of ignorant but not unlovely girls, who are misunderstood, on the continent, because they are ignorant of continental ideas, then I know that they are nice people."

And now our July days may well be employed in reading "John Inglesant," the best and most thoughtful novel of the period.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

ANOTHER ELECTRIC RAILWAY.—The second electric railway constructed by Messrs. Siemens & Halske in Berlin was formally opened, April 29th. It runs from Lichterfelde station on the Berlin-Anhalt Railway, to the Military Academy, about one and a half English miles.

RESTORING WORN COIN.—Recently while Dr. A. H. Best, of Savannah, Ga., was silver-plating a small article with silver cyanide solution, he used an old Spanish silver coin as anode. The coin was worn perfectly smooth and had been hammered to twice its original size; yet in a little while after it was put in the bath every letter and figure became plainly visible. The date, 1800, though defaced so as to be beyond deciphering with a powerful glass, became plain.

COPPER IN BREAD.—Wheat normally contains copper to the extent of eight to ten parts per million. Experiments with grain, the seed of which had not been "pickled" with sulphate of copper (as is often done to prevent smut) show that the copper was not due to any impurity in the reagents, or to the gas-pipe and burners.

A LARGE and costly flint-glass disk has been cast at Paris for the Lick observatory at California. Its diameter is 97 centimetres, its thickness 55 centimetres, and its weight 1 0 kilograms. The casting occupied four days, and consumed eight tons of coal. The cooling of the mass required thirty days. The optical tests showed that the glass was perfect in all its parts.

THE celebrated French physician, Dumonlin, on his death-bed, when surrounded by three of the most distinguished medical men in Paris, who were regretting the loss the profession would suffer on his death, said: "My friends, I leave behind me three physicians much better than myself." Being much pressed to name them (each of the doctors supposing himself to be one of them) he answered: "Water, exercise and diet."

TO GILD STEEL.—Polished steel may be beautifully gilded by means of the ethereal solution of gold Dissolve pure gold in aqua regia, evaporate gently to dryness, so as to drive off the superfluous acid, redissolve in water, and add three times its bulk of ether. Allow to stand for twenty-four hours in a stoppered bottle, and the ethereal solution of gold will float at top. Polished steel dipped in this is at once beautifully gilded, and, by tracing patterns on the metal surface with varnish, beautiful devices in plain metal gold will be produced. For other metals the electro process is best.

THREAD FROM WOOD.—A new development of the timber industries has recently been made near the town of Narkoding, in Middle Sweden. It consists in manufacturing thread for crochet and sewing purposes from pine timber. The process is not made public, but the products are said to be fine in quality, and the price is low. The thread is wound on balls by machinery, and packed in boxes for export. The new business is likely to be a successful one, for the orders from all parts of the country are so numerous already that the new factory is unable to fulfill them.

PHOTOGRAPHING FLIGHT.—Mr. Muybridge of San Francisco, having shown photographers how to take pictures of a horse at full gallop, M. Marey, a French savant, has extended the process to the flight of birds. He has succeeded in analyzing the flight of a bird by the method employed by M. Janssen in observing the relative movement of two stars—that is, by a photographic revolver. This was in the form of a fowling-piece aimed at the bird, and twelve pictures were taken successively in 1-700 of a second each. The plates were gelatino bromide of silver, which could, if need be, take an impression in 1-1500 of a second. By placing the set of pictures in a phenakistiscope of Plateau, the flying of the bird was easily reproduced.

THE most practicable method of copying objects magnified in the microscope, as stated by Dr. Beale, is to arrange the paper on a piece of stiff cardboard, so that it may be upon the same level as the stage upon which the object is situated—on the left side if the right eye is the one used for observation. On now looking steadily at the object with the right eye, the object appears to be thrown, as it were, upon the paper, and may be clearly seen by the left, and its outline very readily traced, the movement of the pencil being executed by the right hand if the observer is not able use the left. By far the best course, however, says Dr. Beale, is to acquire the habit of observing with the left eye, in which case the paper can be placed on the right hand of the stage, and the right hand used for drawing.

EXPERIMENTS to determine the changes of color produced in flowers by ammonia have given three results: Over a dish of ammonia was inverted a funnel, in the tube of which were placed the flowers experimented upon. Blue violet and purple flowers were found to change to black, and white to yellow. These changes are most striking when the flowers have several different tints, in which the red lines are turned dark; the white, yellow, etc. If the flowers thus changed are placed in pure water they retain their new colors for several hours, gradually assuming their original tints after that time Another observation made in this connection is that the flowers of the aster, which are naturally inodorous, acquire a very agreeable perfume under the influence of ammonia.

THE galvanic properties of carbon have been closely examined by Dr Hanichi Muraoka, a Japanese student at Strasburg. He determined the specific resistance and the change of resistance with increase of temperature of all kinds of hard carbon, including Siberian graphite, gas-retort carbon, the artificial carbons used for electric lighting by several well-known firms and even the graphitic compound used in Faber's lead-pencils. The specific resistance (at 0° C.) of the last was 952·0, while that of the first was 12·2. The artificially-prepared carbons range from 16·86 to 55·15. In all, however, the resistance *decreased* with a rise of temperature, the coefficient of decrease being greatest for the Siberian graphite, least for a carbon pencil prepared from coke by Heilmann of Muhlhausen. This result entirely confirms the recent researches of Siemens and Beetz. The thermo-electric powers of the various samples of carbon were also determined, with respect to that of graphite; their thermo-electromotive force was in every case + to graphite, and varied from 423 microvolts for the Faber pencil carbon to 9 2 microvolts for the gas-retort carbon (of Parisian manufacture) used for battery plates.

A WHITEWASH THAT WILL STICK AND WASH.—We find in a German paper a formula for a wash which can be applied to lime walls and afterward become waterproof so as to bear washing. Resenschek, of Munich, mixes together the powder from three parts silicious rock (quartz), three parts broken marble and sandstone, also two parts of burned porcelain clay, with two parts freshly slaked lime, still warm. In this way a wash is made which forms a silicate if often wetted, and becomes after a time almost like stone. The four constituents mixed together give the ground-color to which any pigment that can be used with lime is added. It is applied quite thickly to the wall or other surface, let dry one day, and the next day frequently covered with water, which makes it waterproof. This wash can be cleansed with water without losing any of its color; on the contrary, each time it gets harder, so that it can even be brushed, while its porosity makes it look soft. The wash or calcimine can be used for ordinary purposes as well as for the finest painting. A so-called fresco surface can be prepared with it in the dry way.

A COURSE INDICATOR FOR SHIPS.—Mr. J. H. A. Macdonald, ex-Solicitor-General for Scotland, has just invented, under the designation of the Holophate Course Indicator, an electric apparatus, the object of which is to diminish the risk of collision by night at sea. The indicator consists of an electric light with a reflector, which is fixed on a movable arm. When the helm is amidships the reflector throws the light straight ahead, the arm being held fast by two pegs, or detents, which are under the control of the helm by means of an electric connection. When the helm is ported an electric current is formed, by which one of the detents holding the arm is depressed, leaving the reflector free to move, and then the light sweeps round to starboard with an action like the wave of a hand. When the light has gone round a certain number of points to starboard, a screen rises up and shuts it out from view, when the arm comes back to 'midships. If, on the other hand, the helm be put to starboard, the other detent is removed, when a movement exactly the converse of that above described can be performed. Thus the strong beam of the electric light is waved to one side or the other, indicating every alteration in the course of the vessel to all who may be within sight, and that at the instant that the course is changed. Under the ordinary method of showing red and green lights on port and starboard, a ship may swing round several points, while the distance is rapidly diminishing between her and another vessel, before those on board the latter can have any warning of the change.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

"TOMMY," said a mother to her seven-year-old boy, "you must not interrupt me when I am talking with ladies. You must wait till we stop, and then you can talk." "But you never stop," retorted the boy.

"SO YOU would not take me to be twenty?" said a young lady to her partner while dancing a polka one evening. "What would you take me for, then?" "For better, for worse," replied he; and he was accepted.

A CERTAIN young man walks five-sevenths of a mile for seven nights in a week to see his girl, and after putting in 112 nights he gets the bounce. How many miles did he hoof it altogether, and how many weeks did it take him to understand that he wasn't wanted?

SCENE: Balcony of lodgings overlooking the sea. German band strikes up, round the corner. *She:* "Oh, Edwin, listen. I think I hear strains of music." *He:* "A most confounded lot of strain and uncommon little music, I should say." And such is the want of soul in man.

"HAVE you spoken to papa about that yet?" anxiously inquired the eldest daughter of an indulgent mother, "No, my child, not yet Your father is too busy with his creditors to think of pony-phaetons, and russet harness to match, just now." "Pother the creditors!" was the snappish reply. "That's just what your father is doing, my dear. After he has compromised, you shall have your turn-out."

WEDDING EXHIBITION—THINGS NOT EXHIBITED.

THE husband's wild oats.
The wife's little temper.
The father-in-law's treasured check.
The mother-in-law's seasonable and unseasonable advice.
The bride's eldest sister's commiseration.
The bride's youngest sister's admiration.
Little Tommy's appreciation of wedding-cake.
The best man's impatience.
The dear friends of the bride who couldn't see what he saw in her.

NOTE.—The epitaph below, found in a Vermont graveyard during a vacation ramble, seems worthy of preservation. J. B. C.

How sho'kin to the human mind
The log did him to powder grind;
God did command his soul away,
This summings we must all obey.

He was esteemed by all men
A tender husband, father, friend;
It grieves us that he is no more,
He's left this darky gloomy shore.

WATCHING THE PLAY.

FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY.

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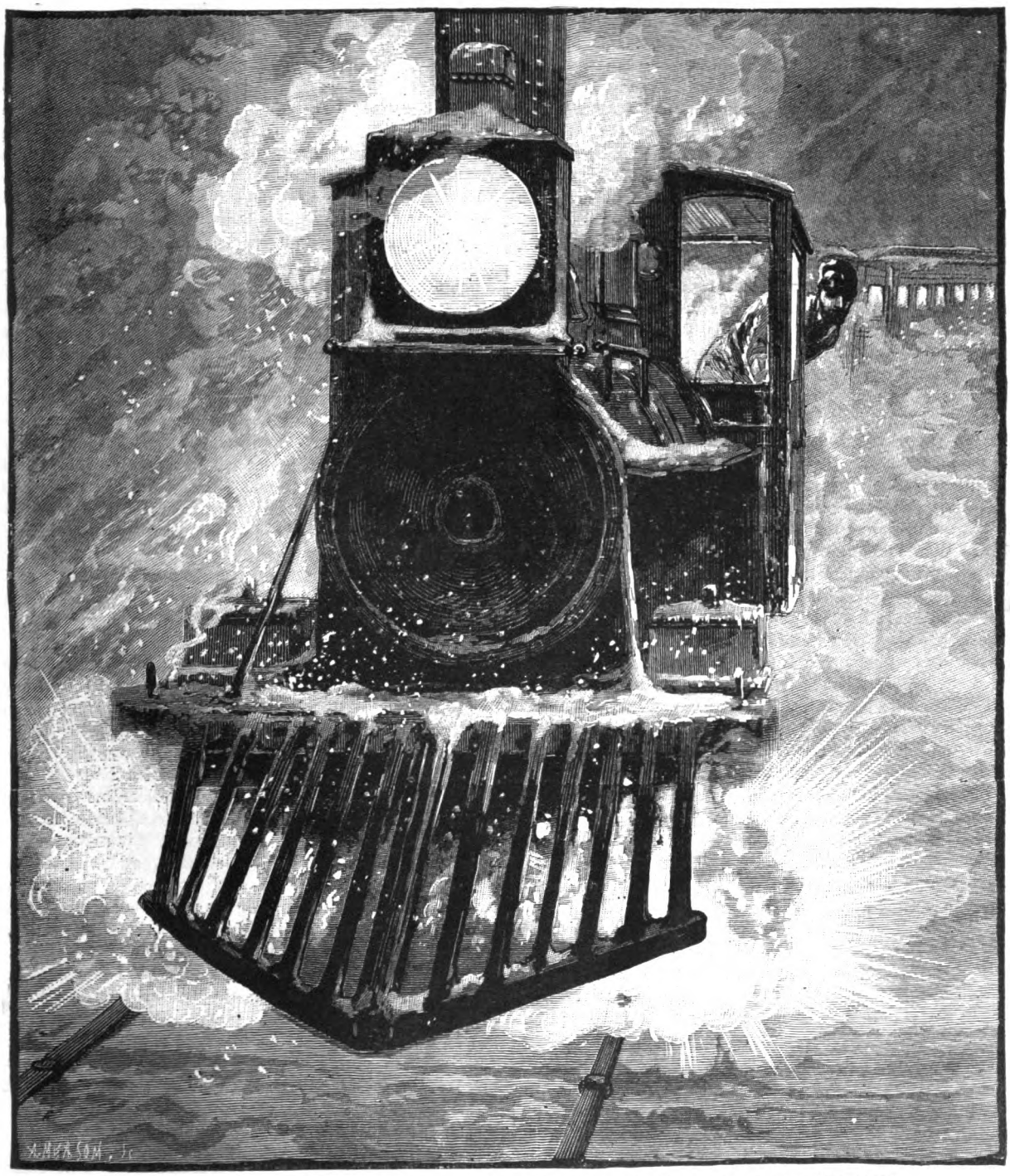


THE COMFORTS AND DISCOMFORTS OF TRAVEL.— DANGER AHEAD!—THE TORPEDO SIGNAL.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE COMFORTS AND DISCOMFORTS OF TRAVEL.

By N. Robinson.

Traveling is rendered so comfortable nowadays that the slightest twinges of discomfort call forth "howling commentaries on the text." Palace-cars by day—veritable boudoirs on wheels—and sleeping-cars by night, have rendered locomotion in this country so luxurious that distance has ceased to appall and season to dismay. Our palatial steamers, too, contribute their quota; while the baggage system removes the last, though not the least, cause for anxiety from the mind of the sybaritic traveler.

Traveling has, indeed, arrived at very high condition of perfection, and each day witnesses some additional rivet to our comforts. Our dining-cars, their bills of fare—worthy of Delmonico or the Brunswick—render the dreaded rush to the dreadful buffet unnecessary, while the connoiseur in wine can have his champagne iced to as many degrees below zero as may suit his critical palate, or his claret warmed to blood or fever heat if he will. The system of ordering luncheon by telegraph, too, is in keeping with this too too rapid age. It *is* satisfactory to be enabled at, say Philadelphia, to select a piquant luncheon from the menu, and to *feel* that it awaits your arrival at Wilmington—hot or cold, as your Right Royal Highness may have been pleased to command it.

Steamboat travel, especially river and lake, is about as luxurious a mode of locomotion as can be by any possibility conceived. The spacious saloons, the superb surroundings, the gilding, the mirrors, the carvings, the carpets, the series of decks (with their awnings in Summer), the restaurant, the staterooms! Everything that ingenuity can suggest is pressed into the service to render a trip by boat an episode to be immensely enjoyed, and as gratefully remembered.

With the ocean steamer comes the terrible monster, seasickness. Gildings and mirrors and tapestries go for naught in the presence of this dreaded and remorseless fiend. Like love, it levels all ranks low, and lays the sceptre by the shepherd's crook—or, in less poetical language, the votive offering to Neptune of the millionaire beside that of the humble and impecunious emigrant. To those who do not suffer, the ocean steamer is a floating palace, with lackeys and retainers in the shape of sun-kissed stewards. Electric-bells and saltwater-baths, fresh fruit and new-laid eggs, are but so many items. Passengers growl because a daily paper is denied them, and use full-flavored language if the bill-of-fare is minus a single luxury for which they may have a momentary craving.

Traveling nowadays is as much a necessity as stopping at home used to be in the year one. Everybody travels—everybody has been somewhere; and people who have only migrated, as in the "Vicar of Wakefield," from the blue bedroom to the brown, hang their heads for very shame that they have done so very little in the way of locomotion. Traveling has been made so easy that it requires very little effort to set the wheels going. Packing one's *impedimenta* is now the severest portion of the entire move. Once packed, the express does the rest. The fever of travel comes upon society at stated periods; and travel, society must and will at any cost. This fever assumes graver symptoms as the seasons roll over, and the trip to the White Mountains in time extends to the Yosemite Valley, or the spin over to Paris to a dash into the Danubian Provinces. The thirst of travel needs to be slaked, and native wine seldom possesses the necessary properties—the rush is over the pond.

Of course, there are still left a few dignified, old-fashioned Old World people who on a certain day, at a certain hour, move from the town to the country-house, or who make an annual excursion to visit a relative or friend. This good old conservatism is being rapidly squeezed out through the medium of the excursion-train and the excursion-steamer.

All the world goes upon excursion trips, and no one returns without a fault to find or a grumble to growl. Breathes there a man or woman who ever yet came back after a day's cheap junketing without a dismal catalogue of complaints? Take the excursion steamers. You arrive, though you rise with the lark, to find the best places always occupied. Feelings of dire ill-will permeate your bosom as you perceive half a dozen deck-chairs appropriated by two persons, the feet of the lady on one extra, her impedimenta upon another, while her male companion, with a diabolical artfulness, engrosses a couple more, leading the unwary to believe that he is but holding these forts for temporarily absent friends. The crush on board the excursion-boat is the next feature—pitiful in hideous discomfort. Ladies weighing 300 pounds and upward are very good-natured and very amiable. They patronize steamboat excursions to an alarming extent. "You see," a confiding and intelligent deckhand once observed to me, "they get on a couple o' chairs and sit facin' the breeze, an' fans themselves all the time, and nobody interferes with them nor nothin'. They're happy as clams at high water."

Children are in mundane Paradise on the excursion steamer, and, wild with innocent joy, romp and push and tear round till their elders wish them—at home. Then there are the bores: the man who *will* talk politics, or the prosy female who *will* discuss Sunday-school; the gentleman who has just returned from Europe, and the lady whose height of earthly ambition is to get there; the party who knows every inch of the river or bay, and the nervous individual who informs you of the exact place wherein to find the "best" life-preservers, and speaks despondingly in reference to the dilapidated condition of the boilers.

The effect of the sun playing down upon your umbrella, assuming that you are provided with one, begets a tortuous thirst. The ice-water has given out; the lager beer is an infamy; the coffee—execrable; the tea—poison. Champagne is expensive, and the red or the Rhine wine in the most friendly relations with vinegar. You have brought your basket, and feel peckish. You proceed to open this treasury of edibles and to expose its toothsome contents. A hundred pair of wolfish eyes are watching your every movement; one child nudges another, and the electric whisper goes round. You are the centre of envious glances; your immediate neighbors cordially detest you, and if an occasion arrives for rendering you uncomfortable, depend upon it that it will be utilized.

The food vended on board the excursion-steamer is of the worst possible description, the caterers having not one, but both eyes directed toward profit. Feverish from thirst and fatigue, your eyelids aching, you return to the place from whence you came, and register an inward vow never to be found on the deck of an excursion-steamer again—a vow broken with commendable regularity.

How favorably the ordinary passenger-boat compares with its cousin, the excursion! Everything is in order. The employés polite and anxious, the viands excellent, the time kept to the minute, the stateroom a model of cleanli-

ness, if not of comfort. Take, for example, and as a type, the day-boat from New York to Albany—one of the most delightful and picturesque trips in the wide world. You go on board at 8:30, and make one in the eight or nine hundred travelers who are *en route* to the Catskills, Saratoga, Lake George, and heaven only knows where besides. A joyous, bustling, expectant, excited, well-bred, fashionable crowd buzzes about the decks. Old ladies, young ladies, middle-aged ladies, and ladies of no particular age at all, attired in traveling costumes of every conceivable sort, shape, size and description, sit, stand, recline, lounge and lay upstairs and down-stairs (if such unnautical expression be permitted), in blues braided with white, whites bound in blue, browns trimmed with black, and blacks scalloped with brown. Some carry nickel-bound bags, and embroidered wraps like miniature bolster-cases; others are provided with quaint early English pockets, deftly marked with their monograms, and containing gossamer handkerchiefs fit but to brush an enormous butterfly from the upturned nose of the sleeping beauty in the wood. Some wear linen dusters from chin to heel, until they look as though attired for a sack-race. Hats! shades of Gainsborough and Greuze! such grace, such elegance, such sweep, such *chic*, such loveliness, such head-caressers! Rakish little dogs, some of them with the leaf touching the bridge of the nose, or stuck on the side with the bewitching abandon of Peg Woffington; others worn as demurely as Clarissa Harlowe's, or flung back on the neck, and depending for support upon a rosebud or a sprig of mignonette; flowers so ripe and real as to induce roving bees and dissipated flies to seek Barmecidal feasts thereon. Hair! Ye gods! black, brown, chestnut, auburn, wine-colored, red, yellow, and white; in plaits, pig-tails, curls, corkscrews, bands, kisses, Montagues, shells, rolls, and every other form known to the advanced females of this the fag end of the nineteenth century; pearl-powder, rouge, cherry-paste, and burnt umber are fairly represented, and beauty-vails at a discount.

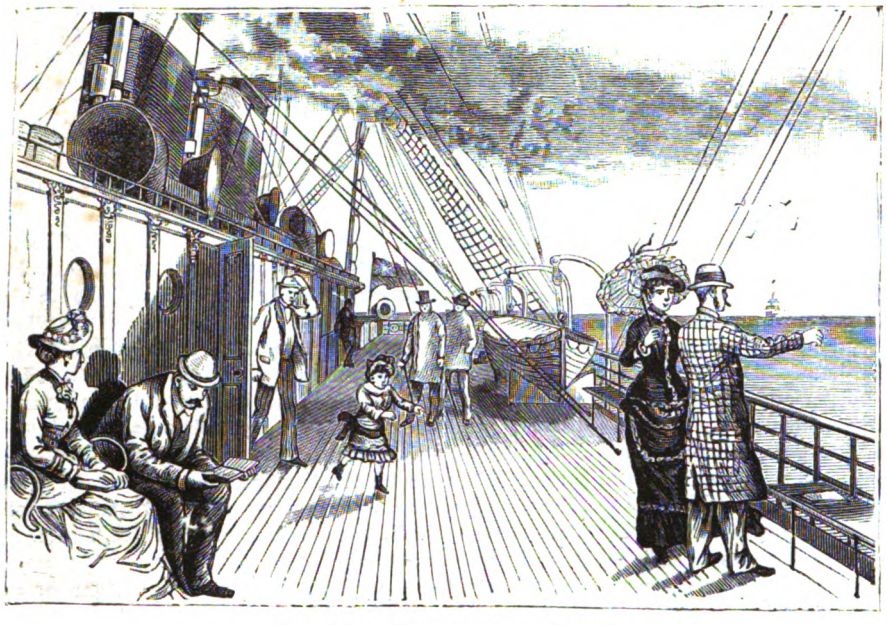
Let us take a look at the men. Old dandies, with dyed hair and side-whiskers of that purple so fashionable in Rome B.C. 500. Paterfamilias issuing orders in an authoritative way, and glowing with the pride of "Here I am, with my household gods, off to the best hotel at Saratoga! Look at me!" Young fellows with collared heads, in the loudest possible suits, and nautical hats that would have won the heart of Black-eyed Susan, attached to canes of enormous proportions, and sucking cheap cigars or cheaper tooth-picks, with an "I've just dined at Delmonico's!" air. Portly brokers in stiff white waistcoats, giving them all the appearance of gazing over newly whitewashed walls. Legislators, looking very profound, and about as cheerful as Acts of Congress. Earnest middle-aged men in spectacles and alpaca coats thirsting for information, and deep in the mysteries of the guide-books. Languid swells in blue suits, with striped stockings and patent-leather shoes, absorbed in each other, and maintaining a masterly inactivity. Greasy men in bulgy clothes, with diamond shirt-studs, chains enormous enough to hang bales of cotton, and immense rings upon fat, hairy fingers, surmounted by inky nails. A few provincials of the stage-Yankee type, tourists whose glacial coldness, fixed eye-glasses, and general imperturbability bespeak them Englishmen, arrayed in their rhinoceros robes of insular prejudice. And, of course, just as the gangway is about to be drawn aboard, the stereotyped elderly lady is declared in sight, who stoutly refuses to "hurry up," who thrusts her bandbox in the eye of the nearest deckhand and her umbrella to back it up; who will not venture on the plank until it is more securely fixed; who drops her umbrella, then her reticule, then her spectacles, then all three, and refuses point-blank to budge an inch until her property is restored to her; and who is finally somewhat unceremoniously thrust forward under indignant protests and threats of writing to the *Herald*.

A bright and brilliant sight greets us as we ascend to the deck. The river is studded with craft of every description, from the huge ocean steamer to the tiny sailing-boat, from the richly laden and dignified argosy to the impudent little tug, scooting hither and thither and audaciously darting beneath the very bows of some leviathan, in momentary danger of being crushed up like an egg-shell. White-sailed sloops and schooners, ferryboats speeding from shore to shore with their living and anxious freight, canalboats of enormous dimensions, great tows of barges, the lazy life on which would seem like a Summer dream; pleasure craft in saucy swiftness, their snowy canvas resembling the outstretched wings of gigantic sea-birds—all these, with the teeming life on either shore, and the Palisades in the purple-blue and hazy distance, tend to form an *ensemble* at once striking, impressive, and to the memory imperishable.

Little groups soon form themselves in coigne of vantage. The bows are extensively patronized, camp-stools are in tremendous requisition, windlasses speedily utilized, and coils of rope compelled a double debt to pay. Jaunty young gentlemen, with a view to exhibit their intrepidity, sit loosely on the bulwarks, allowing their feet to hang over the side of the ship, to the admiration and dismay of the young ladies. Very large cigars are smoked, and cheeks grow pale that but an hour ago blushed, if not exactly in praise of their own loveliness, possibly beneath the flushing influence of the seductive cobbler. Jones, of Wall Street, poses as if for his photograph; the position is painful, but Miss Bluepatch, of Fifth Avenue, rewards him with a look wherein a smile is secretly wrapped up, and he poses on to Poughkeepsie. Smith's boots are new, and just a *leetle* too small for him, and yet this heroic fellow stands the whole way to West Point, expatiating on the beauties of the scenery to Miss Mintsauce, who, happy girl, is seated upon an icebox, utterly unconscious of the delicious agonies of her afflicted admirer. We saw all this at a glance, and we saw more than this.

In the remotest corners of the boat sits the brand-new brides and bridegrooms. Angelina is attired in a traveling costume composed expressly for the occasion by that great artist, Worth—the Talleyrand of the toilet. The dress is a veritable poem, and seems to caress the fair form like a thing of life. It would take the condensed evidence of a dozen French milliners to describe even the "goring," so it is not for us to rush in where a *modiste* would fear to tread. Edwin, too, is brand-new, from the gilt sole of his boot, which betrays the fact of its never having been hitherto worn, to the shiny felt hat, with the impress of the hatter's thumb still upon it, as glossy and bright as a new drugstore.

The grim, gaunt grandeur of the Palisades serves to render the soft, sheeny, dimpled hills around Tarrytown, Nyack and Sleepy Hollow even more lovely, and bathed in a glowing bath of golden light, an auriferous glory, such as won Danaë for the mighty Jove. We crane for a peep at Sunnyside—the home, "made up of gable-ends and full of angles and corners as an old crooked hat"—of Washington Irving; the scene of the loves of Ichabod, Katrina and the muscular Brom Brones, whose daring impersonation of the headless horseman won for him his pretty pouting bride. We picture Irving seated beneath the spreading foliage, employed in thinking out some of his charming creations, or engaged in gentle converse with a welcome



PROMENADE DECK OF AN OCEAN STEAMER.

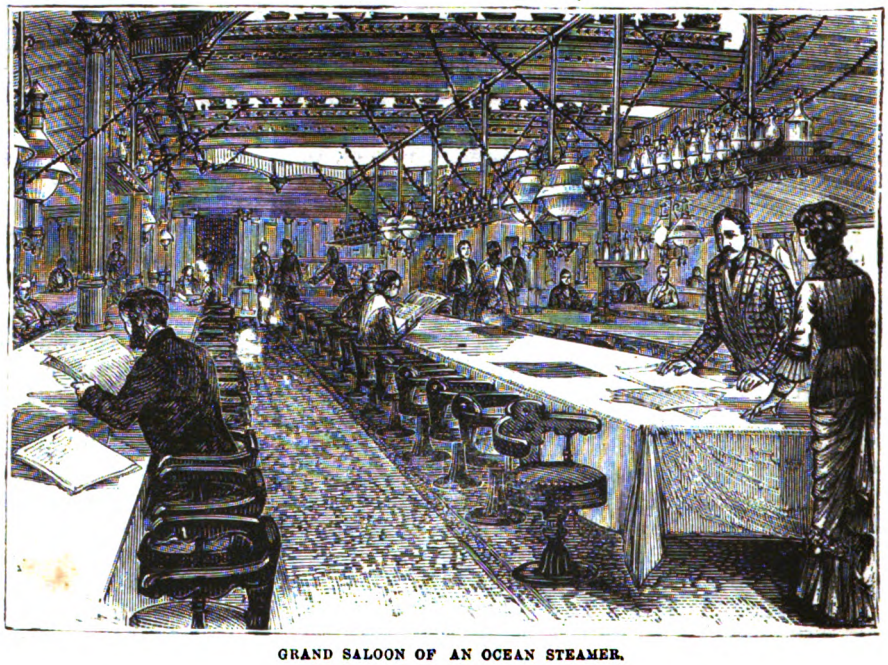
Capitol standing out in wondrous and superb relief.

We have dined well—a conscientious soup, a slice of striped bass, a warm cutlet with green peas and a broiled chicken; ice cream and a peach. This is the very essence of luxurious traveling.

The palace-car is a revelation to such of our cousins as venture across the pond. Its size, its decorations, its lounges, its conveniences. Compare it with the stuffy first-class carriage of British or Continental travel, and how effete the latter article appears! The stiffness of a compartment, be it upholstered in yellow plush or blue satin, or Japanese silk, or Utrecht velvet, is to an American simply appalling. His sense of freedom is

guest — say with the man of drooping eyelids and waxed mustaches, who did not then foresee that awful day when the French eagles would be trailed in the bloody dust of Sédan. Yea, Napoleon III. was once upon a time a visitor at Sunnyside.

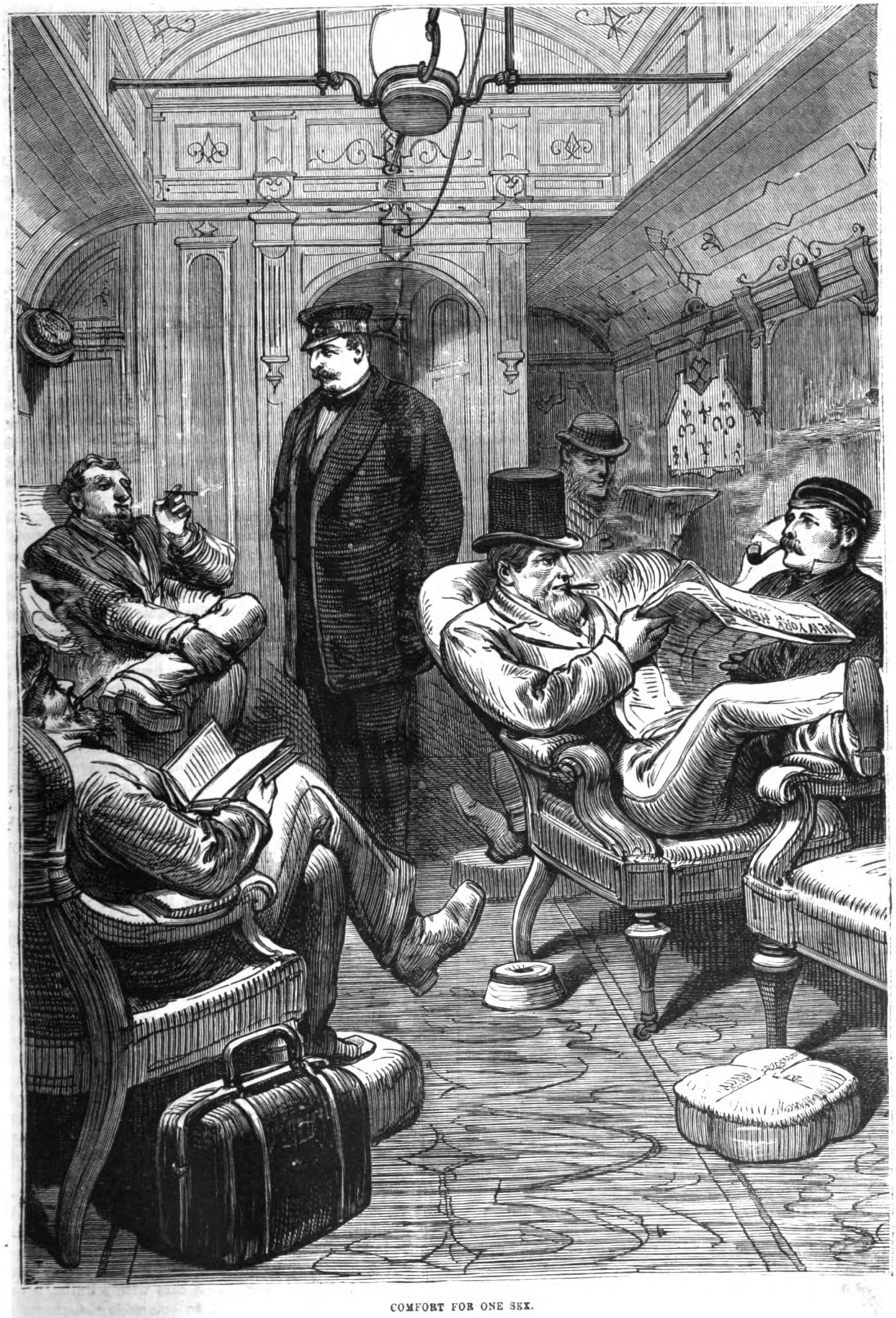
And on we speed past Tarrytown, with its sad, sad story of treachery and treason, and Sing Sing, where piteous and strained eyes watch us from behind prison bars, till we enter the beautiful Highlands, to be confronted by the Dunderberg, and the exquisite scenery of West Point. Passing through this cleft in the mountains we throb onward till the Catskills dreamily lift themselves on the left, and six o'clock finds us at Albany, the cupola of the magnificent



GRAND SALOON OF AN OCEAN STEAMER.

ALL ABOARD!—THE LAST ONE.

ALL ABOARD!—THE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE.



COMFORT FOR ONE SEX.

deeply injured when he finds himself deliberately locked into a prison on wheels. He cannot stretch his limbs. Ice-water there is none. To bathe his temples or flirt with his mustache through the medium of a mirror and a comb is out of the question. The friendly and well-posted conductor is *non est*. There are no information-giving officials passing through, no books presented or newspapers flung into his lap, no candies or bananas, no cough-drops or cigars. He is dropped into a seat, provided he can get one, with haughty and frozen-mannered womankind, and silent and abstracted men. If his luck be good he may meet very pleasant, well-bred people; but then he must be in luck, and fortune must be in a propitious mood. He is hemmed in without even the luxury of a chance of stretching his limbs, since the slightest movement in that direction might lead to the disarrangement of the draperies of the opposite lady. If he is the happy possessor of a newspaper, and offers it to his neighbor, the chances are that the civility will be received with a frigid "Thanks," and then he must endeavor to amuse himself as best he may, cramped, with the uneasy feeling upon his mind of being a prisoner until the train slows into a station, when a muchly-bearded guard will politely but sternly inform him that he must not descend, as the train will start in a "couple o' seconds, sir."

If the traveler is in need of refreshment he must restrain the inner cravings until the train arrives at a station possessing a refreshment counter. To this counter he must plunge with the most frantic haste, to be snubbed by the pretty, pert barmaids in attendance. If he is lucky enough to secure a plate of soup he must swallow it in hot haste; if he has annexed a portion of the carcass of a lean fowl, he is constrained to recollect that fingers were constructed before knives and forks. A bell rings, the guard, bearded like a pard, growls something in a hoarse and unintelligible voice, and the traveler, despoiled of half a crown, for which he has in turn received a Barmecidal feast, rushes back to the carriage, mistaking his compartment, and finally, as the train is in motion, is bundled by the bearded guard into his prison cell—flung over the foot of some gouty countess, or into the arms of a spiteful elderly spinster, who talks *at* him about American barbarians for the remainder of the journey.

Arrived at his destination, instead of quietly proceeding to his hotel, his baggage-check reposing in his waistcoat pocket, he has to hustle and force his way into a throng of eager, rude and excited people, all clamoring and clambering for their luggage; all yelling at the porters, claiming trunks and portmanteaus they had never laid eyes on before, while the most acrobatic, disdaining the slow process of being waited on by wooded headed employés, leap into the middle of the valice-laden arena, and bear away in triumph their impedimenta—ay, and not unfrequently the impedimenta of other people as well, for this miserable baggage muddle is a rich mine to a certain class of "gentlemen of the road."

Our American, having by dint of "skinning his eyes" and a leviathan bribe to a porter, at last secured his baggage, beholds it flung on to the top of a growler, *alias* a four-wheeler, or a hansom, the fare being an unknown quantity; or if he decline to ride in solitary grandeur, the hotel omnibus is yawning to receive him—and still with a sense of insecurity in regard to his luggage hanging over him like a black cloud, he is driven to his hotel, again to worry and skirmish over his trunks; nor is he happy until he beholds them deposited in his bedroom.

How often during that fatiguing ride has he longed for the short, sharp but welcome cry of "Baggage checked! Want your baggage checked?" so significant of ease, comfort, and security! How often has he yearned for a stretch in the direction of the platform! How often has he wished for a gossip with the ever-courteous and thoroughly posted conductor! The nuisance of having books, periodicals and newspapers flung into his lap every five minutes would have proved a boon, and the crack of the shell of the homely peanut, delicious music.

The day-journey will be gotten through, somehow or other.

> 'Be the day weary, be the day long,
> At last it ringeth to evensong."

Be the journey ever so dusty, ever so hot, ever so tedious, the terminus at last comes in sight, and should the American's companions have proved unsociable or worse, he has at least had the satisfaction of gazing out of the windows, and of filling his eyes with "bits" of the country as the iron horse sped upon its way. There are many distractions, and pleasing ones, to boot, in a day journey, but at night—ye gods!

Where, oh, where is the sleeping-car? where the ebony attendant, all smiles and white teeth? where the cozy little smoking-compartment, where one can whiff the best Henry Clay, and partake of a "modest quencher" in the shape of a nightcap?

Our helpless countryman is conveyed to an ill-lighted, fearfully stifling compartment, containing eight divided seats, seven of which are already occupied. A wheezy old lady refuses to have the window opened. The floor is littered with handbags, wraps, etc., while the netting overhead threatens to burst and brain the luckless individuals reposing beneath it, a rap on the cranium from a heavy dressing-case being somewhat dangerous in consequences. The American finds the netting full, the floor packed. Where will he put his grip-sack, his hand-valise, his "hard-shell" hat? He begs for a little space, addressing a ghostly company in the dim religious light. Room is begrudgingly doled to him with the remark, "These railway companies ought to be ashamed of themselves, cramming people like sheep into their beastly carriages!"

A dead silence falls upon the prisoners as the black van moves out into the dark night. Sleep! Absurd! Who could sleep seated in one position, the legs at a right angle, the head being bumped against the dirty and fusty and musty wall-cushions? Some one goes off—a loud snore proclaims that Sleep has taken a scalp. A general snorting ensues. Bodies become limp and roll to one side. The man or woman who but a few brief minutes before would scarcely vouchsafe a reply to the disgusted American's query now lean upon him as though he were a brother. In vain he nudges and fends them off; they return to their first love; they are true as steel. Sleep! Oh, for that colored porter, and the ice-water, and the stretch on the platform! Why, the curtained lane between the berths would be scenery surpassing that so rapturously described by Claude Melnotte, and the stockinged foot of the gentleman in the upper berth a thing of beauty. Even the ordinary car, crammed with passengers in every form of acrobatic position, were a paradise on earth compared to the stifling first-class compartment on a night-journey in Europe.

Some railway companies in England have put on sleeping-cars, notably the "Wild Irishman," between Holyhead and London, and the "Scotch Limited Mail," from London to Edinburgh. In France, too, there are sleeping-cars between Paris and Bordeaux, and also on two of the other lines; but to compare these cars with a Pullman or a Wagner would be equivalent to comparing a grocer's wagon to Mrs. Van Spuyten Durgole's victoria. They

are, however, a move in the right direction, but as yet the traveling public has not taken to them, and while the first-class carriages will be full of suffering humanity, the sleepers will have many berths to let.

Diligence-traveling is rapidly dying out, since mountains are being tunneled and the iron road laid everywhere. The diligence for a mountain day trip is very delightful traveling; for a night journey it is a horror. The discomforts of the "good old coaching days," so rapturously referred to by our grandfathers, are still preserved in diligence travel, and a night in the wheezy, bone-setting, "leathern conveniency" will live long in the memory. I have done two consecutive nights in Mexico, sixteen mules being the team, the driver yelling at the top of his lungs, his assistant pelting the leading files with stones, and if I wasn't as sore as Mickey Free's father, I know nothing of contusions, abrasions and partial dislocations. I have crossed the Pyrenees from Perpignan to Gerona. To say that I was stiff as the mummy of one of the Ptolemies at the end of the journey is a close approximation to my condition. The Irish jaunting-car is a delightful conveyance, and has to be experienced in order to be appreciated. With a chosen companion, a good horse, a cheerful driver, and a "drop o' the crayture" in the well, the jaunting-car "bangs Banagher." Many a glorious spin I have had on Killarney, through the wilds of Connemara, and in the lovely valleys of Wicklow, and a more agreeable mode of conveyance it is impossible to conceive. I would never care to sit on a jaunting-car outside of "Ould Ireland," for, somehow or other, the vehicle seems to adapt itself to the country and to the people. In Connemara and the West of Ireland elongated jaunting-cars are run, each side capable of containing from eight to ten passengers. They are worked with four horses, usually *garrons*, or miserable animals, only fit for the Knacker's Yard, or the Corrida de Toros in sunny Spain. The covered car which confronts the American tourist at Queenstown is a relic of the dark ages, and ought to have disappeared with the sedan-chairs. An Irishman, upon being asked what was the difference between an *inside* and an *outside* car, promptly replied: "Shure, thin, the outside car has its wheels inside, an' the inside car has its wheels outside."

The omnibuses of the world would form a not uninteresting article. By far the most comfortable and most elegant in my experience are those plying in Vienna—the horse-cars also taking the palm. Paris, too, is admirably and comfortably omnibused. The stages in this country are a little behind the age. They are lumbrous, cumbrous vehicles, uncomfortable to the last degree, and the system of packing people into them like figs in a drum is as reprehensible as it is abominable.

Our street-cars are eminently useful and—that is all. There is little or no attempt at either comfort or adornment, while in the principal cities of Europe the street-car is a perfect model of both. The vehicles are roomy, elegantly gotten up, and exquisitely clean, while no overcrowding is permitted, and every woman is sure of a seat. The conductors and drivers wear uniforms, and are as presentable as Austrian Life-guardsmen. With us the greater the load the greater the praise to driver and conductor. The former is about as ragged and disreputable-looking a personage as the heavy villain in the melodrama; the latter, as a rule, wears a uniform cap, sadly at variance with the remainder of his raiment. Our illustration of the agonies of the rear platform tells a piteous but o'er true tale. Fancy a lady having to fight her way through that closely packed mass of perspiring humanity. "How am I to get out?" is the idea that weighs upon the mind of some delicate woman during the entire ride. The conductor is of no avail; he is powerless; and her chance of emancipation lies in a stout heart and a pair of sharp elbows. The light-fingered gentry approve highly of this system of packing street-cars, especially since the wearing of watches and jewelry has become so fashionable. The basket nuisance in a street-car is one with which we are all tolerably familiar.

There is a vast stride toward improvement in the waiting-rooms of our large railway depots, and from being great gloomy, depressing square ball-alleys, they are assuming shape and color and form, with groined roofs, and paneled walls, and stained-glass windows. As a natural sequence the country stations will follow suit, and the waiting-room in the near future will be a tasteful apartment, papered in perhaps—and why not?—sunflowers, with a dado and medieval window.

The great art-wave which is breaking over this vast continent will not only beautify our abodes, but our trysting-places as well, and the traveler will find the loss of train or boat less painful, since he or she can wait for the next that is to follow, in a room which will savor more of a humanized habitation than of an enlarged cattle-pen.

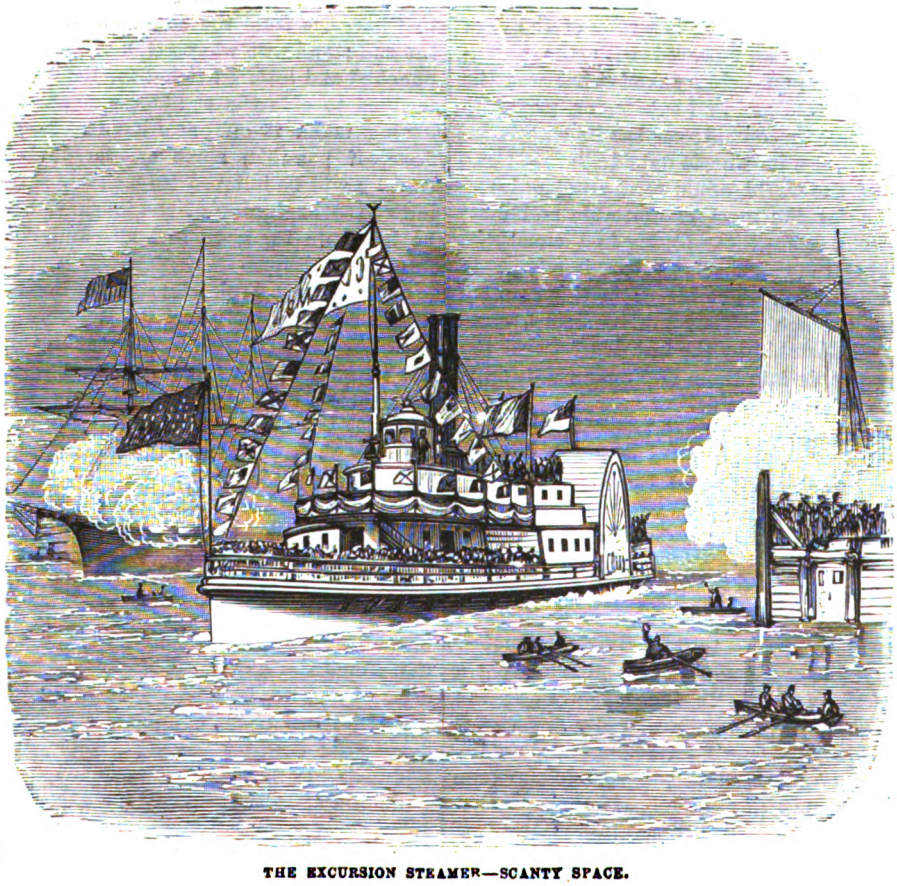
There ought to be a large reward in store for the noble being with mental capacity to organize some method for ticket-checking *once only*. "Tickets ready!" are words that raise feelings of no very amiable nature in the breast of the ordinary traveler. To be wakened from a nap by an implacable employé, whose punch is pointed at your unoffending head like a weapon of destruction, is, to say the least of it, a singularly disagreeable sensation. To know that you carry about your person that which may be called for at any moment, and must be produced *instanter*, is a "turn on the nerves." One is perpetually on the rack. Every time the door opens, every appearance of a uniformed official, every stoppage of the train, mentally sends the hand to the pocket-book for the *bête noir* that harasses from the commencement of the journey to the end; and with what a sigh of relief one delivers up the punched and tattered ticket for the last time! One feels inclined to give the conductor something for himself for having taken it off one's hands. Something should be done, if possible, some system devised by which the traveler will be relieved from this nightmare—one punching at the beginning of the journey, when the ticket will be taken up for good and all—and a boon will be conferred on millions.

On the New York elevated railroads the passengers, until a comparatively recent date, were compelled to carry their tickets and deliver them up at the end of their respective trips. So many mistakes occurred, and so much grumbling arose, that now the ticket is dropped into a box while it is still warm with the digital pressure of the delivery clerk. The system works well, and millions are all the happier.

The days of the bobtail-car have been too long in the land. It is an accommodation, but a nuisance. The anguish of having one's pet corns trampled upon while a heavy man or woman wobbles to the change-window is too dreadful to dwell upon. The jerk which sends the change flying all over the car; the catapultic upheaval that flings the newcomer into a seat or into the repelling arms of an already seated passenger; the terrible anxiety when the bell rings, announcing a defaulter lest you be suspected; the frownings and scowlings of the uncongenial-looking driver as he counts his heads preparatory to pouncing upon the assumed swindler; the dangers arising from the accumulation of small boys on the steps—all these are the discomforts attaching themselves to the "bobtail," and I say, "Away with it."

THE MODERN RAILROAD STATION—LIGHT AND SPACE.

One of the discomforts in connection with ocean travel is the Custom-house that grimly confronts you on your arrival anywhere, everywhere. You are as innocent as a lamb, your hands are as clean as those of the Princess in the "Arabian Nights," who made the famous cheesecakes. You have nothing to declare, nothing dutiable, nothing but your immediate wearing apparel; and yet, as in the case of the bell on the bobtail-car, the approach of the Custom-house officer causes an indefinable thrill of apprehension.



THE EXCURSION STEAMER—SCANTY SPACE.

Assuming, my dear madam, that you have bought a seal-skin sacque for a dear friend, or a couple of silk dresses for your sisters or your cousins, are you not singularly exercised as the grim official deliberately plunges his not always savory hands amongst your delicate finery and nervous to the last degree when

he comes to disturb the articles in question? What indignation and terror do you not experience as he coldly informs you that the dresses must be appraised, and what a flow of language comes to your rosy lips in disparagement of articles which you selected in Paris as being the most *chic* in the "Bon Marché" or in the Magazin du Louvre.

Here is a discomfort in travel that must be done away with. No matter how innocent we may be, the thought of the dreaded Custom-house officer is a shadow upon the sunniest and smoothest voyage.

It is, however, due to the Customs employés to say that they do their spiriting very gently, and that they meet with "hard cases" goes without saying; ladies with elastic consciences and gentlemen without any consciences at all. Their treatment, however, of the ordinary passenger, subject to the ordinary weaknesses of human nature, is, so far as official nature will permit, highly considerate.

"Beautiful Snow" has been so gracefully sung in song and story that it needs no rhapsodizing here. A snowdrift in a deep cutting, blocking the track, may be a thing of beauty, but it is scarcely a joy for ever. Nor is it a comfortable feeling for the traveler by rail to hear torpedoes exploding as the train rushes through a blinding, bewildering snowstorm. Snow, save for sleighing purposes, is one of the discomforts of travel. It disarranges the timetable, it breaks appointments, it spoils dinner, it compels one to wear gum-shoes—it's a nuisance.

The heating of cars and boats is a question that demands a few words. As a rule, there is either too much heat or too little. You are suffocated or you are shivering. Cold is not so difficult to bear as heat, for you can warm yourself, but to cool yourself is another matter. The thermometer is far below freezing-point; the conductor of the car being a chilly mortal himself, or being very good-natured, resolves that the passengers shall, at all events, have nothing to complain of on the score of heat. He turns on all at his command, piles coal into the stove, and in a few minutes comes the dry, suffocating feel, that knows of no relief save one, that of flinging open the window or door, and letting in a knife-like air that cuts to the very marrow.

ENGLISH IDEA OF COMFORT IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

Of course, there are some passengers who partake of the nature of Salamander, for whom no heat is too much, and who would flirt with the stove in the dog-days; but the average passenger dislikes to be stifled or dry-baked, and he undergoes both in a long Winter railway journey.

Some plan should be devised by which our cars could be heated to a certain temperature, warm enough to prove agreeable, yet not too warm. Let the Salamanders put on overcoats and wraps, as is done in English railway carriages, where they have no artificial heat at all save in the first-class, where long jars covered with flannel and filled with hot water are placed beneath your feet at certain stations along the line. That feeling of asphyxiation that one endures, consequent upon the overheating of the cars, is about the most unendurable one can experience. The flushed cheek, the pink hand, the incipient headache, the unquenchable thirst, all arise from an

overdose of heat, and the entire pleasure of a trip is completely marred either through the carelessness or extravagance of a thoughtless conductor.

There is one feature in connection with the comforts and discomforts of travel that should not be passed over, and that is the knack some people possess for making themselves comfortable, and, *vice versa*. Persons of the Mark Tapley class enjoy travel under every circumstance, and to this class of the community at large I make my most deferential bow.

SOME TURKISH SLAVE STORIES.

A SLAVE WHO IS NO SLAVE.

We have left the dark, ultramarine-blue of the Mediterranean far behind, and drop anchor at last in the shining, tumbling, sapphire-like waves of the Bosphorus. It is the hour of Summer sunset; and the hue of a golden haze vails like a glory the beautiful, distant city.

Is this a fairy prince who comes to meet me at my journey's end? He is certainly as handsome as a prince, and as well-dressed, and as well-mannered. He is slight and boyish, has an oval, fair face, sad, dreamy hazel eyes, and golden-brown hair. From his air of quiet dignity and reserve, and his faultless style of European dress, he might be a young English gentleman, were it not for his scarlet fez. Nothing can be more suave than his low bow, nothing more courtly than his smile. He has all our Western politeness tempered by Eastern deference as he hands me into the light, dancing caïque which is to bear me over the limpid blue waves to my future home in Turkey.

Some time before he has finished pointing out to me the many palaces of white marble which are the imperial residences, I am all impatience to be shown the *yâli* in which I am to live. But it is long before it comes in sight, and meantime our talk has revealed to me what a kindly, childlike nature he has, this boy. A Turk speaking French with ease, well-informed on all topics of the day—nay, who has evidently traveled a good deal, though so young—much I wonder who and what he is.

Not then, but soon afterward, I learned what his position was. He was a *slave*. The word smote me like a pang. Whose slave was he, and how could he have become a slave? The first question was easily answered. His master (I force myself to use the unseemly word—'Effendi' would be the term in Turkish) was the son of a great pasha, and was about his own age, rather younger than himself, perhaps. The worst was that this Effendi, this master, was of a nature totally opposed to, and immeasurably less refined and sensitive than, that of this boy, who was linked to him in constant companionship. He was, in fact, although good-natured and not evil-tempered or especially vicious, one of those idle, empty-headed, heedless young men who do more mischief to themselves and others by their willfulness, thoughtless waste of time, money, and good capabilities, than they do by premeditated wickedness.

To show the sort of young scapegrace he was, it may be sufficient to mention the worst of his peccadilloes. It happened (some long time after I first made his acquaintance) that he bought a pair of young Russian horses that were high-spirited and difficult to drive. Warned by his father not to exercise them himself, forbidden at last to take them out, he yet persisted in his whim of breaking them in to go tandem fashion. No experiment could have been more dangerous; nevertheless, the headstrong young Bey risked his own neck and that of his English groom with dogged persistency and a heroism worthy of a better object.

At last came the catastrophe. It was a bright Summer morning, and the horses were fresh. They scented the wet grass, sparkling thick with great dewdrops, and became impatient of whip and harness. Off they went at a dash; presently the dogcart was kicked in two; the Bey and his groom saved themselves by a leap, but the horses still dashed wildly on, maddened by the bounding of the broken parts of the tandem, which they were dragging by the traces.

The road lay between inhabited houses. Before one of these a young Greek was standing, in the act of putting his foot in the stirrup of his humble *monture*—the donkey on which he rode daily to his college. He was a studious young man of seventeen, a scholar of much promise, and the son of a doctor, now bed-ridden, whom he hoped in time to be able to support as well as his mother and sisters.

It may be that the frightened horses swerved in their course; however it happened, the poor young man was tripped up by the loose traces—entangled in them, dashed down, and carried on bounding with the broken carriage over the stony road!

He was carried back to his father's house, stunned and dead, and a hot thrill of indignation went through the Greek community when the accident became known.

The young Bey, thoroughly frightened, and, let us hope, sincerely sorry, although he foolishly tried to affect indifference, was meanwhile conveyed to the guardhouse, and it required a long negotiation, high influence, and a sum of money to effect his release without a judicial inquiry being held more serious than the primary evidence tendered before the Bach Zaptieh (Chief Officer of Police). A handsome sum was also given to the bereaved family as some compensation for their loss. Matters being thus smoothed over without delay, the funeral of the unfortunate boy took place according to the Greek custom of the corpse being dressed as in life; the ghastly, disfigured face looking, in the full glare of the sun, like the waxen effigy of some martyred saint—an exasperating sight to the hundreds of mourners who followed him to his last resting-place.

The young Bey, to be out of the way of more mischief, was sent into temporary exile. He hastened to join a hunting-party going to the shores of the Black Sea.

Well, it was to such a master that my friend, Tewfik, belonged, and had belonged since somewhere about his sixth or seventh year. For the son of a rich Turkish father usually has a playmate or two bought for him whilst he is still quite young, in order that he may not be lonely, but may have some ready object on which to vent all his humors, whether playful or spiteful. And these little bought playmates are very convenient!—for they rarely dare return kicks or cuffs, and can be easily cowed if they do attempt to make reprisals.

Tewfik was not the only slave playmate of Mohammed Bey. A younger boy had been bought soon after the first, one who gave promise of being more *espiègle* and entertaining, as his glittering, small, dark eyes, *piquant* features and slight frame lent him an appearance of alertness and drollery which Tewfik did not possess. This lad, whom I will call Achmet, was about fifteen when I first knew them. The three had received a very desultory education, having, nevertheless, had tutors enough in the foreign colleges, to which they had been sent in company whilst traveling in Germany, France and England. French was the only language they had cared to master, and that they spoke well.

Of the trio, Achmet was the soul and life. Mohammed Bey, heavy and indolent, insensibly followed his lead. Was it some foolish escapade in Pera, bear-baiting, or teasing the young cubs taken, some "spree" at the theatres, or excursion to the farm? Achmet was sure to be in it, pretty sure to have suggested it; whilst Tewfik, chained to the companionship of the others, had to be of the party, and joined in the sport, or rather looked on, with a languid contempt for the foolish fun that prudence forced him to disguise or conceal as he might.

But the chain that bound the three together was suddenly snapped. The merry Achmet, with his dark, gypsy-like face, so brimful of mischief, was a favorite with all of us, and I well remember how his loss startled us. It came one calm Summer night, just after the sunset meal. The thoughtless boy, for a mere whim, took a plunge into the still blue waters where he had often bathed before, at a spot almost close to the *yâli*. He had wagered that he would dive and reappear in so many minutes. His companions, watch in hand, looked for his reappearance—but he was never seen again!

All that night the caïques of the watchers were out, waving burning torch-brands over the dark surface; throughout the night we women within woke from snatches of sleep to listen for some cry of recognition; but no white, upturned face was floated by on the gurgling waves.

Next day a large reward was offered for the body. But no hand, however eager, could find it to wrench it from the strong, swift under-current that was surely bearing it down to the Marmora.

On the evening of that day they gave up hope of the recovery; and most, with stoical indifference, turned their thoughts to a great entertainment that was to take place in the salaamlik that evening. Why should they not? There was no etiquette to be observed on the occasion of a slave's death.

But the sudden loss of human life is such an awful thing! It put me out of harmony with the noise of viols and singing-men. So, with a shudder, I had turned away, taken my hat and gone to the hill garden, in order to be as far as possible from the noise of the unseemly merry-making. There I came unexpectedly upon the haggard, dejected face and drooping figure of poor Tewfik. A few words of heartfelt condolence established a bond of sympathy between him and myself that deepened afterward into the truest respect and confidence. It was well for him that I had come upon him in his then mood. His better feelings had been rudely shocked, were being at that moment cruelly bruised. His merry companion, his gay-hearted, cheerful friend, had suffered a violent death; had been "drowned like a dog"—"*Kopek guibi*," he said—and who really cared? Were they not, even now, not twenty-four hours after his death, feasting and laughing and making music below? "Voyez-vous, mademoiselle," he exclaimed, bitterly, "ce n'était qu'un esclave. Nous autres esclaves, nous ne sommes que du bétail. Pourquoi, donc, se dérangerait-on si l'un de nous deux vient à mourir?" (You see, mademoiselle, he was only a slave. slaves are but cattle. Why should they put themselves out because one of us is dead?)

Was this a slave who was speaking with a dignity that would have befitted a prince, and a proud curl on the fine lip that spoke repressed contempt for his "superiors"? Which was the slave? I asked myself—the master who was a slave to his besotting follies and pleasures, incapable of any high feeling, chaining and dragging down this noble nature, or he who could live shackled by the fetters of slavery, yet keep his soul free and pure, resisting even the contamination of example?

Looking in his disturbed face with earnest gravity, I entreated him to believe that he had at least my deepest respect and sympathy, and that I, almost as much as himself, had been thoroughly unhinged by the sudden loss of his almost brother, whose little keepsake of dried wild-flowers from the Alps would always now be one of my treasured souvenirs.

So my talk soothed him, and as we walked upon the terrace in the long, fair twilight I led him on to speak of his own early history, in the hope of carrying him out of the grief of the present.

He said:

"I am no Turk at heart, and not slave-born. My parents were Christians, and my mother was my father's wife. They were Georgians, living in their own farm under the Caucasus. When I was about six, or more, my father had some trouble with the land or crops. He wanted a pretty large sum of money, and there was only one way to get it. I had a little sister, and he could sell one of us. There is one thing to be glad of—he left her at home. But I was so fond of her! and he parted us. Then he brought me on the saddle before him a part of the way, and then on to Stamboul by sea. There we had to stay some months in the common khans before he could hear of a house (*Ev*) rich enough to give his price. Fortunately for him and unhappily for me, they wanted a playmate just then for Mohammed Bey; I suppose they gave between three and four hundred liras; and so I lost my liberty."

"Your father, though a Christian, sold you to be a slave to the Mussulmans?"

"Yes," he said. "But he was not a good man. Good and bad men are sprinkled pretty evenly up and down the world. We have good Mohammedans and bad Mohammedans, and you have good Christians and bad Christians. People grow up to believe what they are taught. I have been taught to believe the Koran, and I believe it."

In fact, Tewfik, as I had frequently observed, was a devout Mohammedan, assimilating to his rare nature the best truths within his reach. Yet he acknowledged himself to have come of a Christian family. It was an added grief for him to know it.

Then he talked to me of his sister—how it was his one wish to be able to bring her to Constantinople at his own expense and educate her. That hope gave him courage to bear his present uncongenial surroundings and perseverance in trying still to improve the foreign education he had had.

There were so many obstacles in the way of his cherished scheme, that I felt I must at all hazards point them out to him.

"It is so difficult for you, my friend, not being fully free to act as you would, to give your sister the full protection you otherwise might. Would it not be better first to obtain your own freedom? Some day you may be free. Your education and intelligence and trustworthiness will help to make your fortune."

"Non pas en Turquie!" he said, with an implied sneer. "On a beau êtra honnête; cela ne pèse pas contre la position dans le monde."

"But when you are free you can return to your country if you will."

"When I shall be *free?*" he said, bitterly, and half to himself. "Not till my best years are gone, and then it will be too late to do much. And how can I raise myself at all now? Do not I know well that *I*, a slave, cannot be received at the table of the Pasha, though I have been brought up better than the ignorant and uncouth boors who are received there every day because they have the passport of Bey before their name?"

RAILROAD COMFORT—THE SLEEPING-CAR.

RAILROAD COMFORT—BAGGAGE CHECKED THROUGH.

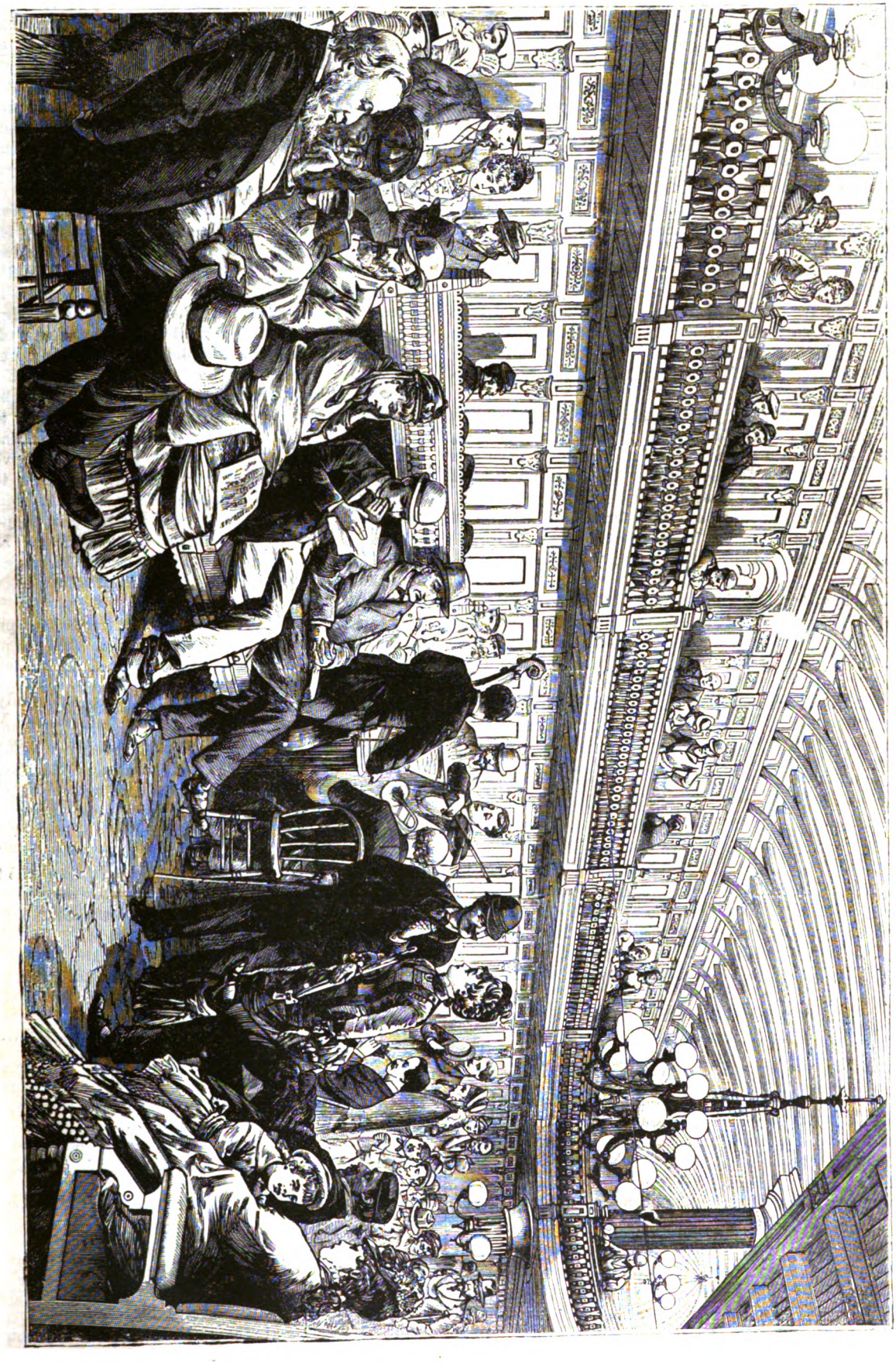
"Be hopeful," I rejoined. "The father of Mohammed Bey is kind-hearted, and he must soon come to see that your education entitles you to be treated with consideration, and admitted to some degree of equality."

"That may come slowly and in course of time," he replied. "But I would rather the Pacha would give me my freedom at once, and allow me to gain my own livelihood as an employé at the Sublime Porte; or let me continue my study of the law. Mais, à l'heure qu'il est, je suis toujours esclave!"

STREET-RAILROAD DISCOMFORT.

"Yes, you are nominally a slave; but tell me that there is no likelihood of your being sold again?" I questioned.

"There is no such danger," he said. "The circumstances of the family that owns me would make such a thing shameful in my case. But youths who are mere domestic servants kept to wait on their masters—to prepare their rooms, brush



A CONCERT ON A SOUND STEAMER.

their clothes, bring coffee and pipes, or nurse them in illness—these are liable to change hands at the whim of a master. However, many Beys prefer nowadays to have paid-servants, because by-and-by they would be expected to give their slaves their freedom, let them marry, and set them up in a house, and perhaps find the wife. You perceive that keeping slaves is not so cheap a business as it seems."

"On the whole, you must confess that your lot has fallen in pleasant places," I remarked, cheerfully, to point him to the bright side of the picture.

"Truly, it might have been far worse," he replied, with earnestness. "I am much more free and respected than many would be in my place."

"And then," I continued, "you have gained a very good education, and you have seen Europe."

"That is true also," he assented. "But, also, I have learned by my education to know a double bitterness in feeling myself a slave, for a slave is despised."

"No one could despise you, my friend," I said, reprovingly and sincerely.

"Mademoiselle is very good, and does not judge like the rest of the world," he replied, with tears in his eyes. "But all this is not the worst of it. You see, I have lost my respect and love for my father. I know in my heart I shall never forgive the wrong he has done me."

Then we walked on in moody silence, and a burst of merriment from below was borne mockingly to our ear.

All at once a thought darted into my mind like an inspiration.

"You have touched English ground!" I exclaimed, with some excitement. "That alone has freed you. Our proudest law is, that whoever touches English soil becomes a free man. You are no slave!"

"Ah!" he said. "It is a grand law; but, you see, it does not make a slave the less in Turkey. Besides," he added, "I am too proud to abandon my benefactors for my own good. Let them have my gratitude, my services, my affection to the end. I have eaten of their bread long enough."

"Still, you are free, for all that," I persisted.

"For your saying it, I will always be your devoted brother," he said, half willing to humor my mood.

"Slave or no slave," I exclaimed, "I will never be ashamed to acknowledge myself your friend on a perfect footing of equality, or to give you a sister's sympathy."

And we kept our compact thenceforth. My friendship was, I believe, a comfort and a help to him, whilst I felt myself all the stronger for trying to give him strength and patience.

Loyal hearts may gather into the treasure-chamber of memory the perfumes of many such friendships.

A DESTINED BRIDE—A SEQUEL.

From the borders of Circassia, not far from the neighborhood of Tewfik's mountain home, a little girl had been kidnapped about the same time the boy's father started on his heartless errand to the Turkish capital.

This child was bought by Momammed Bey's mother in order to be brought up as Mohammed Bey's destined bride. Slight and pale, with irregular features, but quick, bright eyes, the little thing was chosen for her extreme vivacity rather than for any beauty she possessed. She at once became the playmate of the young Bey's sister, and consequently of the brother and his friends. Amongst the latter was a boy of solid build and stolid character, chiefly remarkable for a pair of light-gray eyes with a slight squint in them.

This boy, Hassan, was early enslaved by the bewitching tyranny of the little Roffia, who was a born coquette. Full of liveliness, decided and outspoken, with tact enough to yield where necessary to the young Khanum, the girl had her own way for the most part with everybody. At ten she was withdrawn into the strict seclusion of the harem and made to learn the *kánoon* (or flat harp) dancing, and to understand the ordering of a household. She learned, too, to speak a little French, blundering through difficulties with praiseworthy determination. At eighteen she was a lively young woman, with graceful manners formed by a Frenchwoman's supervision.

Roffia stood well with her future mother-in-law, but the latter, though kind, showed her no motherly tenderness, and Achmet Bey, incapable of any romantic feeling, only remembered her as a *petite taguine* who had had spirit enough to tease as much as she was teased. The heavy Hassan, meanwhile, sighed whenever he caught sight of her profile at the carriage window, and by means of certain telegraphic signs a complete understanding grew up between the two.

Much clever manœuvring had to be gone though before the state of the case could be broached with safety to the mother and to Achmet Bey. When the girl's inclination became known, the latter had the good sense to give her her freedom and present her as a dowered bride to his friend. There was a grand wedding—Hassan going in torchlight procession to service at the mosque, supported on either side by Achmet and Tewfik as best men. Meanwhile, Roffia Khanum, dignified since the morning with the title indicating her newly-found freedom, received guests in her own home.

Hassan Bey had just reason to be flattered at the preference his young wife had shown for him. He was proud of his domestic happiness, and delighted to receive the visits of his old friends in his wife's presence, so renewing for all the pleasant intercourse now so long interrupted.

Tewfik soon confided to Roffia Khanum his hope of bringing his sister to Stamboul. With ready woman's wit the young wife set herself to work out a practical realization of the plan; but much patience and waiting were needed for months yet. For, in spite of the young man's steady efforts to improve himself and extend his studies, it was some time before he gained notice or hopes of patronage. At last there came an invitation to dine at the table of a great Pacha; and from that time it was understood that society had accepted him as an ornament, and his freedom was tacitly acknowledged.

But still no employment was given him, although a post in one of the foreign embassies was talked of. The death of a friendly Pacha put an end to the prospect of a secretaryship at St. Petersburg. His allowance was not great, but by self-denial he might save enough to send for his sister. And so he did. And it was in the home of Hassan Bey and Roffia Khanum that the long-parted brother and sister had the happiness of meeting once more. Happy and bright they were till the shadow of coming troubles on the horizon of Eastern politics warned Tewfik to send his *protégée* back to the shelter of her own country.

Tewfik has ever been faithful to his old friends. He was willing to remain near them and accept a subordinate post which brought him an income very inadequate to his requirements and reliability. To the end he would repeat, "I have eaten their bread all these years, and not even to secure an independence would I leave them of my own free will. If their kindness should put it in my power to make my own way, it would be different." He cherished, then, a strong, chivalrous sense of gratitude toward the rich family who had thought it no shame to *buy* his liberty

of action! He was generous in giving them more than the bargain involved; and while his magnanimity surprised me, I could not help admiring in him a touch of that fine Oriental devotion which we see in Ruth's clinging to Naomi.

A TRAGEDY.

It is an occasion of great rejoicing, and so there is to be a ballet *à la Franque*, which is to be performed with the aid of such stage accessories as can be extemporized. Accordingly, a raised platform has been contrived between the two wings of the great, curving, double staircase leading up from the large and lofty central *sofa*, or reception-hall.

One looked down on a huge space, inclosed in high walls, packed close with wondering and delighted faces intent on gazing on no ordinary scene. The little theatre was meant to represent Fairyland; and there, in the midst of rare flowers, seemingly poised tiptoe on a bed of exotics, stands a Fairy so gracefully posed, so bewitchingly draped in silvery gauze and pink ribbons; so dainty and coquettish in the turn of her head, in the delicate contour of her oval face, pale brow, black-penciled eyebrows, and full, pouting, cherry lips; so provokingly triumphant in the too visible consciousness of her own *piquante* beauty; so tenacious of praise in her long endurance of that almost impossible posture, that one could only look on in wonderment and admiration.

Well might the great mass of densely packed *moussafiers* (visitors) cry out "Af'farim, Af'farim!" (Well done! Well done!) and add their devout "Mash Allah!" (Heaven defend us!)

But there were those looking on to whom the gay scene was unpleasing—women whose hearts were in a blaze of jealousy, whose eyes shot forth glances that boded no good to the pretty ballet dancer. It would have been just as well that she should have looked less saucy, less dazzling, less confident of her power. For who was she, to flaunt her beauty thus openly in *their* faces? She was but a Circassian slave; and, when bought young, had not cost such a *very* great sum. If her worth had increased to some eight hundred or a thousand liras, was it not on account of these fantastic, impious Ghiaour dances which her master had had her trained to perform? It might be very pretty, but it had not the charm of the slow, sentimental Turkish dance. Yet this sort of play (*oïyoun*) was admired by the Pasha!

That was the great offense in the eyes of these women, who were the Pasha's wives and slaves. For they had but just discovered that they had in this *débutante* a dangerous rival. With such powers of fascination she must soon become the favorite, perhaps even the favorite wife. Who can say what dark thoughts found place in their hearts at that gay festival, or what ominous words were breathed, that should soon wither the bloom on those fair cheeks, and leave those plump, rounded limbs wasted to a skeleton?

Some said that she took a sudden chill on that night when she had been so flushed with pleasure; for, shortly after, she began to keep her room. Not six weeks had passed ere her cheeks had grown hollow, and were marked with a hectic spot. Next, before it was generally known in the household that her illness was serious, she was removed from her owner's harem in order to be "taken care of" by an old and confidential slave, now the wife of a man whose hard and mercenary nature was but too well known. Both were, in fact, fit tools for the accomplishment of any covert design. My heart misgave me when I heard whither she had been conveyed—of course with the tacit consent of her master, to whom suitable representations had been made in her enforced absence. . . . .

"These dark crimson roses are beauties! How a sight of them would delight that poor little sick beauty! I will set off this moment and take them to her, if I can but manage to find the house."

This I exclaimed one warm June day soon after her departure from us.

Guided by an Armenian *Aïwas* (footman), I reached a house of most well-to-do appearance, of large frontage—newly painted, roomy, and neat-looking; the sort of house which, in Turkey, could only belong to one of that class of men who systematically aim at enriching themselves by every conceivable means; for it was much too good for an upper-servant who had been content with his wages only. There were one or two servants loitering at the outer door—another sign of prosperity. The sleek master, with his sallow cheeks, beetling black brows and sneaking air, was not there to receive me, but I was admitted without much demur to the harem, within which my coming had evidently caused some commotion. Here an old woman met me and conducted me up-stairs to the *sofa* (or chief guest-chamber, into which the other rooms opened), where I was presently made to sit on the highest divan (as an extra honor), and two or three old women (called *Ninas*, mothers) came to sit with me whilst the usual cup of coffee, invariably offered as a welcome, was being prepared down-stairs.

The old Ninas looked perturbed in spite of an effort to be calm.

"How is your sick charge?" I asked, with considerable difficulty, for at that time I spoke but a word or two of Turkish.

"*Foûkára! Euldu, cocona!*" ("Poor thing! she is dead, lady"!) cried the old women, holding up their hands in affected pity.

Greatly shocked, I tried to ask details, and was answered that the death had taken place not a quarter of an hour previous to my coming.

"And I was bringing her these roses! May I not at least lay them by her, and take one last look at her face?"

The request caused great consternation. No; as a Christian I could not see the corpse. They were sorry, but it could not be.

The mistress of the house here made her appearance for a short time, excusing herself from remaining, on the plea of having arrangements to make; she must send to her neighbors to borrow the handsomest Cashmere shawls she could find to cover the coffin; but she hoped I would stay and rest.

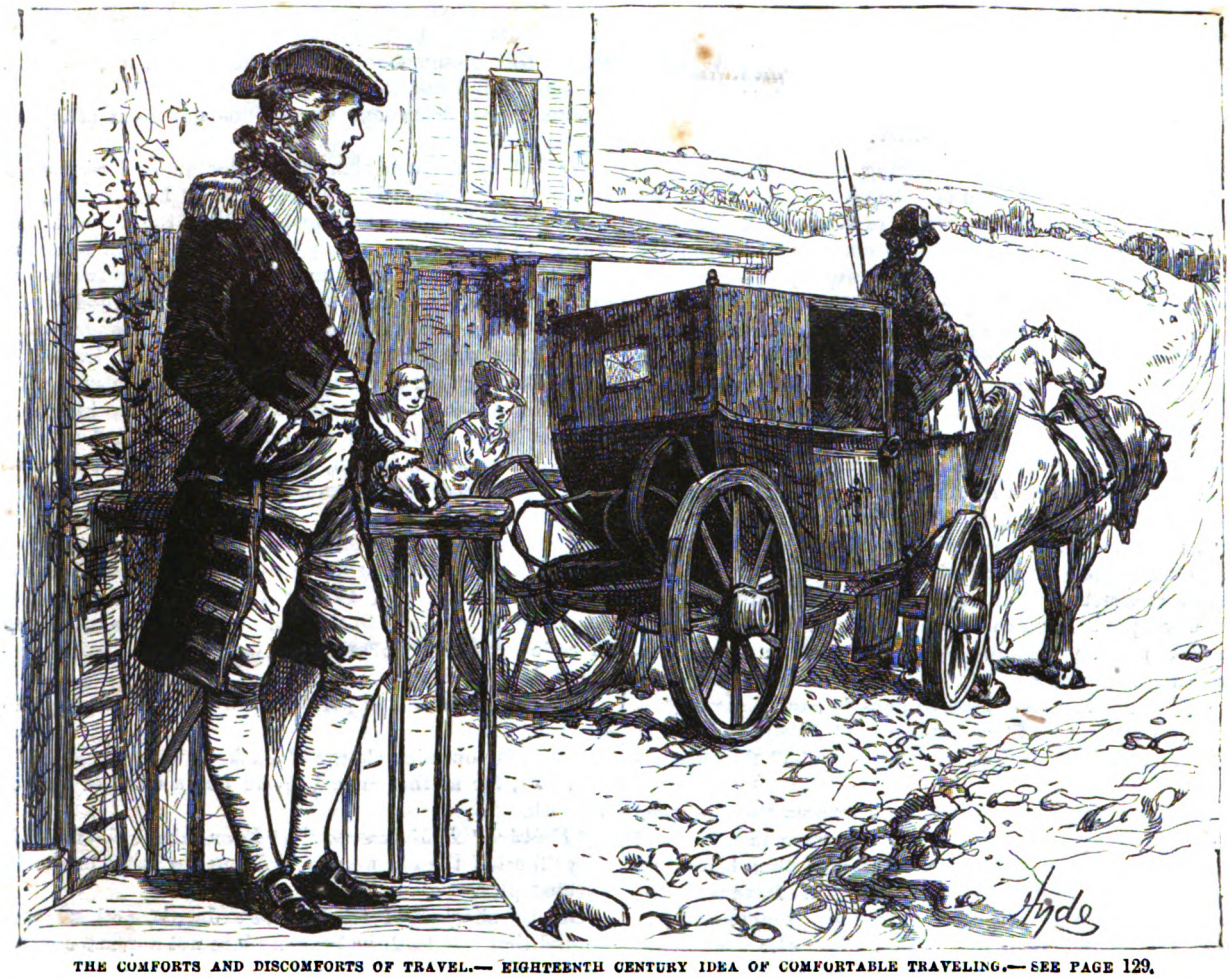
A woman in the prime of life, plump and well-kept, but hard-featured, cold, and determined, she looked the impersonation of a relentless will—one by no means to be thwarted in a set purpose.

It made me shudder to look on her unmoved sallow face and changeless gray-green eyes; and to think of this woman as the guardian and keeper of that other woman, but lately so full of life and quick, changing impulse. She could have been no tender nurse for her in her wayward moods!

When, to my relief, she had withdrawn, the Ninas sat silent as they smoked, withdrawing the amber mouthpiece from time to time in order to utter such ejaculations as:

"*Nazig kiz!*" (Agreeable girl!)
"*Nakader guzel!*" (How pretty!)
"*Yazig!*" (What a pity!)

Presently two of the old women laid aside their pipes and entered into conversation together unrestrainedly, little imagining that I understood Turkish much better than I could speak it. And I, attracted by their tone and



THE COMFORTS AND DISCOMFORTS OF TRAVEL.— EIGHTEENTH CENTURY IDEA OF COMFORTABLE TRAVELING.— SEE PAGE 129.

words, lent all my attention to them, whilst I appeared to be absorbed in my own sorrowful reflections and was abstractedly sipping the distasteful beverage.

"Ah, poor dear! she died hard. It was a long struggle. How many times she would start up in her bed and ask *why* we had brought her to this house, where she would never get better, but only worse? She knew well that the Pasha would never have allowed it if he had only known of it beforehand. Then she would try to spring up, saying she *would* go to the Pasha that moment. Then she would fight us in desperation as we strove to hold her down under the bed-coverlet. It was difficult nursing, indeed, for she could scarcely be made to take her medicines. Dear, dear, it is a sad thing over! What a death-scene it was! Her face and her nails turned black with the passion!"

So she had died in convulsions, if by no fouler means! And those once supple and graceful limbs were even now drawn or twisted with the agony of that hideous death-struggle, whose duration one might only guess.

Inwardly shuddering, and loathing the place and its inmates, I left my roses as the only token of sincere pity that could now reach the dead girl, and made haste to be away.

For word or deed of mine *then* were powerless to save or to avenge. Let her sorrowful story plead *now* for others in like case with herself!

* * *

NINETEENTH CENTURY IDEA.

A GOOD man will never teach that which he does not believe.

THE OAK CABINET. —"YOU WON'T BE ANGRY,' SAID GEORGE, 'IF I SAY WE SHOULD ALL BE STILL HAPPIER IF WE WERE CERTAIN THAT YOU SHOULD ALWAYS REMAIN WITH US.'"— SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE OAK CABINET.

By Walter Edgar McCann.

One of the oldest and prettiest places in St. Mary's, Maryland, is Crosswood Manor. Time, which destroys some things, beautifies others, and the mansion, with the flight of years, has fallen into a sort of picturesque neglect, which gives it a certain sadness, mingled with an undefinable air of mystery and romance.

This is heightened by the unusually thick timber which surrounds the old house, clumps of elms, oak and poplar, within whose lines are cast strange patches of light and shadow upon the dark grass.

Over all broods a mistiness and silence that give the aspect of the place, from a little distance, a kind of weird unreality.

The sun was near its setting, and the cool evening breezes of the Potomac were stealing up and over the land, and fluttering the leaves of the tall trees.

Within their files two ladies were walking, and the silvery tingle of their chat and laughter—low, indeed, but yet very audible in so quiet a spot as this—made, with the vesper songs of the birds over their heads, a very pleasant music.

One of these ladies was Miss Phœbe Brittingham—very stout, good-natured and comely, with a double chin, and large, round blue eyes and rosy cheeks—a lady who, somehow, always reminded me of a comfortable, motherly abbess. The other was her niece, Miss Rachel Ludlow, daughter of the old general, now deceased, and heiress of Crosswood and a great deal of other property.

I have not seen many handsomer girls than Rachel Ludlow—tall, slight and dark-eyed. Her features were exquisitely delicate and transparent—a little *triste* sometimes—haughty and intellectual.

She was a proud girl, as the general had been, but not, like him, eccentric and obstinate, though she did not lack firmness. But there was nothing of that cross-grained and selfish element in her character which had spoiled his, and made his life—and sometimes the lives of others around him—so unhappy.

It was of these whimsical moods of his that elderly Miss Phœbe was now discussing, with that sort of frankness which is privileged in a sister, and with the eloquence which thorough knowledge of a subject inspires.

"Well, my dear child," she said, a little out of breath, and winding up a long speech, "it is just this—let us rest under this big oak—it is just this: If you had been forced to marry your cousin Oscar, you would have been the most miserable girl alive!"

"I never should have married him. I don't like him, and I hope it's not wrong; but I hate him," said Rachel, with vehemence, now seated beside her aunt on the little bench nailed round the oak. "He is the most odious person I ever saw, and you know very well that all poor papa's threats to cast me off never made the slightest difference."

"Your papa was insane, Rachel, on that subject, and I shall never believe anything else," replied Miss Phœbe, serenely. "The idea of coercing a girl to marry a man she detests in order to keep up an old name, and to retain a great fortune in the one family, is sheer madness and cruelty."

Upon this point both were agreed, having exchanged views repeatedly, and now a little silence followed.

Rachel was looking on the ground, her warmth of a moment ago having quite subsided, when the sound of wheels arrested her attention.

"Why, Father Carmel, I wager!" said Rachel, rising in great glee. "It can't be George, of course. I sent Pierce to the landing, thinking Father Carmel *might* come this evening; and you see it has so turned out. Let us go to meet him."

So away they hurried, and just as they reached the edge of the wood and looked down the road, one of the persons in the carriage whose wheels they had heard saw them and got out, stepping with great care to the ground, and came toward them on foot.

This person was an old man, wearing the out-door costume of an ecclesiastic. In spite of his years, he trudged along toward the two ladies quite rapidly, and reached them panting. They also had come a short distance to meet him, and Rachel being more active than her fat aunt, was the first to give Father Carmel her hand.

The priest was indeed an old man—past seventy. He stooped, and was a little corpulent, and his thin fringe of hair was silvery white; but his face was one of the handsomest and kindliest imaginable. Curiously infantine was it, and no wonder, for Father Carmel, in spite of his three-score Winters and ten, was in most worldly things a child.

Everybody liked Father Carmel; of him in all his life I don't think any one had ever spoken an ungenerous word. There was not a house in the county, no matter what the faith of its master, where he was not welcome.

Left upon reaching his majority a handsome fortune, he was now in his old age so poor that it was said that he very often had not food for his table; his wealth had been spent in charity.

But, simple as a child, serene and cheerful, devoted to his vocation without being in the least a fanatic, and quite unconscious that his youth and his middle-age had long ago vanished, and that the path between him and the grave must now be very short, he went about still doing good and making plans for a quarter of a century ahead with the same enthusiasm he had shown on the day of his ordination.

This was the old gentleman the two ladies greeted, each capturing one of his hands.

"Radie, Radie!" he sighed, smiling and looking on her with a happy moisture in his eyes. "My little Radie, grown so tall and—yes; why shouldn't I say it, for it won't spoil her?—and so pretty. Father Carmel's little girl so changed, and yet not changed in a great many things, I hope, Radie?"

"Not a bit changed, Father Carmel," said Rachel; "and why did you get out of the carriage? You are quite out of breath with walking."

"And so on the day after to-morrow you are to be married?" he said, not minding, but his thought following their former current. "To George Milburst—not to Oscar, after all. Well, I am—I *am* glad, Radie. I don't think you would have been happy with Oscar."

"She would have been the most miserable creature on earth," proclaimed Aunt Phœbe, oracularly. "You heard all about the *dreadful* time we had, Father Carmel? I never went through such a dreadful experience in my life!"

Miss Phœbe also heard it, and looked up.

"Some one is coming up the avenue," she said. "Who can it be?"

"I heard something—not much. After a while you must tell me."

"Yes, after tea," said Radie, "which we must have directly, and I shall make it myself—you always liked mine, you know, father—and you must drink a great deal of it, because you are very tired."

He *was* tired, and did drink several cups of that nectar, all three sitting around the little table under the steep roof of the piazza, a spot chosen for the benefit of the cool evening air; and now, all this over, the priest spoke again of the marriage.

"Well, you know," said Rachel, "papa always had an idea that I must marry my cousin Oscar. Our relationship was within the prohibited degrees; but he was sure of a dispensation, and, dispensation or not, he was determined we should be made man and wife."

"The peace of God be with your father, child," said Father Carmel, gravely shaking his head; "but he was the most obstinate man I ever knew."

"Well, I was just as determined the other way. I was engaged to George Milhurst, and if I could not have him I would have no one, so you can imagine what a war went on here at poor old Crosswood. Papa, you know, had made his will, dated three years ago; but he threatened, he actually swore, Father, to make another, cutting me off and leaving everything to Oscar. Still I was not moved from my purpose. I would sooner have died, I think, than have married Oscar."

"But your father never made a second will?" inquired the priest.

"No; but he died displeased with me, and I sometimes believe might have made it had he not been called away so suddenly. He felt pretty well assured that I would eventually change my mind. I never would," added the young lady, with a toss of her beautiful head, "and I know I am right."

"Yes; there cannot be any question of that, child; and in the very sudden death of General Ludlow," pursued Father Carmel, half-forgetting where he was, and with whom he was talking, partly in one of those dreams which waylay old men in their conversation, "it does seem like the will of God that the property should not have been left away from you."

"If it had been, what on earth would have become of me?" said Rachel, with a laugh and a shudder. "George has nothing, and I would never have married him to drag him down, and I should simply have starved. As it is, I certainly am very fortunate—almost the richest girl in Maryland, I believe—and," she said, suddenly, with quite another sort of laugh, very bright and merry, "listen, Father Carmel—the very first thing I shall do will be to give you a lot of money—in trust, though, because you are so extravagant—the prodigal father who has wasted all his substance in almsgiving—and you are to build a church, you understand;" and so on she talked, making great schemes for the future.

A little later George Milhurst came, on his great black horse—a handsome fellow, George, a law student with excellent prospects. And so, in converse, and planning air-castles, and recalling things of the past, pleasant and sad, the evening passed away.

About ten o'clock Father Carmel was shown to his room, a very spacious, handsome, but rather gloomy apartment, formerly the general's. The priest, always a happy man, was now in delightful spirits.

His little Radie, of whom he had always been so fond, whose growth he had watched and tended with a jealous care, had been so blest. Everything had turned out just as he could have wished.

He was not sleepy—he was, indeed, a little excited, the least bit nervous, perhaps, with his simple pleasure. What should he do for—say half an hour? His office he had already said; he glanced round the great old room, smiling with a listless inquiry.

Against the wall, near the window, he observed an ancient and rather battered oak cabinet; some old books in it, perhaps, and he had a curious taste and liking for old books; so up he rose and crossed the room to that antique depository, and in a minute had it open.

Yes, there were, among papers and all-sorts of rubbish, really some old books, big fellows, in dusty-brown and black uniforms, some standing erect, some toppling, some prostrate.

Father Carmel presently became quite absorbed in tumbling them over, with remarks upon each in soliloquy.

"Johnson's works—'Rasselas'—such a very dull book—and what's this? Montaigne—'The Idler's Breviary' Young's 'Night Thoughts'—and what can this be?—'The Confessions of Jacques Rousseau.' Ha! what's that?"

Something had slipped from the leaves and dropped to the floor—a thick paper, with a big red seal on it.

He stooped and took it up, and carelessly unfolded it. Within, at the top of the page, in huge black letters, and in General Ludlow's handwriting, he saw these words:

"My Last Will and Testament."

Father Carmel read it. The instrument was dated only two weeks before the general's death, and as the priest grasped the meaning of its few and terrible sentences, they seemed to ring in his head like thunder.

The will was later than the other, and annulled it absolutely; every dollar of the general's vast wealth he left away from his daughter, and solely to her cousin, Oscar Ludlow, and his heirs for ever. It was signed and duly witnessed by Matthew Price and his wife, formerly servants at Crosswood, now supposed to be living in Leonardtown.

If an earthquake had shaken the world around him, Father Carmel could not have shown more consternation. With the dreadful document he had found clutched in his hands, and his fingers interlaced and uplifted, he stood there, in a panic, with a wild prayer upon his lips.

But, alas! it was one of those awful realities which are not to be put aside. The will was genuine and the last, and Rachel was a beggar.

The wild thought shot through his brain: "No one in the world knows of this paper's existence except myself and the two ignorant and stupid old people who signed it. What easier than to destroy it at the lamp?"

How could he give it up? His little Radie—his pet—his bird—his flower! Should his be the hand to snatch from her her inheritance—to take the very bread from her mouth? His hand had poured the water of baptism on her head; into his ear she had prattled her first childish confession.

With streaming eyes, this saintly old man struggled with the first temptation of his long and sublime life. For the first time he realized his great age—more than seventy years—fifty spent in the service of Almighty God—his soul still as innocent as when it was given him.

For half a century he had toiled and practiced every kind of self-denial, and had won many a convert to his faith. Would not a merciful God let these things plead? Only one sin—a trifle—to burn a bit of paper; and yet for this he was willing to undergo every kind of mortification and penance for the years that remained to him. He would live on bread and water, eating but once in three days, and would spend only an hour of each twenty-four in sleep; his religious zeal should be a hundredfold greater than it had ever been. All this for a trifle—a nothing.

On the other hand—what? What was he about to do?—he, the false priest, the Simon Magus, for whom was prepared the unquenchable fire! He was not about to destroy a simple piece of paper, but to steal a vast inheritance; after that, to live a life of lies, pursued everywhere with the memory of his spectral crime; and at last, when he was called, to go to his judgment and hear the thunder of his condemnation to the lake of darkness. What were his seventy years of innocence? He had not sinned, because by a special grace he had never been tempted; here he was, ready to fall at the first whispering of evil—he who had so often counseled resistance in others, and had told the sublime stories of the martyrs, trembling with the secret hope that he might be tried some day as they were.

Again he glanced at the unlucky paper and thought of Rachel Ludlow—of his promise to her dying mother to watch over Rachel while he lived. How could he make her a beggar and still be true to that trust? How could he take this great wealth from a daughter of his Church and give it over to a wicked man who would misuse it, and who hated and execrated him and his calling.

THE SISTERS.

So, in his dreadful agony, his upraised face, wild and wet with tears, the priest, struggling with his temptation, sank upon his knees and prayed for light.

Next morning, very early, in the bright sunshine, rode two horsemen along the road that leads from the river all the way to Crosswood. One of these was a thin little man, with gray hair and a pert nose, through which he was

constantly sniffing, like a small animal scenting for prey. This was Mr. Chalks, the lawyer. The other gentleman, with vicious and profligate eyes—was Oscar Ludlow.

As they rode, Mr. Ludlow was moody and silent, while his companion talked incessantly, and amused himself in various other ways—cutting at and killing all the bees and butterflies that came within the singularly skillful reach of his whip, and stopping once to rob a bird's nest.

When they arrived at Crosswood, it was still a long time before breakfast, and Mass was yet to be said by Father Carmel in the little chapel attached to the house. George Milhurst had come over to attend the celebration of the latter, and was now walking up and down the piazza with Rachel. The young lady had just said:

BRIGANDAGE IN MACEDONIA.—A GROUP OF BRIGANDS.—SEE PAGE 151.

"I have told them not to wake Father Carmel. I don't think he slept well, for he was heard walking about his room till almost daybreak."

She had scarcely finished her sentence when the two horsemen emerged through the trees and drew up at the foot of the steps.

Rachel greeted her kinsman graciously, and with some stiffness his friend, Mr. Chalks; but it is fair to say that that did not trouble Chalks a bit.

He smiled pleasantly, and said:

"Well, we are rather early callers, I suppose you think, Miss Ludlow; but we come on business. We come, in fact, to search this house."

Rachel flushed, and, haughtily ignoring the lawyer, turned to Oscar Ludlow. Before she could speak, he said, raising his pale, dark face and resolutely meeting her proud gaze:

"Rachel, it's no use mincing matters. We have come to search for your father's will—my uncle, General Ludlow's will. I have the strongest reasons for believing that it is hidden in this house."

"My father's will, sir, has been read and proved. You know that as well as I."

"Yes; but not his *last* will. We have the most positive proof that he made a still later will than the one already recorded, in which he disinherited you and bequeathed his property to me. You have never liked me, Radie, and I don't see what reason I should have for hesitating to take what is mine, even though it impoverishes you. It seems, in fact, that you choose to be a sort of enemy of mine, and you can't expect me to act like a fool, and be what fools would call magnanimous. The house, I have reason to know, is mine, and I demand to search it."

"What reason?" demanded Rachel, frightened by the earnestness of his manner, in spite of herself.

"We have seen Matthew Price and his wife at Leonardtown. They both declare positively that they witnessed a will made by General Ludlow only a fortnight before his death."

Aunt Phœbe, hearing the altercation, had approached.

"Matthew Price and his wife! Pooh!" she interrupted, with scorn. "Both old and imbecile. You know very well, Oscar Ludlow, that they would swear to their very dreams as realities."

"Well," said Mr. Chalks, briskly, "supposing it *is* all a dream, so much the better for you; but we don't think so, and nothing but a search will convince us. As an honorable lady, Miss Ludlow, anxious to do what's right and

AN ENCAMPMENT OF GREEK BRIGANDS.

keep a clear conscience, I am sure you can't refuse us the privilege of looking for ourselves. You'd be troubled in your mind, I know, to hold this property under a doubt."

"Don't listen to him, Radie," said Miss Phœbe, vehemently, noticing that Rachel showed signs of yielding. "Don't let them search the house. You don't know what trick they may be up to."

"We intend to search the house," returned Oscar, with a savage oath, losing his temper.

"No, Mr. Ludlow," said a new voice, tremulous and gentle, behind them all; "do not do that."

It was Father Carmel, pale and sad.

Never had they seen so much misery in a human face.

"What have you to do with it?" demanded Oscar, brutally. "If you won't let me make the search peaceably, I shall make it by force."

"Not while I stay here, sir," said George Milhurst, quietly; "and utter one word more in the presence of these ladies in the tone you have been using, and I shall throw you over that railing."

"Stay!" commanded Father Carmel, advancing. "There is no need, Mr. Ludlow, to search the house for your uncle's will. I found it last night in the oak cabinet in my room, and I now surrender it to you. By its provisions you are master of this place and of all General Ludlow's estate, and his daughter is a beggar."

Oscar took the paper, scarcely believing his senses.

Rachel burst into tears and fell upon her aunt's bosom, while that astonished lady ejaculated, with a terrible reproach:

"Oh, Father Carmel! Your little Radie! How could you? What have you done? What *have* you done?"

* * * * * *

About a week had passed. Rachel was residing temporarily with George Milhurst's family, and was now beginning to realize something of the catastrophe which at first had stunned her and left her without a plan or a prospect.

Very bright and beautiful was the morning, and in an old-fashioned, and perhaps not very picturesque, sun-bonnet, and with gauntlets on, and a trowel in her hand, and watering-pot, and hoe, and rake, and other floricultural implements about her, she was working in the garden.

Out came George. With a gentle delicacy he had resolutely avoided her as much as possible since she had come as his mother's guest, until some arrangement for the future could be made; but now as he stood under the little porch of the cottage and saw her toiling among the flowers—so beautiful, so sad—he could resist no longer; so assuming a smile, and with his hands in his pockets, he lounged carelessly to the spot she occupied.

"What an industrious little woman!" he said. "Can't I be of some help? You don't know how miserably idle and lazy I feel. Upon my word, Rachel, you must use some sort of magic with these flowers, they have so thriven since you began to care for them."

"Do you think so?" she smiled, from the depths of that curious old bonnet.

"Every one thinks so; and not only the flowers grow better, as if they really enjoyed growing, but, Rachel, we are all brighter and happier since you came, and—and—I thought—I hope," he stammered, "that you won't be angry if I say that we should all be still happier if we were certain you would always remain with us. As for me, I should simply be the happiest mortal on this earth."

She bent over the pretty plant at her feet and was silent for a moment; and then she said, in a low voice:

"I am sorry, George, but it could not be."

"Why not? But for that—that unfortunate—you know—we should have been married by this time."

"Yes; but now we shall never be married," she said, standing erect again, and smiling in his face, sadly, but resolutely.

"Oh, Rachel, you don't mean it—you can't! I could not lose you—you are mine already. You can't possibly have decided on anything else—if you are true and just to me there is no alternative."

"As Miss Rachel Ludlow, the mistress of Crosswood, I should have married you, George, and been the happiest woman in the world, I think. As plain Rachel Ludlow, of nowhere at all, I shall never marry anybody. Without incumbrance, you have a brilliant future before you, George; with me to provide for, you could never rise. In romance, a young wife is always the great spur to exertion and success; but in real life, George, I know too well how different it is."

"Rachel, you will drive me mad? What are you going to do? You cannot have formed any really wise plan."

"Oh, yes, I have; and one I shall speedily execute, as you will see. But, come, let us talk of something else—of something pleasant—of my cousin Oscar and his doings, for instance," she said, with a bitter laugh. "Have you heard how he is getting on under his new conditions?"

"It is the scandal of the county," said George. "He has filled Crosswood with a crew of profligate wretches like himself, and their life there is a continual revel. I suppose you have read of the life of Lord Byron and his friends at Newstead, when he was a young man—something, perhaps—well, Oscar's is a great deal like it."

"I am sorry; but it is pleasant to know that he is enjoying his inheritance. Oh, here comes Father Carmel; and I do believe he has walked all the way from the landing in the hot sun!"

It was quite true. Very much altered looked the kindly old man as he came up, almost breathless with his long walk—days had made the difference of years. So, after greetings, they went into the house.

A little later the priest and Rachel were alone together, and he said:

"My child, George tells me you have made some plan for the future, but will not reveal it. Will you not tell me?" he asked, anxiously.

In the simplicity of his character, I think he had a kind of dread that he had lost her confidence.

"Yes; I will tell you. Father Carmel, I have made up my mind to go into a convent."

A look of trouble, pain, surprise, flitted across his face, and, after a little pause, he said:

"But you have no vocation, I am afraid."

"It will come in time, Father Carmel, and I can at least pray for it; and I suppose there are some who have entered a religious life without a distinct vocation. I don't expect to be happy, but I can be resigned."

"I hope you will not resolve upon any step rashly, my child," he answered, still troubled and a little absently.

She saw that he did not approve; that he doubted if she could ever be, as she said, resigned; that there were, no doubt, other considerations which made him still more anxious—the *real* motive, impulse, or what you please, at at the bottom of all this.

Suddenly there was a sound of rapid footsteps—a man was running up the garden-path, red-faced and out of breath. He looked like a groom.

"What is it?" asked George, who was on the porch.

A whispered confab ensued.

"Is anything the matter, George?" asked Rachel, turning pale.

"Something serious, I am afraid. Father Carmel is needed immediately at Crosswood. The doctors are already there," he said, rapidly.

"But what is it?" demanded Rachel, impatiently.

"Well, there has been a disturbance, and Oscar Ludlow has been hurt—very badly, I am afraid—and—and they think a clergyman had better see him at once; and, in fact, this man says there is not a second to lose."

Great commotion, of course, then. Father Carmel rode away on horseback.

When he had disappeared, Rachel, frightened, paler than before, asked for additional particulars, and Stubbs, the groom, told what he knew in his homely way.

It was all about a lady who had been stopping at Crosswood with her husband, Colonel Markham—so the servants reported.

The colonel, who was a very violent gentleman, had quarreled with Oscar Ludlow, and Mr. Ludlow had flung a pack of cards in his face, whereupon the colonel had stabbed him three times—once in the neck, and twice in the chest, near his heart; and Dr. Ruddle and the other physician, who had posted in hot haste from Leonardtown, both said Mr. Ludlow's state was most dangerous.

Rachel went up to her room, and there, on her knees, she prayed for the life of her cousin; and, if too late, for mercy for his soul—and never in her life had she breathed a more sincere prayer. So affliction changes us.

The great fortune she had lost—that now, perhaps, might return to her—she would give it all if that unhappy man, whom she had never liked, who had never liked her, could have reprieve—or, at least, mercy—in his dreadful hour of trial.

But respite was not to be. Two hours later Father Carmel returned, and she read the intelligence in his face.

"He is dead?" she said, quietly. "You were not too late?"

"Not too late, child, thank God!" answered the old man.

The vast Ludlow fortune was Rachel's again. Short had been the interval since its loss, but she was a wiser and better woman.

I need scarcely add, I think, that Rachel did not go into a convent. She married George Milhurst, and made him a good and happy wife, and they lived at Crosswood, where often came fat and cheerful Aunt Phœbe.

Often came, also, Father Carmel, no longer walking from the landing—alas! tottering a little in his steps—but simple, serene and cheerful as of old. Remaining over night, he always occupied the room formerly used by General Ludlow—the room where the oak cabinet stood.

BRIGANDAGE IN MACEDONIA.

Considering the pitch at which brigandage has arrived in the East, and the number of cases that have lately occurred of Europeans and others being captured and kept in captivity until some fabulous amount has been paid as a ransom, I feel sure that a short account of the daily life and mode of existence of these outlaws cannot fail to be interesting. The following facts are gathered from the experiences of a late captive, at the paying of whose ransom I chanced to be present:

There is no doubt that brigandage will have a tendency rather to increase than to subside, as long as Turkey remains in its present unsettled condition; and little less can be expected when one finds nearly everybody, be he pasha, priest or peasant, either from fear or pecuniary motives, in league with the bands whose headquarters are nearest their respective homesteads; and one cannot shut one's eyes to the fact that bribery and corruption compose the system on which is based the government of a country which, if properly looked after, might be one of the finest in the world.

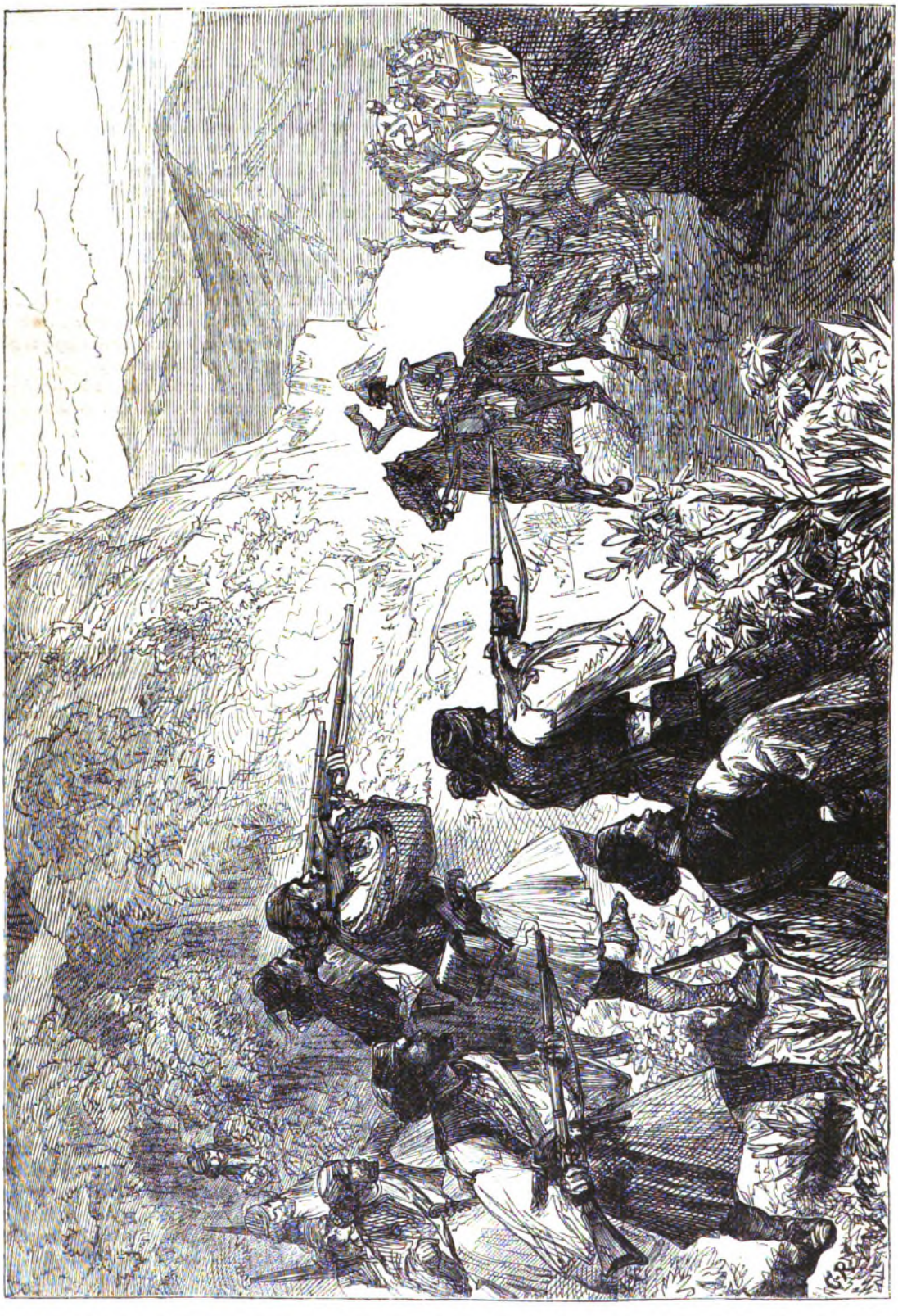
To begin with, one must know that there are two distinct classes of these men who earn their livelihood by pillage, robbery, and, if necessary, murder: viz., the brigand proper, of whose career I shall chiefly speak, and who very often, notwithstanding his bad reputation, possesses one or two good qualities, amongst which may be mentioned his strong sense of honor as regards keeping his word after giving it; and an inferior kind of robber who is called by a Greek word signifying "sheepstealer," and who lives by committing petty larcenies, or intimidating, perhaps killing, poor villagers or small landowners, but has neither the pluck nor the organization to make any grand *coup*, such as carrying off a European or some wealthy merchant. To show in what contempt this latter class is held, I may state that no greater insult can be offered to the brigand proper than that of applying to him the ephithet of sheepstealer (*kleptodalos*).

As soon as the Spring is sufficiently advanced to allow the mountains to be traversed without too much discomfort from cold, several bands are formed, consisting of Albanians, Greeks and Armenians, varying in numbers from twenty to forty, the majority of whom are soldiers, well drilled, and accustomed to hard work and long marches, who have deserted from the armies of their respective countries, and determined to pursue a more exciting and lucrative calling. A chief is selected by vote, a Greek generally being chosen, and one who has been at the trade before; also two or three captains, according to the number of the band, who assist in organizing the recruits, the chief always having complete control over the movements of the band, and settling any disputes that may arise among its members. The next thing to do is to take the necessary oaths, each man swearing not to desert, betray his fellows, or ever assist in any way in a prisoner's escape, the last oath being that, should they be attacked, the captive, if they have one at the time, must not be recaptured alive This finishes the preliminaries, and the work of cruelty, bloodshed and pillage commences from thence, and lasts until the Winter snows leave the mountain-sides no longer habitable, when they disperse and enjoy themselves on their ill-gotten gains till the following Spring comes round.

The dress worn by the brigands is much the same as of Albanian peasants, consisting of a short sleeveless jacket, coarse gaiters and shoes, the national fez, and a very short fustanella, or petticoat, the latter being made of very coarse material, instead of white calico, and soaked in oil so as to keep the insects, or, at all events, a certain percentage of them, from annoying the wearer, as they wear the same one for month after month; and living day and night in the bushes, some precautions seem necessary, and the only course pursued is to take off the fustanella about once a week, and shake it over a fire, the heat causing the lice and other insects to drop out. This is the extent of their ablutions, if such a term may be applied, sometimes for weeks. Across their chests they carry a cartridge belt, and round their waists a girdle containing a revolver, knife, and, in fact, all their worldly possessions; while by their sides hang their yataghans, or curved swords, with which they behead their captives when not ransomed. The rifles vary in kind, but all are very good; I think the Winchester repeating rifle seemed to be the favorite, although a great number are armed with the weapons in use in their own armies at the time they took French leave.

It is perfectly astonishing what good marksmen they are, and how ammunition is obtained is a mystery to the uninitiated; but I know for a fact that within the last few weeks a brigand chief ordered and received 8,000 rounds of ball cartridge, of different descriptions, in the middle of the mountains, miles away from any town.

It is unnecessary to detail their plan of attack when determined to carry off a captive, as they all resemble each other, and several accounts have appeared in the papers of those which have most recently occurred. It is a great mistake to think that brigands ill-treat their captives during negotiations; it is just the reverse; all share and share alike, the preference being always given to the prisoner when it comes to the last loaf of bread or the last glass of



BRIGANDAGE IN MACEDONIA.—GREEK BRIGANDS BRINGING A PARTY UNDER ESCORT TO A HALT.

wine. At the same time, it can scarcely be called an enviable experience to pass night after night, in fair weather and foul, with no bed but the mountain side, and no shelter but the canopy of heaven.

The routine of one day is so much like that of another during the wandering in the mountains, that a description of one twenty-four hours will, I think, be sufficient. Soon after dark the whole party start, the prisoner having his arms tied loosely behind him by a single piece of small rope, leaving the end trailing behind. This, I may here mention, is simply used as a sign of captivity, and not as a precaution against an attempt at escape, two of the band being sentry over the captive at a time, the remainder dispersing slightly, so as to have due notice of any danger that might be close by.

After traveling several miles through valleys and over mountains, a halt is made about sunrise in some well-wooded and secluded spot; the prisoner is then left in charge of three or four men, and the remainder, excepting, of course, the chief, proceed with their various duties, some lighting a fire, others preparing the morning meal, which generally consists of bread, coffee, and perhaps a bit of lamb or goat, and another party go off to their next day's food from accomplices and spies who have been warned two or three days previously where to bring the provisions. So suspicious are they of treachery that no member of the band is allowed to eat any food brought by a spy until the bearer has tasted it to see if it contains poison.

The way in which the fire is lighted is well worthy of notice. Having collected some dry sticks, not large in circumference, and about eighteen inches in length, a square heap is built by laying them across each other at right angles, and at the same time leaving lots of air-space in the centre. The top stick is then lighted, and the fire burns downward; by this means a very hot but perfectly smokeless fire is obtained, which, of course, prevents their locality being discovered from the smoke. When all is prepared breakfast is heartily welcome after the night's journey, but no one thinks of partaking of any food until a short prayer has been said by the chief and all have crossed themselves three times.

I have omitted to mention that every band of brigands

A WOLF-HUNT IN COLORADO.—"WITH A QUICK AND SUDDEN BLOW I BURIED THE SHARP EDGE OF MY TOMAHAWK IN HIS FOREHEAD, KILLING HIM INSTANTLY."—SEE PAGE 155.

A WOLF-HUNT IN COLORADO.—"HE DISAPPEARED OVER THE EDGE OF THE RIVER'S BANK."

has a tame ram, which is used to lead any sheep they steal from out-of-the-way villages, thus saving one man having the trouble of doing duty as shepherd. During meals every topic is discussed, no distinction being made between captor and captive, nor restriction placed on the latter as long as he does not broach the all-important subject of his own release. On that subject they are perfectly reticent; and one never knows from the day of one's captivity till within a few hours of one's release how negotiations are proceeding, nor how one's chances of life and death fluctuate according to the temper of the brigands and the communications brought by the spies.

During the first week or so after taking a prisoner the camp is moved every night, but as soon as a safe distance is reached and it is known that there are no troops in pursuit, four or five days are often spent in the same spot. On week days, as soon as breakfast is finished, all the arms are cleaned, knives and yataghans sharpened, and a sheep or goat killed and skinned for the midday meal, which generally takes place about eleven o'clock.

It is curious to watch the process of cooking the sheep. As soon as the skin is removed, a small portion of the intestines is taken and placed over the eyes and face of the animal, being secured behind the ears by a small piece of stick. This, as well as one or two other internal portions, is looked upon as a great delicacy, and always reserved for the chief. No portion of the sheep or goat is thrown away, every particle being eaten after being roasted slowly over the camp-fire by being placed horizontally on a long stick and slowly turned round by him whose duty for the day includes cook. Wine takes the place of coffee, but in other respects there is little difference between the midday and morning meals.

The first thing to be done as soon as the appetite is satisfied is to take the shoulder-blade of the animal just devoured and examine the marks on the flat portion of it. Should there be a small hole, it represents the grave of the prisoner, and signifies that the ransom will not be paid; if there appear small lines running in the direction of the leg-bone, it denotes that everything will go satisfactorily and the money be paid; but should the lines run at right angles, then pursuit and perhaps capture will be the result of their enterprise. This, among many others, is one of the superstitions in which the brigands put most implicit faith, and by which they profess to be able to

discover any news in regard to their success or failure about which they have any doubt.

The afternoon passes much the same as the morning, each taking his turn at preparing food, keeping guard over the captive, and any other little duties that may be required, the remainder sleeping and smoking cigarettes alternately until dinner-time comes round. After their evening meal, all sit round the fire, some playing cards; but the majority seem to find most pleasure in recounting to their captive the most atrocious and brutal deeds of which they have been guilty—the greater the barbarity the more welcome the opportunity of bragging about it. Before repeating one or two of their confessions, I must not omit to say that, although cards are allowed, no gambling, not even of the mildest description, is permitted. It may also appear strange that these ruffians took the most vivid interest in hearing all about the telephone, phonograph, and other new inventions.

A late captive informed me that, by giving lectures on different subjects nearly every night for six weeks, he had quite educated his "hosts," and considered the "Turkish School Board" ought to give some compensation. N.B. —It has not done so as yet.

On Sundays, prayers are repeated and psalms chanted during the forenoon; the routine after the midday meal being to hang up several skeepskins and practice cutting them in two with their yataghans. This is done, as they calmly acknowledge, to keep their hands in, as should it become necessary to behead the prisoner, the man to whose lot it falls to deliver the blow is looked down upon if he does not perform his duty neatly—*i.e.*, sever the head from the body with one cut.

The system of espionage employed is simply perfect; every movement of troops for miles round is known almost as soon as it takes place, and the state of the negotiations being carried on for the captive's release is immediately and almost daily communicated to the chief. Should any news be sent by the officials, the usual plan is to send word to the town from which he is coming to say by what road he is to go; then, suddenly, at some unexpected spot a brigand appears from behind a wall, or some other hiding-place, receives his information and returns; the place of rendezvous being generally four or five hours' ride from the camp, so that no clew should be given as to their whereabouts. It is a law among the bands that no member shall accept a present from a captive; and it is also the custom, on the release of a prisoner, for the chief to make him a present of £50 or so. At the same time, should he have a watch, or any other article for which the robbers have a desire, it is bought and paid for, the last ceremony being the taking off of the rope which has bound the prisoner's arms ever since his capture, which once more proclaims him a free man.

To show how little regard is shown to the Turkish authorities, I may here mention that, during my last fortnight at Salonica, a well known merchant showed me a letter he had just received, the contents of which were to the effect that unless £1,000 were sent at once to a place about three hours' journey distant, all his property, consisting of two houses and a lot of timber, would be immediately burned. This interesting but disagreeable communication was not signed by hand, but had a large seal at the bottom, like an official document, on which was printed in Greek, "Captain Kakuni." I need scarcely say that troops were dispatched in place of the money, but, alas! with the usual result.

On another occasion, and within four or five days of the above-mentioned event, I went to the Turkish theatre to see an Armenian company perform a comedy, and passed a very pleasant evening in the box belonging to the commander-in-chief of the Turkish forces. On meeting him the following day he inquired if I knew who was at the theatre with us the previous evening. I replied in the negative; whereupon he produced a small note, in which was expressed the writer's appreciation of the performance, and congratulating his excellency on the state of his health; but judge of my surprise when I saw the signature "Captain Niko," the chief of the band of brigands who last year captured Colonel Synge! Of course by that time he was probably miles away; but it appears he had donned European costume for the occasion, and quite made an impression with his gloves and small silver-mounted cane.

I only know of one decisive step having been taken to suppress brigandage, and that took place a week after the release of Mr. Suter. Salyk Pasha, in command of the troops at Salonica, heard there was a band of brigands in the neighborhood, and immediately took steps to discover their whereabouts, which he succeeded in doing. Troops were at once dispatched to surround the band, and an engagement took place so near the town that the shots could be distinctly heard. The soldiers having previously received orders that they might loot any men they killed, gave a greater impetus to the whole proceeding; and before dark, out of a band of thirty brigands, twenty-three heads were brought into the Pasha, and the remaining seven taken prisoners. One sergeant shot five himself, and took £200 from one man, but he was unfortunately wounded in the affray. However, on his arrival at the military hospital he was promoted to lieutenant on the spot, and every hope is entertained of his speedy recovery. I only regret I was unable to see the head of the rich brigand, so as to discover if it were one of those who received the ransom for Mr. Suter, to the handing over of which I was a witness.

In conclusion, I think that the old motto, "Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle," should have due weight with any Englishmen who are purposing to visit the interior of Turkey, either on business or pleasure; and I think nothing will give greater emphasis to the advice it contains than giving an idea of the outrageous brutality of those into whose hands they would probably fall, as gathered from the stories told round the camp-fire to pass the time over the after-dinner wine in the mountains.

On one occasion the chief of a band succeeded in capturing a young Armenian whom he suspected of having given information to the authorities as to the whereabouts of his band; whereupon he sent a message to his mother, who lived in a village near, telling her that if she wished to see her son alive she must come at once to a certain spot. Fearing to disobey, the poor woman hurried to the place named, where she met the brigand chief, who immediately said, "I have sent for you to show you the way I treat traitors"; and drawing his yataghan, he cut the wretched man into four quarters before his mother's eyes, adding, as he wiped the blood off his weapon, "Now I am going to the top of that hill. Before sunset you will tell all the inhabitants of your village that they are to come out and see what I have done; should you not obey—and, mind, I shall be watching—I shall come and burn the whole village." Of course, there was no choice but to carry out orders, and come and see the ghastly spectacle.

Another instance, of the effects of which I was also a witness, was that of a villager in the town of Teronda, who, when the village was attacked by brigands, gave up all his property but a small silver cross, which he stoutly refused to part with. Whereupon he was stripped, rubbed over with petroleum oil, and then a match applied. It so happened that this did not prove fatal, but the state of

agony of the poor man some days afterward was something piteous to see.

I think these few stories will suffice to show the character of the Greek brigand; and, although as many more, and even worse, could be repeated, I will only add one which is rather amusing. A band, having captured a Turkish priest, used, when in want of a small amount of amusement, to make him climb up to the top of a tree, and there continue shouting out, "calling the people to prayer," as is their custom from the minarets of the mosques at sunrise; the only difference being that, whereas the real ceremony occupies only a few minutes, this wretched priest had to continue until he was unable to speak from hoarseness and want of breath.

A WOLF-HUNT IN COLORADO.

One night, about ten o'clock, our stock astonished us by trotting into camp, and taking up a position close to the fire, remaining there all night. In the morning we discovered the reason why they had done so.

On making the round of the camp, the tracks in the snow of three gray mountain-wolves showed that evil-disposed neighbors had been prowling around; no doubt the mules had smelt them, and sought the camp-fire for safety.

Knowing what large, well-furred pelts these animals had, and having long wished for some to make a carriage-robe with, I determined to set as many of the beaver-traps for them as I could find good places for, it being necessary to trust to concealing the traps in the "runs" made by the different wild animals through the thickets of jungle, instead of using bait; for it was quite possible we might want every morsel of deer-meat we had to bait ourselves with. I therefore smoked myself and my gloves thoroughly in pitch-pine smoke to kill the human smell, swept the dead leaves away where each trap was to be placed, set it there, fastening it by passing its chain round the bole of the nearest tree or bush with a clove hitch, covered all carefully with leaves again, and, retreating backward as I left, brushed snow over all with a long cedar-bough, and trusted to fortune for the result.

In almost the first trap I came to on "running" them next morning, there was a big dog-wolf. Perceiving me approaching, he commenced lunging and pulling on the chain, making frantic efforts to get away; but finding he could not get loose, when I got quite near he made a most savage and determined rush at me, and when brought up by the chain, snapped his teeth together with a sharp clack, and growled and snarled like a savage watch-dog, his green eyes glaring fiercely at me, the long hair round his neck and on his shoulders standing out, turned all the wrong way.

Laying down my rifle, taking my tomahawk in my hand, and getting as near as possible to the wolf to be out of his reach, with a quick and sudden blow I buried its sharp edge in his forehead, killing him instantly. I was pleased with my prize, and leaving it, continued my round.

None of the remaining traps had been disturbed excepting one, and it was—gone. It had evidently caught a fine large wolf, who had smashed, torn, and bit everything within his reach, and ended by gnawing in two the stump round which the chain of the trap had been fastened, and going off with it.

Thinking that before the wolf could have gone far the long chain would have caught or become entangled in the thicket, and that I should soon find him fast to something, I followed on his tracks.

However, he was apparently aware of the danger traveling through the jungle entailed, for I soon found he had left the cover for the open, and there being a good tracking-snow on the ground, I followed him at a steady dog-trot. Before I had gone very far I sighted him. He had, no doubt, seen me first, for he was hopping along on three legs at a very decent pace, considering how he was impeded by the trap, which was fast to his off fore-leg, and by the long chain dragging through the snow and grass. Thinking he was going his fastest, I got into a sharp run, expecting to close on him directly.

Then the wolf, changing his hop into a long swinging canter, in spite of trap and chain, kept his distance in front of me.

Half-a-mile's run pretty well pumped me, and the wolf being out of sight over a roll in the ground, I gave up the chase for the timebeing, and returned to camp for my breakfast, my horse and the dogs.

I found the camp deserted, and a little note pegged to a tree to inform me that Joe, having seen a small drove of antelopes, had gone in their pursuit, taking with him the dogs.

My breakfast was soon eaten, the dead wolf dragged into camp, my horse caught, saddled and bridled, and the pursuit of the escaped wolf recommenced.

By about ten o'clock I was on the wolf's trail again, following on it at a canter, and before I had gone far, came to a place where he had sat down.

After some hours, during which time I frequently caught sight of the wolf, he, finding that I still continued to pursue him, tried a new line, and, abandoning the edge of the valley, made for the roughest and most rocky of the cedar ridges. On them the tracking became extremely difficult.

In many places the snow had entirely disappeared from the ground, and the surface being hard, naked rock, on which no trace, excepting an occasional chip or scratch made by the trap, was discernible, I frequently completely lost the trail, and had to make wide circuits in order to strike it again, where a softer surface or the presence of snow gave me a chance of so doing.

The close, unremitting attention requisite to follow the wolf had so preoccupied me, that I had scarcely noticed the flight of time.

The moon, nearly a full one, had been up some time, and gave sufficient light for a practiced eye to follow a track by; so availing myself of every stretch of good ground to put my horse to his best gait, in order to close as soon as possible on the nearly tired-out wolf, I still pushed on.

Soon the wolf again changed his course, and, leaving the ridges, headed straight for the large, open valley below our camp.

I feared he was going to take to the cover—indeed, that was what I had been apprehensive of his doing for some time—but he did not.

As I emerged into the level valley, the wolf was in full view about a quarter of a mile in front of me, going very slowly toward the river-bank in a direction that I knew would lead him to a place where it was high and precipitous.

He was still some distance from the edge, and it seemed quite possible to come up with him before he could reach it. There was no need for me to call upon my horse. He saw the object of our pursuit as soon as I did, and, like the gallant hunter he was, laying back his ears and giving a toss of his head, he dashed after him.

If the wolf had had a couple of hundred yards further to go, the chase would have ended then and there. As it

A WOLF-HUNT IN COLORADO.—"THE DOGS, MAKING NO EFFORT TO CHECK THEMSELVES, STRUCK HIM ONE AFTER THE OTHER, AND WOLF AND DOGS ROLLED OVER TOGETHER."

was, he disappeared over the edge of the river's bank about fifty yards in front of me.

When I arrived at the spot and looked down, I found there was a perpendicular descent there of about twenty feet, with a mass of matted brushwood and grapevines drifted full of snow at the bottom of it.

On this the wolf had boldly thrown himself down, and was resting and getting his wind beneath it. It had been a jump for his life.

It became necessary for me to go half a mile up stream to where, the river bending, the steep bank would be on its other side, and the side on which I was sloping enough to permit me to descend with my horse into the creek-bottom.

I was satisfied that what the wolf had just done had been an act of strategy; that he knew no horse could follow him straight down the bank; and I was also tolerably sure he would not stir for some time, most likely not until he should again discover me approaching, so I dismounted and walked, leading my horse, not only to rest him but to warm myself, for since the sun had set the temperature had become excessively cold.

When I arrived at the thicket into which the wolf had dropped, I made a cast round, and struck his trail, leaving it in a direction leading diagonally down the river, remounted and followed; but the nature of the ground prevented my riding with much rapidity.

By-and-by I caught a ghostly glimpse of the wolf in the moonlight, as he scrambled up the right bank of the river and disappeared. Undoubtedly he had also seen me, and finding I was not to be shaken off, his heart failed him, for he uttered a prolonged and mournful howl.

Where the wolf had scrambled up the bluff of the creek's bottom it was too steep to follow. I was again thrown out, and compelled to lose more time, seeking for a place where I could get up from out of the bottom and on the plain again.

Though the course the wolf had run had been very zigzag, and made many sharp turns and doubles, it had in the main been a big semicircle; and I was very glad to find, when I got on it again, that it bore more and more to the right, and so was taking me almost in the direction of the camp. To confess the truth, I and my horse were beginning to fag. But I was encouraged by the signs of distress the wolf commenced to show by often stopping and lying down, and began to hope I should run into him every minute; he, however, still managed to keep ahead, and at last the moon went down, and tracking became impossible.

It was late—about eleven o'clock—and the interest of pursuit being over, I realized how tired both I and my horse were, and how cold it had become, and so dismounted, unsaddled, lit a fire to warm myself at, and then rubbed my good steed down to refresh him. That done, I replaced the saddle, fastening it loosely on, and started for the camp on foot, leading my horse by the bridle-rein.

At last, tired, hungry and cold, I arrived in camp.

Several times as I trudged along had I been obliged to rub my face with snow, to keep it from being frost-bitten, and found the operation extremely painful; and for the preceding half-hour my feet had been so completely benumbed that I greatly feared they had become frozen, hence they were my first care on arrival; so, removing their covering with great caution, I got the faithful Joe to rub them briskly with snow.

Soon my feet began to hurt me horribly, feeling as though they were being grilled; but I bore the pain gladly, for then I knew that they were safe. When the pain in my feet began to abate I put them in lukewarm water, and gradually making it hotter and hotter by dropping heated stones into it, they were soon warm and comfortable.

Joe had failed in getting any game. He had fired one long shot without effect, and I suppose his want of success had disposed him to see everything in an unfavorable light, for although he did not express the sentiment in so many words, it was evident his private opinion was I had played the fool in spending nearly thirteen hours in the saddle chasing a wolf, and only succeeding in nearly freezing my feet; and, indeed, he probably thought rightly. Certainly, had I not expected to overtake the wolf, encumbered as he was with the beaver-trap, in a few miles, I should have deferred starting after him until I could have had the assistance of the dogs; but I had been unaware how slight an encumbrance a beaver-trap would prove to a powerful gray mountain-wolf when traveling over snow.

A WOLF-HUNT IN COLORADO.—"THEY SPRANG AT AND SEIZED HIM BY THE NECK JUST BEHIND THE EARS, TRYING THEIR BEST TO SHAKE HIM."

TRUNKS AND TRUNK-PACKING.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

The next morning, after breakfasting on venison "straight"—not an elaborate meal, but far ahead of broiled corn—I tied Nip and Tug to the end of my *réata*, caught up and saddled the best riding-mule we had, and, taking the heel of last night's trail, started for where I had left off the chase.

As I rode along, I consoled myself for my last night's failure by the reflection that I should now have an opportunity of giving the dogs a chance of having their first combat with so formidable an antagonist as a gray-mountain wolf, under great advantages, and therefore with a probability of success.

The dogs had, both together and singly, killed in the most dashing manner many a coyote and timber-wolf; but doing so was child's play compared to tackling a gray mountain-wolf.

In a mile we came to where the wolf had lain down to rest, and I have no doubt he had but just started from his lair, for the two dogs gave a sniff and whimper, and were off like rockets.

We were on the comb of a piñion ridge, along which the course continued for a couple of hundred yards, and then turned abruptly down the steep side of it, which was thickly covered with scrub-trees and brush, rising to a height of about twelve feet.

Making myself as small as possible, and shutting my eyes to keep from being blinded, I headed my mule straight down the steep descent. Then, giving him the steel and trusting to luck, I tore my way down through the thicket.

Had I been clothed in any other material than buckskin, I should have emerged an animated bundle of rags; as it was, a severe switching was all the damage sustained.

When I opened my eyes again the chase was in full view. On the plain, about a quarter of a mile off, was the wolf, doing his "level best." Behind him, within a couple of hundred yards, were the two dogs, flying over the ground, Nip, as usual, beginning to draw slightly ahead.

I indulged myself with a yell, and got the last inch to the hour out of my mule. I was a hundred yards behind when the dogs closed with the wolf. Seeing they "had the heels of him," he had turned suddenly at bay.

The dogs, making no effort to check themselves, struck him one after the other like battering-rams, and wolf and dogs rolled over together, enveloped in a cloud of snow-dust.

As I pulled up, all three recovered themselves and jumped to their feet, and the high-couraged dogs, nothing daunted by the superior size and strength of their antagonist, sprang at and seized him by the neck just behind the ears; then laying themselves back close to his sides, they, bulldog-like, shut their eyes and held on, trying their best to shake him.

Braced on outstretched legs, planted as firmly as possible, the wolf made determined but vain efforts to bite first one then the other of the dogs, but was totally unable to turn his had to either side sufficiently to do so.

The wolf looked like an incarnation of the spirit of savagery. His long hair was all turned the wrong way. His eyes glared and glowed; like opals, they turned all colors—green, red, purple. They seemed literally to blaze with ire. When he gnashed his great jaws their

fangs clacked together with a sharp, vicious snap like the report of a pocket Derringer.

I dismounted, threw the bridle-reins over my arm, and encouraged the dogs with my voice.

The wolf, inspired to desperation by the sight of another enemy, made a furious lunge, flung both dogs off, and then, reckless of odds, rushed open-mouthed at me.

As he passed Nip, that gallant dog sprang forward, legged him by his near hock, and, with a clever twist, threw him on his back.

As he fell, Tug rushed in and pinned him by the throat, receiving as he did so a bite from the wolf, who snapped him through one of his ears, fortunately only getting hold of the tip of it, for he took the piece right out.

Again all three rolled over and over in the snow, by that time stained and flecked with blood; the wolf bleeding freely at the neck and Tug at the ear.

Soon the savage monster shook himself free once more of his assailants. Again the three sprang to their feet for another round. But by this time the combatants seemed quite blown, and after regarding each other for a second or two, wolf and dogs lay down panting, with their tongues out, watching each other.

I could easily have shot the wolf, and, in fact, did draw my revolver with a half idea of doing so, but put it back, thinking it would be a great pity to spoil so pretty a fight; and, besides, I was curious to see if the dogs would prove able to kill so large a wolf without assistance, for his neck was covered with such a mane of hair, and the thick skin upon it was so loose, that it seemed an impossibility for them to choke him.

I determined to remain a passive spectator, unless my interference became requisite to save a dog from being killed or badly injured; so, feeling hungry for a smoke, I filled my pipe and struck a match to light it by.

It was like an electric spark to a battery. The scrape of the match seemed to simultaneously arouse the resting combatants, and wolf and dogs sprang from their position of repose.

But instead of again closing with their adversary, both Nip and Tug commenced dodging round him, making feints as if going to rush in, and then jumping back just out of his vicious snap.

The wolf, on his part, kept making short rushes, first at one and then at the other of the dogs; but each time he sprang at either of them the other would get a bite at one of his hind legs or his loins, and jerk him half round.

At first I thought the dogs were sagaciously trying to hamstring him; but it soon appeared they were only intent upon worrying and tiring him out.

By-and-by both dogs got opposite the wolf's head, one on each side of it; they gave a bound or two backward and forward, and then, apparently with one accord, rushed in upon him and got the same hold they first had.

The poor wolf could no longer shake them off. He was too weak. The tactics that Nip and Tug had been practicing upon him had told upon his strength. He was *very* groggy on his pins, and the dogs shook him to and fro as though he was drunk.

Soon the blood began to ooze from his nostrils, his eyes turned a dull, greenish-white, his tongue a grayish-purple, his legs gave away under him, and he fell—dead!

The dogs let go their hold of the wolf, and lay down panting and licking their hurts.

They had killed their formidable adversary within twenty minutes of running into him.

The skin was a splendid one. Before and since then I have seen several hundred gray mountain-wolf skins, but never such a large one as that was.

TRUNKS AND TRUNK-PACKING.

There is something romantic in the past history of a trunk. Who can look without emotion on those battered veterans, who bear on their scarred sides the tokens of victory by land and sea? Here we behold the magic names, London, Paris, Amsterdam, Basle, Geneva, Visp, Milan, Bellagis, Como, Florence, Venice, Rome. Ah, what memories!

Do you remember, dear old trunk, that lovely night at Como, when I consulted you as to whether you and I had a white dress or no, and from your mysterious chest-notes came a mournful No? Do you remember our agony at Florence, when one of us was asked out to dinner, and when we jointly recollected that the detested four-foot black trunk held all the fine clothes, and that it had been left at Paris? No *petite vitesse*, no *grande vitesse*, would bring us the ark of our safety, that black giant. And then, bending over your leathern sides, how you whispered that a little Venetian lace, which you were guarding so carefully, if sewed on to a certain purple silk, would do?

Yes, and it did do, good trunk!

A lady and her trunk have many confidences. What a dreadful dream would that be which should make the lady's shade rise out of her trunk, whilst her concealed and fictitious charms gradually ascended, like the smoke of a pipe, finally to clothe the spectre, as they sometimes clothe the reality!

Imagine the flaxen wig leaving its box, the rouge and powder borne on the fingers of attendant imps, the false plumpness arranging itself by invisible hands, the skirts, the waists, the laces, the artificial flowers—all hovering in the air, and then, with the fatality of dreams, going back into the trunk, which shuts and locks with a Bramah lock, while a fiend flies away with the key.

Who has not lost a key? Who has not lost a trunk? Who has not lost a strap?

One of the most mysterious and most dreadful accidents happened to a young lady at a watering-place a few years ago. She had packed her trunk and had left her traveling-dress on the bed. Hearing a sound of music, she threw a shawl over her shoulders, and ran into a friend's room to see a procession go by. When she returned—horror! all was gone. Traveling-dress, containing money and gloves in the pocket, had been put into the trunk by some officious chambermaid, and the trunk locked up and sent off!

Here was a situation! She was to travel a thousand miles before she would catch that trunk. Her little satchel contained no dress, no money! Let us drop the vail over this picture.

This plan of putting one's money in one's pocket is less bad than putting it in one's trunk. Most women pack away their money in their trunks—a most pernicious practice. Keep your money about your person.

The trunk of to-day is a very nice little bureau. It has bonnet compartment, drawers for jewelry, which lock or fasten, a long box for sunshades, a compartment for fans, a portfolio for paper and letters, a secret hiding-place for love-letters and photographs, a charming little chamber for laces and newly-fluted pocket-handkerchiefs and jabots, and a lower deck for a dress or two.

But for a long journey, or a watering-place, a lady must have one or two of those long, large Saratoga trunks, which are the delight of a woman and the rage and despair of a man.

For alone in these small houses, called trunks, can the great shadow of a fashionable woman—her flounced,

ruffled, puffed, fur-belowed dress, her *pièce de résistance*—be folded out *straight*, and all women know what a necessity *that is*. And, ladies, dear, fold them always *right side out*, else your trimmings will be unutterably smashed. Remember this inviolable rule.

Lay muslin petticoats, or long vails of coarse muslin between them, as light as gossamer, as clean as dandelion down, and scatter everywhere your little satchels of violet powder. Then shall you flutter down on to the hotel piazza, like the sweet goddess that you are, when the hour of unpacking comes.

As for short dresses, fatigue dresses, they go in anywhere; but there are muslins, grenadines, silks, satins, gaze de Chambery, Foulard and Momie cloth, which must be packed with *sentiment*, also with muslin interludes.

A French maid, who knows her business, will pack a lilac grenadine, trimmed with blonde and ribbon, with pearl embroidery and with long fluffy bows, so that no suspicion of a tumble will afflict the eye of the gazer.

But, alas! how seldom do you see a good French maid! The lady herself has to take a hand at it very often.

Lay your dress on a bed and study its conformation. Put the two sleeves together, then straighten out the skirt, and fold it over upon itself. Lay a gentle white hand in upon the folds of the front breadth, so that no obscure fold shall make a wrinkle. When you have it folded to your mind, lay it in the trunk as carefully as a loving mother lays her baby in its crib to sleep. Shawls should be wrapped in linen and laid in amongst the heavy things. Never pack a small heavy cloak with your light Summer dresses. Bands going from one side of the trunk to the other are very necessary to keep dresses in place.

Trays are universal in French trunks, and very good, but heavy to lift. Many ladies have developed heart disease in lifting heavy trays from their trunks. However, they are indispensable for the French dresses, and carry them beautifully; besides, they are most important, as places to keep them in at a watering-place.

It is amusing to see the great difference between the size of the trunk and the size of the room. Many a lady has to stand upon her trunk to dress at a watering-place, like one vision of the trunk spectre. Her trunks more than fill her room. Some must stand out on the landing, one under the bed; one must be converted into a settee.

Many ladies now carry a padded *cretonne* cover, which is laid over one of the trunks, and that cover makes the trunk available as a seat. One lady of literary proclivities made a desk of one trunk, a seat of another.

A spiteful husband—husbands are always bad about trunks—asked his wife to have gas and water put into her largest Saratoga trunk, and to allow him to use it for "Winter quarters." She, like a true woman as she was, indignantly refused.

They talk of cruelty to the porters! As for cruelty to porters, why, one sole-leather trunk, with books in it, such as horrid, thoughtless men are always carrying around, is twice as heavy as a splendid four by thirty-six Saratoga box, which is *called* "cruelty to porters." Pooh!

Then, a well-dressed woman is always a charitable one, and she slips a half-dollar note into the red hand which has borne her future happiness up three flights of hotel stairs.

A good packer has one solid and well-divided trunk for under-linen, bags of shoes, cloaks and wraps, and the bonnet-boxes, etc., and two or three more, as the case may be, for dresses and light things.

These large trunks demand an extra strap. Most reasonable women can get along with two trunks, if they are large, convenient and well packed.

Jewelry should be put in little boxes, with india-rubber straps about them, and then in a locked box which does not move about much.

If a pair of earrings or a chain gets out, it is irretrievably injured by the attrition caused by the ceaseless motion of cars. We have introduced a new element of destruction to trunks and to jewels in the employment of steam. It *churns* everything with its ceaseless manipulation.

Pins should never be put into the wrappers of dresses or shawls; they work out, get crooked, and act like fish-hooks in the tearing of innocent goods. They are as cruel to dresses as they are to babies. If a dress must be inclosed, let it be baisted into its wrapper.

Bonnets are difficult things to pack, and a Gainsborough hat and feathers takes a small trunk all to itself. Most of our successful packers, therefore, have one large trunk which is filled with bonnet-boxes securely fastened. These modern trunks with compartments will, however, carry three or four bonnets and hats, if laid one within the other, and with white barège vails between artificial flowers should be always put away in boxes by themselves.

Fans should be wrapped in tissue-paper and put in boxes fastened with india-rubber bands. There are no such endless necessity as fans. A lady must have a dozen of them of different styles and varieties. White lace and black lack, white satin and black satin, cheap and expensive fans, showy and plain fans—a fan is a woman's sceptre.

Shoes and boots, satin slippers, satin boots and goloshes must all be packed separately. Most women with pretty feet have boot-trees, on which their leather boots are sent to be blacked.

The satin boot must be carefully packed in tissue-paper, and particularly if the paste buckles, worn so much now, are sewn on, for they attack and abraid the satin if not well protected.

Many people like to carry a few books about with them. These heavy articles must be laid in the bottom of the trunk with the heavy clothing. Books destroy dresses if they go sailing about amongst them. They are seditious.

Every lady, before setting out for the Summer, should have the *floor* of her trunk well looked to, as the careless handling of our modern railway porters knocks a trunk all to pieces. The straps and the lock should also be regarded carefully. The half day's visit of the locksmith is the best of all preparatory trunk-packing.

Everybody should have a settled habit as to one's keys, a separate pocket where they are always kept. The losing of a set of keys causes untold annoyance.

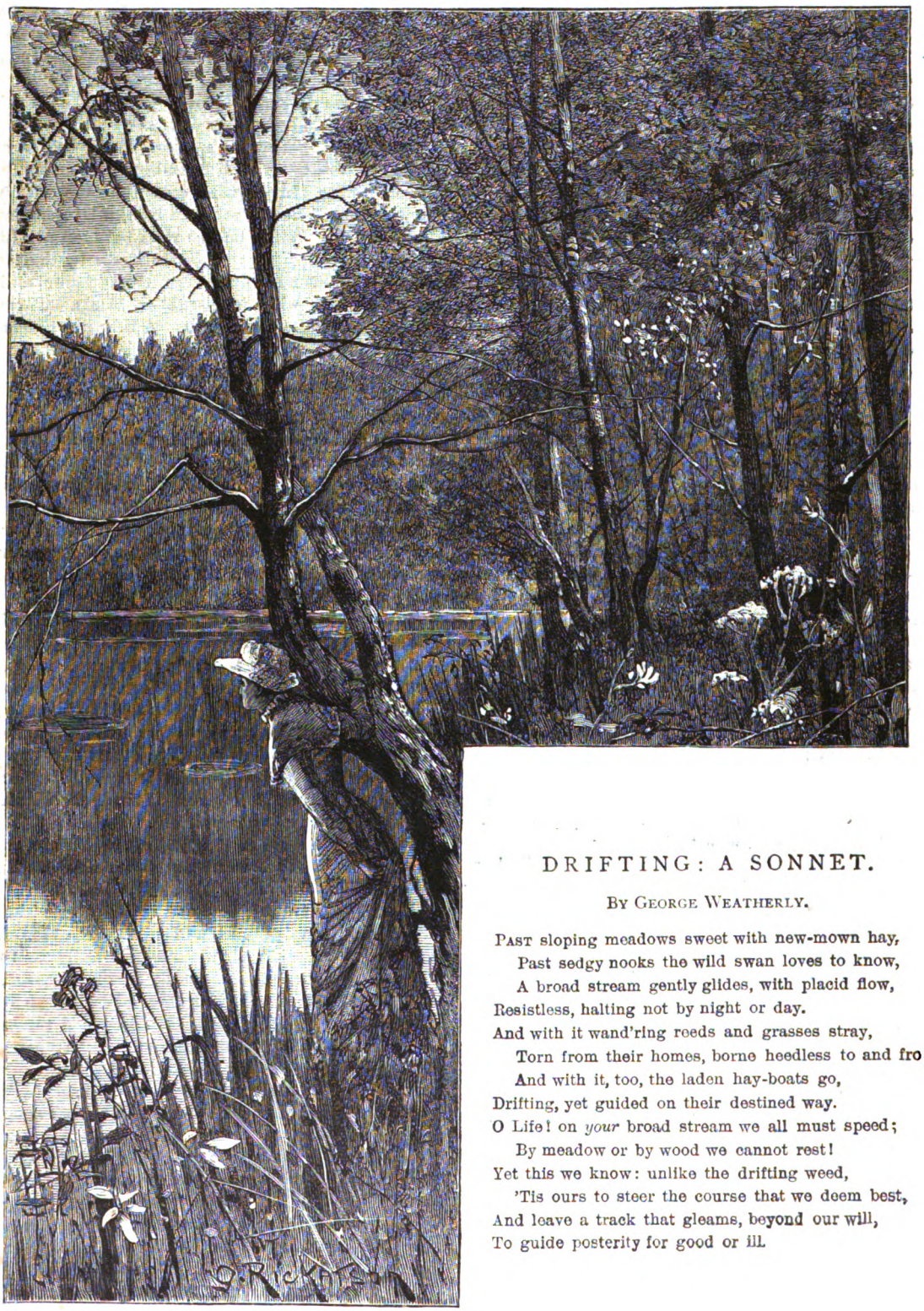
The modern trunks, made of sole-leather without an inside box, are very light and very agreeable. They are better for foreign travel, when so much depends upon the weight. Here we pay differently for our baggage, and the trunks are treated with less care. We have here the delightful security of checks, so a lady can realize all the completeness of the wishing ring of the "Arabian Nights." She has but to wish her trunk to meet her in far San Antonio, Texas, and by rubbing a brass check in New York and putting it in her pocket—lo! the trunk stands before her.

This immense convenience never fails to astonish the English, who always get out at way stations, and look for their "boxes," as they call their trunks, and who pile them up on the top of cabs *most* inconveniently. It is strange, when they so far surpass us in the comfort, frequency of trains and safety of railway travel, that they are so far behind us in the management of baggage, or luggage, as they call it.

Trunks have a great deal of mystery about them. They have double inside linings, and breastpins, chains and rings get lost in them. One diamond breastpin, found in an old trunk which Mrs. Vanderbilt had given to the dustman, has passed into history. What a romance could be written of the lost letter which got hidden in the folds of a trunk lining—or the will, perhaps?

Nay, trunks have their literature. Who does not remember the unhappy poet who bought a trunk, which was lined with his own epic? What a satire upon genius, upon travel, upon human appreciation, that must have been to that unhappy man?

Trunks have their reticence. Sometimes they refuse to be unlocked. What deadly commotion, what ghostly disturbance may be going on within of which we mortals know nothing! The letters of the rival lovers may have



DRIFTING: A SONNET.

By George Weatherly.

Past sloping meadows sweet with new-mown hay,
  Past sedgy nooks the wild swan loves to know,
  A broad stream gently glides, with placid flow,
Resistless, halting not by night or day.
And with it wand'ring reeds and grasses stray,
  Torn from their homes, borne heedless to and fro;
  And with it, too, the laden hay-boats go,
Drifting, yet guided on their destined way.
O Life! on *your* broad stream we all must speed;
  By meadow or by wood we cannot rest!
Yet this we know: unlike the drifting weed,
  'Tis ours to steer the course that we deem best,
And leave a track that gleams, beyond our will,
To guide posterity for good or ill.

CINDERELLA.—"I CAST ONE TERRIFIED GLANCE FROM HIS HANDSOME FACE TO THE PEOPLE ABOUT ME."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

gotten at it; the gifts of the two may be clashing. The husband's bracelet and the lover's locket may be at swords' points.

Or, less tragic, the gloves may be jealous of the shoes, the fans may be wrapping the parasols over the head, the bonnets may be putting up a lip at the hats, and the collars may be sneering at the chemisettes. The feelings of the heart which has been under these inanimate objects may have entered in; who knows? We cannot tell how much of ourselves our clothes absorb.

We know that if we are hysterical our little dogs become hysterical. We know that if we are shabby and careless, that the best cut dress becomes shabby and shapeless. We know if we are trim, precise and neat, that all our clothes are trim, precise and neat.

A person's cloak, shawl, dress, gloves, bonnet look so like them, that even when temporarily borrowed by a friend, the friend looks like—not herself, but like the owner of the cloak.

Therefore, may not our passions and our emotions go into our gowns?

And how careful should we be not only of what we put into that trunk, but also of what we have previously put into our clothes.

That limbo of lost trunks! Where are they all? Dickens has given us "Somebody's Luggage." Would that the genius of the future would restore all the valuable keepsakes, the letters, portraits, the locks of hair, the valued treasures that have been lost in trunks, and the hours of torture when the trunk does *not* arrive. Who shall recompense us for that misery of suspense? *If* it should be lost!

CINDERELLA;

Or,

The Pink Satin Slipper of Mistress Susan Davenne.

By Margaret F. Aymar.

"SUSIE, what *are* you thinking of, dear child?"

My cousin Elizabeth propounds the question as she slowly revolves before the cheval-glass, robed in the most gorgeous of Martha Washington costumes, whilst Miss Lee pins and unpins the folds of the flowered satin train, and trails the yellow lace now to this side, now that, to suit Elizabeth's somewhat exacting taste.

"Oh, she's thinking of her books, of course, the precious little student!" exclaims my cousin Dora, as she administers a thick dash of powder to her black braids. "There! Lil, powder *is* awfully becoming to me, isn't it?" Ah, I wonder if his lordship likes dark women or fair ones!"

"According to the infallible adage, he should like fair ones. They say he is dark, you know. Think of a live lord!"

"Dear me! One would suppose he was a duke, at the least!" I cry, scornfully, from my corner. Perhaps the scorn is instinctive, perhaps partially born of the bitter knowledge that my eyes will never rest upon the "live lord's" countenance, for I am portionless, dependent on Uncle Ralph, and, moreover, only seventeen.

"Hear the child!" laughs imperious Elizabeth, catching her breath, as Miss Lee draws the flowered bodice more tightly about her slender waist.

"I dare say you would like to get a glimpse at the duke's son, mademoiselle, for all your contempt? Perhaps you will some day when I am her ladyship!" Dora laughs lightly, but beneath her mirth there is the quick glance of resolve.

"I dare say I should," I answer, meekly enough. "I would give anything to go to this great ball—or any ball, for the matter of that. I wonder how it seems!"

"Quite a bore, Sue, after the first few times, I assure you, even with the nobility as an inducement." Elizabeth sighs, as she is released from the laced bodice and slips out of the court-train.

"Nonsense! nothing of the kind. Just wait, Sue, until I am married; I'll bring you out in England, and marry you off in no time."

"Thanks!"

I glance up from my position (no very magnificent one), on the rug before the glowing fire, to my cousin's face, dark and haughty with splendid flashing eyes and the high Davenne nose. Elizabeth is like her, only two or three years older; and I—not much of a Davenne, and very unlike my well-favored relatives.

The face that stares so persistently back at me from over Cousin Elizabeth's shoulder in the long mirror is haughty enough, heaven knows; but instead of dark hair, in soft smooth plaits, there is a wild tangle of blonde locks twisted in a most untidy coil on top of my head. Instead of the handsome Davenne nose a most babyish little one, straight and quite characterless, and in lieu of my cousin's flashing black eyes, two round, soft blue ones with dark lashes, resting on colorless cheeks.

Presently they all three, ladies and seamstress, leave the room deserted; I can lean there at my ease and inspect Sue Davenne to my heart's content, with no one to disturb me. I am not much given to tears, but that morning I weep very bitter ones over myself—over my entire exclusion from the life that I crave, from the life whose brimming goblet is held close to my very lips, but whose rosy liquid I am never permitted to taste.

A hot rebellion rises in my heart—a wild, unconquerable, mad desire to drink just one draught of this thing my cousins call pleasure.

Like a flash of lightning across a dark midnight comes the resolve into my brain that I will go to this ball, come what may. I think of the old guest in the old story. I think of the possibility of Elizabeth or Dora's recognizing me. I realize the enormity of my social crime in going clandestinely alone to an entertainment to which I have not even been invited; but there must have been a few drops of my Revolutionary great-grandfather's determined blood in my young veins, after all, for I decide to go, no matter what follows the fault.

A dress? That afternoon, while Elizabeth is receiving visitors and Dora gone in search of gloves that shall reach above her elbows, I betake myself to the garret; for Uncle Ralph's house *has* a garret, a real old-fashioned garret, with plenty of cobwebs and dust, and spiders and mice and moths, with cunning little oriel windows, stained with the rainy tear-drops of a thousand storms. Out of one of them Great-grandfather Davenne waved the Stars and Stripes in the very teeth of Cornwallis's men when they marched through Baltimore a hundred years ago.

Plenty of old chests and old firearms, headless drums and hiltless swords, plumes dropping to bits between the sharp teeth of grieving moths, banners riddled long ago, with the tarnished golden fringe hanging helplessly from their edges; old clocks that stopped ticking who knows when, and military coats and jackets in faded blues and reds, the pockets stuffed with letters yellow as saffron; and yet how sweet a savor they once carried from "her to him!"

I scramble about for a while, starting at my own shadow

and my own footsteps, feeling like a guilty creature, until finally I come to Great-grandmother Davenne's trunk; big, studded all over in intricate patterns with brass-headed nails, with a fine plate on the top, lettered thus, in German text: "Mistress Susan Davenne, Baltimore, Maryland, United States of America."

The lock, alas! hangs by a single screw, and here lie the treasures of "Mistress Susan" freely exposed to the prying fingers of her namesake and descendant.

First a rich green parasol, with a top carved in the resemblance of a pagoda, two monstrous linen pockets stuffed full of yellowing point-lace; I cram this into my own pocket with a consciousness of theft. Why did not Elizabeth or Dora seek out these treasures instead of paying Madame Ledue fabulous sums for dyeing their laces, I wonder? Then four petticoats, about the width of a yard each, ruffled and laced—how did my respected ancestor ever enter or descend from her coach?—a pair of tiny pink satin slippers. I kick off my own and, no—yes, my foot goes into the little thing as though it had been made for it, and I inspect my *chaussure* with no ill-pleased eyes. Three or four embroidered India muslins, and a sea-green satin dressing-gown lined with rose.

Am I to find no dress for my first ball, after all? What is this sewn up by careful fingers in an immense linen sheet? What but "Mistress Susan's" court-dress, the one in which she was presented at the Court of St. James, and the one in which *I* shall present myself before the eyes of her Majesty's loyal subject, the Viscount Castlemaine.

I shake out the splendid folds in a hurry of delight—a pink satin petticoat, stiff and—just the right length for me; a blue train shot with silver and embroidered with wonderful little roses and lilies, and a bodice to match, with a cluster of pink-and-blue feathers wrapped up in Mistress Susan's presentation vail and tucked in the sleeve thereof.

Clearly I was born under a fortunate star, and could scarcely refrain from laughing aloud as I crept cautiously down the garret-stairs with my prizes, along the hall, down the next flight, and so into my own room.

* * * * * *

The 22d of February—the night of the 22d of February, 1876! Half-past nine o'clock.

I had just seen Elizabeth and Dora off with Uncle Ralph and Colonel Jamieson and Mr. Stuart. I was promised a fine and accurate description of everything, and was bidden not to sit up, for they should not be home until morning.

The door once closed on my relatives and their escorts, I flew on the wings of the wind to my room, pulled my treasures from their hiding-place, where they had lain in ambush for three whole days and nights, between the mattresses, and carefully withdrawn at night, lest my weight should spoil the century-old darlings.

In twenty minutes I was ready; the pink satin slippers on my feet, the stiff satin petticoat and the brocaded train, in which I took special delight, and to which I had added the two point-lace flounces; the bodice fitted me to a nicety.

I had arranged my hair like my cousins, and had powdered it in the most artistic manner, adding to the fluffy structure the pink-and-blue feathers that had been sleeping so long in Mistress Susan's sleeve. I had spent my entire stock of pocket-money, too, in a pair of long white gloves and a pink mask.

Jewels I had none. Even those I had I feared to wear, lest Elizabeth or Dora should recognize them.

Without a cavalier, in the dark, chilly Winter's night, I—I, who trembled at my own shadow in the dark—was about to venture. For a second my heart forsook me; for a second I wondered what I should do when I got there, and I had almost made up my mind to sink into oblivion and stay at home.

I glanced at the mirror—what was I but a weak little woman, and the sight of Mistress Susan's finery gave me a wonderful new courage.

I wrapped my waterproof tightly about me, pinned my cape over my head, thanked the fates that it was a clear, dry night, slipped down the stairs and out into the broad street almost before I had time to realize what manner of feat this was that I was performing.

I fairly flew down the two blocks, dashed around the corner, nearly ran into a burly policeman, beheld a hundred carriages, heard shouts, and saw lights dazzling from every window of Mrs. General Ward's big house, squeezed my way between a couple of footmen, ran up the half-dozen wide marble steps, paused for a moment breathless, and then the spirit of Mistress Susan *must* have been lurking in those little satin shoes, for suddenly her unworthy great-grandchild came to a stately stop.

I held my mask aside for the challenging attendant, passed up the garlanded staircase to the ladies' dressing-room, and therein beheld my cousins, the Misses Davenne, pirouetting lightly before the mirrors, unconscious at the moment of "Sue's" mere existence.

Ignorant as a baby, I had nothing but my wits to guide me, and, with trembling fingers, I pulled out my powdered curls, straightened my feathers, and acquiesced in the attentions of the maid to my point-lace flounces.

How to get down into the ballroom unattended? But once in the maze I was not to be daunted by any amount of twists and unexpected developments.

I watched Elizabeth and Dora sail past me with papa, quite resplendent in his Continental uniform, Colonel Jamieson and Mr. Stuart also doing duty; and then I plucked up my fast-failing courage, and sailed down, too, in the wake of a dowager with four daughters in white silk masks, who were *sans* cavalier.

I thought that one daughter more or less could make no sort of difference to the fat old lady, and in five minutes I had lost sight of her and her offspring—was *in* the ballroom, flushing under the pink satin, flirting Mistress Susan's big laced fan, and listening to a very soft strong voice that was pleading in my ear for the next dance.

The voice, I have said, was soft and strong, the eyes were dark-blue and searching, shining through the ugly little holes of his black mask. The dress was faultless in my eyes then and now, the uniform of a colonel in the Royal Hussars setting off to miraculous advantage the most superb man's figure in the room.

It would take me too long to rehearse the events of those three delicious hours between ten and one o'clock, for at that point my bliss came to an abrupt determination.

In the arms of the huzzar colonel I had floated past my cousins twenty times. I had vainly endeavored to place him—to find out who he was; and he had more strenuously and as vainly tried to discover my identity, and had implored me a hundred times to give him one glimpse of my cheek alone.

"You might as well, you know," he whispered, coaxingly, "for in the end I shall see your face—only give me a half-hour's start of everybody else?"

What this meant I was at a loss to understand, but, alas! too soon was I to learn the meaning of his words.

We were sauntering arm-in-arm the length of the marble hallway, I with my seventeen-year-old senses steeped in a

PLYMOUTH AND ITS PILGRIM MEMORIES.—THE DEPARTURE OF THE PILGRIMS FROM DELFT.—SEE PAGE 166.

kind of *dolce far niente*, as delicious as it was novel—the lights, the music, the perfume of the flowers, the presence of this man, with his devoted, care-taking ways and his craving eyes, the splendid newness of my position, the audacity and success of my exploit!

There stood Elizabeth and Dora in the arched doorway, talking together. I could hear them as we swept past.

"Who can she be? The idea of Lord Castlemaine's haunting one girl so the whole night! I do not think it looks well."

I hear no more of Dora's speech. So *this* is the duke's son of whom I spoke not three days since with such ferocious scorn.

"Five—no, three minutes to one! Now, I shall see you at last, my cruel little beauty! You cannot help yourself!"

"What do you mean?'

"Mean! Why, that one o'clock is the hour for unmasking, just before supper, you know; and, see, the hands are pointing the hour now!"

He hastily pulls off his own mask, and then puts up his hand to mine. "Permit me."

Oh, great-grandmother mine! was there ever such an ignorant little fool as this namesake of yours?

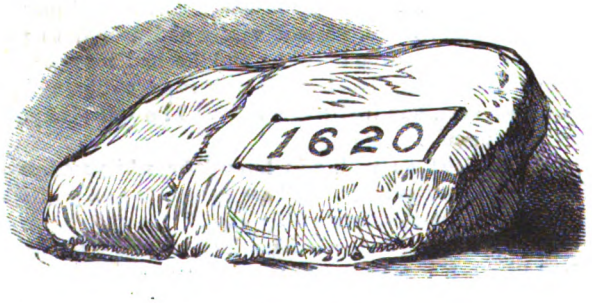
I saw every one doing as my huzzar colonel had done, as I cast one terrified glance from his handsome face to the people about me.

The great door stood open, and I—with but the memory of the Misses Davenne standing like statues awaiting the disclosure of my features—ran, ran as fast and furious as I could, never stopping until I reached home, slipped my stolen night-key in the lock, fled to my room, tore off my finery, and found that, like Cinderella in the old fairy-tale, I had lost one of Mistress Susan's pink satin shoes in my flight!

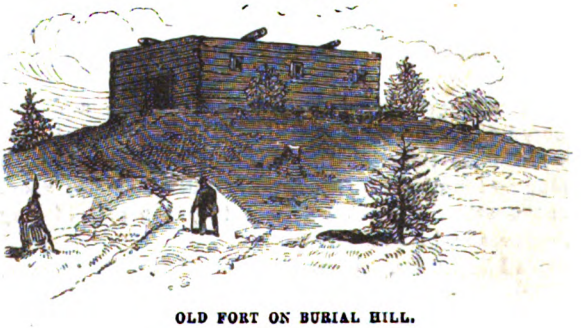
* * * * * *

Before my cousins were up in the morning, every trace and vestige of powder had been rubbed and brushed from my hair, and every scrap of my ancestor's wardrobe carefully replaced in the brass-nailed trunk.

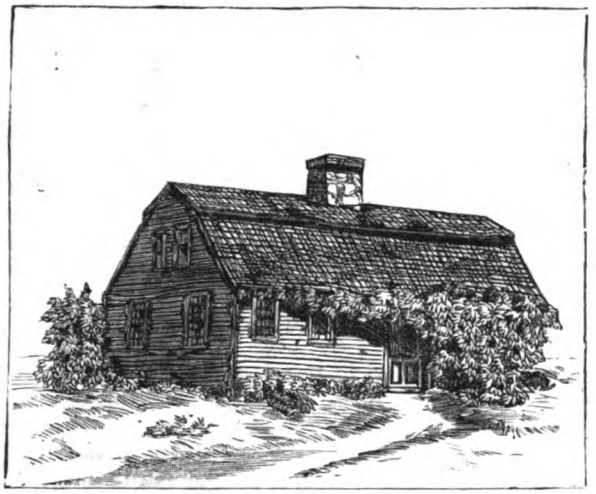
I managed to listen with a becoming calm to the account of the ball—the splendor of the dresses, the singular incident of the lady in a superb costume who had flirted outrageously with Viscount Castlemaine, and who had actually



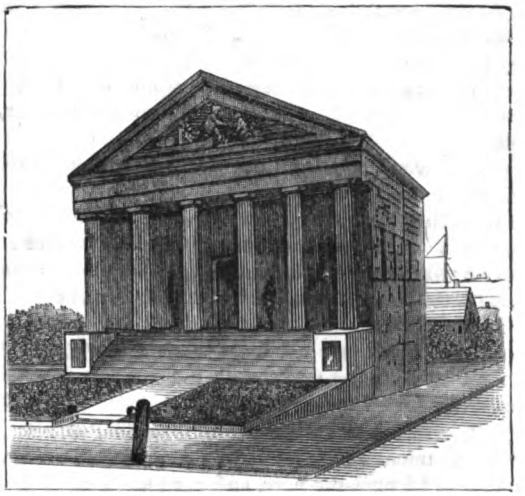
PLYMOUTH ROCK.



OLD FORT ON BURIAL HILL.



THE STANDISH HOUSE.



PILGRIM HALL.

run off when it was time to unmask; the young thing was town-talk, of course, already, and every one was crazy to find out who she was,

Figuratively speaking, I patted myself on the head, and was pleased that at least my first, last and only appearance in "society" had produced a genuine sensation.

But when the announcement was made that his lordship had been invited by Uncle Ralph to call, and signified his entire willingness to do so, my sensations were of a somewhat mingled nature. Could I meet those searching eyes with a calm, unblushing face? Alas! time showed.

One Thursday evening we were sitting cozily around the library-fire. Listlessly I had been listening to Dora's description of somebody's new Paris hats, when Thomas came in with cards—"Colonel Jamieson"—"Castlemaine."

ALLYN HOUSE.

Elizabeth rose, in her quiet, dignified way, but Dora fluttered a little as his lordship entered the room. I?—sat quite still with drooped eyelids, and every drop of my warm blood in my cheeks as "Viscount Castlemaine" was duly presented to "Miss Sue Davenne."

My eyes met the searching, dark-blue ones of the duke's son, and I knew not why or wherefore, but then and there I felt as though my will was quietly submerged in that of this English gentleman. They talked of a thousand things, and naturally gravitated toward Mrs. Ward's ball, the delights thereof, and the unknown lady, and how she still remained unknown, baffling every effort to discover her—and his lordship laughed as Colonel Jamieson spoke.

"The greatest romance out, I assure you, Miss Dora. Castlemaine, here, has one of the fair incognita's slippers—a Cinderella-ish sort of an affair, no bigger than my hand—and he swears to marry the lady who can wear it."

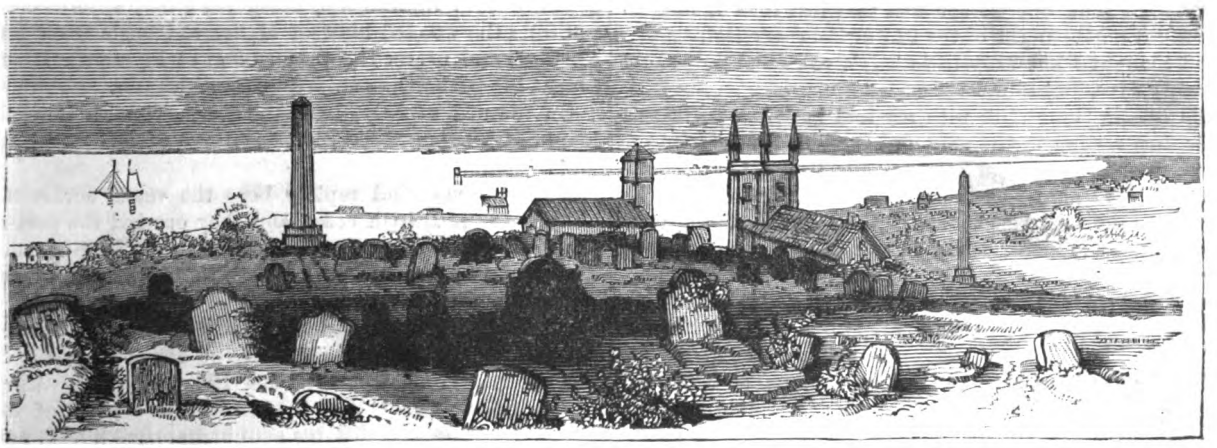
"Her slipper!—how did you get it?"

"How very extraordinary a young person!"

"She dropped it in her flight. Here it is!"

Castlemaine draws Miss Susan's pink satin shoe from his inner pocket and hands it to my cousin.

"Very small—but, then, she was a very small woman—quite an old-fashioned slipper, too. No heel; and made in Paris!"



PLYMOUTH AND ITS PILGRIM MEMORIES.— OLD BURYING-GROUND.— SEE NEXT PAGE.

"It is a very small shoe, but she was not so very small a woman, Miss Dora—no smaller, I should say, than your cousin, Miss Sue, for example."

The searching eyes are fastened upon my face, and upon the instant I resolve that his lordship must never see my feet.

"Oh, very, very much smaller! You are mistaken!" cries Dora.

And then they drift, thank fortune! into other topics.

Cards with "Castlemaine" scrawled boldly across them come to be things of very frequent occurrence at our house, and sometimes I think Dora is to get her heart's desire—an eventual coronet.

The Misses Davenne are to give an entertainment, at which I am to make my first—oh, much-deceived relatives!—appearance in the "world."

No pink and azure satins, no soft, powdered hair and quivering plumes, no point lace. A cream-colored silk, with fringes of forget-me-nots, and my hair done in a magnificent, towering structure, has been decided upon as the fitting garb for portionless Miss Sue to *début* in.

Castlemaine is to be there—is there, in brief—and I would rather anything than dance. I will not dance, in point of fact, because he has declared more than once in my hearing that, should he ever get one glimpse of a foot to fit his little satin shoe, he should know it to a certainty.

I dance until he comes, and then suddenly plead indisposition, heat, not being used to such things, and the like.

I get away by myself in the library, and begin to wonder—woe's me! so soon the ball loses its gilding—where the infinite joy of society lies? As Elizabeth wisely said, "Quite a bore after the first few"—nay, after the very first time.

"Miss Sue, I've been looking for you. Won't you come and dance with me?"

"Thanks. I don't care to dance any more this evening."

"You are rather unkind, I think. We have never—danced—together." His lordship speaks very slowly, and as slowly but surely I feel the blood surging to my face. "At least, never face to face."

The searching eyes are fastened upon mine, holding them prisoned, and looking straightly into their blue, laughing depths.

I sink down into a chair in sheer terror, and the telltale foot that his lordship has said so often he would know among ten thousand must, I suppose, have made itself visible, for the pink slipper of dead and gone Mistress Susan is out of his pocket in an instant; he is kneeling before me, has taken off my high-heeled white shoe, and has replaced the pink one on the foot that lost it in ignominious flight on the night of the 22d of February last.

"I thought I knew my little lady's voice and figure and naughty eyes, but now I am sure."

He kneels there still, with my foot in Mistress Susan's pink shoe resting in the palm of his hand.

"You ought not—you have no right to——"

I feel that I am going to disgrace myself and cry.

"Give me the right, then," Castlemaine says, very earnestly, while he drops my ancestor's slipper and catches my trembling hands in his. "Why, little Sue, I love you, and you must promise to let me hope, to let me believe, that I can take my wife back to England with me. Can't you?"

I shake my head. Futile visions of Dora, of being too easily won, of maidenly reserve, rush pell-mell through my brain.

But his lordship stoops over with a most audacious gravity, and kisses my lips, my chin, my forehead, eyes and cheeks.

"Sue, I have taken you, and whatever I take is never, by any chance, taken away from me."

He pulls off the pink shoe, puts on my white one, draws my arm possessively through his, and remarks, casually, that "we will go in and dance."

Castlemaine has Mistress Susan's shoe in his hand as we re-enter the drawing-room.

"I have found her," he says, significantly to Colonel Jamieson, and then we dance once more together. Face to face? Ay!

So, ever face to face with his lordship I am content to be.

Will you believe it? He carries Mistress Susan's little pink slipper about in his breast-pocket to this day, and is thoroughly convinced that no woman ever had as small a foot as that same Mistress Susan Davenne and her unworthy descendant—Sue, Viscountess Castlemaine.

TO THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET.

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass;

Oh, sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong
At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth
To ring in thoughtful ears this natural song—
In doors and out, Summer and Winter, Mirth.

PLYMOUTH AND ITS PILGRIM MEMORIES.

PLYMOUTH, where our forefathers landed from the *Mayflower* on that memorable Monday morning in the year of grace 1620, is three hours from Boston by rail. Duxbury, where the bold Captain Myles Standish spent the declining years of his life, lies on the left, "Captain's Hill," with its unfinished Standish Monument, standing out in bold relief. Clarke's Island, a long strip of land devoid of foliage, where the Pilgrims spent their first Sabbath, stretches between Duxbury and the mainland. The headlands of Saquish and Gurnet, the latter the proud possessor of twin lighthouses, break the coast, while directly opposite the wooded bluff of Manomet thrusts itself into the bay, and nearer the thin ribbon of Plymouth Beach blocks the harbor like an artificial breakwater.

On the 22d of July, 1620, the *Speedwell*, with its little band of Christian heroes, left the haven of Delft for England.

A prosperous wind rapidly bore the vessel across the channel to the British coast, and they entered the port of Southampton. Here they found a party of English emigrants who had chartered a vessel, the *Mayflower*, of one hundred and twenty tons.

All things being ready, both vessels weighed anchor and put to sea from Southampton on the 5th of August. In the two vessels there were about 120 passengers. They had gone but about 100 miles when the captain of the *Speedwell* announced that his ship had sprung a leak, and that he did not dare to continue the voyage without having

her examined and repaired. Both vessels therefore put into Dartmouth, losing a fair wind, and time which, with the rapidly passing Summer weather, was invaluable to them. They were detained for more than a week, searching out the leaks and mending them.

About the 21st of August the two vessels again set sail. They had been out but a day or two when it appeared that the *Speedwell* had sprung a leak, of so serious a character that, though diligently plying the pumps, they could scarcely keep her afloat.

Nothing was to be done but to put back again to Plymouth, the nearest English port. Here the *Speedwell* was carefully examined, and pronounced to be, from general weakness, unseaworthy.

The whole number of persons who took their departure from Dartmouth, in the one solitary vessel, the *Mayflower*, for the New World, amounted to 102.

Among these passengers there was a marked man, Captain Miles Standish. He was a native of Lancashire, England—a gentleman born, and the legitimate heir to a large estate. He had been for some time an officer in one of the British regiments, which had garrisoned a town in the Netherlands. He was not a church member, and we know not what induced him to unite with the pilgrims in their perilous enterprise, but it is certain that he was very highly esteemed and very cordially welcomed by them. His military skill might prove of great value to the infant colony.

Nothing of special moment occurred during the voyage, which was tedious, occupying sixty-four days. Very rough storms were encountered, often with head-winds, and the frail vessel was sorely strained and wrenched by the gale and surge.

It was in the morning of Saturday, November 11th, that the *Mayflower*, rounding the white sand cliffs of what is now Provincetown, on the extremity of Cape Cod, entered the bay on the Western side of the Cape, where she cast anchor.

Just before entering this harbor the pilgrims had drawn up a brief constitution of civil government, upon the basis of republicanism, by which they mutually bound themselves to be governed. This was the germ of the American Constitution. John Carver they had unanimously chosen as their Governor for one year.

That afternoon a party of sixteen men, well armed, under Captain Miles Standish, was sent on shore to explore the country in their immediate vicinity. They returned in the early evening with rather a discouraging report.

On Sunday their pastor, the Rev. William Brewster—a man of fervent piety and of highly cultivated mind, who had graduated at Cambridge University, preached from the deck of the *Mayflower*. In their temple, whose majestic dome was the overarching skies, their hymns blended with the moan of the wintry wind and the dash of the surge on the rock-bound shore.

The pilgrims had taken the precaution to bring with them a large shallop, whose framework, but partially put together, was stowed away in the hold of the vessel. They now got out these pieces, and their carpenter commenced vigorously the work of preparing the boat for service. It would require some days to put the shallop in order for a tour of exploration along the shore.

There were twenty-eight females among the emigrants. Eighteen of these were married women, accompanying their husbands. These females, attended by a strong guard of armed men, were landed on Monday morning to wash the soiled clothes which had accumulated through the long voyage.

In the meantime, while these labors were being performed, Captain Miles Standish, on Wednesday morning, the 15th of November, set out with a party of fifteen men, well armed and provisioned, for a more extended tour of exploration.

It was Friday afternoon, November 17th, when the expedition returned with rent clothes and blistered feet, and with a discouraging report; for they had found no place suitable for the location of their colony.

On Monday of the next week, the 27th of November, twenty-four of the colonists and ten of the seamen, in the shallop, all under command of Captain Jones, again set out in search of a spot where they might commence their lonely settlement in the wilderness. At Pamet Creek they found a sheltered cove, which they called Cold Harbor. A party landed at the foot of the cliff and marched into the interior, between the streams, four or five miles.

The question was then very earnestly and anxiously discussed, whether they should decide upon Cold Harbor for their settlement, or send out another expedition on an exploring tour.

A party of ten picked men, among whom were Governor Carver and William Bradford, set out in the shallop in the afternoon of the 6th of December, in order to select some spot on which to establish their colony. They were well armed and provisioned, and it was certain that they would leave nothing untried which human energy could accomplish. It was a perilous enterprise in the dead of Winter, in a comparatively open boat upon a storm-swept sea.

Having landed at night, they wisely erected barricades, and, being very weary, they betook themselves to rest.

"But about midnight they heard a hideous and great cry, and their sentinel called 'arm! arm!' So they bestirred themselves and stood to their arms and shot off a couple of muskets, and then the noise ceased.

"But presently, all on the sudden, they heard a great and strange cry, which they knew to be the same voices which they heard in the night, though they varied their notes; and one of their company being abroad, came running in and cried: 'Indians! Indians!' Immediately a shower of arrows fell upon the encampment. The men ran with all speed to recover their arms, as by the providence of God they succeeded in doing."

The thick Winter garments of the pilgrims and their coats of mail effectually protected a large portion of their bodies from the arrows of the natives.

The escape of the pilgrims, unharmed, from this shower of missiles, was indeed wonderful. The arrows of the Indians were thrown with great force, and being pointed with flint and bone, would, when hitting, pierce the thickest clothing.

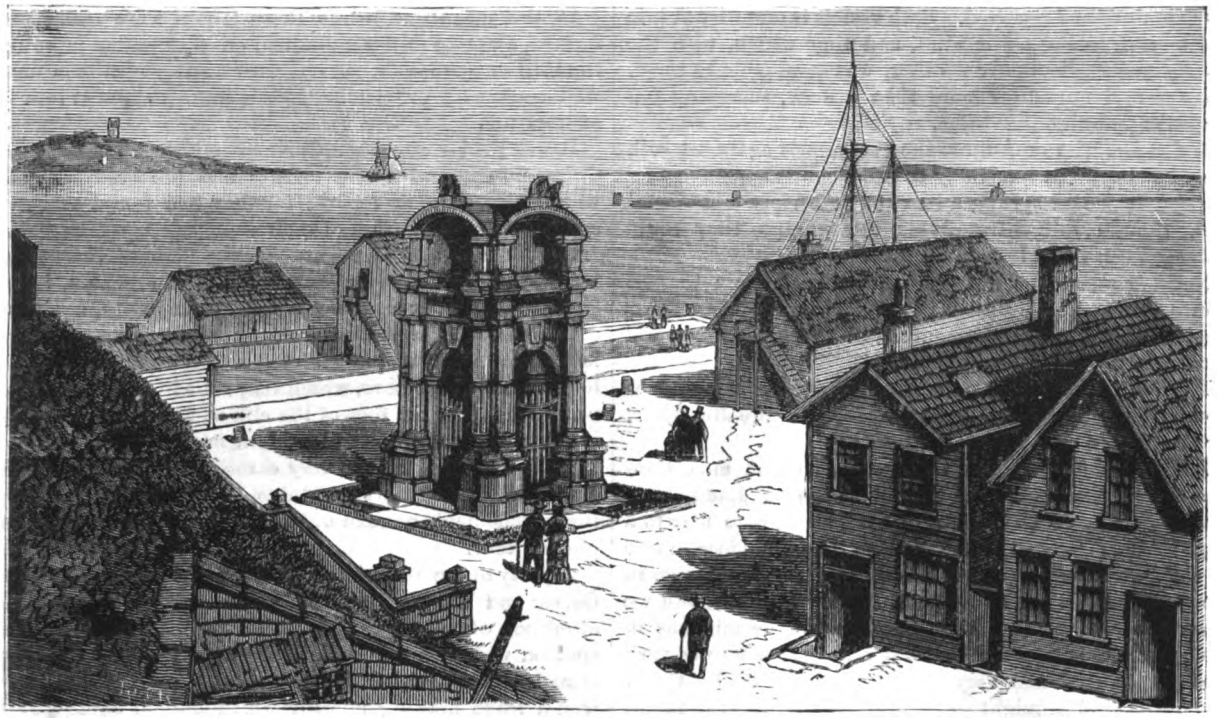
The pilgrims re-embarked in a bitter sleet storm.

At last they discerned land directly before them. Whether it were an island or a promontory they knew not. By great exertions they succeeded—though it was very dark and the rain fell in torrents—in gaining the lee of the land. Here they cast anchor in comparatively still water.

During the night the clouds were dispersed. The morning dawned serene and bright, but cold. It was the morning of the Sabbath.

They named this spot, where they had found a brief refuge from the storm, Clark's Island, in honor of the captain of the *Mayflower*.

The Pilgrims, having passed the Sabbath in rest and devotion upon the island, early the next morning repaired their shattered boat, and spreading their sails again to the wintry winds continued their cruise. Soon a large bay



PRESENT SITE OF PLYMOUTH ROCK.

opened before them, partially protected by a long sand-bar from the gales and the billows of the ocean. It was but a poor harbor at the best. The low and dreary sand-bar broke the fury of the waves, but afforded no protection against the fierce gales which swept the seas.

The pilgrims sailed around the point of sand, every few moments dropping the lead that they might find a channel of sufficient depth of water to allow their vessel to enter the bay. Having discovered this passage, they steered for the shore and landed.

The location was by no means such as they had hoped to find. But it was far superior to any other which had as yet presented itself. As Winter was approaching and time pressed they decided to look no further.

Without loss of time the *Mayflower* weighed anchor on the 15th of December, and crossing the bay, anchored on the 16th in the shallow water of the harbor, about a mile and a half from the shore. The next day was the Sabbath. Strong as was the temptation to land, they all remained on board the vessel.

On Monday morning Miles Standish set out with a small but well-armed party, to explore that part of the country which immediately surrounded the harbor, to decide upon the spot where they should rear their little village of log huts.

All the night of Wednesday and all day Thursday the northeast storm raged with fury unabated. Toward the evening of Thursday, the 21st, there was a lull in the tempest, so that the weary adventurers succeeded in working their way back to the ship.

Now came the ever-memorable Friday, December 22d. A wintry storm, with its angry billows, still swept the bay. The day opened upon the pilgrims cold, cloudy and dreary. The long and anxiously looked for hour had now come, when the *Mayflower*, the only material tie which bound them to the Old World, was to be abandoned, and these bold men were to be left 3,000 miles from their native shores, to struggle with all the known and unknown perils and hardships of the wilderness.

"They could not have been conscious that then and there they were laying the foundations of one of the mightiest empires upon which the sun has ever shone."

There was a large and jagged rock projecting into the sea, upon which a landing was with difficulty effected—the rock to be known for all time as the Plymouth Rock.

FIRST STREET LAID OUT BY THE PILGRIMS.

In the old style of computing time the day of their landing was the 11th of December. For many years the 22d day of September, new style, has been observed as "Forefather's Day." It is said, however, that December 11th, O. S., corresponds with December 21st, N. S. But when the anniversary was instituted at Plymouth, in 1769, *eleven* days were added for difference of style, instead of *ten*, the true difference.

PLYMOUTH.—VIEW OF THE TOWN AND HARBOR—VIEW TOWARDS DUXBURY.

The common house, it is supposed, was erected on the south side of what is now called Leyden Street, near the declivity of the hill. All hands working energetically, this building was speedily put up, with a thatched roof.

The whole company was divided into nineteen families, each family to build its own log hut. For protection against the Indians it was needful that these huts should be clustered near together. The captain of the *Mayflower* brought all the energies of his crew into requisition in transporting the luggage to the shore, for his provisions were fast disappearing, and he was exceedingly anxious to set out on his return. The distance of the ship from the land caused much time to be lost in going and coming. For several days a portion of the pilgrim band remained to lodge in the ship, while others were on the shore.

The next day was Christmas. With renewed diligence the pilgrims plied their labors. "We went on shore," writes Mourt, "some to fell timber, some to saw, some to rive and some to carry. So no man rested all that day."

There were nineteen families, but they differed considerably in size. The single men joined themselves to some of these families. The lots of land assigned to these families differed in size, according to the number of the household. To each individual person there was allotted about eight feet in breadth by fifty in length. This would make but about 400 square feet for each one. Thus a family of six persons would have a lot but forty-eight feet wide by fifty deep.

Toward night of Christmas day, the yells of evidently unfriendly savages were heard in the depths of the forest. This caused every man to seize his musket and place himself in the attitude of defense.

The first day of the new year dawned propitiously upon these bold-hearted exiles. It was now deemed important to have a more perfect military organization to meet the dangers impending from the unfriendly spirit of the Indians, and Captain Standish was invested with almost dictatorial powers as military commander.

The captain made immediate and vigorous preparation for a war of defense. It was very evident to him that, though they might be surrounded by cruel, treacherous and inveterate foes, they had but little to fear from the intelligence or military ability of their enemies. He had immediately brought on shore, and mounted on the platform, which he had arranged for them on the hill, three guns. One was called a minion, with a bore three and a quarter inches in diameter. Another was a saker, about four inches in bore. The third, called a base, was but little larger than a musket, having a bore but one and a quarter inches in diameter. The heaviest gun weighed about a thousand pounds, and carried a ball about four pounds in weight. This important work was all accomplished by Wednesday, February 21st.

A dreadful Winter was passed by the pilgrims. During the month of February seventeen of their number had died. Eight had died during the month of January. In burying the dead it had been deemed necessary carefully to conceal their graves lest the Indians, in counting them, should ascertain how greatly they had been weakened.

Every one felt the situation of the colony to be perilous in the extreme. The sailors of the *Mayflower* were suffering alike with the pilgrims on the land. There were but seven men who, in case of an attack, which was hourly anticipated, could present any efficient resistance.

One morning, to their surprise, the pilgrims beheld a solitary savage approaching from the south, who saluted the pilgrims with the words, "Welcome Englishmen." In broken English he told them that his name was Samoset, and that he came from the Island of Monhegan, between the Kennebec and Penobscot Rivers, about twelve miles from the shore.

Samoset affected to be very free and unembarrassed in his carriage. He declared himself to be one of the chiefs of the tribe, and assumed to be perfectly informed respecting the whole adjacent country, its tribes and their strength. He called for beer, and seemed disposed to make himself very much at home, entering the houses and spying out with an eagle eye all the works around him.

Samoset told them that the Nausites, by whom they had been attacked, numbered about one hundred souls. There was a powerful tribe called the Wampanoags, upon the shores of what is now called Bristol Bay. Their chief, Massasoit, was so powerful that he exercised a sort of supremacy over many of the tribes in the vicinity. There was another numerous tribe, not far from the Wampanoags, called the Narragansets. Samoset does not seem to have known, or if so, was not willing to tell the number of Indians lurking in the woods around the pilgrim settlement.

On Sunday, the 18th, as the colonists were assembling for the Sabbath devotions, Samoset again made his appearance, with five tall Indians in his train. They were all dressed in deer-skins, fitting closely to the body.

The pilgrims had a good deal of intercourse with Massasoit, the sagamore of the Wampanoags, who was very friendly.

Massasoit was a remarkable man. He was of majestic stature, in the prime of life, of grave and stately demeanor, reserved in speech, and ever proving faithful to all his obligations. He wore a chain of white bone beads about his neck, and a little bag of tobacco, from which he smoked himself and presented to Governor Carver to smoke. His face was painted of a deep red color, and his hair and face so oiled as to present a very glossy appearance. His followers were also all painted in various styles and of various colors. Some were partially clothed in skins, others were nearly naked. They were all tall, powerful men.

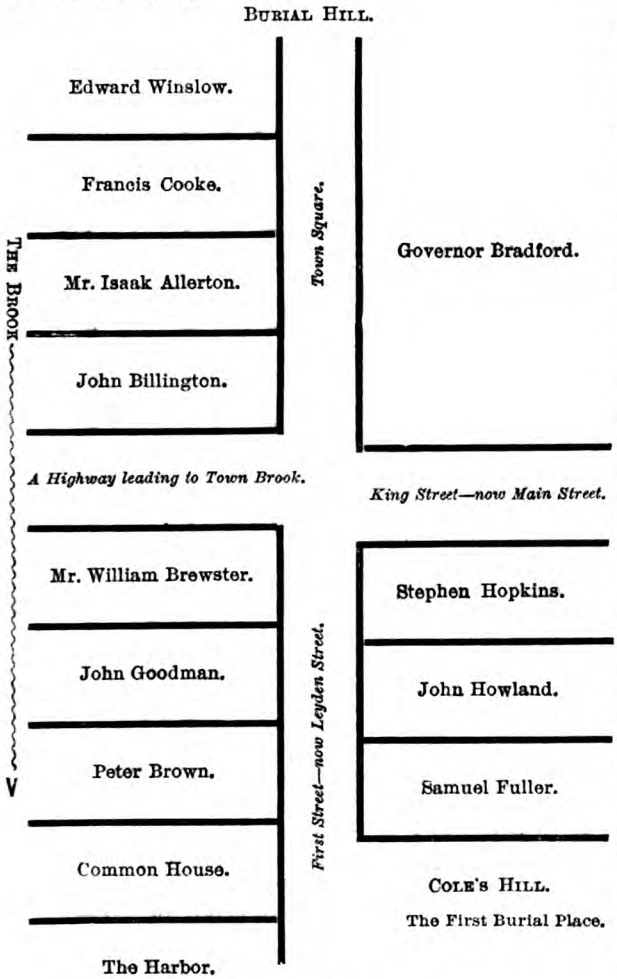
On the 5th of April the *Mayflower* weighed anchor and set sail on her return voyage to England. She had but one-half of the crew with which she had sailed from Old Plymouth; the rest had fallen victims to the Winter's sickness.

It is remarkable that notwithstanding the hardships to which the pilgrims were exposed, not one was disposed to abandon the enterprise and return in the ship. When the *Mayflower* left, there remained in the colony but fifty-five persons. Of these nineteen only were men. The remaining thirty-six were women, children and servants.

A visitor to Plymouth during this Summer, as he landed on the southern side of a high bluff, would have seen, standing between it and a rapid little stream, a rude house of logs, twenty feet square, containing the common property of the plantation. Proceeding up a gentle declivity, between two rows of log cabins, nineteen in number, some of them, perhaps, vacant since the death of their first tenants, he would have come to a hill surmounted with a platform for cannon. He might have counted twenty men at work with hoes in the inclosures about the huts, or fishing in the shallow harbor, or visiting the woods or beach for game; while six or eight women were busy in household affairs, and some twenty children, from infancy upward, completed the domestic picture.

Many artists have recalled in pictures the quaint and primitive life of our brave forefathers, notably Boughton, whose Puritan maidens are the very quintessence of demure and fascinating womanhood. It is easy to conjure

to the mind's eye the scenes in the new settlement—scenes of which we who live in the "rush" of the present hour can scarcely realize.



LEYDEN STREET IN 1621.

(Originally named First Street, afterward in records called Great and Broad Street, named Leyden Street in 1823.

The Summer had passed away with the pilgrims very pleasantly and prosperously. Friendly relations had been established with the Indians, and a lucrative traffic opened in valuable furs. There had been no want of provisions.

Early in July, 1621, the *Fortune*, a small vessel of but fifty-five tons, which they called a ship, sailed from London for the colony. There were thirty-five passengers on board, many of whom appear to have been mere adventurers, emigrating to the New World through restlessness, curiosity, or love of gain. The men of this party outnumbered the devout pilgrims who were still living at Plymouth. Thus an influence was introduced to the colony quite adverse to the religious element which had hitherto pervaded it.

These men were landed at Plymouth in a state of great destitution. Of the thirty-five thus added to the colony twenty-seven were men. The remainder were women and children. Some of these men constituted a valuable addition to the colony; but others of them were utterly worthless.

The *Fortune* remained at Plymouth but about a fortnight, and on the 13th of December commenced her return voyage. She took back as freight various kinds of timber, sassafras, and beaver-skins. The estimated value of her cargo was about $2,500.

The pilgrims had only oiled paper to keep out the storms of a New England Winter.

Some of the new-comers, idle and frivolous, and accustomed to the Christmas games of England, excused themselves from going into the field, saying that their consciences would not allow them to do any work on Christmas Day.

Soon after the departure of the *Fortune*, in the depth of Winter, painful rumors came that the powerful Narragansets, under their redoubtable chief, Canonicus, were assuming a threatening attitude. The English had now about fifty men capable of bearing arms, and not a large supply of ammunition.

One day a strange Indian entered the settlement. It soon appeared that he was a Narraganset. He seemed not a little embarrassed, and inquired for Squantum, the interpreter. It seemed some relief to him to learn that he was absent. He then left for him a bundle of arrows, wrapped up in the skin of a rattlesnake. The arrows and the rattlesnake skin were to be understood as his declaration of war on the part of the Wampanoags.

The little colony was destined to be startled by the apparition of a shallop, under full sail, rounding Hither Monomet Point, which constituted the southern boundary of Plymouth Bay. A panic pervaded the colony. It was feared that it was a French boat, accompanying some French man-of-war, and that they were approaching in concert with the Indians for the destruction of the colony. Every man sprang to arms.

It was soon ascertained, greatly to the relief of the colonists, that the shallop belonged to an English fishing vessel, called the *Sparrow*, and that she bore seven passengers to be landed at Plymouth.

The boat brought seven more mouths to be fed, and no provisions. It was the last of May, 1622. The colonial store of food was almost entirely consumed, and for a long time the colonists had been placed upon very short allowance.

The menaces of war had become so serious that Captain Standish deemed it necessary immediately to increase and strengthen their fortifications. They at once set to work to build a strong fort upon Burial Hill, within the limits of their palisades.

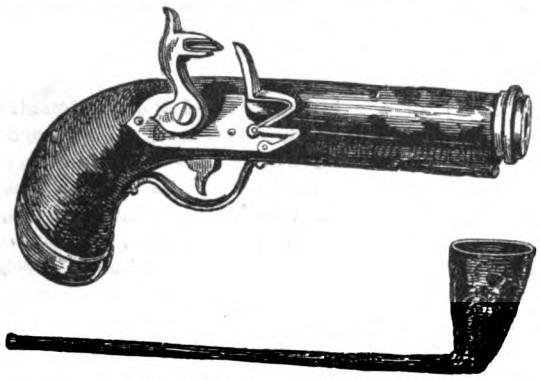
Their mode of assembling for public worship is described by Isaac de Rassiers, who visited Plymouth in 1627: "They assemble," he writes, "by beat of drum, each with his musket or firelock, in front of Captain Standish's door. They have their cloaks on, and place themselves in order, three abreast, and are led by a sergeant without beat of drum. Behind comes the governor, in a long robe. Beside him, on the right hand, comes the preacher, with his cloak on; and on the left the captain, with his side-arms and cloak on, and with a small cane in his hand. And so they march in good order, and each sets his arms down near him."

Early in July two trading ships from London, the *Charity* and the *Swan*, entered Plymouth harbor. These shi brought fifty or sixty emigrants, who intended to settle in the country as the agents of a company in England. It was their object to establish a colony to trade with the Indians.

The rabble crew remained, an almost intolerable burden upon the pilgrims during nearly all the Summer. An expedition was fitted out to explore Massachusetts Bay, in search of a suitable location for Mr. Weston's colony. The expedition at length returned, recommending a place in Boston harbor, called by the Indians Messagusset, but to which the name of Weymouth was subsequently given. Inexpressible was the satisfaction of the pilgrims when

they saw these miscreants take their departure for the new location. They, however, left behind them quite a number of sick persons, whom the pilgrims nursed with true Christian benevolence, placing them under the care of their own skillful physician, Dr. Fuller, and, as they recovered, sending them without any charge to their own distant colony.

Two ships, at the end of August, came into Plymouth harbor. One of them, the *Discovery*, was commanded by



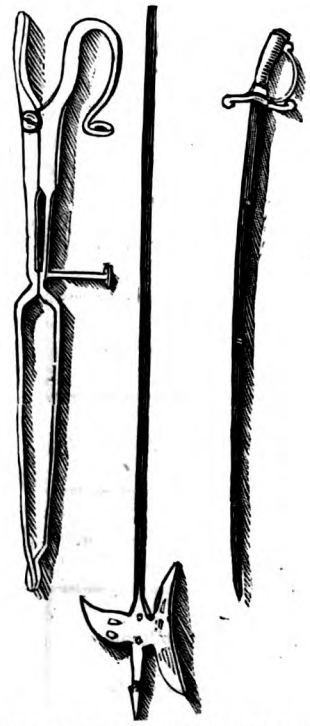
PISTOL AND PIPE OF MILES STANDISH.

Captain Jones, formerly of the *Mayflower*. Providentially, Captain Jones had quite a large supply of provisions. He had never been in cordial sympathy with the pilgrims, and now he very ungenerously took advantage of their great necessities.

The governor then took an inland trip of sixty miles to an Indian settlement called Manomet, at the head of Buzzard's Bay.

The state of the Weston colony caused much anxiety at Plymouth. The savages were learning to despise the English, and Captain Standish was sent to chastise them.

The captain was decoyed by Pecksnof, a powerful chief, into a hut together with four of the pilgrims. Perfectly preserving his calmness and self-possession, he ordered the door to be shut and fastened, that no other Indians could come in. Then, giving the signal to the others of his men, he sprang, with the wonderful strength and agility for which he was celebrated, upon the burly savage, wrenched the knife, which was sharp as a needle at the point, from his hand, and after a desperate conflict, in which he inflicted many wounds, succeeded in plunging it to the hilt in the bosom of his foe.



PIPE TONGS, STANDISH'S SWORD, AND HALBERT.

The friends in England sent a supply ship, the *Paragon*, to the suffering colony, but she was wrecked.

A disastrous drought, of six weeks' continuance also ensued, which threatened the utter destruction of their corn crop.

In this extremity a day of fasting and prayer was appointed. It was the middle of July. The morning was cloudless, without a sign of rain. The sky was as brass, scarce a green herb was to be seen, and the earth was as ashes. The exercises of devotion continued for eight hours. All felt alike that there was no help but in God.

Unexpectedly the withered corn thrust out green leaves and gave promise of a joyful harvest. Even the Indians were impressed with this evidence of divine interposition.

Early in August two ships arrived, the *Anne* and the *Little James*. The two vessels brought sixty passengers. Some of them were very worthy people and constituted a valuable addition to the colony. Others were such sad miscreants, that the pilgrims, instructed by the disasters which the Weymouth colonists had caused, refused to receive them into their colony. The thriftless creatures, unable to establish a settlement of their own, were compelled to return to England.

On the 10th of September the *Anne* returned to England, laden with clapboards and furs. Mr. Winslow also sailed in her, on business for the colony. The harvest was now in, and there was comparative plenty. Many had raised more corn than their own families would consume, and thus they had a supply to sell to others.

STANDISH WELL AT DUXBURY.

Mr. Winslow returned from England, bringing with him two heifers and a bull, an invaluable acquisition to the colonists, being the first cattle that were brought over. As they had no money, corn had become the circulating medium.

The colony numbered 180 souls. They had some cattle and goats, quite a number of swine, and numerous poultry. Thirty-two dwelling-houses were now occupied. The palisades which surrounded the village were half a mile in extent. A well-built fort stood upon Burial Hill.

The pilgrims wished to hire money with which to purchase in England the commodities which the Indians greatly prized, and which they could exchange with them for furs. Captain Standish was sent to England to adjust certain difficulties which had risen between the colonists and their partners in London, and also to hire money with which to purchase goods to trade with the Indians. But the captain arrived in London at a very unfortunate hour. The city was then desolated by that awful plague which was sweeping thousands into the grave. It would also appear that the credit of the colony was far from good. With great difficulty Captain Standish succeeded in raising $750, for which he paid the enormous interest of fifty per cent.

The prospects of the colony after a little had so far brightened that Mr. Allerton, who had been sent to England that year, succeeded in raising $1,000 at thirty per cent. interest. During the year 1625 Captain Wollaston, with thirty emigrants, commenced a settlement at a place they named Mount Wollaston, in the northerly part of Braintree, now Quincy, in Massachusetts.

Again the company sent Mr. Allerton to England with a cargo of furs, to meet their engagements there, and to obtain authority to establish a trading-post on the Kennebec River.

FIRST RELIGIOUS SERVICE IN AMERICA.

In the month of August, 1629, thirty-five families arrived at Plymouth from Leyden. Nine months after, in May, 1630, another ship arrived, bringing several more families. The new company, of which the Governor and the captain were the principal men, paid all their expenses, though they amounted to $2,700. Houses were assigned to them; grounds were purchased for them, and they were fed from the public stores for more than a year.

A trading-post had been established on the Penobscot River, at a point called Bagaduce, now Castine. Here a very lucrative trade was transacted with the Indians, mainly in furs.

The emigration from England rapidly increased, and,

ere long, the colony numbered 1,500 souls. In the year 1628, John Endicot, with a party of emigrants, established a rather feeble settlement at Salem, then called Naumkeag. On the 30th of May, 1630, another party commenced a colony at Dorchester, then called Mattapan. In the months of June and July of the same year, a fleet of eleven vessels arrived from England, bringing over a large number of passengers, and, after some deliberation, they selected what is now Charlestown for their principal settlement. A part of the company went to Watertown. About 1,500 came over during the year.

The Indians had no circulating medium. Narragansets and Pequots, residing upon Narraganset and Buzzard's Bays, made, from the small shells of a species of clam, a very beautiful ornamental belt called wampum. The shells, graceful in form, beautifully colored and highly polished, were strung like beads by a hole drilled through the centre, or were woven into rich embroidery. Three purple shells or six white ones were considered equivalent to an English penny. A string two yards in length was valued at five shillings.

Such were the humble beginnings of the commerce of New England.

In the year 1630 the first public execution took place.

The first party of colonists for Massachusetts embarked in six vessels. It consisted of 300 men, 80 women, married and single, and 26 children, with an abundant outfit of food, clothing, tools, and military weapons, and "a plentiful provision of godly ministers."

Just across the bay of Plymouth, on the north, there was a reach of land commanding a fine view of the little settlement at Plymouth and of the adjacent waters. Captain Standish selected for himself a very attractive location there, including what is still called "Captain's Hill." Here the descendants of an ancestor so illustrious are now rearing a monument to his memory.

The town was named Duxbury, in honor of the captain, as that was the name of the seat which his family occupied in England. Elder Brewster took a farm by his side. Here both of these distinguished men, warm friends, could often be seen in their solitary fields, clearing away the forests, where no sound of the ax had ever before been heard since the creation of the world. These lands were deemed among the best in the colony.

Edward Winslow was appointed Bradford's successor in the office of governor.

In the Spring of the year 1632 the Narragansets, under Canonicus, marched against Mount Hope, and Massassoit implored the aid of the pilgrims. The chief of the Wampanoags had fled, with a party of his warriors, to Sowams, in the present town of Warren, R. I., where the pilgrims had a trading-post.

In the year 1634 a serious difficulty occurred upon the Kennebec River, in which one Hocking was killed, together with one of the colonists. The Plymouth colony claimed this river, and fifteen miles on each side of it, by special patent.

In the struggle between the Dutch and the English for the possession of the Connecticut River and its lucrative trade, a party of Dutch ascended the river far above their trading-house, at the present site of Hartford.

The Plymouth colony had a very flourishing trading-house on the Penobscot River. In the year 1635 a French frigate appeared in the harbor, and took possession of the post in the name of the King of France.

The terrible mortality which had swept away so many thousands of Indians from the Connecticut turned the attention of the Massachusetts colonists again to that beautiful and fertile region. The Dutch claimed the country. The Plymouth colony claimed it. And now the Massachusetts colonists were putting in their claim.

The question was finally settled by treaty, and the Massachusetts colonists soon planted settlements at Wethersfield, Hartford and some other places on the river.

The Plymouth colonists were much embarrassed in consequence of their relations with their partners in England, to whom they were still considerably indebted. The agent of the company there wrote that he could not make up his accounts, unless some one from the colony should come over to England to aid him; and he urged that Mr. Winslow should be sent. But Mr. Winslow was afraid to go. Neither was he willing that any of his partners should go. The angry tone of letters from England had led him to apprehend serious danger.

They offered to submit the matter to any gentlemen and merchants of the Massachusetts colony, whom the company in England themselves might choose. Before these commissionser both sides should have a hearing. "We will be bound," they added, "to stand by their decision, and make good their award, though it should cost us all we have in the world."

The company in England declined this magnanimous offer. In the year 1645 Elder Brewster died, at the advanced age of eighty-four years.

On Thursday, the 25th of October, 1632, Governor Winthrop, with Mr. Wilson, who was pastor of the church in Boston, with several other Christian friends, made a visit to Plymouth. They were received with great hospitality. Governor Bradford, Rev. Mr. Brewster, the ruling elder, and several others of the prominent men of Plymouth, came some distance out from the village to meet their friends, who probably traveled on foot. They were conducted to the house of Governor Bradford, where most of them were entertained during their stay.

A serious design was entertained of abandoning the location at Plymouth and removing to some place where they would find richer soil.

A committee of the church repaired to Nauset, on Cape Cod, where is now the town of Eastham. The report they brought back was so much in favor of the place that the large majority of the church consented to remove there.

It required sleepless vigilance and the wisest measures to keep pace with the Indians. There were now, in the several colonies, many individual white men who were totally unprincipled No power of law could restrain them from insulting and abusing the Indians. The ignorant savages had very inadequate conceptions of justice, and avenged themselves upon any white men who fell into their hands.

The foregoing brief sketch of the founding of Plymouth by the pilgrim fathers gives a peep into the quaint doings of the sturdy colonists from their landing on the "cornerstone of the nation" to the period when they found themselves finally established and 8,000 strong. Their subsequent history reads like a romance, and should be studied by all who revere industry, independence and integrity. The little town of Plymouth eloquently recalls the fearful days when every man stood with his matchlock at hand, and one can almost fancy that the redman still prowls in the wooded heights of Manomet, while the bay, with its strip of sand, is just as it appeared on that ever-memorable landing-day.

On the occasion of my visit the bay was calm as a millpond; a single ship of quaint appearance lay at anchor, a boat put out to shore—my imagination leaped back to the *Mayflower* and her shallop.

As the train slows into the depot, clear-cut against the sky stands a noble and majestic colossal figure. This is

the statue of Faith on the National Monument to the pilgrims, eighty-one feet high, the statue proper being thirty-six feet, the head measuring around the forehead thirteen feet seven inches.

The busy hum of machinery greets the ear as you alight from the train, and thriving factories—the lineal offspring of the primitive looms of the pilgrims—repeat the old, old story of industry and thrift. Superb elms—whose immediate ancestors might have afforded shade to the whisperings of "Priscilla, the loveliest maiden in Plymouth," and John Alden—line the streets, which, despite the hum of cogwheels, wear a delightful out-of-the-world aspect. Turn to the left, and ten minutes' lounging will bring you to Pilgrim Hall, with its Doric porch and its iron fence in front, inclosing a slab bearing the quaint wording of the memorable "compact" made in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, with the names and escutcheons of the forty-one signers. A visit to this Hall takes one back to the year 1620.

The articles on exhibition were, with but few exceptions, brought over in the *Mayflower*, and all are intimately connected with the first settlers in Plymouth. Here are chairs of Elder Brewster and Governor Carver, brought over in the *Mayflower*; the cradle belonging to the family of Governor Winslow, in which was rocked Peregrine White, born in the *Mayflower* while in Provincetown Harbor; the spinning-wheel owned by the early settlers; a model of a vessel of the time and tonnage of the *Mayflower*.

In the first case, on south side, are a copy of the "New England Memorial" by Nathaniel Morton, written at Plymouth, 1645–69; a consideration of the Rhenish translation of the New Testament, printed by Elder Brewster, 1618; the records of the Old Colony Club instituted at Plymouth, 1767; a print of a cradle brought over in the *Mayflower* by Dr. Samuel Fuller; the original patent granted to Plymouth Colony, 1621, on parchment; a copy of Governor Bradford's history of Plymouth; pictures of scenes in Austerfield, England, from which the Pilgrim Fathers left on their flight to Holland, with a portrait of Richard Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton, the present proprietor.

In the second, or Standish case, on the south side, are a sampler worked by Lorea, daughter of Captain Myles Standish, in 1653; a fragment of a quilt formerly belonging to Rose, wife of Captain Standish; a Holland brick from the cellar of Captain Standish's house at Captain's Hill, Duxbury; a pewter platter brought over in the *Mayflower* by Captain Standish; the sword of Captain Myles Standish, with Arabic inscriptions upon the blade; an iron pot brought over in the *Mayflower* by Captain Standish; a ground plan of the house of Captain Standish on Captain's Hill, Duxbury; a piece of pipe-stem found in the ruins of Captain Standish's house; several other articles found in the ruins of Captain Standish's house; an ancient deed from John Star to Christopher Wadsworth, dated 1655. Acknowledged before and witnessed by Captain Standish.

In the third, or Alden case on the south side, are a china teapot brought over in the *Fortune* by John Alden, 1621; a Dutch Bible brought from Holland to Plymouth; spectacles brought over in the *Mayflower* by Peter Brown; an ancient halberd found in the house of John Alden; steelyards brought over by Thomas Southworth, 1623; ancient deeds from John Alden with his signature; a bible brought over in the *Mayflower* by John Alden; a piece of the coffin of Governor William Bradford; a pocketbook brought over in the *Mayflower* by Thomas Clark; specimens of the earliest New England coins; china mugs brought over in the *Mayflower* by Thomas Clark; a gourd shell brought over in the *Mayflower* by George Soule.

In the first case, on north side of the hall, are the origina manuscript of Mrs. Hemans's poem, "The Breaking Waves Dashed High"; an ancient dirk brought over in the *Fortune* by John Thompson; an antique gun owned by Lieutenant John Thompson, with which he shot an Indian at a great distance in the Indian wars; an ancient pistol owned by John Thompson; the manuscript poem, "The Pilgrim Fathers," by Ebenezer Elliot, the Corn Law Rhymer of England; gun-barrel from the discharge of which King Philip was killed; Indian Bible, translated by John Eliot, 1685; a brick from the watch-tower of the pilgrims, on Burial Hill, Plymouth; a sword brought over in the *Fortune* by John Thompson; a piece of brick from the Old Colony Trading-house at Manomet River, 1627; an ancient hoe found in the cellar of the trading-house at Manomet River.

In the second, or white case, on the north side of the hall, are a brass candle-stick brought over in the *Mayflower*, formerly owned by Peregrine White; a cane brought over in the *Mayflower* by William White; deed from William Sherman; signature of Peregrine White as witness, and acknowledged before Governor Josias Winslow; a cabinet brought over in the *Mayflower* by Mrs. William White, the mother of Peregrine White; a bond written by and signed by Peregrine White; autographs of ancient citizens.

In the third, or Winslow case, on the north side, are a pair of infant's shoes and a bodkin brought over in the *Mayflower* by Governor Edward Winslow; pewter plates brought over in the *Mayflower* by Governor Edward Winslow; portrait of Governor Josias Winslow; mortar and pestle brought in the *Mayflower* by Governor Edward Winslow; a fragment of a chest brought in the *Mayflower* by Governor Edward Winslow; a tile brick from the cellar floor of Governor Winslow's house, at Marshfield.

In the case at the west end of the hall are ancient books and manuscripts; portraits of distinguished men of old times; a fac-simile of the signature of John Robinson; ancient communion vessels belonging to the First Church at Plymouth.

In addition to several valuable portraits which adorn the walls we have a large painting, being a copy of Weir's embarkation from Delft-Haven, in the Capitol at Washington, by Edgar Parker, of Boston, size eight by twelve feet; a picture of the embarkation by Lucy of England, which received a prize of 1,000 guineas at an art exhibition in England, presented by Governor Alexander H. Rice, of Boston; size, nine by thirteen feet; and a painting of the landing, by Henry Sargent, of Boston, and presented by him to the Pilgrim Society; size, thirteen by sixteen feet. On the south side a portrait of Col. John Trumbell, a celebrated historical painter, and on the staff of Gen. Washington in the Revolutionary War; the head is supposed to be painted by Stuart; Hon. John Davis, LL.D., editor of "Morton's New England Memorial."

Out into the Old-world street, and keeping to the left, we reach a narrow street, widening northward, and passing Winslow's house, with its two wondrous old sentinel-trees, descend the steep hill and come to the world-famous Rock, enshrined beneath an artistic structure of granite, supported on four columns. The upper portion of this renowned boulder was for 105 years separated from the original Rock, occupying various localities remote from the place of its birth. Picture the scene of the landing on that Monday morning. Here is the spot, here is the rock —oval in form, with a flat top; the clumsy shallop bumps against it, and our forefathers leap ashore. Onward still, by the path winding beneath the bluff, and you come upon

the site of the ancient Alleyne House. Opposite the large elm-tree on the bank the pilgrims built their first "common house." You are now on Leyden Street, which they named First Street, afterward Great and Broad.

Traversing Town Square, with its noble elms of 1784, the site of Governor Bradford's dwelling, and the first "meeting-house," you breast the steep hill — Burying Hill—where repose the ashes of those who survived the rigors of the first Winter. It is the place alluded to at the first landing. "In one field a great hill, on which we point to make a platform, and plant our ordnance, which will command all round about." The view from here is

magnificent—the blue heights of Manomet Hills shutting in the horizon on the right. Kingston and Duxbury, with Captain's Hill on the left, and far out Clark's Island, Saquish and the Gurnet. You can trace the course of the *Mayflower*, as Master Coppin makes across the bay; and as the good ship passes Gurnet Nose you can imagine Coppin throwing up his hands as he exclaims: "The Lord be merciful to us! I never saw this place before." As I stood on Burying Hill the quaint-looking ship was still at anchor, and her shallop was approaching the shore. Was it 1882 or 1620?

THE world is not won by denunciation. Tell a boy that he is disagreeable, and how quickly one loses influence over him. We must commend the good in people, and kindly pray over and reason about the bad. Most persons can be led, few can be driven, even children, without spoiling them. Law is essential, and obedience; but true justice is always tempered with mercy.

A DESPERATE CHASE.—"THE NEXT INSTANT SHE DISAPPEARED DOWN A BASEMENT STAIRWAY, AND THE CROWD, WITH HER PURSUERS, SURGED PAST."— SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE NILE.

It flows through old hush'd Ægypt and its sands,
Like some grave mighty thought threading a dream,
And times and things, as in that vision, seem
Keeping along it their eternal stands,
Caves, pillars, pyramids, the shepherd bands
That roamed through the young world, the glory extreme
Of high Sesostris, and that southern beam,
The laughing queen that caught the world's great hands.

Then comes a mightier silence, stern and strong,
As of a world left empty of its throng,
And the void weighs on us; and then we wake,
And hear the fruitful stream lapsing along
'Twixt villages, and think how we shall take
Our own calm journey on for human sake.

A DESPERATE CHASE.

By Fanny Belle Irving.

THE early darkness of a November evening was settling over New York, and a keen, sharp wind that had sprung from somewhere since the death of the gray, drizzling daylight, made the crowding, surging throng quicken their footsteps as much as possible, and more urgently elbow their way out and away when surroundings thickened and a standstill seemed imminent. Out of Broadway and down Twenty-third Street came a man with long, swinging strides, pushing his way along regardless of man, woman or child; and catching sight of his face as now and then the gaslight fell across it, ashen pale, with fiercely gleaming eyes, the crowd involuntarily fell back against one another and let him pass, wondering as he was rapidly lost to view what the case could be—evidently one of life or death.

At Sixth Avenue he came to a sudden stop, cast one quick, fierce glance in each direction; then, with a furious oath, turned to the only person who was not, and evidently had not been, in a hurry to leave that corner—a ragged newsboy, whistling briskly in spite of cold and drizzle.

"Boy, did you see a lady pass here a minute ago with a long gray cloak and——"

"Lined with fur, and a gray vail on?" interpolated the young imp, with a mercenary twinkle in his eye. "You bet your sweet life I did! What'll you give me if I tell you where she went?"

"A dollar—speak quick!"

"Well, right up here, and you better hurry; there comes the train now," answered the boy, dodging away from the elevated stairway, and nimbly catching the silver flung to him, while his interlocutor sprang up the stairs three at a time, muttering oaths as he went.

"Curse her, she will escape me yet!" he hissed through his teeth, and springing frantically up the last turning as the train rattled up and stopped.

The next moment the crowd was startled by a faint, stifled scream. A man was pushing his way to the ticket-office, had flung in his money, grasped the ticket, and made a spring across the platform, when the relentless iron gate swung to, the guard's hand fell on his shoulder, and the train glided away.

"A hundred—two hundred dollars to whoever follows her!" he shouted, with a thundering vehemence that reached the ears of every passenger in the rear car, and instantly every eye turned to a girl nearest the door, from whose lips the faint scream had escaped when she caught sight of her pursuer, and who now crouched in her seat, her face hidden in a heavy gray vail, and a long cloak hiding dress and figure.

No one dared touch her, no one dared speak; but several pairs of eyes fastened themselves greedily upon her, and watched every movement as closely as a cat would watch a mouse.

At the very next station she slipped out, and of the crowd that left with her, three men tracked her, and followed, thinking of nothing but the two hundred reward that had been shouted to them, and caring little for what she was pursued; right or wrong, they would follow.

But it was easier said than done, for terror lent wings to her footsteps, and once below in the crowd, her slight figure could wind rapidly in and out where they were forced to more slowly follow.

Still each pressed on, spurred to fever-heat by finding others working for the same reward, and each catching a glimpse of her now and then, and inwardly cursing that she was making her way into the very thickest crowds, and back in the very direction from which she had just come.

"Devilish cute that!" muttered one of them, swinging hastily after her; "and if she's making for the next square we'll lose her sure as guns, and there's where she's going. Now for a tiger chase!"

On the block below was a row of unoccupied business rooms, and therefore no gaslights streamed out over the crowd, making it the easiest possible thing for one person a little in advance to escape another.

She saw and knew it, and, with panting breath, pushed her way still harder, reached the space of darkness, and from the centre of the crowd took refuge close to the buildings, watched her way narrowly, and the next instant had disappeared down a basement stairway, lost in darkness, and the crowd, with her pursuers, surged past.

For nearly an hour she crouched in that damp, dirty place, for her strength was utterly exhausted, and there she could rest. There was a feeling of security in the darkness, and the depths of dust and dirt which her hand could feel on the stairs showed that no one had been up and down for some time.

Longer time could not be wasted. She knew that soon, if not now, every policeman in New York would have her description and track her steps; and with her heart beating anew with terror, she came out of her hiding-place, and once more joined the throng, now considerably thinner, and turned face down-town instead of homeward.

She fully realized that in her wrappings she was most conspicuous—that some change must be made, or she could never escape undetected. So the first second-hand clothing-store on her way she entered.

"I would like to exchange this circular and hat for some plain dark wrap and bonnet," she said to the old woman who hobbled from the inner room, with curious glances at this elegantly dressed, ashen-faced customer.

"You would, hey? Well, now, that's singular enough. Let's see," and between her thumb and finger she pressed the soft cloth and fur; then, on its being unclasped and handed over, laid it on the counter and studied it through her glasses.

"Decide at once, please; I am in great haste."

"So it seems, and mighty odd, too. I'm afraid this business is a little crooked," muttered the old woman, still running her hand greedily over the soft fur, but recognizing the unnaturalness of such an exchange, and hesitating in the risk of accepting it.

"I assure you not at all; the things are my own; but I

have my own reasons for wishing to change. If you cannot accommodate me I will look further."

"Oh! well, yes, I guess I'll do it. What do you want?"

"This"—after a hasty glance over the exposed stock, and laying her hand on a shawl, which she shrewdly guessed was of different appearance on the wrong side—"and that," pointing to a bonnet trimmed with blue feathers and a pink rose.

"Well, this beats all natur'," muttered the woman, taking them down, and receiving in exchange the furry circular and gray felt hat, with its long plume and vail. "Rich old bargain for me, though," she added, as her strange customer donned her new apparel and disappeared again into the night.

The next stop was in a modest little store of ribbons, laces and so on; but by this time the shawl had been turned, showing a mottled gray and black instead of the two colors striped as on the right side, and the feathers and rose—two items that would figure largely in a description, should her new attire be traced—were resting safely in her pocket, leaving only a plain black bonnet, modestly trimmed with dark ribbon, at which no detective would look a second time, with the original trimming in his mind. A dark-green vail and black gloves, purchased and put on, made her feel comparatively safe, so that she took a car and rode to the ferry, crossed to Jersey City, and took the train with no fear save that which a naturally timid woman would feel at battling her way alone at night.

Many looked at her with curiosity and interest, for with a fear that remaining vailed would excite suspicion, she threw it aside; and there was something so strikingly beautiful in the pale, distinguished face under the plain bonnet, that it served to interest, until sleep interposed and closed the watcher's eyes. All night she rode sleeplessly, and when morning came, all the pallor was gone from her face, the wild, hunted look from her eyes, and in their place a color and brilliancy that she felt and lowered her vail to hide, for the joy of which they were born was too great and sacred for strange eyes to see and conjecture on.

In the gray break of morning she left the train at a little village that lay still wrapped in slumbering silence and November fog, and through its midst she went with a fleetness that was faster than the sluggish wind creeping up from the ocean and blowing lazily about.

At the end of the single long street she came to a pause and looked around, her hands clasped tightly over her heart, and all the color flying from her eager face and parted lips.

Facing the sea was a house, angular and old, and painted a dull, dreary red; and as she looked at it some great suspense or anguish made her clutch a near railing and lean heavily on it for a moment, crying, with a tearless, passionate eagerness:

"Oh, God! let it be so! Let me be right!"

Then she went swiftly ahead, opened the creaking gate with shaking fingers, went up the walk between rows of frost-touched poppies and asters, reached the doorway, and lifted and let fall the heavy brass knocker.

"Powers above! What's the matter? Who do you want?" demanded the girl who, half-asleep, opened the door after an endless waiting, and naturally enough, started back in alarm at the apparition of a woman with a face as white as death and speechlessly eager, and garments damp with the clinging fog.

"Hush! hush!" in a sort of half-choked, warning whisper. "Does Mrs. Dorlbe live here?"

"Yes, she does; but she's dead asleep, as any respectable woman ought to be at this hour of——"

"Let the lady in, Ellen. I will be right down," interrupted a voice from up-stairs; and at the words the stranger waited for no further invitation, but pushed by the stupefied servant, and sank trembling into a splint-bottomed chair inside the dark, narrow hall.

"Well, of all uncivilized perceedings!" muttered the girl, with an angry bang of the door, and slip-sliding away to her own quarters. "Pretty pass things has come to for a respectable house! I'll give warning if there's many more crazy men and women to be let in."

The stranger, faint and sick, was not left long to wait, for a woman came hurrying down the steep, short stairs in a moment, and asking, as she came:

"Is this Miss—Miss——"

"Rariden—yes. I came in answer to your—your letter."

"All right, my dear; don't faint," waxing motherly and familiar, for the poor girl threw out her hands with a feeble moan, and clasped them tightly as she breathed rather than spoke, a word of appealing anguish in her eyes:

"And it is true? He——"

"Yes, indeed, it is true, and he's neither slept nor eaten since we sent it off. Wait a minute. I'll tell him you've come."

She bustled hurriedly off, as if the errand was too delightful to admit of any delay, and almost unconsciously the girl rose and followed, clinging to the railing to climb the stairs, and then leaning faint and giddy against the wall. She saw her leader go ahead a little ways and tap on a door; then in a moment came a voice that sent the blood bounding fiercely to heart and brain.

"Come in," it said. Then she looked as the door was opened, and saw a small but pleasant room, with an old-fashioned four-post bed, drawn close to the window, and on it a man, with thin, pale face and great black eyes hungrily watching the gray dawn break through the drawn curtains.

"Mr. Dering——" began the lady, with a little twitch in her voice; but he turned his eyes from the window to her face, then raised up in bed and interrupted her:

"Speak quick!" he cried, hoarsely. "I was sure that I heard the knocker and voices; what——"

But he got no further. Through the hall and doorway, past and before Mrs. Dorlbe, came a figure with outstretched arms and radiant, speechless face.

"Hildegarde? My God!" he cried.

"Harry, oh, my husband—my husband!"

* * * * * *

A week later later, in this same room, a letter was being written. The sick man was propped with pillows to a sitting posture, his eyes resting with unspeakable devotion on the writer, who sat just a little distant, her happy face bent over her nearly completed task, and her pen rapidly skimming over the paper.

"There," she cried, at last, throwing it down and running to the bedside—"finished; all our sad, strange story, Harry, with its happy ending, and now it will be many, many days before we hear from it. But I am perfectly happy here, darling—this queer old house and the dear old ocean—aren't you?"

"Happy, Hildegarde?" he repeated, drawing her to him, with an intensity of feeling in his voice that vibrated like pain. "Oh, my darling, to once more have you after these years of anguish, do you suppose there is any nook or cranny of the world in which I would not be happy?"

She kissed him with the happy tears shining in her eyes,

GYPSIES AND THEIR FRIENDS.— A GYPSY VILLAGE IN WALLACHIA.—SEE PAGE 183.

and as they talk together, we will look over the closely-written pages left lying on the table, and see what their past has been.

"Dear Aunt MacGregor," is the address, after which the story comes as with impulsive eagerness:

"Do you wonder that you have not heard from me in all these many months? I do, now that I think of it, for in spite of land and sea that lies between us, I never had a joy or a sorrow before that I did not first tell you, and yet in these last long months, in which I have endured the misery of a life far worse than death, I have sent you no word of any kind. The only thing I ever kept from you I am going to tell you now. So prepare yourself to be terribly astonished, and to forgive me as you read.

"You remember Harry Dering, who has been my sweetheart ever since I was twelve, don't you, and how I loved him when you were here and I was only fifteen? Well, auntie, dear, it was a love that went with me from girlhood to womanhood, that grew with every day of my life, as it did with Harry, though he was eight years older than I, and, oh, so grand and splendid!

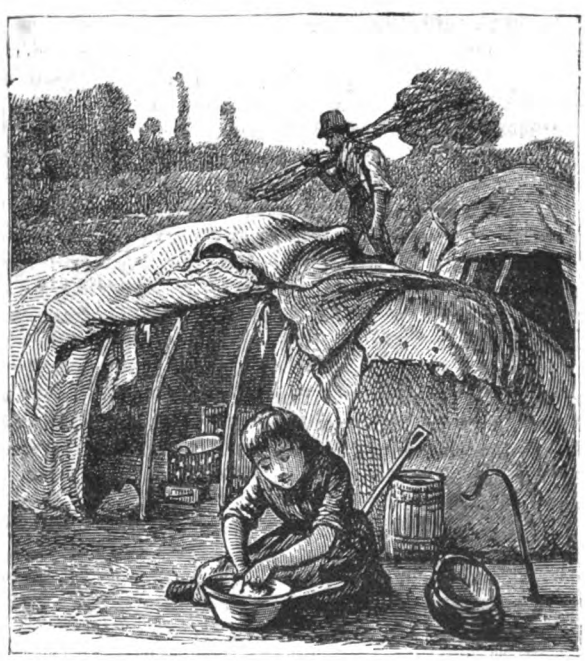
"He went up steadily in the navy and was made lieutenant, and when I was nearly eighteen he was ordered off on a three years' cruise, and went to papa to ask his consent to our marriage before he should leave. Papa was rude, ungentlemanly, and beside himself with anger. He first refused, and then ordered Harry from the house, with the command that we should never see or hear of one another again; and Harry went without a word, except to whisper to me as he passed, 'Meet me to-night at Mercy's.' I answered yes with my eyes, and was determined that I would or die. I expected to be watched, but papa did not seem suspicious, so I had no trouble.

"You remember Mercy Fremont, our dear friend?—well, when I reached there, she knew all of Harry's plan and approved of it fully—that we should be married in spite of papa and in secret. If Harry had been a stranger to us, I think I would have hesitated no matter how much I loved him; but I knew papa had no right to object, except that he was poor, for you know how noble and good Harry always was, auntie, so I did not hesitate but a minute; then Harry and I and Mercy went in a carriage to a little church far out, and there we were married. I never for a moment felt that I was doing wrong, and oh, I was so happy when Harry kissed me and said:

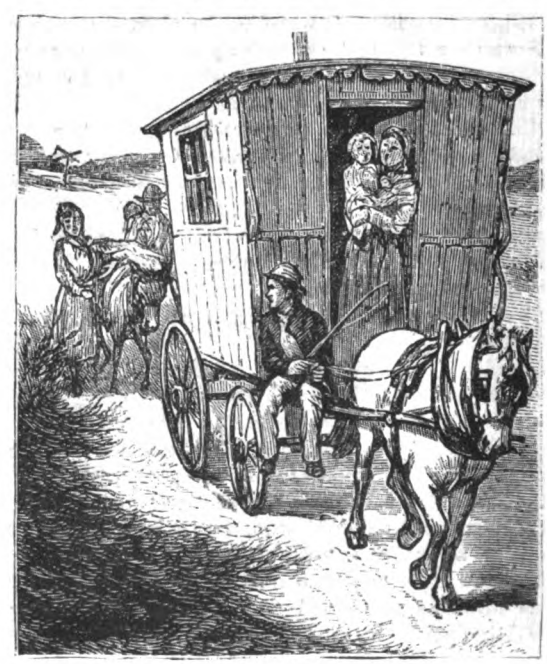
"'My wife, nothing but death can separate us now!'

"In another week he went away to be gone three years, and I thought my heart would break.

"I kept my secret for a year, at the end of which time papa began to press the suit of a rich old banker upon me. I tried every way to persuade him out of the idea, but he was obstinate, first kindly so, teasing, coaxing and



GYPSY CAMP IN ENGLAND.



GYPSIES ON THE MARCH.

GYPSIES AND THEIR FRIENDS.—A GYPSY GIRL DANCING THE ZORONGO IN SPAIN.—SEE PAGE 183.

petting me, then he lost all patience and commanded me to marry him at a certain time. You know, auntie, that I inherit papa's will and temper, so at this point I became as unmanageable as he, and told him that he might threaten and command until the end of the world that it would do no good, as I was already married. No need to describe the scene that followed; he was simply too furious to speak, and his looks frightened me, angry as I was. He listened to my hasty story, then ordered me from the room without another word, and did not speak to me again for three weeks.

"At the end of that time he sent for me to come to his library. He was very pale, but kind, and said that he had been hasty because bitterly disappointed, not in anything concerning Harry's character, but financially; that he was deeply involved, and my marriage with the old banker would have saved him; but it was doubtless best as it was. I had a good husband, and whom he had always liked, and he would write to him that very day and express his satisfaction. He wrote the letter while I sat there, and then I read it—such a kind, good letter—and I was perfectly happy. In just a little while after that my letters from Harry began to be irregular, and grew worse and worse. I wrote constantly but received few answers, and at last they stopped altogether. I was nearly frantic with alarm, and papa seemed as anxious as I. He went to the mail departments and inquired daily, but nothing came: they could find no trace of letters having gone astray, so he told me, and at last we heard that the ship had been wrecked near the Indies. Harry's name was not among the lost, but we knew he must be, and when I realized it I fainted and lay at the point of death for three months with terrible fever. I never knew anything to equal papa's kindness and sympathy through all that time, and afterward he was perfect devotion and care. So I got through another miserable year, and at the end of that time papa began about the old banker again, but in a different way. He appealed to my sympathy and love, and in the face of all his past kindness I was helpless. He said that utter ruin hung over his head, and that I could save him if I would. It made very little difference to me then what I did, life was so utterly, hopelessly worthless; besides, I wanted to help him if I could—so I consented. The rich old man, older than papa, was notified of my consent, and showered diamonds upon me like rain, and the marriage day was set.

"Oh, Aunt MacGregor, I cannot speak of my misery. Life seemed so hateful that I wanted to choke the very breath from my throat. Sometimes I went into such perfect spasms of rage and despair, that I was afraid I would kill myself. I stamped one of my new diamond necklaces all to atoms one day, and spit on the piles of satin and lace that were to be my wedding-dress.

"A week from to-morrow was the day for my wedding, and eight days ago my maid came to me and said that a queer old woman wanted to see me at the basement-door. I went down, and she first looked at me sharp, and muttered to herself, 'Tall, brown eyes, brown hair, and dimple in her chin.' Then, aloud, 'What's your name, please, miss?'"

"'Miss Rariden,' I answered, a little surprised.

"'Miss—excuse me, ma'am. I was ordered to be very particular. Miss *Hildegarde* Rariden?'

"'Yes. What do you wish?'

"'Well, I have a note, and I was ordered to give it right into Miss Hildegarde Rariden's hand, or to no one, and she was to look just as you look; so I guess you're the one.'

"Somehow, I grew cold as ice, and was so faint I could scarcely stand; but I took it, then sat down in a chair before I could read it. It said:

"'MISS HILDEGARDE RARIDEN:—The other day a boat coming in brought three men who were wrecked off the Indies some thirteen months ago, and were made prisoners. One of them was very ill, and his comrades told me if I would take him in and take care of him for a while I would be well paid. I did so. As soon as he came to his senses and found that he was once more in this country, he grew almost too wild to manage, and insisted on getting up and going on to New York at once. It was a dead impossibility, and when he found it so he told me his story—how you and he were married in secret, and how he had not heard from you for months past, and suspected your father had found out the marriage, and was trying at foul play, or something of the kind. I was much interested, and we finally hit on this plan of getting word direct to you. If you are true, and worthy all the worship and trust that poor man puts in you, you will come at once to S——, and at the end of the main street, in an old-fashioned red brick that faces the water, you will find your husband.

"'Yours with respect, HANNAH DORLBE.'

"Then, at the bottom, in Harry's precious writing, only so weak and feeble:

"'Hildegarde, in God's name, what has parted us? Why have all my letters come back to me? I *will* not believe it of you, and take this means of reaching you direct, as it will if you are still in the old home. Oh, my darling, I am too weak to write! Come to me, or I will die!'

"Well, I managed some way not to faint, but to hide the precious paper in my bosom, and tell the old woman I would go at once.

"I rushed up-stairs, throwing my new diamond rings over the banisters as I went; then I put on the first hat and wrap I came across, took all the money I had, and rushed back down-stairs to the library. Papa was not there, so I scrawled over a piece of paper:

"'Harry is alive. You have deceived me from the first, and I am going to him. Say what you please to the public, I will tell the truth, and never spare you an atom. From the depths of my heart I wish you all the misery, ruin and disgrace possible; nor do I feel wicked in so doing. As you have been an unnatural father, so will I be an unnatural daughter. I hope we will never see one another again.'

"I left it so, and as I ran out of one door I heard him enter the other. Papa, you know, when aroused and desperate, is little less than a madman, and his high standing in the world is dearer to him than life itself. I knew if he pursued and caught me, he would hold me on any plea, would swear I was insane or anything, so you may imagine I flew as if I had veritable wings.

"It was nearly dark, and I felt safe until, at the Sixth Avenue elevated station, I found that he was following me. I caught a glimpse of his face as the train moved off, just out of his reach. He swore and shouted a great reward to whoever would follow me, and I knew he would go immediately and telegraph to every station or ferry to prevent my leaving the city.

"I left the train at the next station and got down in the crowd again, mixed around aimlessly, so as to baffle any one who might be following me, and finally dropped into a dark cellar-way and hid an hour. After that I went into a second-hand store and traded my hat and cloak for plain dark ones, and went on without further trouble.

"I reached S—— next morning, found the house, and—I can scarcely write straight I am so excited even now—found my Harry, my own husband; and—oh, auntie, can you imagine our meeting? It was, and has been since, like heaven on earth to me, and he is growing better constantly. As soon as he is able to travel we sail for Europe, and our first direction shall be to you in dear old Scotland. I can imagine you now meeting us with open arms, and

when in those arms, with your dear face close to mine, I will tell you—the only mother I ever knew—all the particulars of my story, and Harry's life of hardship and bitter despair during our separation. Until then every moment of my life will be devoted to him and to thanking God for bringing us together again.

"We have heard nothing of papa or know nothing of how the world murmurs over a runaway bride. Shut in this old house down by the sea, we have only each other, and seem shut out from the world and all future sadness or trouble. The happiest woman who ever lived is the one who signs herself, with a heart full of love,

"HILDEGARDE RARIDEN."

HISTORICAL AMERICAN FLAGS.

AT the commencement of the American Revolution there was a variety of flags displayed in the revolted colonies. The Union flags mentioned so frequently in the newspapers of 1774 were the ordinary English ensigns bearing the Union Jack. These generally bore some patriotic motto, such as "Liberty," "Liberty and Property" and "Liberty and Union."

After the battle of Lexington the Connecticut troops displayed on their standard the arms of the colony, with the motto "*Qui transtulit sustinet*," and later by an Act of the Provincial Congress, the regiments were distinguished by the colors of their flags—as for the Seventh, blue; and for the Eighth, orange. The early ships of New York are said to have displayed a beaver, the device of the New Netherlands, on their ensigns. It is uncertain what flag, if any, was used by the Americans at Bunker Hill. The flag displayed by Putnam, of Prospect Hill, on July 18th following, was red, with "*Qui transtulit sustinet*" on one side, and on the other side an "Appeal to Heaven." This last motto was adopted April 29th, 1776, by the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts as the one to be borne on the flag of the Congress of the colony, a white flag with a green pine-tree. What flag Arnold carried in his expedition to the Canadas is not known.

The first armed vessel commissioned by Washington sailed under the "Pine Tree Flag." The first republican flag unfurled in the Southern States was blue, with a white cresent on the upper corner next to the staff, designed by Colonel William Moultrie, of Charleston, at the request of the Council of Safety, and was hoisted on the fortification of that city in September, 1775. The flag displayed on the east bastion of Fort Sullivan, afterward called Moultrie, on June 28th, 1776, was the same, with the word Liberty on it. On the west bastion waved the flag called the "Great Union," first raised by Washington at Cambridge, January 2d, 1776. They consisted of thirteen alternate red and white stripes of the present flag of the United States, with the cross of St. George and St. Andrew emblazoned on the blue cotton in the place of the stars. This flag was carried also by the fleet under the command of Commodore Esek Hopkins when it sailed from the Delaware Capes, February 17th, 1776.

Hopkins had the device of a rattlesnake in the attitude of striking, with the motto, "Don't Tread on Me." This emblem was suggested, probably, by the cuts displayed in the newspapers at the time, which presented a snake divided into thirteen parts, each bearing the abbreviation of a colony with the motto beneath: "Join or Die," typifying the necessity of union. The snake was represented generally with thirteen rattles. Sometimes it was coiled around the pine-tree at its base, and sometimes depicted at full length on a field of thirteen alternate red and white and red and blue stripes.

GYPSIES AND THEIR FRIENDS.

ONE day, 450 years ago, or thereabout, there knocked at the gates of the City of Lüneburg, on the Elbe, as strange a rabble rout as had ever been seen by German burgher. There were 300 of them, men and women, accompanied by an extraordinary number of children. They were dusky of skin, with jet-black hair and eyes; they wore strange garments; they were unwashed and dirty even beyond the liberal limits tolerated by the cold-water-fearing citizens of Lüneburg; they had with them horses, donkeys, and carts; they were led by two men whom they described as Duke and Count. These two alone were dressed in some kind of splendor, and rode richly caparisoned horses; they were most courteous in manner; they seemed careful to conciliate; they talked among themselves a strange language, and they understood the language of the country. All they asked was permission to camp for a few days outside the gates.

All the Lueneburgers turned out to gaze open-mouthed at these pilgrims, while the Duke and Count told the authorities their tale, which was wild and romantic; even had they invented a story to suit their own objects, no other could so well have enlisted the sympathies of a credulous, kindly, uncritical and soft-hearted folk. Many years before, they explained, while the tears of penitence stood in the eyes of all but the youngest children, they had been a Christian community, living in orthodoxy, and therefore happiness, in a far-off country known as Egypt. The Lueneburgers had heard of Egypt. Crusades had not been out of fashion more than 200 years, and people still told of dreadful things done in Egypt as well as in the Holy Land.

Egypt, indeed, was about as well known to medieval Europe as it was to the Israelites under the Judges. The strangers came from Egypt. It was the land of the phœnix. It was not far from the dominions of Prester John. It was the country of the Saracen and the Infidel. They were, then, a happy Christian flock. To their valley came the Saracens, an execrable race, worshiping Mahound. Yielding, in an evil hour, to the threats and persecutions of their conquerors, they—here they turned their faces and wept aloud—they abjured Christ. But thereafter they had no rest or peace, and a remorse so deep fell upon their souls that they were fain to arise, leave their homes, and journey to Rome in hope of getting reconciliation with the Church. They were graciously received by the Pope, who promised to admit them back into the fold after seven years of penitential wandering. They had letters of credit from King Sigismund—would the Lueneburgers kindly look at them?—granting safe conduct and recommending them to the protection of all honest people.

The Lueneberg folk were touched at the recital of so much suffering in a cause so good; they granted the request of the strangers. They allowed them to encamp; they watched in curiosity while the black tents were pitched, the naked babies rolled out on the grass, the donkeys tethered, and the brass kettle slung over the newly-kindled fire; then they went home. The next day the strangers visited the town. In the evening a good many things were missed, especially those unconsidered trifles which a housewife may leave about her doorway. Poultry became suddenly scarce; eggs doubled in price; it was rumored that purses had been lost while their owners gazed at the strangers; cherished cups of silver were not to be found. Could it be that these Christian penitents, these remorseful backsliders, these seekers after holiness, these interesting pilgrims, so gentle of speech, so courteous and humble, were cut-purses and thieves?

The next day there remained no longer any doubt about the matter at all, because the gentle strangers were taken in the act, red-handed. While the Lueneburgers took counsel, in their leisurely way, how to meet a case so uncommon, the pilgrims suddenly decamped, leaving nothing behind them but the ashes of their fires and the picked bones of the purloined poultry. Then Dogberry called unto him his brother Verges, and they fell to thanking God that they were rid of knaves.

This was the first historical appearance of gypsies.

It was a curious place to appear in. The mouth of the Elbe is a long way from Egypt, even if you travel by sea, which does not appear to have been the case; and a journey on land not only would have been infinitely more fatiguing, but would, one would think, have led to some notice on the road before reaching Lueneburg. There, however, the gypsies certainly are first heard of, and henceforth history has plenty to say about their doings.

From Lueneburg they went to Hamburg, Luebeck, Rostock, Griefswald, traveling in an easterly direction. They are mentioned as having appeared in Saxony, where they were driven away, as at Lueneburg, for their thievish propensities. They traveled through Switzerland, headed by their great Duke Michael, and pretending to have been expelled from Egypt by the Turks.

AN OLD GYPSY FORTUNE-TELLER.

Their story in these early years, though it varied in particulars, remained the same in essentials. In Provence they called themselves Saracens; in Swabia they were Egyptians, doomed to everlasting wanderings for having refused hospitality to the Virgin and Joseph; at Bâle, where they exhibited letters of safe conduct from the Pope, they were also Egyptians. Always the Land of the Nile; always the same pretense, or it may be reminiscence, of sojourn in Egypt; always, to soothe the suspicions of priests, faithful and submissive sons of the Church.

From the very first their real character was apparent. They lie, cheat and steal at Lueneberg; they lie and steal everywhere; they tell fortunes and cut purses, they buy and sell horses, they poison pigs, they rob and plunder, they wander and they will not work.

They first came to Paris in the year 1427, when more people went to see them, we are told, than ever crowded to the Fair of Laudet.

Nearly all had their ears pierced, and in each ear were one or two rings of silver, which they pointed to as the sign of noble birth. The men were very black, with frizzled hair; the women were the ugliest and blackest creatures ever seen, with hair like a horse's tail, and no other covering than a single shaggy robe, tied at the shoulders with a cloth or cord. In the company were fortune-tellers, who looked into the hands of people, told them what had happened, and what was going to happen, so introducing discord into many families. The worst was, that while they were thus engaged they contrived, either by magic or by the help of the devil, or by pure skill, to empty the pockets of everybody.

They remained at St. Denis for a month, when they received peremptory orders to quit for the usual reason.

Lacroix gives an engraving of a picture of the sixteenth century, representing the march of a gypsy troop; it is an animated and spirited drawing. The central figure is a stalwart, well-dressed gypsy, evidently the leader. The hair, the features, the eyes, the whole bearing of the man have a rakish, devil-may-care expression, which somehow or other, for we never see it now, we associate with the gypsy. He is typical and he is unmistakable. This striking gypsy face is, moreover, very remarkable, because, in the many medieval pictures which illustrate Jewish life and persecutions, the Semitic face is scarcely ever caught at all; and yet the Jewish features would seem at first more marked than those of the Rommany. After this wandering chieftain follow his people: the women on horses and donkeys, with little naked children in baskets; troops of boys and girls on foot; there are dogs, there are cats, there are baskets; you have a tribe complete as it was 300 years ago.

In the sixteenth century trouble began for the Roman folk. By this time their character was perfectly well known. They were called Bohemians, Heathen, Gitanos, Pharaohites, Robbers, Tartars and Zigeuner. They had abandoned the old lying story of the penitential wanderings; they were outcasts; their hand was against every man's hand; their customs were the same then as they are

described now by Leland or Borrow; they were godless, having no religion; they lived without law, having no morality; they lived without order, having no social bonds; they received into their ranks all comers without question; they were predatory in their habits; they would do no manner of work.

Persecution first began in Spain, and in 1492 they were ordered to quit forthwith. Spain is a country beautifully adapted for the imitator of Ishmael, abounding as it does in wild mountain retreats, such as those in which Don Quixote retired to lament his Dulcinea. The gypsies left the roads and sought the mountains. When the order

A GYPSY BELLE.

was forgotten they came out again. What they are now, and have been for generations to Spain, Barrow has told us.

In France they were ordered to leave the country by Francis I., by Charles IX., and by Louis XIII., in succession. Here they seemed to have gradually amalgamated with the *matois*, *mercelots* and *gueux*, the tramps and beggars. Duke Michael and Count Andrew gave way to "*le grand Cœsre*," the chief of all the *truands;* they found hospitality and shelter in the Cours des Miracles of Paris, Lyons and Bordeaux; and, with their brother-rogues, they made the yearly pilgrimage to pay homage and tribute to their chief at Ste. Anne d'Auray, in Brittany.

In Italy, Denmark, the Netherlands and Sweden repeated Acts were passed for their expulsion. In Germany the persecution against them was the longest and the most severe. It is not a hundred years since forty Hungarian gypsies were quartered alive, broken on the wheel and otherwise put to horrible deaths, on a charge of murder and cannibalism, for which another 150 were put in chains. But, like the Jews, whatever persecutions were instituted against them, their numbers did not decrease. If Hungary refused to receive them they tried Poland; if Poland ordered them away they marched over the frontier into Russia. Maria Therese tried to make them settle down. She caught 80,000, and ordered them by the strictest injunctions to live in houses and work. We have not heard how the experiment succeeded.

In general, however, the persecution was a bloodless one. There was a good deal of whipping at the cart's tail, and a few hangings, but as a rule the injunction was simply what it is now—*to move on.*

"'Pack and be out of this forthwith!
D'you know you have no business here?'
'No; we hain't got,' said Samuel Smith,
'No business to be anywhere.'
So wearily they went away,
Yet soon were camped in t'other lane;
And soon they laughed as wild and gay,
And soon the kettle boiled again."

There were exceptions. In Flanders, a gypsy who was found in the country after Charles V.'s edicts, was sentenced to have his nose slit, his head shaven, his beard cut off, to be well flogged, and then to be driven across the frontier. One poor wretch, who had suffered these accumulated buffets three times, came back with a request that they would be good enough to hang him. And in the same country gypsy women were known to give themselves up with a despairing entreaty that they might be put to death, even by the stake and the fire. But the Inquisition did not interfere with them, as being too poor and contemptible; and in religious persecutions the gypsies were kindly allowed by all sides to have no religion at all.

The English gypsies are first described in an anonymous work published in 1612. The author, S. R., dates their appearance in the country to the beginning of the sixteenth century, when, as he says, "Certain Egyptians banished their country, belike not for their good conditions, arrived here in England, who, for quaint tricks and devices not known here at that time among us, were esteemed, and had unjust admiration, insomuch that many of our English loiterers joined with them, and in time learned their crafty cozening."

They rode through the country headed by Giles Hather, their king, and Callot, their queen. They went about in bands of thirty to ninety families, with light carts and donkeys; they told fortunes; stole any little thing that lay about; killed pigs with a poison which did not prevent their eating the flesh; doctored and dealt in horses. They were suspected in Elizabeth's reign of harboring priests; they were confounded by the statutes with the English tramps—those Abraham men and Pikers who still exist, despised by the Roman folk, under the name of Chorodies and Kora-mengre; they are described in the "Adventures of Merritun Latrun."

As early as 1522 they were ordered to quit the country, and a fine—enormous for that time—of forty pounds was imposed on those who should import them. The last fact is suggestive, showing that they were in some popularity. No doubt the dancing of the girls and the palmistry of the women were the chief attractive qualities of the gypsies.

In the last century they were suspected of stealing children; and in 1740 two men were sentenced to be hanged, and two women burned in the hand, for kidnapping a wretched girl named Elizabeth Canning, who had hidden herself for a very good and sufficient reason, and on her return to the social circle which she adorned, made up a story of kidnapping. It is satisfactory to know that, for perjury, she was sent to His Majesty's plantations.

The English gypsies have had the honor of producing several men of mark, especially in the annals of the P. R. They have also produced—at least, we like to think so—one great, very great man, John Bunyan. What else can the author of "The Pilgrim's Progress" mean when he says, "My father belonged to that rank which is meanest and most despised of all the families in the land"?

Such, briefly told, are the annals of the gypsies. They are a separate, distinct, and persecuted race, like the Jews. Like them, too, they have their own language, their own facial and cranial peculiarities; like them, they are scattered over the whole of the world. Professor Palmer met them in Moab, and talked Rommany beside the black tents of the Bedawin. In Egypt, their pretended home, Mr. Leland found three distinct tribes of this people, though they could not or would not understand his Rommany. Like the Jews, too, they come from Egypt; everybody has noticed the resemblance, only it must not be carried too far. The Rommany is a pariah, and descended from pariahs; the Jew is an aristocrat. If the Rommany ever had a place of their own in the world, it has been forgotten; the Jew never loses sight of his heritage among the hills of Judah. The Rommany has no vestige of religion, except when a little has been infused into him by his modern friends; from the Jew have come the two chief religions of the world. At best, the Rommany is but a mockery of the Jew. Mr. Leland seems to go too far when he says: "The poor gypsies would seem to a humorist to have been created by the devil, whose name they almost use for God, a living parody and satanic burlesque of all that human faith, doubt, or wisdom have ever accomplished in their highest forms. . . . All over the world this black and God-wanting shadow dances behind the solid Theism of the 'People.' . . . How often have we heard that the preservation of the Jews is a phenomenon without equal? And yet they both live—the sad and sober Jew, the gay and tipsy gypsy, Shemite and Aryan—the one so ridiculously like and unlike the other that we may almost wonder whether Humor does not enter into the Divine purpose, and have its place in the destiny of man."

There have been other races kept apart from the world and preserved, a separate caste. The Cagots of France lived for centuries beside their countrymen, and neither married nor consorted with them. They had their own place in church, their own door of entrance, their own holy water, their own place of burial; they married only

with each other, were marked by certain physical peculiarities, especially a malformation of the ear, had their places of resort, their dances, their songs, and their customs.

The Cagots, much more strongly than the gypsies, resembled the Jews. For they were a sedentary people; their occupations took them among the rest of mankind, from whom they were separated by no lack of common interests, but solely by the barrier of an ineradicable prejudice. It seemed as if the distinction was so strongly rooted that it would endure until the last Cagot was placed in the Cagot's corner of the churchyard. But Cagotterie has passed away, and is forgotten save in proverbs.

And in the same way the gypsies are gradually disappearing before influences which doom them to destruction. The Crystal Palace, with the city of villas round it, covers the spot where, thirty years ago, the King of the gypsies hold his court; the "Potteries" of Latimer Road are gone, and there is a station of the District Railway in their place. I believe that the Shaftesbury Estate covers the fields where the gypsies loved ten years ago to pitch their Winter tents. The inclosure of commons, the reclamation of waste land, the improvements in farming, and, above all, the rural police, are rapidly driving these nomads off the roads and into the towns, where they will soon enough be absorbed in the population round them.. Already the old black blood has been crossed and recrossed; the pure gypsy is as scarce as a black swan; the old customs have been prevented; the old language has been nearly lost; the traditions are forgotten, and, more extraordinary still, among these godless tribes there had been awakened the semblance—call it the first rudimentary glimpse—of religious belief; and they like to be buried in consecrated ground. It is the beginning of the end, and in a few more years the gypsy encampment, picturesque with its tents, its bits of color standing out against the green hedge, its wood-fire smoke curling up among the trees, and its bright-eyed girls, will be a memory and tradition of the past.

Where did the gypsies really come from? In what country was the cradle of this race of wanderers? A question which has been answered in a hundred ways; the wildest theories have been advanced, and on the slendercst grounds. They wandered from the province of Zeugitana in Africa; they were fugitives from the City of Singara in Mesopotamia, driven out by Julian the Apostate; they came from Mount Caucasus; their name, "Zigeuner," is a corruption of Sarscener; they are the Canaanites whom Joshua dispossessed; they are Egyptians; they are Amorites. All these theories are based upon their names. Other origins are assigned them from the peculiarities of their customs and language; they are fakirs; they are the remains of Attila's Huns; they are the descendants of Cain; they are German Jews, who, during the dreadful persecution of the fourteenth century, betook themselves to the woods and remained there till the troubled times passed over; they are Tartars, separated from Timur's hosts about the beginning of the fifteenth century; they are Circassians, driven away from their homes by this very Timur with his Tartars; they are Bohemians; they are Sudras from India. All these opinions and many more are enumerated at length in Grellman, and quoted by everybody who has written on the subject.

As we write these lines, we read that M. Bataillard, who has made the gypsies his study for many years, has in the press a paper in which he attributes altogether a new origin to them. Mr. Charles Leland's opinion is that they are the descendants of a vast number of Hindoos of the primitive tribes of Hindoostan, who were expelled or emigrated from that country early in the fourteenth century, and that they were identical with the two castes of the Doms and Nats—the latter being at the present day the real gypsies of India.

The people have drawn around them a whole literature of inquiry and research. The names of Simson, Borrow, Pott, Grellmann, Liebech, Paspati, Smidt, which are readiest to our hand, have been quite recently supplemented by the addition of Mr. Charles Leland and Professor E. H. Palmer. Rommany literature is like the Homeric ballads, inasmuch as it is entirely oral—unlike the Iliad, it is extremely limited in extent. Borrow, in his latest work, gives a few songs and pieces in verse, but the Rommany folk are not given to poetry. On the other hand, they are full of proverbs, parables, and quaint stories, of which Mr. Leland has collected a great number. For instance:

"When I was sitting in the forest under great trees, I asked a little bird to bring me a little bread, but it went away and I never saw it again. Then I asked a great bird to bring me a cup of brandy, but it flew away after the other. I never asked the tree overhead for anything, but when the wind came it threw down to me a hundred ripe nuts."

The gypsy, observe, does not think of working for his bread, or his brandy, or his nuts. He asks in vain for the first two, and the third he gets without asking. The moral of this parable seems to be that luck is everything.

Here are two others, each with its own moral appended:

"Once the cat went to see her cousin, the hare. And there came a hunter, and the cat scrambled up the hill, further up, up a tree; and there she found a bird's nest. But the hare ran down the hill, far down into the country.

"Bad luck sends a poor man further down, but it causes a great man to rise still more.

"On a day a poor man had a dog that used to steal things and carry them home for his master—meat, money, watches and spoons. A gentleman bought the dog, and made a great deal of money by showing him at fairs.

"Where rich men can make money honestly, poor men have to steal."

More of the wisdom of the Egyptians has been collected by Mr. Barrow. Here is some of it:

"My father, why were worms made? My son, that moles might live by eating them. My father, why were moles made? My son, that you and I might live by catching them. My father, why were you and I made? My son, that worms might live by eating us.

"The true way to be a wise man is to hear, see and bear in mind.

"What good is there in the Rommany tongue? There is plenty, plenty of good in it; plenty of our people would have been transported or hung but for the old, poor, Roman language. A word in Rommany said in time to a little girl, and carried to the camp, has caused a great purse of money and other things which had been stolen to be stowed under ground; so that when the constables came they could find nothing, and had not only to let the gypsy they had taken up go his way, but also to beg his pardon.

"The man who has not the whip-hand of his tongue and his temper is not fit to go into company.

"It is not a wise thing to say you have been wrong. If you allow you have been wrong, people will say you may be a very honest fellow, but you are certainly a very great fool."

Add to these pithy sayings some of the proverbs and clearer phrases collected by Mr. Leland. They are as wise as Captain Burton's Syrian Proverbs:

"When the wind is high move your tent to the other side of the hedge; *i.e.*, change your side according to the circumstances.

"Never buy a handkerchief or choose a wife by candle-light.

"Nice reeds make nice baskets.

A GYPSY KITCHEN.

"It's like a kiss, good for nothing unless divided between two.
"Don't ask for a thing when you can't get it.
"It is always the largest fish that falls back into the water.
"There may be adversity in a large house as well as in a small one.
"Keep it a secret in your own heart and nobody will know it.
"Clean water never came from a dirty place.
"Behind bad luck comes good luck.
"There is a sweet sleep at the end of a long road.
"Wait till the moon rises.
"An ass that carries you is better than a horse that throws you off."

The result is small, when the most ardent admirer of the gypsies has set down all he knows and he learned from them. They have few traditions, and those of no importance; their literature is the very scantiest that ever adorned a people, and their proverbs, though some of them, as we have seen, are good, amount, when they are all written down, to no more than Sancho Panza would reel off in the course of a ten minutes' sitting on the seat of justice in Barataria. Their latest admirers, Messrs. Leland and Palmer, doubtless feeling that the belongings of gypsydom wanted completeness, have attempted to remedy this baldness by the creation of a purely Rommany literature.

There was once a French poet who married, not all at once, but in succession, no fewer than three servant-girls. Partly to escape the obvious ridicule which attached to so literal an obedience to the well-known Horatian advice, this divine bard gave out that his third wife was a genius, and published verses, written by himself, under his wife's name. No one failed to see through the trick, but the poet's vanity was gratified. This is not quite what Charles Leland, Professor Palmer, and Miss Janet Tuckey have done, but it is something like it. We could almost have wished that they had published these volumes as a professed collection of genuine Rommany songs, translated by three Gorgios. Then we might have had a very pretty controversy like that over Ossian. It may not yet be too late. Meantime they have produced a book full of their own poems in Rommany and English, which reminds one of Sterne's celebrated tale from the collections of Slawkenbergius, inasmuch as it is impossible to tell whether the English or the Rommany was written first. Let us take one as an example of the poetry a gypsy might make—if he was not a gypsy, and knew how. It is a spirited little sketch by that learned pundit, who, when he is not reading Sinaitic inscriptions, loves to sit on the grass and talk to the Rommany folk:

"Mebbe you've heard it's the Rommany way
To say that religion lies;
But I know it's all true what the parsons say,
For I saw the Devil himself one day,
With these 'ere blessed eyes.

HUNGARIAN GYPSIES ON THE MOVE.

A FAIR YOUNG GYPSY FORTUNE-TELLER.

"I was campin' out in a field one night,
But I couldn't sleep one wink;
For I suddenly got a sort of a fright,
And I fancied the donkey warn't all right—
Now 'twas prophecy, that, I think.

"Then I says, 'I'll take a look around,'
So out in the air I went,
And then in the dim half light I found
That the donkey was standin' safe and sound,
A-grazin' outside the tent.

"'Come up,' I says, says I to the moke,
For him and me was friends;
An' he allus knew me when I spoke,
An' he used to canter up and poke
His nose into my hands.

"But this 'ere time, and I needn't say
That I thought it rather rum,
Though he stood as still as a lump of clay,
Yet the furder he seemed to get a'way
The nigher I tried to come.

"At last he wandered out of sight,
And I knew when day came round,
That the donkey I'd followed all through the night
Was the Devil himself—for when 'twas light
I saw my own in the pound.

"It's a wrong idea most folks have got,
That Rommany chaps like me
Haven't any dear God to look after the lot;
For the Devil he tempts us quite as hot
As any one else you see."

This is a real story, told by a gypsy in Suffolk, who firmly believed that he had actually seen the devil in the likeness of his own donkey. Why not?

This little volume of verse is full of good reading. The three writers seem to have divided their work on a regular plan. Miss Tuckey took the sentiment. She tells how the lady of the Gorgios, the Queen, sent knitted socks and blankets for the twins born in Windsor Park. She touches the fountain of tears, and tries, not unsuccessfully, to show how these ignorant wanderers may feel what beauty, picturesqueness and pathos lie along their lives. It is overdone, perhaps; if gypsies talked and felt as Miss Tuckey does, they would not be gypsies any longer. Professor Palmer, on the other hand, gives his gypsies as they are, without any varnish. The Roman folk, with him, are the grown-up children which Leland calls them. One of them has his hatchet taken from him, and cries over it like a child over a toy. They tell their tricks and cheateries to each other, and look for applause:

"'Oh! where have you been, my bonny lad?'
'Oh! I have been up at the fair, my boys,
With a hack to sell,
And I cheated a swell,
And all for the love of the gypsy boys.'

"'Oh! where have you been, old mother, to-day?'
'Oh! I have been up at the farm, my boys;
And I needn't say how
I doctored a sow,
And all for the love of the gypsy boys.'"

They have a dance, and a most enjoyable free fight; they show themselves in their true colors, as innocent of a conscience or a soul as Panurge; as utterly devoid of morality, shame, or religion as any animal of the field; they live in terror of the law, and lament the absence of friends who are in trouble:

"You knows Mat Lovell, sir, of course,
Who lost his wife some years ago?
He's took for stealin' of a horse,
And got three years for doin' so.

"But—hang them magistrates, I say!—
By my dead father this I swears:
The chap as took that horse away
Ain't in the shirt that Matthew wears!

Why didn't I give evidence,
If I knew that? Ah, there's the rub;
I couldn't speak for the defense,
'Cos my old man had done the job.

"He oughter proved a hali bi,
Said where he'd been and what about?
Poor fellow! Ah, he dursn't try;
They'd hang him if they found that out."

I think these verses unrivaled in their suggestiveness, especially the last.

Mr. Leland's contributions to this unique volume partake of Professor Palmer's realism and Miss Tuckey's sentiment. He is the philosopher of Rommany; he *thinks*, which no gypsy ever did yet. Thus, is this a likely sort of thing to find in Rommany? The gypsies, turned out of one encampment, make themselves equally happy in another.

"And as they settled down below,
I could but think upon the bliss
'Twould be to many men I know,
To move as lightly 'out of this.'
Out of this life of 'morning calls,'
And weary work and wasted breath;
These prison cells of pictured walls,
When they are always 'bored to death.'"

Charles Leland tells his stories—racy stories, too, most of them—with the *entrain* and vigor which belong to him, but he adds to the gypsy narrative that indescribable touch which marks the Gorgio. He has not been able to escape from himself.

We can scarcely hope that the Rommany folk will take this book to themselves and assimilate its contents. That would be a literary phenomenon without a parallel. Poems have been written in the Creole patois of Mauritius, Bourbon, and Trinidad, but the negroes and mulattoes have not taken to singing them. Still the work deserves to live as a monument of literary ingenuity, and a tribute to the possibilities of the Rommany tongue.

Before many years the book will be a funeral monument, a sepulchre in which the language of an extinct race will lie enshrined. Our grandchildren will never see the gypsy tent; that kettle which suggests unbounded richness of flavor—slung up over the fire of sticks; the barefooted, brown little children; the black-eyed "juvas"; the old crone who hobbled to the front, equally ready with a blessing or a curse; the donkey and the cart. What will they sigh after, those bereaved grandchildren, when their civilization sits heavy as lead upon them, heavier than it is upon us?

In these times, when the "world is too much with us," we can turn our thoughts to the careless rovers who have no care about getting or spending, who live for the day, and perish like the leaves; but in what vague envy will posterity take refuge? Perhaps there will be no more leafy lanes allowed by farmers; perhaps there will be no green spaces left uncultivated; perhaps there will be no forest glades in England; certainly, and without any doubt, there will be no more tramps, Abraham men, routers, or Rommany folk. They will all belong to that land of shadows where the soulless Autolycus chants his ditty.

WORK is a necessity in one way or another to all of us. Overwork is of our own making, and, like all self-imposed burdens, is beyond our strength.

THE GRAVE OF CHARLOTTE TEMPLE.

Among the countless throng who daily pass and repass Trinity Church, New York, how many know that within a few feet of the crowded thoroughfare of Broadway is a grave which covers all that remains of a once beautiful and fascinating woman, the record of whose sorrows has dimmed the eyes of thousands. No date of birth, no indication of family, and no date of death appear on the stone that covers the grave of Charlotte Temple, whose tragic story, once the theme of every circle, is probably unknown to the greater number of young readers.

The most beautiful girl in New York—so it is claimed—had attracted the attention of a young officer, a member of one of England's oldest and proudest families, who, with his regiment, entered the city when the British entered New York after the battle of Long Island. Charlotte, then only seventeen, was wooed and won by the young officer. He deserted, and then—the old story—she soon after died of a broken heart. A little daughter which she left was tenderly cared for, and at a proper age was taken to England, had a fortune of $10,000 settled upon her by the head of her father's family, the late Earl of Derby, grandfather of the present Lord Stanley. She, like a true daughter and true woman, returned to New York and erected the monument that now marks the mother's grave. The inscription upon it was engraved upon a solid tablet of brass, an inch in thickness, heavily plated with silver, and thus it read:

Sacred to the Memory of Charlotte Temple,
Aged 19 Years.

The filial duty performed, she returned to England and lived a life of unobtrusive piety and usefulness. The plate placed upon the stone that marked the grave was supposed to be of solid silver, and tempted the cupidity of certain vandals, who, with hammers and chisels, succeeded in prying it from the slab. They were never detected. Many years afterward some good Samaritan caused the simple name of Charlotte Temple to be cut underneath the excavation. There it may be seen, within a few feet of Broadway, by any one who will take the trouble to look through the iron-railing.

THE EAR-SHELL AND THE WOMEN-DIVERS OF JAPAN.

The daily food of 35,000,000 of people who inhabit the Japanese archipelago is fish and cereals. Animal flesh is not a regular article of diet. Millet in the north, rice in the south, with fish for the staple. The good daily food of Ebisu, who was once a fisherman. His idol is found in most houses among the lower classes.

All is fish that comes to the Japanese net. Rare is the living thing in the sea that is not put to use. Shark's flesh is chopped into a kind of paste, and sliced carp is eaten raw. Shell-fish are delicacies, and the *awabi*, or "sea-ear," is a favorite article of fresh and dried food.

It is something like an immense clam, except that it has but one shell, and fastens itself to the rocks below tidewater. Through a row of holes which perforate the shoulder or convex ridge of the shell, it sends out its tentacles, and breathes. From the fact that it holds on to the rock with its stomach, which also serves as a foot, it is called a *gastero-pod*.

Cleansed of its fleshy pulp, the "ear-shell" is often seen in our country, the iridescent surface being used for inlaying fine articles, and for making buttons. It is "mother-o'-pearl," though in this case the mother has no children; for I never heard of any gems being found in the haliotis.

Why the men do not go after this kind of game, but leave the women to do the diving, I have never understood. Certain it is that the girls and women excel as divers.

While living in Echizen, on the west coast of Japan, in 1870, I accompanied a party of fishermen to their grounds, and watched the mermaids at their work. Spite of the cold and wind, the women stripped to the waist, being covered below with a short garment of woven straw. Those who went among the rocks, where the boat could not follow, had each a basket strapped to her back, and a knife in her belt.

Deftly plunging into the deep water, they remained under a full minute. Sliding their knives under the shells they tossed them into their baskets, and after a short time swam to the boats and emptied their loads. When the boats could follow them the sculls were shipped, and the waiting-men relieved the divers of their spoil as fast as they came up.

LONGEVITY OF THE OYSTER.

The two oysters in question measure, one seven inches long and three and a half wide, the other seven and a half inches long and four inches wide. The shells are quite heavy, and for their size the oysters are not so large as might be inferred; but they were eaten, and the verdict was that one was good and the other fair. The age of an oyster may be reckoned by counting the lines in the depression or groove of the hinge of the bivalve. These lines truly indicate the layers or annual shell growths, being really the anterior extremity of the annual shell deposits. Now, in the upper groove there were five of these annual layer-lines in a quarter of an inch, and in the lower groove there were, as nearly as we could make out, three lines and a third of a line in a quarter of an inch, which would give thirty of these annual lines for the upper groove and thirty in the lower groove, all of which would tally with the tradition that the bivalve was thirty years old.

Two points are established by the above: First, the great longevity of the oyster—the specimens were in excellent condition, and there was nothing about them to disprove the belief that if allowed to lie undisturbed they might have lived and grown ten years longer—and second, that an oyster may be good and palatable food at a great age.

Chinese Beds.—There are two kinds of Chinese beds, and both are arranged for a complete shutting in by means of hanging-curtains and tapestry. The expensive kind is like a sort of cage, having a flat wooden roof, just the size of the bed proper, supported at a height of about eight feet from the floor on four corner posts and two intermediate ones. Then there is a sort of frieze, or entablature work running around horizontally, above and below, so that when you are in bed you are safely penned in a sort of cage, and cannot possibly tumble out. The carvings on these beds are sometimes very rich, and they cost much; but the ordinary and cheaper kind is made of two frames of wood, shaped something like the skeleton of an old-fashioned "settle," which are stood up on the floor, facing each other. A mattress is placed on the projecting parts of these frames, and a couple of slight sticks across the top; then curtains and hangings shut all in. Inside there is a cotton quilt, laid on the mattress frame. The occupant of the bed lies on this, having a little roll of stuff for the head, and for a covering a thick cotton quilt.

NED AND JACK.

When the ship is but a speck
To the landsman's feeble eye,
Sailors, lying on the deck,
Feel at home with sea and sky:
When the land's no longer seen
Light of heart the sailor is;
Nothing sea and sky between
But that gallant ship of his!

Pretty Jack, with curly hair,
Sunny eye and saucy lip,
Heart to love and soul to dare,
Is the darling of the ship!
Mother's pet at mother's knee
Only yesterday, it seems—
Now a sailor-boy is he,
Mother sees him but in dreams!

Such a dashing little rogue!
Such a loving little coax!
With a tiny touch of brogue,
To enhance his funny jokes;
With his childhood's innocence,
And the color of the skies,
And a charming impudence
Lighting his audacious eyes!

Is Jack only in a faint
That his blue eyes open wide
At this rough-and-ready saint
Who, to save him, would have died?
In amazement all start back;
How they look, and listen, too—
"Ned, don't die," says little Jack;
"Who'll masthead me, if you do?"

So both lived to play their parts;
Death retreated from them far
Sailors have such tender hearts
And such simple creatures are!
And I doubt, when all is said,
Which shows best in white and black:
An old sailor like our Ned
Or a sailor-boy like Jack!

In a cottage that I know
Both are welcome as the sun;
One, because it must be so—
T'other, for the sake of one:
In the mother's heart and home
Ned may to the best aspire—
I have often seen him come
To his corner by the fire.

If you ask the truth of Jack—
Did he faint, or was he dead?
Was his little soul brought back
By the earnest prayer of Ned?

What can tell us?—who can say?
Answer none this earth may give:
We but know that Ned did pray—
We but know that Jack did live!

Jack is ailing—all deplore!
Jack is ill and joy has fled;
Jack is dying—ah, no more!
Yes, alas! for—Jack is *dead!*
Gray old heads hang down in grief,
O'er rough cheeks tears trickle fast;
Strapping oaths give no relief—
So they turn to prayer at last.

Then an aged seaman said,
"Let me die instead of him;
Take a worn-out craft instead
Of a wherry tight and trim:
All my spars are getting loose—
Ropes and rigging are not taut;
Ned is useless—Jack's of use—
Give the thing a moment's thought!"

A DISCOVERY.

THE LETTER "S"; Or, THE JOCELYN SIN.

By INDE.

Chapter XIV.—Step by Step into the Grave.

A fortnight had elapsed since the news of Bernard's death reached Jocelyn Hall, and in all the whole fortnight Winifred had never appeared outside of her own apartments, and Fulke had never appeared inside of the Jocelyn boundaries.

Fulke had taken upon himself the mission of proving beyond a doubt the fact of Bernard's decease, and had departed for the city, to follow the young fellow step by step to the grave. General Jocelyn announced his intention of investigating the matter thoroughly, but Fulke heard it with insolent, taunting sarcasm.

"Perhaps you think I am going to give you a chance to slip off to Europe again ?" he sneered.

"What do you mean, Fulke ?" demanded his uncle, looking up in some perplexity. "I have no idea of going abroad again."

"How do I know that ? How do I know that you are not concocting some plausible excuse to dodge this bargain with me ?" he demanded, scowling in saturnine bitterness at the startled, shocked expression of Hugh Jocelyn's countenance, as it dawned upon him that he was no better than a prisoner, under this lynx-eyed, suspicious surveillance.

"Is that your meaning ?" slowly ejaculated the owner of Jocelyn Hall, a deep-red flush mounting to his very brow. "Do you suppose that my word is nothing ?"

"Confound your word !" rudely interrupted Fulke, taking up his hat. "I wouldn't give the snap of my finger for your word. A criminal flying for his life doesn't let words count for much. No, you will stay here until every letter of my terms has been complied with. You are not in the clutches of the law, but I beg to remind you that you are in my clutches, and I don't mean to let go until Winifred is my wife ; then you may go to the devil, for aught I care. But a bargain is a bargain, and you don't stir from this place until you have come up to time in every particular."

Hugh Jocelyn leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. This degradation was more than he could bear. A thin ray of sunshine strayed in between the leaves of the luxuriant creeper, and seemed to reveal, in startling distinctness, the haggard misery of his aspect. He had grown old in these last few weeks, so heavily freighted with shame and suffering.

"I can see to this matter as well as yourself," resumed Fulke, standing near the door, and not troubling himself to consult with any one upon the subject. Fulke laid down the law with inexorable roughness, sharpened by the morbid hatred in his heart for the Jocelyns. "I propose to go to town by the night express, and hunt up the details of Jocelyn's death, since Winifred insists upon it. I am certainly quite as much interested as yourself, and in the meantime I require you to remain here. It's not half so bad," he continued, with a sardonic jocoseness, "as the penitentiary—indeed, I prefer it to any prison I know of ; but, then, I am not a candidate for a cell, you know, and probably never will be. I shall return at the earliest possible moment, when my proof is conclusive, and lay it before Winifred," and Fulke banged the door after him angrily as he took his departure.

He had said he would tighten the vise upon Hugh Jocelyn, and Fulke had kept his word with deadly precision.

A fortnight had elapsed—a fortnight of suspense to all save the Frenchwoman. She had never been in such vivacious spirits—her color glowed with a hectic brightness only rivaled by the gaudy hues of her toilet.

A telegram announced Fulke's reappearance at Jocelyn Hall that afternoon. He would dine with them, and desired especially to see Winifred. How Winifred received this news no one knew save Mammie Jane, and she held her peace, only dropping mysterious hints among the servants about her "poor young miss." Marie received it with hilarious delight, and made an elaborate toilet an hour earlier than usual, and descended to the library to wait for that "savage," as she always termed him in her own deprecating way.

"And, Marie, when the talking is over the eating will begin, will it?" demanded old Madame Frissae, clutching her dress-skirt, just as Marie was about to trip down-stairs.

"Ah, *mon Dieu!* Yes, yes," was the impatient answer.

"And you will not chatter so long as to make the dinner wait, will you?"

"Imbecile! no."

"And, Marie, Marie, wait one moment. Let the talking be short, *mon enfant*, so the eating will soon come. We can talk always, but such eating is divine. Ah, *mon Dieu!* don't let the talking be much. Think of the soups and the *patés* and the jellies, and—and—the iced wine——"

But Marie had disappeared. She found the general in the library, and a few minutes later Fulke's homely, coarse visage appeared among them. The sinister triumph, the ill-suppressed exultation visible to the wary eyes of the Frenchwoman, told its own story. "He has had the best of it this time," Marie eagerly concluded, as she rang the bell and sent a message to Winifred. Hugh Jocelyn asked no questions and Fulke made no revelations. All three waited for Winifred, and after some delay Winifred, pale, but exquisitely lovely, glided into the room. She sat down beside the general, vouchsafing Fulke the merest possible greeting, and never once allowing her glance to rest upon him. Her toilet was strangely sombre, and utterly devoid of ornament, but Fulke's gaze seemed, as it always did, to devour her loveliness with a rapturous admiration.

"I have obeyed your command, Winifred," he said, drawing out a roll of papers and laying them on the table before him. "I have collected, at great labor and trouble, every shred of evidence of Bernard Jocelyn's death, and it is here. On Tuesday, you remember, March 6th, Bernard Jocelyn left the station by the 11:30 train, with John Devèy as an attendant. He reached the City of New York at three the following morning. The testimony of the hackman who drove them to the hotel proves that his condition bordered upon helpless exhaustion, and the evidence of the night-clerk of the City Hotel is to the effect that Devèy ordered coffee, with the hope of reviving him. Instead of reviving him, he sank rapidly from bad to worse, and in less than an hour all efforts to rally him failed—in less than an hour Bernard Jocelyn was dead. And here let me state, by way of explanation, a fact none of us understood at the time: John Devèy was not to ship on the *Arcturus*. Instead of that, he was to sail the next morning on some whaling vessel, and did sail. Naturally, his arrangements were hurried. He consulted the clerk and landlord of the City Hotel. The clerk and landlord insisted upon removing the remains to an undertaker's. Devèy procured a conveyance, and placing the dead man within, took the address of several undertakers, and at daylight on the morning of the 7th drove from the door of the City Hotel. There the evidence of the clerk and landlord is strengthened by the evidence of the sea-chest, rugs and traveling accoutrements of the Arctic voyage—and there the evidence of clerk and landlord and Jocelyn's luggage ceases. That far, and no further, they go; their evidence proves his death. But deeming that unsatisfactory, I at last discovered an undertaker who prepared for the grave and buried the body of an unknown man answering the description of Bernard Jocelyn—in fact, it must have been Bernard Jocelyn—but while the evidence of his death is overwhelming, the evidence of his burial is meagre and uncertain. John Devèy sailed at sunrise; he had no time to do more than hastily consign the remains to some undertaker, without concerning himself with their destination. He did this, and nothing more. I can place the matter in the hands of skillful detectives, and have another possible chance of ascertaining his grave—if Winifred desires it." Fulke paused and looked fixedly at Winifred, whose downcast eyes had never been lifted from the floor. She sat like a statue, in marble rigidity, only her breast heaved painfully, and her lips were compressed in unnatural firmness. "If Winifred desires it," repeated Fulke.

"Did you say that he is dead?" asked Winifred, in a strained, mechanical voice.

"I have the testimony of four men connected with the hotel that he died there between the hours of four and five on the morning of March 7th," answered Fulke, referring to his papers.

"Did they see him die?" she demanded again.

"They were all present at the time of his death," was the brief response, while Fulke's gaze searched her countenance with a keen scrutiny.

"Ah, *mon Dieu!*—the magnificent Bernard," softly ejaculated Marie, hiding her exultant face behind the convenient fan. "I knew it would be his death; the doctor assured us of that."

"If Winifred desires it," resumes Fulke, taking no heed of Marie—"if Winifred desires it, the inquiry can be continued. It may be a satisfaction to know where he was buried, but it does not affect the fact of his death."

Winifred made a faint arresting gesture.

"It does not matter; let him rest in peace; it cannot help him now," she said, in that far-away, hopeless voice. "There is nothing more for me to hear." She rose from her chair slowly and made a step toward the door.

"Winifred," interposed Fulke, facing her resolutely, "there is something more for you to hear. I have taken this pains to inquire about your cousin, because you declined to appoint the day of our marriage until your kindly interest was satisfied. I have complied with your wishes without meddling with your motive. He was my cousin, too, you remember. You have stretched the limit of my patience. I refuse to wait another hour. I refuse any quibble or excuse. I demand of you now what day you will be my wife, and you dare not fail to answer me."

She averted her eyes with a shudder of horror; she would not look at him—nor did she look at Marie. She ranked both as her bitterest foes, achieving their purpose across the yawning grave of her Bernard. And she dared not acknowledge that it was of her husband they coldly told her, dared not endanger her father's life, and, as Fulke said, she dared not fail to answer him. She averted her eyes as a terrible loathing crept into her pale, beautiful face.

"It does not matter," she said, with difficulty, while Fulke waited, a wild, eager suspense even in his well-trained features. "If a marriage with you means peace

and freedom for papa, it can be when you please. It does not matter to me; I give my life for his."

"That is just what it means, Winifred, to him," quickly replied Fulke.

"Papa," she said, with a gasp, "make the bargain and save yourself. I will do as you wish. You are all I have."

"This is Thursday; will you marry me to-day two weeks?" demanded Fulke, approaching a step. But as he approached she receded, with always that loathing in her fair face. "This day fortnight—shall that be our wedding-day?"

Faintly, in the dead, breathless silence, Winifred uttered the fatal monosyllable he wrung from her at last—"Yes."

CHAPTER XV.

THE CURSE HAS COME HOME AT LAST.

MARIE FRISSAE was in her element. In all her life she had never spent so much money, or given orders *ad libitum* for such beautiful things; so many laces and satins and silks "for Winifred," she averred. But, oddly enough, one after another of magnificent new dresses was added to the Frenchwoman's wardrobe, until, as she ecstatically told her mother, it was fit for a princess.

"He, he, Marie!" giggled the old woman, "it is fine enough, but the clothes are nothing. It is the eating, the wonderful eating—ah, me! You will never go away from here, will you, Marie? I should like to live here forever, and eat these grand dinners. I don't want to go to heaven, Marie; this is good enough for me."

"Tut, imbecile. How do you know you will ever go to heaven? You won't want dinners there."

"It must be a poor place, Marie, if one don't want dinners. I had rather stay here where the good things are, and where the table is princely, for mayhap, Marie, the Lord won't give us what we like."

Marie laughed gleefully; her spirits were wildly exuberant, as her schemes prospered along with Fulke's.

"You will have songs of praise, and hymns and harps, and wear white clothes, and have wings."

"I like the jellies and soups better, Marie," retorted the shivering old crone, crouching over the fire after the habit of the old days of scant fuel. "I would rather hobble with my cane to dinner at Jocelyn Hall than fly around heaven with nothing to eat and singing. *Peste!* it makes one hungry. Eh, Marie! let us stay here."

"Yes, yes, it is divine here, and only a few days more," quite good-naturedly replied Marie—"only a few days more and I think we will be rooted here for all eternity. At least, as long as Hugh Jocelyn lives and Marie has her wits, no human power can move her from Jocelyn Hall. I think you will have your soups and jellies, *maman*——"

"And the iced wines, and *patés*, and game, and——"

"Yes, you old fool!" dutifully responded the daughter. "I am going now to find out how this Winifred is pleased with her prospects. Considering all things, I think I shall quite cancel that little grudge against her with her mother. Considering all things, I rather think before we are both a year older the pretty mamselle will find Marie Frissae will have paid out her grudge with interest, for I don't believe one word of that lame story of Fulke's. Just as certainly as I am standing here, Bernard Jocelyn is living."

"What is that about the beautiful Bernard?" broke in the quavering voice of the old woman."

"*Peste!* nothing, save that he is dead," was the testy answer.

"Ah, poor young man! and he will have no more iced wines and good dinners. Where are you going now, Marie?"

"You old bother, I am going to see Winifred upon some excuse. Yes; I will ask to show her the new dresses. She hasn't looked at them yet—barbarian. I would get up in the middle of the night to look at a work of art like a new dress. I'll manage it, somehow."

Marie went along the passage, singing and laughing to herself so rapturously that Mammie Jane, from the opposite end, shook her head in scandalized astonishment.

"Dem Freeze-ups is starin' crazy. Dey's possessed, dat's what dey is," she commented to one of the housemaids.

"To my notion, Mrs. Jane, dat little furrin Jezebul wants to git rid of Miss Winnie, and den she'll bewitch ole Marse," solemnly answered the housemaid. "To my notion, them Freeze-ups is uncanny; they are witches, wuss en any I ever heard of. See if it ain't so. There won't be no luck in this house tell them Freeze-ups go away from it."

"She'll hear you—hush! Witches kin hear anything," whispered Mammie Jane, with a shudder.

"What are you saying about me there?" shrilly called out the Frenchwoman, running swiftly down the passage toward them.

The gossiping servants stopped in terror.

"I tole you so. It's always de way," ejaculated Winifred's maid.

"What is it?" demanded Madame Frissae, suspiciously.

"Nothin' whatsoever, ma am; only we was sayin' dat was a wonderful sweet dress you had on," glibly explained the housemaid.

"It's false; you said nothing of the kind. Don't lie to me. You go about your business directly, Ellen; and you, Jane, go and tell Winifred I wish her opinion on the new dresses. No; you bring the new dresses. I'll just go and see her myself."

The servants instantly obeyed, with an awe-stricken look, while Marie suddenly tapped at Winifred's door, and, without waiting for an answer, walked in. Winifred recoiled in shocked surprise at this invasion of her privacy by the Frenchwoman.

The girl had fallen away to a shadow in the last ten days; her face had a drawn, agonized expression strangely at variance with the marble rigidity of the beautiful face when she sat in the library and heard Fulke's testimony of Bernard's death. This was the seclusion of her own room, and she had not thought of Madame Frissae venturing there. Her countenance hardened into something of the defiant dislike and scorn which the tawdry Frenchwoman always inspired.

"You here, Madame Frissae?" she said, her voice trembling, and hand shaking nervously, as she held to the back of a chair.

"Ah, my dear child, you seem ill! I do so sympathize with you!" gushingly began their guest, dropping into a chair without the least ceremony, while Winifred looked down upon her in freezing haughtiness.

"Reserve your sympathy, Madame Frissae. I really do not desire it, seeing that this is only the result of your own imprudence, I suppose I may term it, if I use so mild a term."

"My imprudence!" screamed the Frenchwoman, in

high, shrill tones. "What have I to do with your affairs? I wash my hands of them! I am glad you are forced to marry that nasty Fulke, my pretty mamselle. I sympathize with the dear general, not with you."

"How dare you insult papa with your sympathy or presence here? You who betrayed him to Fulke, who, in every particular, has acted perfidiously toward him? How dare you insult him by treacherous professions?"

Marie Frissae's eyes glittered with rage, but every vestige of excitement had left her, only the cold, steel-like ferocity of her eyes betokened the vindictive wrath seething within her.

"I will tell you why," she said, tauntingly, but a deadly menace in her tone. "Because I hated your mother, and because I mean to pay off the grudge I owe her. As for you, my pretty mamselle, I hold you in the hollow of my hand, and I am not done with you until you are an outcast and a beggar, despised by honest people and your Bernard."

"I don't know what you mean." Winifred faced her with dauntless courage, a faint glow of color in the pallid face. "But you have no right to stay here, when you are not asked to do so. You will not be able to remain, if I am not here; I presume you will scarcely do that."

The Frenchwoman laughed sneeringly.

"You will leave here, my pretty mamselle, but I shall stay—understand that. I shall stay, and shut the doors in the face of Fulke's cast off——"

"Madame Frissae, be so good as to leave my room," Winifred's low, musical voice interrupted the insult on the woman's tongue. "Remember that I am mistress of this house, not you."

"Ha, ha!" the Frenchwoman shrieked, with mocking laughter. "No, no, my pretty mamselle, you are not, and you never will be, mistress of Jocelyn Hall. You will only be mistress of Fulke, that is all, *ma chère;* and then I will return to you some of the pleasant things your mother said to me twenty years ago."

"Leave my room, Madame Frissae, and——"

"Jocelyn Hall, you would like to say, if you dared," interrupted Madame Frissae, swiftly. "I will leave your room; but neither you nor any one else can, or shall, order me to quit Jocelyn Hall. I am here, mamselle, and here I will be when Fulke turns you adrift, and the world tells you what I tell you now—that you are only mistress of Fulke, and not of Jocelyn Hall. My day is coming, mamselle. Good-morning, *ma chère.* How like your mother you appear just now!" and, with a mocking meaning in the evil smile, Marie rushed out of the room, chattering to herself furiously as she flew down the passage. "Fulke's mistress!" she exclaimed, with a burst of uncanny laughter. "That is all, and she can't help herself. *Dieu, Dieu!* if I can only live to see that Bernard come back—come back and find her Fulke's mistress—ah, I shall die of joy! We will be even then, Mathilde. I told you I would never forget, and I have never forgotten. Ah! Fulke's mistress! Fulke's mistress!—and a fine dance the savage brute will lead her!"

Up and down the passage the chattering Frenchwoman tramped, almost knocking Mammie Jane over with the strong, vehement jerk she gave to the magnificent dresses piled on her arm.

"Take them back instantly! There, now—go, I say—there!" and the fiery visitor administered a ringing box of the ears upon Winifred's maid. The woman staggered back, appalled by the violence of this little foreign lady, arrogating to herself the rights of mistress of Jocelyn Hall. "Obey my orders!" she commanded. "My orders rule here."

The servant beat a hasty retreat, and Marie, impelled by her own tempest of anger, darted down the steps to the library. If she expected to find Fulke, she was, as usual, not mistaken. Fulke was directing invitations to the wedding.

"*Mon Dieu!* the comedy makes me laugh," she said, pointing to the invitations. "You have tricked them all, but you have not tricked me. Monsieur Stupid, your pretences are too shallow; your testimony of four men is not sufficient for me."

"They gave it, at any rate," doggedly replied Fulke, scowling at her. "They are honest men, and signed the testimony as it was given."

She looked at him fixedly.

"They may be honest men, but you are not. They may believe that Bernard Jocelyn is dead, but I do not;" she pronounced the words with vindictive meaning. "I know this, and know that he will return sooner or later to Jocelyn Hall, to find his pretty Winifred his enemy's mistress."

"She will be my wife, Marie," was the fiercely spoken answer, and then Fulke's sinister, wily expression crept stealthily into his repulsive face. "You are trying to defraud me of Winifred's property. If she is not my wife I will have no right to her estate. Possibly you forget that."

"No. Abominable as you are, I don't forget it. And I mean to serve you. When you are tired of Winifred Jocelyn come to Marie Frissae, and she may give you a bit of history by which you will not lose the Jocelyn estate, come what may. With or without Winifred, the estate is yours—remember that."

Fulke listened, as he invariably did, with great attention, to this subtle Frenchwoman, whose slip of the tongue had profited him so largely. Nevertheless, he believed that she had given him the principal point of her secret, and for details he cared nothing. Still he listened, because he gave heed to everything, not knowing when fragments of information might serve him.

"Maybe that is true, my charming madame," he said, in a cynical, disagreeable voice, "and maybe that is not true. I prefer to get the estate in the usual way of estates belonging to the heads of old families with pretty daughters—in short, in this case I prefer the daughter to the estate, though I don't mean to waive the smallest bit of claim to that."

"*Ciel!*" mockingly retorted Marie, "I might have imagined that you were going to leave the estate for whoever wants it—Bernard, for instance. I might have imagined that, if only it had been any one else save you."

"Bernard Jocelyn will never see Jocelyn Hall again," was the sullen response. "Can't you hold your tongue? That's the way with women—as soon as they are of some use, they spoil it all by ceaseless prating. They don't know when to stop talking—that's just it; and even you are not smart enough to hold your tongue. I don't want your secrets—I have them."

As soon as Fulke uttered the words he knew that he had made a mistake, and, for the first time, a faint conviction stole over him that this ferocious little tigress still held in her *griffes* some part of General Jocelyn's secret worth his having, and casting a light on his schemes. He knew this the instant he rejected her hint, and just as well he comprehended, by the resolute, sharp click of the firmly closed mouth, the obstinate, half-sullen look on the painted face, that she would not reveal it to him now, perhaps not at all.

"Monsieur Stupid," she sneeringly answered, "keep what you have. Perhaps you think Marie Frissae a

THE FAVORITE OF THE SCHOOL.

fool, but Marie Frissae knows that you ere a fool. *Eh, bien!* go on and marry your Winifred, and remember that, after all, she is only your mistress. She will find it out, and leave you—ah! with such delight! But as for the estate, whether that goes to you or to Winifred rests with me—whether or not I choose to open my lips and speak."

"I presume you mean that your well-known influence with General Jocelyn," began Fulke, graciously, "will weigh with him in deciding who may inherit the property; but he would scarcely disinherit his only child." The Frenchwoman tossed her head disdainfully, her lips still firmly closed. "I shall take good care to have the knot well tied that binds Winifred to me. I shall run no risk there," he added.

"Best do that, Monsieur Fool Stupid," was the fiercely uttered reply. "I laugh in my sleeve at your petty schemes, with no bottom to them. The bottom fell out of all schemes twenty years ago, and nobody suspects it. Yes, make it sure, Monsieur Fool Stupid—make it certain, sure, for I care only for Hugh Jocelyn, and you hate him and that magnificent Bernard, who is not dead."

Fulke took a turn in the room, then stopped, fronting her, with a meaning, evil expression on his face.

"Listen to me, Madame Frissae. Bernard Jocelyn is dead, and perhaps you will have done dragging the matter before people so zealously as to set them talking and inquiring about when he died and what he died of, when I remind you that he died from the effects of a blow dealt him by Hugh Jocelyn."

"It is false. You dealt him the blow," hissed Marie, a gleam of pitiless anger in her eyes.

If she had craftily meant to appall Fulke Fulkerson, to electrify him, certainly her success was startling. Fulke reeled back, his face growing deadly pale.

"I dealt him—the—blow!" he stammered, in shocked bewilderment, as if his senses were stunned, scattered in hopeless dismay. "What do you mean? Curse your tongue, what do you mean?" he ejaculated. "How dare you utter such a suspicion of me? What do I want of Bernard Jocelyn that I should try to kill him?"

Marie walked up close to Fulke, and shook her tiny, bony finger in his face, menacingly.

"You hated him—you were jealous of him, and you tried to kill him," she said, slowly.

Fulke's momentary alarm had been subdued; he had regained the old mastery over himself before she concluded her three sentences, terse as the Frenchwoman invariably was when she meant mischief.

"You suspicious little Satan," he retorted, "understand this: Hugh Jocelyn assaulted Bernard Jocelyn, and gave him a blow that caused his death, and Hugh Jocelyn is amenable to the laws of the land for this second crime. Fortunately for Hugh Jocelyn, the body cannot be disinterred until John Devèy returns, because no one else knows who buried Bernard Jocelyn. Now, if you can hold your babbling tongue about whether or not Jocelyn is dead, he may escape. If not, your dear general must go the way of other hardened old sinners."

"Very fine, and very plausible," scornfully retorted the Frenchwoman, while Fulke, eying her with keen suspicion, plainly discerned that, however she might scoff his menace, it had at least taken effect; "if I believed one word of it, but I do not. I will not make trouble for Hugh, and I will make trouble for Winifred, because her mother made desperate calamity for me. But, all the same, you struck Bernard Jocelyn that blow, and Bernard is not dead. You can marry Winifred as much as you please, but, all the same, she will never bring you Jocelyn Hall."

Fulke smothered an oath as he turned on his heel and crossed the room, then recrossed it, to his old stand in front of her gleaming, piercing eyes and sneering face.

"Ask Doctor Foster, ask everybody, who assaulted Bernard Jocelyn. I have taken precious good care of that, madame. I wasn't born yesterday, madame, and I never fail when I undertake anything."

"You will fail this time, you stupid traitor—you will fail this time if you try to fasten this guilt upon General Jocelyn. You will fail, because I will kill you!"

Fulke stepped back a pace or two, involuntarily. That shrill, merciless threat hissed into his ear, and those dangerous eyes, blazing into his with a murderous gleam, sent almost a thrill of fear through Fulke. "I will kill you!" She had pronounced the threat before, with always the same deadly intent in voice and aspect, and he knew that this tiny, wiry "little Satan" as he called her, was more than match for him. He understood that she at least was reckless and vindictive enough for any mad revenge.

"Very well, then; have done with talking of Bernard. You do not want to defer or interfere with my marriage, do you?"

"No."

"You have no such love for Winifred as to wish her to marry the man she wants to marry, have you?"

"No."

"You do not want to give Jocelyn Hall to Bernard, do you?"

"He will never get Jocelyn Hall, I tell you!"

She flung the words at him with angry significance.

"If she is his wife, and only my mistress, as you are pleased to term it, he will get Jocelyn Hall."

Artful as the assertion seemed, it elicited only the asseveration, "He will never get Jocelyn Hall."

"No," coldly answered Fulke, "he will never get it, because he will never return. I have run no risks; and whether he is dead now, or dies hereafter, is nothing to anybody, if you can only hold your tongue; for certain it is his days were numbered when he left Jocelyn Hall."

"And, monsieur, are you such a fool as to trust to that rumor of his death, however certain your arrangements may have been?" was the sarcastic rejoinder—"that is, if you want the knot tied securely? Somebody will tell the girl—I may myself."

Fulke laughed sardonically.

"I shall save you the trouble, my good madame. If the emergency arises, if it falls out as you seem to believe, that Bernard Jocelyn was not dead at the time of my marriage to Winifred, I will inform her of it. The fact will be an ugly one, but the immense advantage it will give me repays me for it. My pretty, proud Winifred will be as humble as a lamb; she will go on her knees and implore me to marry her; it will tame her into a model of wifely humility, if, indeed, she is not already tamed. That is what it will do."

Marie's derisive laughter echoed through the room as he finished speaking.

"Monsieur Fool Stupid," she retorted, "instead of falling on her knees and imploring you to marry her, your pretty mamselle will pack up and trip out of your house, happy as a queen. She'll face the shame to be free from you."

"Very well; have it as you please," was the angry answer. "Only hold your tongue for four days longer. She will never get away from me—nobody ever does, if once I make up my mind that they shall not. Bernard Jocelyn is dead now; but if he is not, it don't matter to you when he died, for he will never return to Jocelyn

Hall, and I am resolved to have Winifred on any terms. I must have her or go mad. Now, will you hold your tongue or not, and save your Hugh, and let me manage my own affairs ?"

She stood silently looking into his face for what seemed an eternity to Fulke as he waited for the promise of non-interference. He dreaded no one as he dreaded this subtle, crafty, keen-witted, honorless little woman. This flashy, painted little Marie alone in all the world had power to checkmate his evil designs, and she was ruthless enough to do it, unless he could work upon the two great passions consuming her by their overwhelming intensity. The two absorbing passions rioting recklessly in her brain and heart—her idolatrous love of Hugh Jocelyn and her malignant hatred of Winifred and Winifred's mother.

"I see your foolish, barbarous plan," she said, deliberately. "You know as well as I do that Bernard Jocelyn is living at this minute, and yet you delude his wife into thinking he is dead, and force her to marry you."

"Wait!" interrupted Fulke. "I have every reason to suppose that he will not be living when I marry Winifred. It is almost two months since he sailed."

"*Bien!* What do I care for that? You ask me to hold my tongue and save my Hugh from your iniquitous plots, and let you entrap this girl into a marriage that is no marriage. Is that what you ask of me?"

"That is what I ask. Now, what is your answer."

"Twenty years ago," she began, in clear, icy tones, "Winifred's mother taunted me with being Hugh Jocelyn's mistress. It was false then as ever. I am pure and innocent of that charge, but she refused to believe it. Twenty years after I accept my chance of taunting her daughter with being your mistress—and this time I know it to be true. The curse has come home at last. You ask me if I will hold my tongue and let this go on. I answer you, Yes—I will do more. I say the marriage, that is no marriage now, need never be a marriage—for the Jocelyn wealth must inevitably come to you when Hugh Jocelyn dies."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BOLT BREAKS UPON JOCELYN HALL.

THE rain dashed furiously against the windows of Jocelyn Hall, the gray wracks of clouds thickened and gathered, until the leaden canopy seemed pressed down upon the earth, shutting out the light of heaven. Torrents fell in great surging sheets, driven by the wind through the giant trees, bending and groaning against the massive walls. The tempest howled, and still the sombre skies darkened and lowered, until the drear shadows deepened into absolute darkness, broken only by an occasional glare of lightning, until the servants, awed and frightened, crept around with lighted lamps and candles.

"God-a-mighty, it's awful days dese, and awful doin's; and nobody kin be glad of nothin', 'ceptin dat Madame Freeze-up," muttered Mammie Jane, holding a light above her head and glancing fearfully about her as she stopped at the door of the butler's pantry, while a gust of wind howled down the chimneys and shook the windows with weird violence, and the rushing, pelting rain and unearthly moan of the swaying trees had something about them almost demoniac.

For years such a tempest had not broken upon Jocelyn Hall as the elements had hurled upon it since daybreak, and never in its history, from generation to generation of Jocelyn's, had a scheme so fraught with treachery and peril been achieved as the scheme Fulke meant to compel these Jocelyn's into accepting and consummating to-day.

It was the day of Winifred's marriage to Fulke—a day of weird, prophetic violence without, and wild, agonizing heart-break within. The servants congregated in the great kitchen or huddled in corners, whispering of the evil augury of a marriage frowned upon by the very elements. They adored their fair little mistress, and hated Fulke with a suspicious, tenacious, uncompromising hate, while the foreign lady, judged by the unerring sagacity of servants, was pronounced contemptuously a "a powerful tricky upstart, widout no kind of quality wid her."

"And, Mr. Sandy," added the maid, in a whisper, to the butler, who examined critically the seals on the bottles just brought from the wine-cellar, "she's temptin' of God-a-mighty hissef, singin' and laughin', when de day of judgment 'pears like had come, and fotched de brimstone long wid it. And dem Freeze-ups is skippin' around wid their noses in eberyting, and, for all folkses knows, de place and de niggers and ole massa and Miss Winnie 'longs to dem. Und de Lord knows, dem Freeze-ups ain't nothin' but po' white trash. Whish-ee-ee, what dat? Oh, bress God, de world's comin' to an end." The sepulchral creak and groan of the great oaks, as the black, bleak clouds hurled fresh torrents upon them, and the tearing wind howled and beat upon them, seemed like something in human agony. The superstitious servants were terrified. "Oh, God-a-mighty, ef dat a Marse Fulke was outen dis place we wouldn't have de day of judgment comin 'long of dis wedding, and Miss Freeze-up; its all long of dem sinners—oh, whisht! God-a-mighty, ef dat dere little pizen, witchy Wendor would clar outen dis house de Lord wouldn't 'stroy de last one ob us. He's gwine to 'stroy us kase ob dis wicked weddin'. Whist-ee!" and with every burst of the winds Mammie Jane gave vent to terrified sobs and exclamations, while the butler shook his head ominously, looking scarcely less frightened.

"'Tain't no use, Jane." He dared not raise his voice; the tempest subdued and silenced all save Marie Frissae, she alone seemed to brave and defy the angry elements with reckless boldness. "Dem Freeze-ups stick to ole marse like leeches He nebber git shet ob de Freeze-ups. Satan hissef couldn't hang to a sinner wuss dan dat consumptious, rackety, furrin lady hangs to Marse Hugh; and 'twixt us, Jane," he added, mysteriously, "Marse Fulke is helping of it on. Deys got summat between em 'ginst Miss Winnie and ole marse—and mark me, Jane, twixt em the top rail will go down and de bottom rail will go up. The furrin lady hez been heah to order de best ob de wines to-day."

"Lord! Lord!" ejaculated Jane, as the weird noise ascended from their feet, as it were, with a howl of despair. "It's wicked to talk ob dem sinners murderin' my young miss. Gimme a glass ob wine, Mr. Sandy. She's layin' flat on de flo', cryin' as if her heart would break, and not a bit of breakfast or lunch has she swallowed this day. I will, mebbie, get her to try the wine. Bless God, where she's goin' there 'll be naught but cryin' and trouble. Po' little miss. Whisht! it's black as night out ob doors."

The maid took the crystal glass, filled with the choicest wine in the Jocelyn cellars, and hurried swiftly along the passage up-stairs to Winifred's room. As she opened the door the blasts of cold, chilling wind extinguished the candle. "God-a-mighty, it's de day ob judgment," she muttered, almost groping her way in the weird, drear g'oom, deepened into unnatural darkness by the heavy

curtains, through which the lightning glared in vivid flashes.

"Miss Winnie, chile," the woman knelt down beside the slender, delicate figure, stretched prone upon the floor, the golden hair falling on the carpet, in the very *abandon* of wild grief. The proud Greek head was low enough now, in its terrible abasement, with neither pillow nor cushion, only the hard, uncompromising floor.

There she lay, poor Winifred, wretched and heart-broken, glad of the wild storm and terrible, prophetic gloom—the gloom of the sepulchre. She never moved or spoke, only lay with her face covered, and bitter paroxysms of sobs breaking forth, all unheard in the howl of the tempest by any save faithful Jane.

"Just try this wine, Miss Winnie. It's most time to dress, if it so be. Dere's dat much wickedness to fly agin de Lord and hab a weddin' de day ob judgment. Try it, honey."

"No, no, it would choke me," moaned Winifred. "Oh, why cannot the lightning kill me now—now? Why must I suffer with a broken heart? God help me! I cannot live, I cannot do this awful deed—I cannot marry the man I loathe when the man I love is scarcely cold in his grave. Oh, help me, Mammie Jane," and Winifred sat up, with a swift, desperate start, then buried her face in her hands and groaned hopelessly. "For papa, for papa—my life for his," she murmured, "my life for his. Oh, if I could end it now, and save him. Oh, God, pity me, and let me die and go to Bernie. My poor Bernie, forgive me, forgive me."

"Take de wine, chile; do, my darling Miss Winnie. Lord hab mercy, de wind and rain and blackness is wuss and wuss. Try de wine, honey."

Mammie Jane strove to conceal her terror and superstitious misgivings in her tender compassion for her mistress. In all the world no one pitied the beautiful Winifred save this humble attendant; no one did aught save envy the heiress of Jocelyn Hall—she was so rich and so lovely. Yet here she lay, within an hour of her wedding, prone on the floor, groveling in the dust, weeping passionately.

The storm deadened other noises; no one heard the knock on the door, no one saw it open, until, like an evil spirit, Marie Frissae glided stealthily in, and stood looking down on maid and mistress in derisive triumph.

"I merely came up to say that Fulke has arrived, also the minister. *Ciel!* how dark it is in here! Not a particularly good omen, but superstition is out of fashion. Fulke is impatient, as men always are, and the minister has gone into the drawing-room. Shall I help you to make a toilet? I must say you remind me of your mother to-day. *Ciel!* the storm increases. Jane, it is time Winifred was dressed," sharply added the Frenchwoman, turning upon the maid with her basilisk eyes.

"Dis awful day of judgment ain't fit for nobody to be dressin' and gettin' married," answered Jane, the fear of the elements surmounting her fear of the foreign lady.

"What right have you to an opinion?" shrilly cried Marie. "I tell you, Fulke will not wait a moment after the appointed time. I tell you, she must dress now. Your mistress best knows whether she dare anger Fulke."

"It's too dark to see, let alone hear," was the obstinate response. Even the well-trained servant could not curb her tongue in the face of such a tempest—all differences of rank for the time were swept away by one great prevailing danger. "Bress God, de lightning is gittin' wuss 'an ever! We'll all be struck dead, a-puttin' on fineries and gittin' ready to be married. Great Lord! what's that?" and the maid, strong and broad-shouldered, shuddered with terror, while the diminutive Frenchwoman, agile and thin and frail-looking, laughed contemptuously—nothing intimidated her. "Dem winds howl like wild beas's, and 'pears like all de ghosses in de churchyard am groanin' and shriekin' in de cellars—den talk about dressin'," muttered Jane.

"Winifred," coldly observed Marie, as the fierce gusts of wind waned, and she could be heard—"Winifred, I tell you once more that you dare not keep Fulke waiting. I tell you he suspects that you are trying to evade the bargain with him, and he refuses to relinquish that compact into my hands or make any terms until the ceremony is performed—at least, until you appear ready to comply with your part. I repeat, Winifred Jocelyn, that your father is in more danger at this moment than ever before. I assert that it is more than I can do to manage that savage brute pacing the library like a caged tiger, watching the clock, his temper lashed into madness by a suspicious fear of disappointment, you cowardly fool!" she added, bending over and shaking Winifred roughly.

The girl shrank from her touch, shivering and trembling; but she lifted her ashen face from her hands slowly.

"What time does he—Fulke expect me?" she asked, in a hollow voice.

"You have just half an hour. Look at that clock—it is half-past four. At precisely five, Fulke will demand your presence, or——"

"Or what?" inquired Winifred.

"Or take the summary vengeance upon your father that your perfidy deserves," sternly responded the Frenchwoman. "It is one thing or the other, in thirty minutes."

Winifred's countenance grew almost panic-stricken, a scared, shocked expression gathered upon it as she endeavored to raise herself from the lowly position on the floor. She staggered weakly, in the nervous, hurried, bewildered way of one forced to some frightful effort.

"In thirty minutes"—she uttered the words in a hard, unnatural voice—"in thirty minutes I will meet you and Fulke in the library—in thirty minutes he will give you the compact in which my father acknowledges his crime; in thirty minutes more I will be his victim, and my father will be safe—is that it?"

She fixed her gaze upon Madame Frissae, and asked the question as if life itself hung upon the answer.

"Yes; that is it, precisely," assured the other, mercilessly. "And you must not fail."

"In thirty minutes I will be there, and papa shall be safe."

Marie laughed a low, satisfied laugh, as she said:

"Yes, *bien*, in thirty minutes; then my time will come. In thirty minutes," she added to herself, while she descended the staircase, a fiendish triumph in her tone, "my pretty mamselle will have made herself a bigamist. Ah, *mon Dieu!* how this bowing, cringing world of hers will tear her to pieces for being false to two men! Yes, that is what they will say—two men deceived—recreant, secret wife to one, and open mistress to the other. And she has never hinted that other marriage. Two men inveigled. The world will talk and torture you for that; yes, for that, Bernard's treacherous, guilty wife—Fulke Fulkerson's mistress. Who will believe any tale of hers? *Ciel!* the curse has come home after twenty years!"

She drew on her gloves, quite undisturbed by the rattling windows, or roaring storm, or crash of broken limbs, or falling trees.

The servants were striving to keep the light burning in the great, shadowy, ghostly hall. The minister, in his robes, stood like a spectre against the murk and gloom of the window, struggling to peer out beyond the sheets of

THE SMILE OF COMPLACENCY.

driving rain. The lights on the consoles flickered in the blasts and then were suddenly extinguished, leaving the strange, weird obscurity of the raging storm.

The Frenchwoman glanced into the drawing-room, and laughed at the terrified exclamations of the servants as the lights succumbed again and again to the wind, then tripped over into the library, where Fulke paced the floor in unconcealed impatience.

The traces of his own gnawing anxiety imparted a more sinister and sardonic expression even than usual to his repellent countenance.

"Where is Winifred?" he demanded, as Marie appeared.

"Making her toilet, and the Diable himself seems to be in attendance. Fulke, it is an awful tempest to be married in. I suppose it is a warning against you," tauntingly answered Marie.

"What do I care for that? I tell you I won't be balked," he broke out, savagely. "I tell you I have news that determines me to have this marriage at five, and let the future take care of itself. Let come what may, I will be square with Bernard Jocelyn."

Marie faced him suddenly.

"You have news," she said, slowly, "that Bernard is not dead—you have news that the testimony of four men was false testimony."

"Yes," was the sullen, dogged response; "but what is that to me? He is only her cousin, and he will never come back."

"You need not tell her your news," was the devilish counsel she gave, "unless Bernard does come back."

"He never will. I tell you that it is an easy matter to pay off an old grudge in the Arctic regions, where there is no police or detective; and John Devèy has an old grudge, and his memory is a confoundedly ugly one," muttered Fulke, under his breath, while his eyes watched the clock with a ferocious, grudging vigilance, as if he scarce could hold his mad impatience until the hour when this dire iniquity might be consummated. "Five," he repeated, harshly—"five; it shall be at five. I will not be balked, storm or no storm."

"Yes, yes," urged Marie, "have it at five. I like your courage, your tigerish, merciless will Oh! I do like your spirit. Things are in your hands now, Fulke; they will never be in your hands again. Have it at five; bend them all to your will—you can do it now. Have it at five, and ask no questions. She will be yours whether he returns or not. You have dealt honestly by her; the world will never condemn you. Have the marriage at five."

"John Devèy is on the Arctic-bound vessel. John Devèy will return, but Bernard will not. The icebergs are perilous enough, and there is no police among the icebergs."

Fulke spoke in slow, emphatic accents, full of a significance horrible to any save this woman.

"Five!" he ejaculated, in a swift burst of exultation—"five, and she is coming!"

The last stroke of the clock, scarcely audible to his keen ear in the howling, raging tempest, died away as the door opened and Winifred came in, followed by General Jocelyn.

She was deadly pale; but despite the anguish of the beautiful face, a certain indomitable resolve seemed to engrave itself upon every lineament.

She, too, had a purpose, and to accomplish it she accepted a fate than which death itself was preferable. Winifred Jocelyn meant that it should buy the one boon she sought—safety for her father.

"You are ready, Winifred?" Fulke approached, and offered his arm as he spoke. "I believe our minister is waiting."

Winifred waived him away as she advanced to the table. A violent crash of pealing thunder silenced whatever she meant to say for the moment. The girl stood in statuesque rigidity while the glaring, terrific lightning flashed and glittered across her white, ghastly face.

"Had you not better defer the marriage until after the storm, Fulke?" General Jocelyn asked, raising his voice almost to a shout, that he might be heard above the roar of the elements.

"Superstitious Hugh," retorted Marie, shrilly.

"Five is the hour, and at five it shall be," sullenly replied Fulke.

"As you please"—Winifred's clear, cold voice was distinct to all, notwithstanding the noise. "I am ready to perform my part of the bargain when you have performed your part. I marry you, Fulke, to secure papa's safety. When you have surrendered the compact into Madame Frissae's hands, and solmnly promised that no suspicion, or harm, or threat shall menace my father for the rest of his life, I fulfill your demand. When you have fulfilled mine, I fulfill yours."

Fulke drew out the leathern pocketbook, the thunder pealing and shaking the mansion to its foundations, while the forked lightning quivered and glittered in lines of fire upon the group, all pale and intent upon the terrible purpose before them.

"I agree to every syllable of your demand. I am very much in love with you, Winifred; but I was never a fool for you, therefore I have retained this compact until now. I solemnly swear that when you are my wife your father is safe from threat or danger from me. When you are my wife," he added, shifting his glance from Winifred to Marie Frissae—"when you are my wife, he has nothing to dread. Until you are my wife, I prefer to derive any benefit I can from his secret. In short, I burden my conscience with shielding a criminal from justice as the price of your hand in marriage. That is complying with my part of the bargain, is it not? Are you ready now to comply with yours?"

"Yes."

"Then here is the compact."

Madame Frissae stretched out her hand and clutched the fatal paper triumphantly.

General Jocelyn's countenance was almost as haggard and pallid as Winifred's, but even in the ghastly glare of the lightning a relief to his terrible apprehension became visible.

"Now you will go with me to the minister. You will perform your part of the bargain."

Fulke advanced, and again offered his arm. Winifred shuddered and gasped; her beautiful face grew horror-stricken and desperate. She turned away, and placed her hand within the arm of her father.

"The curse has come home at last. She prefers to shun him as long as she can; but in ten minutes the marriage that is no marriage will be over," muttered Marie, taking Fulke's arm and following, through the group of servants, to the drawing-room.

Among all the invited, not a single guest braved the elements to come; but among the servants one white face, full of shocked significance, confronted Winifred—the face of Ellen Farly, Bernard's foster-mother.

"*Eh, Dieu!* she will be nobody's wife." There was a blinding flash of lightning, a prolonged, deafening roar of terrific thunder, a frightful crash, and a wild shriek ringing out above the tempest—a shriek in the same voice that said, in malign exultation. "She will be nobody's wife!"

CHAPTER XVII.

THE EVERLASTING SNOW.

"SPITZBERGEN! SPITZBERGEN!" The cry stirred the crew of the *Arcturus* into as much animation as if they had sighted their own land instead of peaks of eternal ice and fields of everlasting snow.

Bernie Jocelyn stood on the deck with the captain, a glass in his hand, curiously surveying the Polar land. He was brown and ruddy and magnificent-looking, with no traces of the evil blow dealt months before while he gazed after Winifred going up the path to Jocelyn Hall the night he had wedded her at Nurse Farly's cottage. He was in the boundless waste of Arctic ice at Spitzbergen, and she—where was Winifred, his wife? Bernie thought of her as he closed his glass, and, lifting his eyes slowly, met the sinister gaze of one of the sailors watching him curiously; it was John Devèy. He remembered the villainous countenance at once, and remembered, too, that of late he had several times encountered this man's watchful scrutiny centred upon himself.

"The fellow bears me an old grudge," he laughed, carelessly, when the captain, bluff and good-natured, but acute and observant, followed his glance inquiringly.

"Then look sharp for him, Mr. Jocelyn. There is no better place to pay off old grudges than these devilish tricky icebergs. He's a good sailor, but a bad countenance," rejoined the captain. "I'll keep an eye on him myself. We'll soon show you something of life, sir; as soon as we reach the whaling-station. We'll soon have a fall."

The captain strolled forward, and Bernie, watching the renewed activity of the men, caught the infection of their excitement. But for the mystery of his presence at all on the whaler, Bernie might have thrown his fearless energies and daring into the perilous pursuit, and loved it as the adventurous men around him loved it. Somehow, a cloud hung over him—a cloud of doubt and fear for Winifred.

"Ah, well," he said to himself, half scornfully, "he may bully and persecute the poor child, but she is my wife. Winifred is my wife. Nothing can take Winifred from me." And then Bernie would dismiss the subject, a trifle angry with himself for allowing his mind to brood over it, when Winifred, at least, was his own.

"I'll be sworn, Mr. Jocelyn, that you'll stay out the four years with us," the captain said, when they reached the whaling-station, and began to hail other ships. "Ay, sir, you don't live until you go a-whaling. Landsmen don't know what life is. Why, sir, they just walk through life, and have to live whether they want to or not; and here you're devilish lucky to live at all. You're in danger every minute of being sunk by an ice-pack, or pulled under by the whale himself, or cast away for good an' all, never to turn up anywhere. We've a jolly time, Mr. Jocelyn; one never knows when he'll flounder into the next world, and we don't care. You'll stay, sir. Ay, how are you, Monsieur Gabe? Still alive? Ay, sir, and want some grog, sir. Well, we have it aboard."

The captain turned from Bernie to a dark, weather-beaten man, enveloped in a complete suit of furs, who came up the ship's side and approached the captain with the confident recognition of an old acquaintance. The stranger, even in the clumsily-fitting fur coat, was slender and graceful. His countenance had the rugged look of one inured to the biting Polar blasts; nevertheless, the features were clear-cut and delicate, with a certain aristocratic air, not effaced by the rough whaling-life. When the fur cap was removed from his head it revealed a smooth, white forehead, and silken black hair, strongly mixed with gray.

"Ay, we'll take a stiff pull of grog to warm us up. Come, Mr. Jocelyn."

"Jocelyn?" ejaculated the stranger, recoiling in shocked amazement. "Did you say Jocelyn?"

"Ay, that I did. Mr. Jocelyn is a green hand at whaling, but he's shipped for the fun of it, and showed his sense and true grit, too," loquaciously explained the chief officer of the *Arcturus*.

"Jocelyn, Jocelyn," muttered the other in evident bewilderment. "I thought I would never hear that name again. I thought I had done with it. Jocelyn, Jocelyn, it has found me here, at the end of the world."

"I am sorry my name seems to offend you," Bernie said, half apologetically.

The stranger started. His eyes were riveted upon Bernie's splendid figure and handsome face. His thoughts were roaming to something and some one very foreign to the two men before him. He frowned, and tugged at his mustache in bitter moodiness, still gazing at Bernie.

"Ay, but it's a devilish good name," laughed the captain. "And this is Monsieur Gabe; we always call him that—cursed if I know any t'other name—and he's been here this fifteen year and better."

"Twenty years, sir," interrupted the stranger, in his deliberate tones—"twenty years since I turned my back on my native land; and in all that time I never heard the name of Jocelyn—Jocelyn—and I thought to have died without hearing it again. Ay, I wish I had died before I heard it again," he added, with a bitter smile.

"I don't see as it matters much," retorted the captain; "names don't count here at the Pole. Come and get your grog, sir. You're likely to be harpooned in afore your cargo's made up—anyhow, needn't wish to have gone any sooner. Try that grog, sir; I'll dare swear the *Arcturus* has the best grog aboard of her that's been to Spitzbergen in the whole twenty-year you have been here. Take a stiff pull, Monsieur Gabe; you'll be in better humor with this gentleman's name.

The stranger lifted his glass slowly, his gaze traveling back again and again to Bernie, as if some strange magnetism drew it thither.

"Are you sure your name is Jocelyn?" he asked again. "Did I comprehend, or was it one of my miserable fancies? Pardon, Mr.—Mr.——" he stopped abruptly, with a visible effort to pronounce the name. A pained, angry look darkened his countenance, as he avoided the name and went on: "Pardon, sir; when a man has lived in such solitude as I have for twenty years, it takes a small thing to startle him." The stranger quaffed the brandy with the deliberation of a connoisseur in liquors. "Very fine, captain; fit for a gentleman's palate," he complimented. "It's quite the best I've had for twenty years, and I used to be a judge. I was once a companion of *bon vivants*, twenty years ago—more than twenty years."

He shook his head gloomily, and folding his small, well-shaped hands around the glass, gazed into it in moody silence. The captain glanced at Bernie significantly.

"That's his way," he said, with utter disregard of the stranger's presence. "He will sit that way for half a day, when some bit of news disturbs him. Monsieur Gabe's a queer bit of humanity, but it's the life he leads. He is every inch a gentleman, knows everything, and when he warms up he is the pleasantest talker I ever met. Where he came from, or what his history is, and why he lives here year after year, without ever going home, is one of the mysteries of the Spitzbergen."

"Perhaps he has no means of returning to his home, wherever it may be," suggested Bernie.

"If you think that, you are deluded, like most other people afore they're posted. Monsieur Gabe owns two or three of the principal whaling vessels fishing in the Polar Sea. He has never lost a vessel. The sailors call him 'devil proof,' and have a superstitious faith in his luck. Ay, it's a strange story, I'll warrant you, that's at Monsieur Gabe's back," added the captain, lighting his pipe, while the individual being so freely discussed sat rigidly still, evidently seeing and hearing nothing around him. "He sends the largest cargoes from these waters, and never has had a bad season, or sent home an empty ship. His cargoes are shipped to London, but he never draws a penny of the money. His bankers pay the men. His bankers buy his small supplies and send them out to him. He's lavishly liberal to his ships' crews, and he is one of the richest men in the world. Yes, sir, it's a devilish queer thing that a millionaire lives at the North Pole, but it's no less a fact."

"Is there no one who knows his history or name?" inquired Bernie.

"No one that I ever came across," responded the captain. "His whalers don't. I judge, though, that he is from the United States, because he takes an interest in events there; but if you ask him, he'll tell you he's from Spitzbergen, and no more. I'll go on deck now; mayhap Monsieur Gabe will come around directly, and you'll find he's no fool;" and imparting that information, Captain Colman was soon overhead, giving orders in his cheery, clear voice.

The stranger at the table lifted his head abruptly. His eyes, raised from their contemplation of the brandy in the glass, turned involuntarily to Bernie.

"And your name is Jocelyn?" he queried, the gloom in his face deepening into a profound melancholy.

"It is certainly Jocelyn," was the response, as Bernie lit a meerschaum. "Does smoking annoy you?"

"Not at all. I used to smoke, twenty years ago."

Monsieur Gabe still fixed that curious scrutiny upon him while he spoke.

"You seem to have lived your life twenty years ago," observed Bernie, good-humoredly.

Monsieur Gabe sighed, then answered, a trifle fiercely:

"What is that to you? I've lived my life within the last twenty years for aught you may know, Mr.——"

Again he stopped—again the misery in his swarthy countenance might have touched a heart of stone.

"Very true, monsieur," Bernie said, watching the blue smoke of the meerschaum curl upward—"very true, seeing that I never heard of you until ten minutes ago."

"Yes, yes; I can't remember that. You are too young—too young to have known," he half mused, and half addressed himself to Bernie. "But you are so very like—and, God! whatever else you may be—whatever else you may mean, you will in the end bring me evil. The Jocelyn is fatal to my peace, and you will be no exception."

"We will be the best of friends, I trust."

The stranger sprang to his feet, excitedly. His face had a vindictive rage in it; his teeth glittered under his black mustache.

"What do you mean by that? Do you mean the same treachery—the same perfidy, under the guise of friendship? Say—God! what a fool I am!" he suddenly corrected. "Your pardon, sir. What is your name? Is it—can it be Hugh?"

He waited breathlessly. His breast heaved in spasmodic gasps as Bernie removed the pipe deliberately, and said:

"My name is Bernard. Hugh is the name of my uncle, General Jocelyn—a very charming gentleman; so everybody says except myself. I am not only not his favorite, but I am his positive aversion."

Monsieur Gabe looked relieved.

"*Peste!*" he exclaimed. "Then who knows but we may be friends?"

"Was my uncle your friend?" inquired Bernie.

The same white heat of rage shot into the stranger's countenance. He came close to Bernie.

"My friend!" he ejaculated, in a hissing whisper. "Hugh Jocelyn was my deadly enemy. Of all men on God's earth, I have hated Hugh Jocelyn."

Monsieur Gabe took a turn to the other side of the cabin, then back, before Bernie, startled by his vehemence, inquired:

"Does your antagonism include his daughter?"

"He had no daughter," shortly answered the other.

"He has a very charming daughter—beautiful Winifred Jocelyn," quietly asserted Bernie.

"Winifred!" reiterated Monsieur Gabe. "That was the name of Hugh Jocelyn's wife, but she never had any children."

Bernie smiled skeptically.

"I am sorry to contradict you, sir; but as you admit an absence of more than twenty years, you cannot be expected to know enough about it. My cousin Winifred was twenty in April last."

"And Hugh Jocelyn's wife died twenty years ago, November last," retorted the other, with some asperity.

"I think you have perhaps forgotten the dates. Winifred's mother died at Winifred's birth," was the tranquil assurance.

Monsieur Gabe faced him slowly.

"Winifred's mother may have died at Winifred's birth, but Winifred's mother was not Hugh Jocelyn's wife, for she died childless," he asserted, doggedly.

Bernie was smoking calmly. If it pleased the stranger to cling tenaciously to his own conclusions, Bernie had no mind to disturb them. Whatever Monsieur Gabe knew of events happening a score of years ago, he evidently meant should stand unchanged.

"Where did you know my uncle?" he asked, quietly, dropping the disputed point.

The stranger took up his fur cap abruptly, then paused and listened. Instead of answering the inquiry, he stepped swiftly to the door, and flung it wide open.

"You were eavesdropping, you scoundrel!" he exclaimed, darting out, and seizing some one in a sudden flight.

There was a slight scuffle, and then Monsieur Gabe, lithe, slender and strong, dragged the offender to the cabin. The sinister eyes met Bernie's. The thoroughly bad countenance of the man some singular accident or design had sent to these dangerous realms with him was forced into the light.

John Devèy had been detected in his stealthy, cunning espionage.

"The scoundrel was listening. How dare you do such a thing?" demanded Monsieur Gabe.

The sailor's hangdog look deepened into viciousness.

"I was only goin' by, and hear'n some one a-talkin'——"

That he deliberately lied was evident, and Monsieur Gabe told him so.

"It's a lie, sir! Now, get out, and don't be dogging me again."

The sailor's glance scowled upon Bernie with a sly, subtle menace.

"I wasn't a-doggin' you, sir," he answered, as he slunk away, muttering curses under his breath.

"That fellow is a villain. Whose track is he on?" sharply questioned the stranger.

Bernie laughed lazily and heedlessly.

"Mine, I suppose," he said, still smoking. "I punished his brutality rather severely some time ago, and he hasn't forgotten it."

"Nor forgiven it, I should say, by the way he looked at you. Be on your guard, Mr.——" and the stranger paused, too bitterly detesting the name to willingly syllable it. "It is as much as a man's life is worth to have an enemy at his side among the icebergs." For the second time that day Bernie had been warned of the ill-will this man bore him. "I'll return to my ship now—we sail to-night."

Monsieur Gabe replaced his fur cap, and opened the door. He was as smiling and courteous now as he had been moody and taciturn. Bernie's next question was destined to change his humor again.

"One moment," he said, crossing the floor. "May I ask your name?"

"Certainly," was the brief answer, while the enigmatical face darkened stonily.

"What is it?"

"Gabe," retorted the other, shortly. "That is enough for you. There are no pedigrees or distinctions at the North Pole. Ask for Old Gabe, and they will send you to me; ask for me, and you will find Old Gabe. I am on the ship *Hector*, and shall be far away to-morrow. You are another Jocelyn, but some day you may come to the *Hector*."

"Thanks," laughed Bernie, amused at the odd mixture of courtesy and rudeness. "May I ask if the *Hector* returns to England this season?"

"Yes, the *Hector* returns this season."

"May I take passage to England on the *Hector?*" persisted Bernie, eagerly.

"You may ask what you please, and I will refuse what I please. The Jocelyns have always brought me evil. You are a Jocelyn, and you may sink my ship. I decline to give you passage on the *Hector*."

"Let me explain my reasons, and you will not refuse the request."

A ring of melancholy in the rich, mellow tones seemed to strike his keen ear, for the stranger stopped, and looked searchingly into the handsome face.

"What does it matter to me what your reasons are? The ship will not return to this station for a month. You have an enemy; how do you know you will ever want a passage to England?" he demanded, crustily. "Who is it you are so set upon seeing as to surrender your whaling for three seasons?"

Bernie unbuttoned his coat, and drew from a side-pocket a miniature.

"That is the magnet drawing me homeward," he said, holding it that the other might see the smiling face.

Monsieur Gabe uttered a cry of horror and staggered backward. His hands clutched the table. His face whitened to a ghastly, ashen hue, under the yellowish swarthiness. His eyes contracted with a deadly pain.

"God!" he gasped, "where did you get that? God! that face again, and—the Jocelyns again!"

"It is my cousin, Winifred Jocelyn."

Bernie closed the miniature, and replaced it.

"It is not your cousin! It is not Winifred Jocelyn!" insisted the stranger, wildly. "You know nothing about it! I say you know nothing about it! God! I will not stay here! I shall go mad—mad—again!"

He placed his shapely hands over his eyes, as if to shut out some terrible sight, and rushed away frantically.

Bernie stood in the doorway, perplexed and surprised. He was looking after his fur-covered boots disappearing through the gangway, when an almost imperceptible sound attracted him. A face peered from behind a heavy stanchion, and was instantly withdrawn. The face was John Devèy's. For the second time he had crept near enough to hear every word. For the second time his subtle watchfulness had been detected after his object had been attained.

"The devil take that fellow Devèy! What can he be after?" was Bernie's careless comment.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"GOD PITY HIM."

THE whaleboat pulled off from the *Arcturus* across the green water toward the fields of ice. A whale had been sighted by the lookout. Bernie Jocelyn, with his handsome face and white hands, his brown hair curling around his splendid head like a shining fringe, its sealskin-cap seeming a trifle out of place among the rough old salts, straining every muscle to pull close enough for the skilled harpooner to take deadly aim. The magnificent landsman's eyes glowed with an excitement quite as intense as any whaler in the boat. The craft shot forward at lightning speed. Every man watched the widening circles of the eddying waters around the monster fish. Spouts of water were thrown into the air as the whale blew and snorted at the surface, and the boat flew over the waves.

"I almost wish you had staid on board, Mr. Jocelyn; this will be no play," Adams, the first-mate, said. "We are too confoundedly near the ice. It may break up at any minute. Swing on your oars, my boys. She'll be ours yet."

The men panted with the exertion and feverish anxiety. White, foamy spouts of water were still ascending in jets.

"Stand up!" shouted the mate.

The harpooner sprang to the bow. Bernie's strong arm seized his oar, and his college skill in rowing stood him in good stead.

"Pull, pull, my hearties! He is spouting slower. He is going down. He will be lost! Ay! Dart, dart!" vociferated Adams, as they ran close to the giant of the ocean.

The glistening harpoon darted with unerring skill and aim, and was fastened in the monster's side, and the boat was backed. The creature made a stupendous plunge of pain, then sank swiftly out of sight.

"Where away?" yelled the mate.

"Under the ice," shouted the harpooner, as he flung another coil around the ballard-post. "And running foul," he ejaculated, in a tone of alarm.

The boat lurched violently, then was pulled with lightning velocity straight toward the ice-field. The ballard-post began to smoke with the friction of the rope. The harpooner seized a bucket and laved it with water. The hardy faces were full of intense excitement.

"God almighty! he'll pull us under the ice—we'll be lost!" screamed a terror-stricken voice.

Bernie glanced around contemptuously. John Devèy was cowering in the corner of the flying boat, almost paralyzed with fright.

"Get up, you confounded coward, and jump for your life with the rest of us, or go to the devil if you like," roughly ordered the mate. "They can't reach us in time. Spring on the ice, every one of you."

It was only a few dreadful moments of this mad racing to destruction. The craft would inevitably follow the rope down under the ice, to the bottom of the ocean, wherever the wounded whale might choose to make its gigantic perilous plunges. The relief-boat was dashing over the water to their rescue. One minute every eye turned eagerly toward it; the next minute every eye turned hopelessly from it. Even Bernie's inexperienced glance saw that it was too late to save them.

"Spring for the ice, my hearties," ordered the mate. "Get up, you fool, or be a dead man in two seconds," he added, to Devèy.

Each man braced himself for the leap for life from the doomed craft to the scarcely less perilous ice. One breathless instant intervened, and then, with a grinding crash, boat, lines and whale had vanished under the boundless ice.

The boat had gone, but the crew was safe. Bernie's athletic agility had enabled him to spring clear of the boat, and reach the ice side-by-side with Adams, the mate.

"This floe of ice is devilish shaky; we won't venture too far from the boats," Adams said, examining keenly and narrowly the gaping holes and treacherous fissures. "He'll come up again, most like to the nor'west, in about thirty minutes, to blow. Mayhap you'll have the luck to lance him, Mr. Jocelyn. Come on, boys."

The party hurried over the ice. Adams strode on in advance, with Bernie at his side.

"It's life, sir; yes, it's life, this here whale-fishing—but I don't like this mist that's creeping over us, and the winds blowing a bit sharp," he added, hurrying forward rapidly.

"We won't give up the fish, even for a gale," laughed Bernie, gayly. His blood was tingling with the excitement and danger of this novel chase.

The mate glanced at him, almost in admiration.

"I say, Mr. Jocelyn," he began, walking as fast as possible, "for one of these granddee gentleman landsman you've got more spirit, and can handle an oar better than any of them I ever shipped with. Ay, hurry up, boys. There's a great hole in the ice, and curse me if the whale hasn't come up. There she blows."

A spout of water shot up in the air. Their prey was at the surface, for a few minutes, at least, if only they could reach it in time. The sailors rushed frantically forward, yelling a wild cheer. The mist was gathering with Arctic swiftness around them, but nobody heeded. One man passed his comrades in long strides. One man reached the edge of the hole several feet in advance, when Adams and the sailors ran up. Bernard Jocelyn's dexterous white hands had driven his lance into the great whale, and in an instant he had drawn it out and given another fatal wound. The sea-monster spouted streams of blood, while the men cheered lustily for Bernie.

"You're a born whaler," ejaculated Adams, ecstatically. "You've done as well as the best of us. Look out! look out! Run, run!"

The whale suddenly reared its head under the edge of ice, then pushed forward, breaking its passage in the ice with its gigantic crown.

"Take care, Mr. Jocelyn!" shouted the mate, from the other side of the gap, as Bernie and two of the sailors ran forward to give the whale another lance.

"It's turned over! He's dead! You've killed him, Mr. Jocelyn!" vociferated the men.

"Run for your lives," yelled Adams, in a shrill tone of terror. "The ice is parting. The floe is gone."

Bernie was bending down to watch their great capture. The sailors sprang away with all the frantic speed of men used to saving their lives in an instant. They ran along the widening fissure. The ice was cracking in explosive bursts. The green water was already visible far into the perfidious ice. The mist had deepened suddenly into almost impenetrability. They could see but a few feet before them.

"Here, here! Jump here!" shouted the foremost man, running out on a projecting point of ice cracking away from the main body. He was over in an instant, running on toward the party.

The sailor in front of Bernie leaped over, and stopped short on the other side. Bernie bounded to the edge, now a few feet away. In another second he, too, would have been saved; in another second he could easily have cleared the fatal gap, when a brutal blow from a lance hurled him backward. He recovered his balance and bounded back to the edge. It was too late—the floe had drifted out of reach. The villainous face of John Devèy scowled at him from across the horrible, hissing water.

"You are a dead man, curse you," he taunted, with malignant triumph, from the safe side of the frightful abyss. "I came here to kill you, and I've done it. Your Winifred thinks you are dead long ago, and she's Fulke's wife. I fooled her for Fulke. Yes, yes—think on that while you are going out to the sharks, and——"

The floe of ice had drifted out of hearing, swiftly and steadily. Bernie ran along the edge in frantic desperation. He could hear the mate shouting his name in the distance. The white peaks of ice opposite disappeared. The voices of the men grew fainter. The explosive cracking grew louder. An impenetrable pall of fog enveloped him. He shouted again and again, but the gale seemed to beat his voice back into his teeth. No answer came from his comrades—no answer would ever come to him now. He was shut out from sight and sound, in the realms of eternal silence. The floe suddenly stood still, rocking slightly and moving slowly back and forth, then suddenly the mass of ice began to whirl round and round, with a giddy velocity.

Bernie's lips were tightly compressed, his face was pale, but the brown eyes glittered with unquenchable spirit. Every moment he expected the mass to break into a thousand pieces. He knew that the floe had been caught in the whirling eddy of two meeting ocean currents, rushing down two great lanes in the ice. It would whirl in this mad way for a while, and then either break or, drifting closer to the edge of this ocean whirlpool, be carried with tremendous swiftness out into midocean, or somewhere—God only knew where.

Every sound of human life had died away long ago. The floe rocked and whirled. It must end soon. He knew that. Either alternative was equally hopeless and equally fatal. Possibly he hoped it would break and hurl him into the boiling sea below. Possibly he dreaded starving and freezing more than the awful caldron seething beneath him.

The calmness of despair came over Bernard Jocelyn as he stood there, gazing into the fog vacantly, with the white, salt spray dashing over him from the sea, and freezing on his beard and clothes. He made no effort to shelter himself from the sheets of foam thrown up as high as the peaks of ice.

All at once the sickening whirl ceased, and Bernie became aware that the floe of ice was rushing in one direction. Where, it seemed bootless to question. It scarcely

mattered to Fulke's enemy, imprisoned on the drifting iceberg. It could not signify much to Winifred's husband which way the ocean current drove his island of ice. Still, having no mind to surrender life without an effort, he clambered as high as possible on the slippery, frozen ledges. Nothing was before him except the great Polar sea. Nothing behind him except the heavy, opaque fog. The velocity with which the floe was impelled forward became at once perceptible by the rapidity with which he left the fog to the rearward. He paced the narrow ledge, careless of accident, and smiled bitterly at the very thought of caution for him. Somehow the past rose before him in vivid intensity. He remembered laying his dart down on the ice when he crept close to the edge to view the whale. He remembered now that one of the sailors picked it up, and he comprehended now, alas! that some murderous purpose must have been in Devèy's mind when he appropriated the weapon. And then the torturing taunt of Winifred being Fulke's wife! Poor Bernard! if he could only live to save Winifred! When it was too late, the impalpable vail hiding things from human sight seemed lifted. He understood the mystery of his presence on the whaler. They had taken advantage of his illness and weakness to send him off on the whale-ship, with an assassin to dog his steps and kill him, that Fulke might use his dreadful lash over her father, and force Winifred to become his wife. His own stupidity and blundering folly rose to confront him now, when it was all too late. Fulke had pursued him with fatal malignity to the confines of the world.

Despite what they called the mild season at the Pole, the temperature became bitter cold. The floe was still rushing forward at a maddening rate through the ocean channel. Miles away on either side were mountains of ice. Some were distant, others comparatively near. He contrived to climb higher up from ledge to ledge by cutting footholes with his knife, until he reached a startling height. The icebergs seemed to have approached nearer and nearer while Bernie had been cutting his improvised stairway up the glassy side of the peak. They were on every side, massed and wedged in huge mountains. Evidently the floe was drifting into the dangerous region of pack-ice. Other fields of ice-mountains had crashed together and remained there for ages, perhaps, and this floe, bearing its one hapless inhabitant, was flying forward straight upon this ice with a resistless momentum.

Bernie gazed about him, conscious of a strange, dull curiosity in regard to the frozen sea, and an equally dull stolidity as to his own inevitable fate. Far away on the floe he could see a white, moving body, and easily distinguished the ferocious Polar bear on one of the icebergs.

"Another passenger," he said, bitterly. "Another chance for extermination."

The brute was to the windward; at least, he might not scent the prey until the floe had crashed upon the peaks of eternal ice in the frozen sea.

"Who knows which one of us will be to the windward then?" muttered Bernie, turning again to watch the icy coast beginning to hem them in.

The floe was rushing swiftly onward; it would be hurled and shivered on the immovable icebergs. The tremendous collision was inevitable. Bernie's eyes riveted themselves upon the gigantic danger with a horrible fascination. He forgot everything else in the absorbing curiosity to witness the grand final spectacle—forgot that his own life was not worth a cent.

"Ay, it's coming soon enough now," he whispered.

A numb torpidity seemed creeping over him; the biting Polar wind swept around him. It was horribly cold, and the frozen sea lay only a mile or two away. A low growl startled him. His rapacious fellow-voyager appeared on the very summit of the next peak, not fifty yards away. They had shifted positions—Bernie was to the windward now, and the brute had scented his prey; Bruin was growling savagely at him.

The wind roared among the icebergs; the floe was appallingly near. One frightful moment more of suspense and it would crash furiously upon the frozen mountains. Bernie suddenly raised his head. A sound to the windward echoed sharply through the peaks—it was a ship's gun.

(To be continued.)

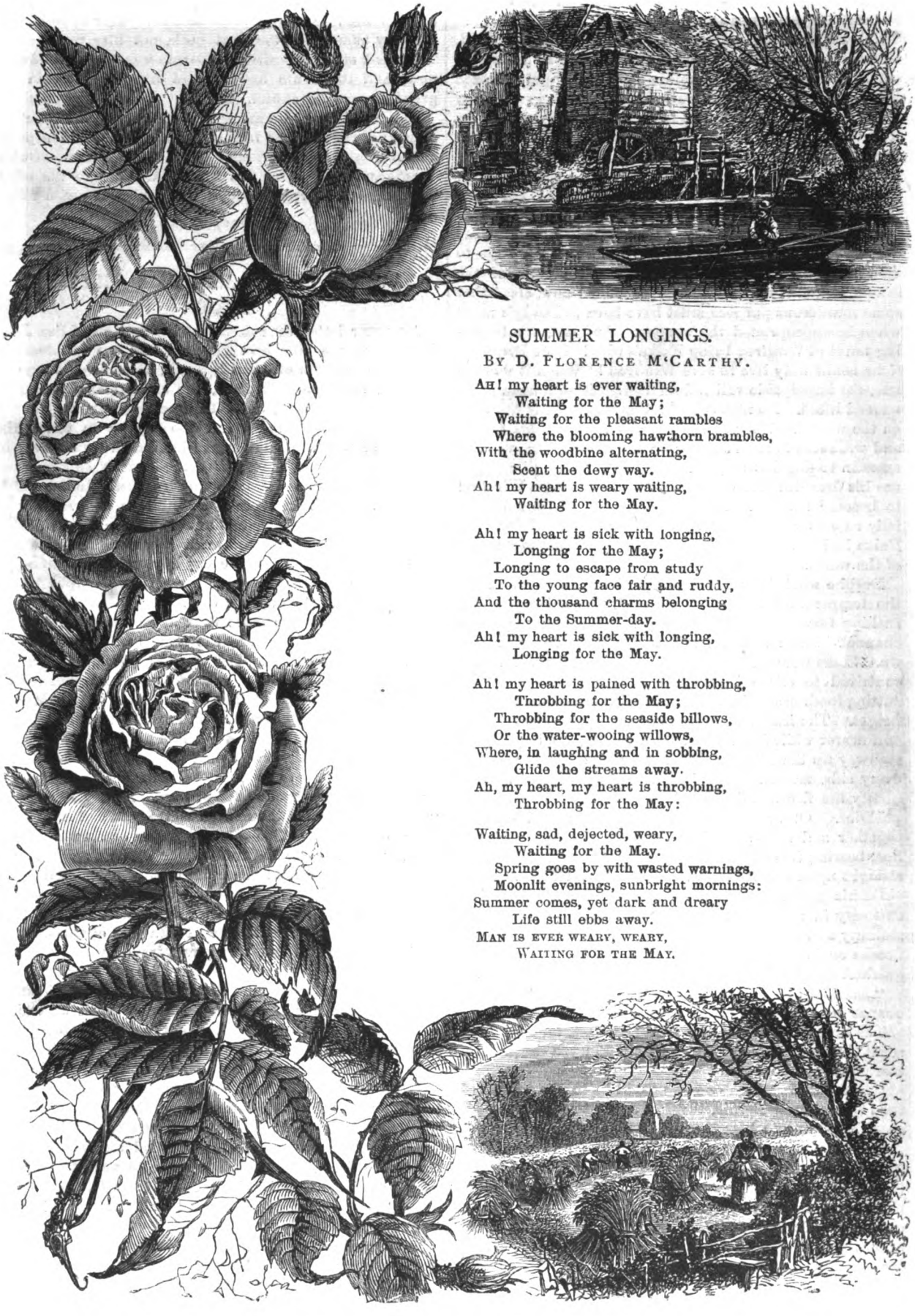
ST. JOHN'S DAY IN AN INDIAN VILLAGE IN MEXICO.

A RECENT letter thus describes the festival of San Juan de Dios in the village of Texcoco. As the inhabitants, with the exception of a few Spanish, Mexican and French families, are extremely poor, the anniversary was celebrated without pomp, but with touching fervor.

On the eve of the festival the barrier in which the Church of St. John stands was illuminated by bonfires of resinous wood; on the roof of the church and on each tower brilliant flames were kept up by patient Indians, who seemed as wrapt in their labor of love as ever Parsee could have been while maintaining the sacred fires of Iran.

When the anniversary dawned there was a joyous peal of bells, and before sunrise every boy and man who could procure rockets, torpedoes or fire-crackers helped to increase the din. The uproar was so great that the dogs—I believe Texcoco owns more than any other town in this republic—fled yelping into the houses or ran off to the hills. At eight o'clock Mass was celebrated, and during the pauses there seemed to come from some upper region sad, wild sounds that chilled one's blood. After Mass I heard these weird sounds at intervals, and asking what they were, was told it was a "Chirrimia," a sort of serenade by five Indians, who had come all the way from Mount Teponastle to contribute their mites to the festival by playing on the roof of the church. A lady suggested, "Go out in front of the church where you can hear them more distinctly." The servant who accompanied me said: "I will go to the roof of the church and tell the Indians to play a martial air for you." I declined troubling the musicians, but away sped Pedio, and in the course of a few minutes the music ceased, and a head, that for ugliness might have vied with that of Quasimodo, of Notre Dame de Paris, was thrust from a window in the tower, while the other four Indians leaned over the roof, peering at the Americans. Evidently they were disposed to be obliging, for they played three of their wild airs, and when, by way of thanks, I sent up a piece of silver and my messenger suggested: "Perhaps the foreigner would like to see your instruments," down they all came and exhibited their drums, made from the body of a tree (with an unwritable Indian name) hollowed out and covered with deer-skin. Then with an apathetic air they displayed their trumpets, also of wood and about fourteen inches long. There was not a smile, yet I knew they were proud of their handiwork—by-the-way, these Texcocan Indians seem even graver than their serious Azteo neighbors.

That evening the illuminations differed from those of the previous night. Chinese lanterns and colored lamps were hung in the streets, and all the parish of San Juan de Dios was bedecked with white hangings, old tapestry and flowers.



SUMMER LONGINGS.

By D. Florence M'Carthy.

Ah! my heart is ever waiting,
Waiting for the May;
Waiting for the pleasant rambles
Where the blooming hawthorn brambles,
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.
Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May;
Longing to escape from study
To the young face fair and ruddy,
And the thousand charms belonging
To the Summer-day.
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May;
Throbbing for the seaside billows,
Or the water-wooing willows,
Where, in laughing and in sobbing,
Glide the streams away.
Ah, my heart, my heart is throbbing,
Throbbing for the May:

Waiting, sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May.
Spring goes by with wasted warnings,
Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings:
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
Life still ebbs away.
Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May.

BARTON'S WIFE. —"I SWAM HERE AND THERE, WHEN SUDDENLY I WAS STRUCK BY SOME WOOD FROM THE BURNING VESSEL, AND REMEMBERED NO MORE FOR TWO WEEKS."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

BARTON'S WIFE.

I was spending a few months at one of our fashionable watering-places with Aunt Carrie when I first met Barton Wight. It was through little Minnie that we first became acquainted.

She was the strangest child I ever saw, but one whose winning ways, rare beauty, and bright intellect attracted love, while her violent temper and capricious moods puzzled and even repelled her friends.

I found her one day on the beach, lying upon her face on the white sand, sobbing violently and angrily, while her nurse tried in vain to comfort her.

"Go away—I hate you! I want papa!" cried the child, not lifting her face.

"Your papa will be back again on Saturday," said the nurse. "Come, Minnie; it is getting hot here, and you will be all tanned with the sun."

"I don't care!" screamed the child—"I don't care if I am burnt black."

"But your papa will not want to kiss you then," said the nurse.

In an instant the child was on her feet, and had slipped her little hand into the woman's. The sight of her little tear-stained face was very pitiful, and I spoke to her.

"I have a cage full of little birds in my room," I said; "would you like to come and see them, my girl?"

"Yes," was the quick reply. "I like you. I heard you singing to the lame lady."

"That is my aunt," I said. "She loves little girls very much."

"Would she love me?"

"I think so. Shall we go and ask her?"

"No," said this oddity. "I sha'n't ask her. If folks want to love me they can, but I sha'n't ask them."

Telling the nurse where she would find the child, I took her to my room, and for three days she only left me at night.

With her impetuous disposition she became warmly attached to Aunt Carrie, whose quiet gentleness seemed to soothe all her troubles. The great grief was her father's absence for those three days.

"Mamma," she told us, "was dead—drowned in the river. Aunt Lizzie, who took care of her after mamma died, was dead, too, and she herself had been very sick, so the doctor sent her to Newport to get well; and now papa had gone home for three days, and she should die, she was sure, before he came back again. She was seven years old, and her name was Minnie Wight."

I never saw such beauty as this child's. Large brown eyes, and a wealth of rich brown curls, attracted the first admiration, and day after day new beauties were developed—the beautiful form, the delicate features, small, expressive mouth, and the grace of every movement, made her wonderfully lovely.

Saturday came, and by daylight we heard Minnie's voice in the hall, as she passed our door on the way to the landing to wait for the boat that was to bring papa.

Aunt Carrie was ill all day, and I could not leave her until late in the afternoon, when she fell asleep, and I went to walk on the beach. I was strolling slowly along when Minnie came rushing after me.

"Miss Arnold! Miss Arnold! please wait for me!"

I turned toward her, and saw Barton Wight. He was following his little girl, and raising his hat, said, courteously:

"Will you allow me to introduce myself, and thank you for your kindness to my little girl?"

I scarcely know how I replied, but we walked together, Minnie holding a hand of each, and as we walked, we talked of the weather, the sea, the many everyday topics that break the ice of a first meeting.

Before we parted, he had asked, and I had granted, permission to call upon Aunt Carrie.

I went to my room, and found my aunt still sleeping. I was free to think—to think of a pair of sad dark eyes looking into mine—of a deep, rich voice speaking to me—of a tall, manly figure bending toward me.

I cannot write of that Summer as I would. I cannot think of Barton Wight as a mere watering-place acquaintance, when he seemed part of my very life, my heart, my love.

At first my womanly pity was roused by his deep-settled melancholy, the heavy heart-sorrow that was printed upon his face, and shadowed his large black eyes. Then I became interested in his conversation, the varied reading that had expanded his rare intellect, the travel from which he had drawn such rich experiences, and the winning deference and courtesy that a plain little woman feels to be such delicate flattery from such a man.

Later, I found myself happy in the consciousness of having the power to awaken a smile on his lips, a look of peace in his eyes; and half afraid, wholly loving, I learned that he loved me. He loved me!

I was a little woman, pale in face, without any brilliancy of beauty or accomplishment, entirely dependent upon Aunt Carrie for my support. He was a prominent lawyer in New York, talented, wealthy—a man of stainless reputation, both in his social and professional life—a man whose love would have been considered an honor by any of the brilliant belles around us. And he really loved *me*.

It seemed impossible at first that such bewildering happiness could be mine. I had passed my childhood and my girlhood in a sort of gray life, tending an invalid mother, and humoring the caprices of a very aged father. I was twenty-four when they died, and Aunt Carrie sent for me to share her lonely life.

That was my first gleam of happiness. Money sufficient to gratify all my love of fine arts, music, literature, rest from the wearing anxieties of nursing, and the calculation how to make one dollar do the work of two.

Aunt Carrie was an invalid, it is true, but she had a house full of servants at home, and one who always traveled with us. She was very kind to me.

For two years we were quietly happy; then we went to Newport and Boston. Barton Wight loved me.

He had made my life golden-hued, when, one evening, we were sitting on the porch, talking, and we spoke of Minnie.

"Darling," he said, "that is the only drawback to my happiness—the fear that Minnie will prove too much of a burden for you. She is so impetuous—inherits so much of her mother's peculiar temperament—that I tremble for her future. My strongest hope for her is in the influence you have over her—the power of your gentle, quiet temperament over her wayward moods. Poor little Minnie!"

"She is like her mother?" I questioned. "You have never told me of her, Barton. Is it long since she died?"

"Four years. I will tell you the story of my married life, that you may understand fully how precious to me is your love, your tender gentleness, my soft-eyed darling. My true life is only now commencing, Alice."

I had longed for this confidence, and was only too glad to have it offered to me.

"My wife," Barton said, "was a West Indian, of Spanish descent, and with wonderful beauty and powers of attraction. Minnie resembles her in every particular. I loved her, Alice, with a strong, fierce love, such as a woman like her will awaken in a young, untried heart, and she returned my love.

"For four years we lived together, but I can never describe to you my life. Zoe was jealous of everything—jealous of my profession, because it took me from her side—jealous of her own child, if I caressed her too warmly. Her temper was ungovernable, and the slightest opposition to her wishes would rouse a perfect storm of fury. Then would follow fits of penitence, as wild and unreasonable as her first anger, when she would reproach herself in bitterest terms, caress me, and plead for pardon as if she actually feared I would visit some horrible vengeance upon her.

"Slowly my mind awoke to the appalling truth that there was positive insanity in her blood; slowly came to my horror-stricken heart the conviction that the woman I loved, had married, the mother of my little child, must become to me only a care and burden, to be tenderly humored, and made happy as far as it lay in my power to make her so, but never my true wife, my other self, the chosen companion of every thought of my heart.

"I tried to bear my cross patiently; my sister Lizzie came to me, and took upon her young shoulders all household cares, and I engaged a woman for Zoe's constant attendance. In all her fierce moods, her most violent attacks of insanity, her love for me never wavered. It was touching to see how she would come to me, exhausted with raving, put her beautiful arms around me, lay her weary head upon my shoulder, and sink to sleep while I soothed and caressed her.

"My heart was hers in her affliction, as it had been in her health and strength. My physician at first gave me hope of her recovery; but during the fourth Winter of our marriage, her physical strength began to give way, and he advised me to try travel and change of scene. I assented the more willingly as he said the physical weakness might be a token of renewed mental power.

"We left little Minnie with Lizzie, and made an extended Southern trip. The change was certainly beneficial. Zoe gained in health, and was much more quiet. It may be that my constant presence was some restraint upon her; but it is certain that she slowly regained a more even temper, and the violent spells of raving became less and less frequent.

"We had been in New Orleans when I was summoned home by important professional engagements, and took passage on one of the Mississippi steamers for St. Louis."

"My home!" I said.

"Your home! I had every hope then of Zoe's perfect recovery, but God willed that I should lose her. We were nearly at our journey's end when the steamer took fire in the night. We were asleep in the stateroom when the cry awoke us, and hurrying on our clothes, we went on deck. It was a scene of indescribable confusion, and every one was struggling for self-preservation.

"You may imagine my horror, Alice, when Zoe broke in the worst paroxysm of raving that had ever afflicted her. In vain I tried to calm her; she was wild with terror, and would not let me touch her. Every moment our situation became more critical, and the danger of delay greater. Already the lifeboats were loaded with their living freight, and lowered to the water. The fire was gaining in force and fury. In despair I caught Zoe in my arms, and tried to make her understand that we must get to the lifeboats. She wrested herself from my grasp, ran swiftly across the deck of the steamer, and sprang into the water. I followed her. I could swim ashore, if I could only find her. Alice, my search was fruitless.

"I swam here and there, when suddenly I was struck by some wood from the burning vessel, and remembered no more for two weeks. I awoke to consciousness then, to find myself an inmate of a hospital in St. Louis. I had been very ill, delirious from the blow upon my head, and to this hour I do not know how or by whom I was rescued. Zoe was lost. When I was sufficiently recovered I tried to find some clew to her fate, hoping that she had been amongst the rescued passengers. There can be no doubt that she sank in that mad, terrified leap from the burning steamer. Now, you can understand why I am so anxious about Minnie. The strange, wayward moods, the hot temper, the passionate love and capricious temperament are all so like poor Zoe's. While Lizzie lived Minnie had loving care from a loving woman, but my dear sister died six months ago. Minnie's grief was so violent it threatened her life, and I brought her here to win her mind from her sorrow. To you she has given the same absorbing affection she gave to her aunt. Can you undertake such a heavy care as my poor child must be, Alice?"

"I will give her the most loving care, Barton, if you will trust her to me."

As I spoke I made a vow in my heart to give to Barton the peaceful home, the loving, gentle devotion that would best compensate him for the past sorrow and trial. I was sure his love for me was true and enduring, and that he anticipated the true happiness of married life in this second love.

Our Summer of happiness was over, and Barton returned to New York, while Aunt Carrie and I went to our St. Louis home, with Minnie for our guest. In November Barton was to come for me, and we were to return to New York together. Aunt Carrie made most generous preparations for our wedding, and the weeks flew by rapidly.

Early in November Barton came to St. Louis, and the wedding-day was fixed. On the twenty-second I was to become a bride. In the meantime my friends seemed determined to make my few days of maidenhood as gay as possible, and parties were made for me, to which Barton was always invited.

On one lovely day, when June seemed to have visited us for a few hours, we made a riding-party, and started for the outskirts of the city. We were passing a handsome building, when one of the party said:

"Who would like to stop and go into the lunatic asylum? The doctor is a warm personal friend of mine."

I glanced nervously at Barton. He was very pale, but said, courteously:

"Shall we not intrude?"

"Oh, no, indeed! This is an asylum where they are not afraid of visitors. Shall we go?"

The whole party assenting, we dismounted, and were soon in the building. The doctor was most polite, and he soon discovered that Barton took a painful interest in his conversation.

"I have one patient," he told him, "whose case interests me deeply. It is a lady who was placed here by Mrs. Weldon. Probably you have heard of Mrs. Weldon?"

"I am almost a stranger in St. Louis," Barton replied.

"She is a lady of large wealth, who spends her life and fortune in deeds of charity. The unfortunate patient of whom I speak was rescued from a burning steamboat, and with some others was taken to Mrs. Weldon's, her house being near the scene of the disaster, seven miles below the city. The others recovered, and left her, but the shock of

LAGER BEER IN AMERICA.—A LAKE OF LAGER.

the night of horror turned this poor creature's brain. We have tried in vain to discover even her name; but she talks of a child at times, and calls often for her husband.

"How long ago was she found?" asked Barton.

"Four years ago.'

"Can I see her?"

"I do not often allow visitors to see her. The sight of a stranger excites her."

"Let us see her," I said to the doctor. "I think we can tell you where to find her friends.'

"If you think so, come, by all means," he said, opening a door near to us. I came to Barton's side, nerving myself as best I could.

"Hush!" he whispered, hoarsely. "Do not speak now. I cannot bear it."

The doctor led us through a long corridor, and opened the door of a small, neatly-furnished room. Seated there, in a listless attitude, her hands lying in her lap, her eyes bent on the ground, was a pale, beautiful woman. She did not stir as we entered, not even lifting her eyes. I glanced at Barton, and read the death-warrant of my love in his face. With rigid features, pallid cheeks and lips, and a resolute look in his eyes, he went from my side to his wife's.

"Zoe!" he said, in a low tone.

Never have I heard such a cry of rapture as sprang from the poor maniac's lips.

"Barton! I knew you would come, Barton! My love — my husband!"

I went softly from the room, from the house, and walked home. How I reached my room I never knew. How the long night passed I cannot write.

The next day a litle note reached me:

"ALICE," Barton wrote, "God is my witness I never meant to break your heart. I have not willingly deceived you. Can you forgive and forget me? The doctor thinks I had better take my wife home as soon as possible, and I leave here to-morrow. May heaven bless you, Alice, and grant you in time a happier love. BARTON."

I was not ill—I did not die. After some days the keen anguish became a dull, ever-present pain, and my constant struggle was to crush down the love that was now a sin. Forgetting was impossible, and what had I to forgive? Two long, weary years passed away, and I was becoming reconciled to my sorrow. Aunt Carrie was always my comfort, and I knew I was her greatest treasure on earth. Once only I had heard from Barton, when he sent for Minnie the day he left St. Louis.

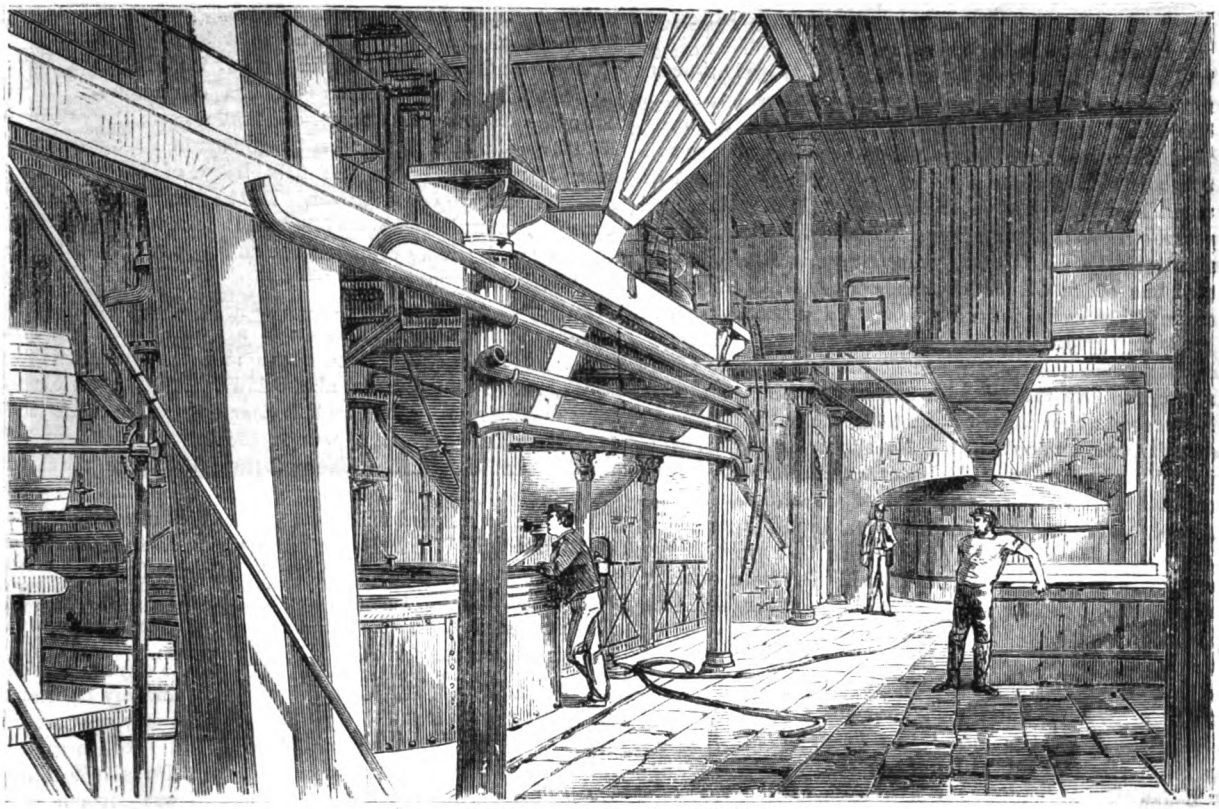
Sorrow was to come to me once more. Aunt Carrie died, and I was alone, heiress to her wealth, desolate in her loss. It was just after the funeral when my maid brought me a letter, and I recognized Barton's hand.

"ALICE," he wrote, "one year ago Zoe died. I think the last year of her sorrowful life was happy; she became a gentle, harmless child in my care, never quite rational, but never violent, and always loving and submissive. She died in my arms, never knowing that for one hour my heart had strayed from her. I am waiting to know if I may come to you. There is now no sin in my love for you, and it is yours unchanged, unalterable. May I see you? BARTON."

My story is told. We had a quiet wedding, and I came to New York, happy, as his love has made my life now for five long years. What could be more perfect joy on earth than is mine as Barton's wife?

HOW THE BEER IS BARRELED.

ECONOMY in our affairs has the same effect upon our fortunes that good-breeding has on our conversation.



A VISIT TO A LAGER BEER BREWERY.

LAGER BEER IN AMERICA.

HOW IT CAME HERE, WHAT IT SHOULD BE WHAT IT IS.

By J. Burnitz Bacon.

The production of beer in our country, and especially of that which is now called "lager beer," has reached proportions that entitle it to notice as one of our principal industries, and, from the quantity consumed, it may fairly be termed the beverage of the million. A brief sketch of American beer may therefore be interesting. It may also be new to some of our later-coming German cousins, who assume exclusiveness in its paternity and production.

New York claims an early date in that connection. Our Flemish forefathers of the New Netherlands inherited their traditions of beer and its manufacture more directly and legitimately than could any Bavarian or other German, for the royal patron saint of the foaming tankard, Gambrinus, was a Fleming, being Lord of Brabant, in old Flanders. It was through no left-handed birthright, therefore, that beer was among the earliest manufactures in Manhattan. In 1633, under Director Van Twiller, a brewery was erected in Bridge Street, between Broad and Whitehall. Not long afterward the "Brouwer Straat" was so-called from its several breweries. There Oloffe Stevensen Van Cortlandt, as a brewer, laid the foundation of his fortune and his family, and the names of De Forest, Van Couwenhoven, Bayard, Kip, Beekman, and others, were on the list of early brewers who rose to wealth and eminence. Arendt Van Corlaer—the "Corlaer" so held in honor by the aborigines and the French—established a brewery at Beverwyck, or Albany, in 1661. Even in Massachusetts there were brew-houses already in 1635. In that colony, when barley was scarce, they began to use molasses and sugar

TRAVERSING A CELLAR.

as substitutes for malt, until the General Court prohibited the practice, which may be called only an anticipation of the unnatural expedients of our day.

The beer which was made generally at that early time in Manhattan and other parts of our country was known as "table beer," such as our "present-use ale"; or when more malt was used, as "strong beer," such as we now call "stock ale." The same kind of products continued in vogue in New York up to and after the Revolution, and they were the only form of malt liquors in common use here until 1846. Such, also, were the general malt beverages of the other Middle States, except in the Springtime; and that exception brings us to the consideration of "lager beer," and its history in America.

In attempting the task, we must first go back to Gambrinus and to Bavaria, for with one or the other it is generally conceded that lager originated. The ancient legend relative thereto, as contained in an appendix to "Simplicissimus," runs thus: "A Bavarian nobleman, Count Forst, had been visiting the court of Gambrinus in Brabant, and, by his capacity for beer, had found favor in the royal eyes. When the count was about to return home, at a private audience Gambrinus said that as a parting gift he would teach him the secret of a new beer which he had lately discovered. He gave the count a manuscript describing the process, and especially impressed on him the condition that the beer must be brewed in the low temperature of Winter, must be stored for six months, and not tapped till the Spring. "In this stone flagon," continued the King, "you will find another *arcanum* of the new draught. It contains a sextarius of the true and virgin barm, derived from a *Penicillium* under the midnight dews. This sup of barm, after fermentation, will be the mother of more, and its succession must be preserved. Hasten, then, my son, to your home, and set this living yeast to its duty, and remember, above all, the Winter-keeping of the beer."

The count hastened home to establish a brewery at Munich, and obeying the directions of the King, bequeathed the secret to his descendants. It is well known that by the time of the Thirty Years' War, or about 1650, lager beer had become a common beverage in Germany.

We may regard this old German legend as a mere fable, though there are some here who still accept the Gambrinus "barm" as a verity, as we shall yet note. The Winter keeping of the beer, however, is no fable, but an old and essential fact in the production of true lager, for until it is Winter-brewed and Winter-stored it cannot be genuine, natural lager beer.

"Lagern" is the German verb "to lay up," or to store. In the old Lexicons lager beer is defined as a beer for keeping. It cannot, therefore, be the genuine article until it has been stored through the Winter months, ripening to its best under the subtle and slow chemistry of nature. After that matured supply is exhausted there may be beer, but it is not "lager," for it belies its name in not having been laid.

Now to proceed. In the year 1710 there was a large immigration of German Palatines to America, some of whom remained in the City of New York, while others passed on up the Hudson to settle in Dutchess County, in the Schoharie County, and at the German Flats in Herkimer County. Those who made their homes in the city were wont to meet socially in a stone brew-house which belonged to Rip Van Dam—perhaps not brewer, but owner—and which stood on the rear of the lot now occupied by Nos. 64 and 66 Nassau Street. For forty years these Germans and their children continued to quaff their beer in this brew-house, until, in 1750, it was altered to a theatre for Lewis Hallam. Subsequently the old building was fitted up and occupied as a German Reformed Church for those of the Palatines who held to the faith of the Heidelberg Catechism. From one of their pastors, Rev. Mr. Kern, and through one of his descendants, there has come down to us a tradition, that among the original Palatines the real Winter-kept lager made its appearance every Spring. This is the first trace of lager beer in America that we can discover. In the general use of ale, however, their descendants followed the prevailing fashion, and so the brewing of lager became a lost art, so far as New York was concerned.

The Palatines who had moved up the Hudson suffered annoyance from the Indians, and a portion of them left the New York settlements there and removed further south, into Pennsylvania, about 1733. At that time the famous interpreter, Conrad Weiser, together with the friendly chief, Quagnant, was furthering the settling of the Upper Schuylkill. These flitting Palatines seem to have carried their "beer secret" with them, and one of their number, named Fritz, who, like Weiser, was a native of Oberant, in Würtemberg, put up a bark-shed brewery in the Tulpehocken valley, near Reading. On a visit to that place, in 1836, the writer was informed that he made Winter-stored beer. His name ought to be historic, but he was known only as Fritz of Tulpehocken. It was said, that once being lost for some time while hunting, when he returned he found that his yeast was dead. In some way he obtained a fresh supply, and found his lager-brewing as successful as before.

A few years after this, in the region still further south, there was another stream of German immigrants seeking the neighborhood of the lower Susquehanna. They were attracted to settlements just beginning to be made a few miles west of that river. Possibly some of these immigrants were of the Palatines of New York City, while others were of later arrival. Among them were two brothers, who were brewers, named Daniel and Leonard Bernitz, whose first venture was to buy or to lease lots in York Town, a place then scarcely yet surveyed. Their intention was to brew beer there, and there is evidence that they did. But they found that the place was too far inland, and also that the land titles were somewhat uncertain, owing to disputes between the Penns and Calverts as to the boundary, afterward celebrated as Mason and Dixon's line. The brothers then determined to remove fifty miles further south, to a rising settlement at tidewater, which was just then attracting attention, under the name of Baltimore Town. In that town they settled in 1748, when it had a population of only 200, and but twenty-four houses. They soon built a brewery, the site of which was on the present southwest corner of Baltimore and Hanover Streets. They were among the first German settlers who so greatly aided that infant city with their capital and industry. Their building is a feature in the sketch of Baltimore drawn in 1752, the original of which is preserved in the historical records of the city.

These brothers were eminently successful in their business, and were the chief contributors to building the earliest Lutheran Church in Baltimore, on Fish, now Lexington, Street. They accumulated a large landed estate in the heart of the city, and a street running through it was named after them, though in later years the name has been Anglicized.

We have before stated that lager beer was in common use in Germany at that time, as the older Lexicons of the language prove, and all brewers immigrating thence must have been acquainted with the process of its manufacture. It is fair, therefore, to believe that the two brothers above

named, enterprising and successful in brewing as they were, were not ignorant of the mystery of making it. They were among the earliest brewers of the Susquehanna region, and fifty years ago in that region, among the German population there abounding, lager beer was no new thing. It was called "lager," too, as the writer knows, but it was the lager of that day—Winter-brewed, Winter-stored, natural, genuine and wholesome, and not sold until Spring. Its use was not general except among those of German tastes, and therefore the demand was not great. Its supply was also limited, for lack of extensive premises and appliances such as are now common. It came and went with the Spring, making no special sensation or record, and therefore the existence of that early American lager has been overlooked and forgotten.

As part of that early venture in brewing, the following traditional incidents may be interesting, especially as they were the early household talk of a region now historic. When, about 1742, the two Bernitz brothers, as related, reached the proposed town of York, in the wilds of Pennsylvania, they found that only a few lots had been taken up on the site, and that there had been no church of any denomination yet erected. The most of the settlers were Germans, and of the Lutheran faith. By the united efforts of those of them in the town, and those in the clearings around, a congregation was at length formed. In 1744 a frame church was built, and it is probable that it was adorned with the altar and candles permitted by the Augsberg Confession. But they had no bell, and that was not only an ecclesiastical adjunct but a special necessity for a widely-scattered rural congregation. The Palatine Lutherans in New York were then worshiping in a church on the corner of Broadway and Rector Street, on the site afterward occupied by Grace Episcopal Church. The Palatines had two bells, and, mindful of their distant brethren, they sent to Pennsylvania one taken from their Broadway belfry. It was a small one, but sufficient to echo over the woodlands.

The bell had a tedious journey on its way west of the Susquehanna to York Town. It arrived there late on a Saturday evening in the Spring of 1745—too late to leave it in safety at the church. The weary teamsters then sought help to unload it at the brew-house on the east bank of the Codorus. The brew-house was then a home-like evening exchange for the gossips of the hamlet. In those days of leather breeches it was the custom to test the excellence of strong beer by spilling a spoonful on the wooden bench and then sitting down in it. If the brewing was weak in malt they could easily rise, but if it was lusty and nourishing they would stick fast. On this evening the strong beer had been tested and found tenacious, but the news of the bell's arrival brought the customers from their seats. It was brought inside, and its chime was hailed with delight. In the cool cellar there was a store of "lager beer" not yet tapped. To honor the occasion, the bell was upturned, a keg of lager was poured into it, and the whole hamlet was summoned to drink a welcome. The next day the bell was carried in procession to the church, where Pastor Schaum duly christened it.

For ninety years this bell summoned the people to church or tolled for the passing soul. It was known as the "lager beer bell," or in later years as the "little bell," because it was used to toll the death of a child. When the Lutheran Theological Seminary was established at Gettysburg, Professor Schmuck r was its first president, and he had been brought up under the sound of the ancient bell. About 1835 he had it transferred to the cupola of the building on the ridge just west of the town. There, beside the little monitor, stood Lee, the Confederate general, while he directed the charge of his army at the battle of Gettysburg. Such is the history of the bell, and although partly traditionary, it is inserted here as incidental evidence relative to American lager beer.

But there are those who deny the early manufacture of that beverage here, and the question was a topic among delegates to the late National Convention of Brewers at Chicago. Those of German birth assert that it was first introduced during this generation, and we quote a published statement derived from them that "lager beer was not even heard of in this country prior to 1846." Now, considering the large German population early settled in America, and considering the continual German immigration up to 1846, we have often asked, Why should a beer so long common in the Fatherland not have been known here prior to that year.?

To this query the editor of a prominent American brewers' gazette makes reply that it was necessary first to bring a peculiar living yeast from Germany; that on a long voyage this yeast would lose its strength and be dead before its arrival; and that it was only when the Baltimore clipper-ships made the voyage in three weeks that the yeast was imported, and thus lager was first produced in America. This he states as the explanation given by the present German brewers.

Truly, this is merely a resurrection of the living yeast, or barm, of the Gambrinus legend. It sounds strange to hear the old fable gravely revived in the nineteenth century, and its refutation might safely be left to the traditions and facts we have narrated. But let us further reply that if the clipper-ship yeast was necessary to introduce lager, it has strangely failed to do so, because the result of it is, the lager of to-day is not lager beer. It does not at all fulfill the meaning of the term, which has already been given.

That it is not the genuine Winter-ripened beverage is plain from the fact that it is brewed and consumed all the year round. Brewing rapidly succeeds brewing, in order to turn and turn over again the capital invested; and to do this at the required low temperature, ice-houses have become a main feature of every establishment. If to this are added the more reprehensible practices of using drugs and chemicals, such as malt-extract, grape-sugar, aloes, or coculus indicus, we may very earnestly call upon Gambrinus to vindicate his original patent and save us from our present lager.

As to its introduction in the City of New York, our modern lager was first sold here in 1847, in a basement at Broadway and Worth Street, and at one or two other places, having been brought here from a Philadelphia brewery. In 1848 the first city-brewing of it was made by F. & M. Schaefer, at No. 85 Seventh Avenue. Soon afterward Erhardt Richter and George Gillig began its manufacture. The demand gradually increased until it became the fashion, and now the total city production may be put at two million barrels, and the proceeds at fifteen million dollars per year.

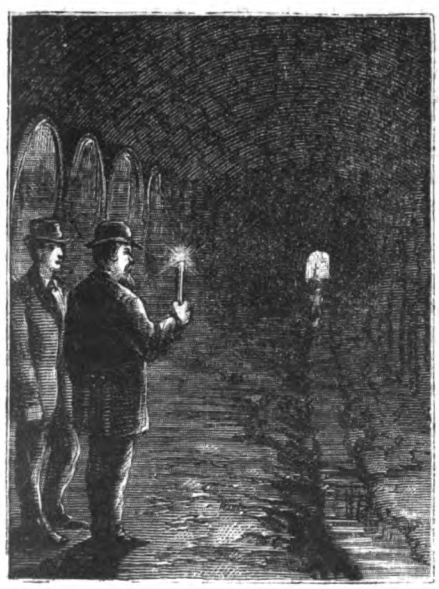
Though the greater part of this modern product is not the old-fashioned lager that slept through the Winter and awoke ripe and bracing in the Spring, there are brewers here who can, and do, manufacture the true Gambrinus tonic. To that genial essence of the malt and hop we may bid all hail, yet still with the proviso, *Caveat Emptor.*

The revived taste for lager beer led to a wonderful development of the breweries. While there was only one in New York City in 1842, there were in 1872, in and near the city, no fewer than eighty, and the product had increased from 7,000 gallons to 7,000,000 per year.

The first operation in beer-brewing is the preparation

A NEW YORK CELLAR OF LAGER.

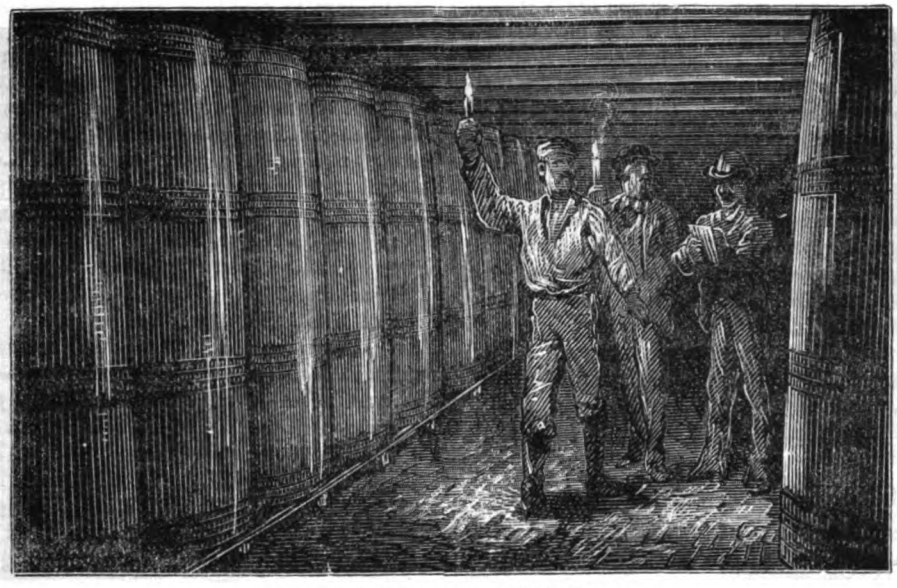
of the malt. In an immense room on an upper floor are stored thousands of bushels of barley. Here the grain is steeped for forty hours, the water being drawn off when the grain has become fully swollen. It is then left to dry for six hours. Then the grain is dried upon the malt-floor in rectangular heaps of twelve or fifteen inches in depth. In this condition it is quite dry, but in the course of a day it grows moist, and acquires a temperature ten degrees higher than the surrounding air. It gives out a pleasant fruity smell, and germination begins by the shooting out of the fibrils of the young roots from the tip of every grain. This takes place about ninety-six hours after the removal of the grain from the steep. The rudiments of the future stem begin to appear about a day after the germination of the rootlet. The germination is now checked, and the couching is succeeded by the flooring operation, which is merely spreading the grain more thinly upon the floor, and turning it over with spades two or three times a day. Now that the gluten and mucilage have mostly disappeared from the grain, this becomes white and crumbly, like meal. It is then dried and freed from the roots, which have become brittle. Now the pure white barley is ground into a fine powder, which is very sweet to the taste. It is next poured through a hopper into an immense tub in the brew-house, and boiling water let in upon it. The liquid, or sweet-wort, is drawn off into copper vessels, called underbacks, and great care has now to be observed that the infusion shall be clear and free from any particles of the grain. It is a solution of the saccharine matters principally, the mucilaginous and resinous not being yet dissolved. Then water is again let into the mash at the temperature of 190 degrees, which is immediately reduced by the cooling malt to 176 degrees. The infusion percolates through the colandered tops of the underbacks and mixes with the first, and the contents of these vessels are pumped out into large copper kettles, furnished with steam valves, which are contrived to retain the steam at a temperature higher than 212 degrees. Here the sweet beer is boiled, and in the process hops are introduced. Then the worts are drawn into a square cistern, called the *hopfenseihe*, or hop-back, where the liquor is strained out and the hops left behind. After remaining for a short time in the hopback, the beer is pumped up to the cooling-vats in the third story, whence, when about of the temperature of the surrounding air, it is run over the patent coolers into the fermenting-tubs down below, where it remains for three weeks. Yeast is now added—in the proportion of from one to three gallons of yeast to one hundred of worts, more being required in Winter than in Summer. Then the beer is drawn into the settling-tuns, where it is kept for three or four months, when it is properly called lager



THE REAL LAGER WINTER CELLAR.

A BEER COOLER.

beer for the first time. It is now ready to be drawn off into kegs and sent out to make the hearts of the thirsty glad.



THE CELLAR WHERE THE LAGER FERMENTS.

A SMILE.

NOTHING on earth can smile but the race of man. Gems may flash reflected light, but what is a diamond-flash compared with an eye-flash and mirth-flash? Flowers cannot smile. This is a charm which even they cannot claim. Birds cannot smile, nor any living thing. It is the prerogative of man; it is the color which love wears, and cheerfulness and joy—these three. A face that cannot smile is like a bud that cannot blossom and dries up on the stalk. Laughter is day, and sobriety is night—a smile the twilight that hovers between both.

AN ANCIENT GRECIAN CUIRASS.

ONE of the most interesting specimens of archaic Greek art in existence has been brought to light by Mr. Stillman, and is now exciting the keenest interest in the archæological circles of Athens. This treasure is the back of an elaborately wrought bronze cuirass, and is thought to be at least as old as the sixth century before Christ. There are seven subjects engraved on it, which are thus described: The main subject, which occupies the lower part of the cuirass, consists of two groups of three figures each, and six inches high, and it has been diversely interpreted to represent either the reconciliation of Apollo and Hermes or a king consulting Apollo. On the one side is Apollo playing on the lyre, attended by Lato and Artemis, and on the other a royal or divine figure, followed by two attendants. The personages are dressed in the most elaborate costume, and every detail is rendered with finished skill, the patterns even of the stuffs of their various garments being delineated with the utmost precision. The subordinate personages are barefooted, but Apollo wears a pair of sandals, and the other principal figure high-peaked boots, such as are worn to the present day by the Epirotes.

BOTTLING THE LAGER.

Above this row of figures, running across the lower part of the cuirass, there is on each side of the clavicles a bull, and above the bull a lion, each facing his counterpart on the other clavicle. Between them are two leopards, rampant, supporting each other, surmounted by two sphinxes, also rampant and in the same attitude.

Each of these subjects is framed in rich ornamental borderings of different patterns, that which runs along the lower edge of the cuirass under the chief design being especially quaint and elaborate. This unique art treasure was found some twenty years ago in the Alpheus by a fisherman, who caught it in his net and sold it as old metal at a shop in Zante, where it lay buried among a mass of worthless lumber until Mr. Stillman's critical eye discerned its value and rescued it from oblivion. It has been placed in the museum at Athens.

THE ORIGIN OF NEWSPAPERS.

STRANGE as it may seem to us of to-day, Italy, under the aristocratic republic of Venice, was the birthplace of the idea of newspapers. The first newspaper was written—not printed—in Venice, about the middle of the sixteenth century. History fails to record any sworn statements as to its circulation. We may reasonably indulge a doubt of its having had the usual "50,000 readers," as does the average jonrnal of to-day. It was only a monthly, and was merely the "organ" of the Government. It was called a gazette, or gazetta, a name derived, perhaps, from gazzero, a magpie or chatterer; or more probably, says Disraeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," from gazetta, a farthing coin peculiar to Venice, which was then the common price of a newspaper. Another entymologist derives the name from the Latin gaza, lengthened colloquially into gazetta, signifying "a little treasury of news." The Spanish derive the name from the Latin; as also their gazatero, a writer for the gazetto, from which our English word, gazeteer, is undoubtedly descended.

George Chalmers, in his life of Ruddiman, gives a curious particular of the early Venetian gazettes: "A jealous Government did not allow a printed newspaper; and the Venetian gazette continued long after the invention of printing, to the close of the sixteenth century, and even to our own day, to be distributed in manuscript." In the Magliabechian Library, at Florence, are thirty volumes of Venetian Newspapers, all in manuscript.

The Italians called their earliest editors menanti, because, says Vossius, they intended commonly, by these loose papers, "to spread about defamatory reflections," a thing not altogether done away with in this nineteenth century. Pope Gregory XIII. abolished their vocation in Italy by a particular bull under the name of menantes, from the Latin word minantes, threatening. Menage, however, derives the name from the Italian menare, signifying "to lead at large, or spread afar." How aptly this latter derivation applies to the editor of A.D., 1882, especially if he live in the United States!

According to Chalmers mankind is indebted to the wisdom of Queen Elizabeth and the prudence of Lord Burleigh for the first printed newspaper. In the British Museum at London are several newspapers, which were printed while the Spanish fleet, of the Armada epoch, lay in the English Channel. The name of this first "newspaper venture" is the *English Mercurie*, which, by authority, was "imprinted at London by Her Highness's printer, July 1588," almost 300 years ago. The *Mercurie*, however was not issued regularly, but only on extraordinary occasions. The very earliest copy preserved is No. 50, and printed in Roman type. It contains news-items, as do the papers of to-day.

An old English encyclopedia, published at London in 1802, differs somewhat from Chalmers regarding dates. It says (I quote literally): "They (newspapers) were firft published in England, Auguft 22, 1642. *Journal des Savans*, a French paper, was first published in 1665, though one was printed in England under the title of the *Public Intelligencer*, by Sir Roger L'Estrange, 1663, which he dropped on the publication of the first London *Gazette*. Newspapers and pamphlets where prohibited by royal proclamation, 1680. Though at the revolution prohibitions of this kind were done away, and the press set at liberty, yet newspapers were afterward made subjects of taxation, and for this purpose were first stamped in 1713. The number of them, however, gradually increased, and there were printed in the whole kingdom during the year 1775, 12,680,000; 1776, 12,830,000; 1777, 13,150,642; 1778, 13,240,059; 1779, 14,106,842; 1780, 14,217,371; 1781, 14,397,620; 1782, 17,272,529. They are now (1802) still more numerous." Yes, and in 1882 more numerous still, the issue of a week outnumbering that of a year eighty years ago.

The first French newspaper originated in a public demand for gossip. What a commentary upon civilization! De Saint Foix, in his curious "Essais Historiques sur Paris," attributes the origin of newspapers in France to Renaudot, a physician of Paris, who, to amuse his patients, was "a great collector of news." He found by this means that he was more sought after than his more learned brethren.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S FEATHERS.

THE origin of the Prince of Wales's feathers is a question which has led to some lively discussions. Some years ago Mr. Talboys Wheeler announced that the royal plume of three feathers was of Mogul origin, and probably very ancient. He pointed out that Sir Thomas Roe, who was sent on a mission to India by King James I., describes the plume of heron's feathers which was worn by the Mogul emperors of Hindoostan when they took the field; also that Tavernier, the French traveler, describes the plume of three heron's feathers which was worn by the Ottoman Porte, and explains that it had a military meaning, and was a symbol of command. On taking the field, the Ottoman Porte gave one of the feathers to the Grand Vizier, who was acknowledged by the whole army as their commander-in-chief.

In a recent number of *Fraser's Magazine* the subject has been treated at length by Mr. W. Simpson. In the Santa Casa at Loretto he saw a marble sculpture of three feathers placed nearly in the same position as those borne by the Prince of Wales; and he was told that it was the *embleme magnifique* of Lorenzo de Medici, the father of Leo X. At Athens he saw a heel plate of a Turkish musket made of solid gold, and profusely ornamented, which had been fished up after the battle of Navarino. It bore a representation of two crowns, each surmounted by a triple plume. Subsequently Mr. Simpson was present at a meeting of the British Association, held at Plymouth, when a paper was read by Professor Beal on a soapstone image from Pekin. Over the head of the image was the figure of a descending dove, and there was also a dove on each side. Mr. Beal believed that this figure represented the three rays of the rising sun, and brought corroborative evidence from the Vedas, from Buddha's crown at Ceylon, from Japan, and various other Eastern countries. Above all, he quoted the

Prince of Wales's feathers, and showed, on Mr. Wheeler's authority, that it was an Eastern symbol, adding that the Sanskrit derivative of "Ich dien," was not "I serve," but "I shine."

We might add to the data furnished by Mr. Simpson by stating that Nadir Shah, who, during the second quarter of the eighteenth century, conquered Asia from Bagdad to Delhi, wore three black heron's feathers in his diadem, as may be seen in the frontispiece of the second volume of Jonas Hanway's history of the revolutions of Persia. Hanway remarks that Nadir Shah changed the feathers from the left side to the right, as if to show that he was indebted for his sovereignty to his own right arm.

On the whole, it appears most likely that the three feathers belonging to the Persian, the Mogul, or the Turk, are borrowed from the old native worship which finds expression in the Vedic hymns, and prevailed throughout the greater part of Asia before the advent of Buddha or Mohammed. They probably represent the three deities of fire, air, and water. According to Brahmanical teaching, all the gods of the universe were resolved into these three conceptions, which in their turn are symbolized into the three mystic letters A ·U · M., which represent the three in one, as the idea of one supreme spirit, who is sometimes personified as Brahma, sometimes as Vishnu, and sometimes as Siva.

Mr. Simpson points out another fact in association with the Prince of Wales's feathers, which opens up an entirely new question. He brings evidence to show that the first Prince of Wales wore only two feathers, and not three; and he is inclined to think, though with some hesitation, that they are a combination of the solar and lunar symbols. This conjecture, however, will scarcely bear consideration. There is no symbolism in any age or clime that we can call to mind in which the sun and moon are represented by a pair of plumes. Again, in most mythologies the sun and moon are used as symbols of the masculine and feminine elements in nature; and it is difficult to conceive that sexual differences should be represented by two feathers.

In the traditions of the remote past the sun and moon are symbols of the antagonism between Iran and Turan, the Persian and the Turk, the children of the sun and the children of the moon. The sun is represented by a solar disk or a peacock, while the moon is represented by a crescent; and the radical difference between the two must be obvious to all.

The use of these symbols has led to some unfortunate mistakes in modern times. Thus the little Rajah of Mysore, who is a feudatory of the British crown, has been recently allowed to adopt the peacock as his insignia, although the peacock is an assumption of sovereignty which belongs of right to the Empress of India and to Her Majesty alone. The peacock is the assertion of imperial supremacy. It was the insignia of the great Hindoo Empire of Vijayanagar, which, in the days of the Plantagenets, covered the whole of Southern India—the whole of what is now known as the Madras Presidency. The peacock was also the insignia of the Mogul Emperors of Hindoostan. In days gone by, the peacock throne at Delhi was the wonder of the world, although historians have sought to calculate the value of the jewels of which it was composed rather than to ascertain its symbolical meaning. To this day the peacock is the emblem of sovereignty in Burmah, as well as in many parts of Mongolia and China.

A still more curious blunder has been made as regards the crescent: it has been ignored as a symbol of race and adopted as a symbol of the Mohammedan religion, although all such images are in direct violation of the law of the Koran. The peacock and the crescent, like the lion and the sun, are maintained as symbols by Mohammedan princes, but, nevertheless, the use of all such symbols is strictly prohibited by the Prophet of Arabia. The use of the term "crescentade" is thus mere ignorant pedantry.

But, in spite of all that has been said about the Eastern origin of the Prince of Wales's feathers, it is possible enough that the plumes are capable of a more simple explanation. When Nadir Shah returned to his capital after the invasion of India, he wore four plumes, to represent Persia, Turkestan, Afghanistan, and Hindoostan, thus ignoring all esoteric meanings which might be associated with the emblem. In like manner the Prince of Wales may have originally worn two feathers to represent England and Wales, and subsequently three feathers, to represent Great Britain, France, and Ireland. In the present day the feather which once represented France may perhaps be taken to represent India, as it did in the days of Nadir Shah.

HIGHLAND SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

By W. Gibson.

Splendid scenery, novel trials of skill and strength, the picturesque garb of the combatants, and the strange tongue in which the onlookers give vent to their mirth or satisfaction at defeat or failure, combine to render a Celtic gathering unique.

A real Highland gathering—of which there are scores every year in the quiet glens of the West and North of Scotland—is a very different affair from the cut-and-dried physical contests; and if the music of the bagpipes is less artistic than the strains of hired instrumentalists, everything else is much more healthy and enjoyable. Everything else? Were we not safely ensconced in our study, it would be dangerous to speak disrespectfully of the music of the piper.

Let us try to depict the scene of a Celtic gathering. Behind us, towering into the cloudless blue, are the western spurs of the Grampians, heather-clad, hoary, and magnificent; out to the left, over cultivated undulating ground, we catch a glimpse of the green Atlantic, and hear its ancient waves crashing on the unseen beach; away to the north are purple hills, and, where they dip down into broad vales, a loch lies shining in the sun, with the blue Paps of Jura or the headland of some western isle in the far, dim distance; on our right is a broad, shady gorge, or pass, where the dark Scotch fir is set off by the light and graceful form and foliage of the silver birch; and as the tartan-clad villagers, headed by the laird's piper, come in all directions to the grass-grown and mossy rendezvous, the gentle deer, silver-tailed rabbit, or gorgeous moor-fowl flee from the unwonted concourse. Here, surmounted by a heathery knoll, there is a natural amphitheatre, carpeted with Nature's own velvet, and in every face joy sits enthroned, while in the variety of color in the tartans, the glow of health in the ruddy cheeks and sturdy limbs of the "lasses"—half hid, half shown, with modest unconsciousness—there is delight for the eye and charm for the heart.

And now, after the long morning walk over the hills and moors, the inner man cries out for sustenance. Baskets are opened by knots of merry *convives*, who eat and laugh as only those can who live in free ozone. All the while the assembled pipers make the hills ring with the "Cock o' the North," or some equally heart-stirring march; and the ample but modest repast having been washed down by draughts of sparkling water from the brook that brawls over its stony bed a couple of hundred yards away, the real business of the day begins.

"TOSSING THE CABER."

Naturally enough, there are contests in the Highlands common to athletic meetings in all countries, such as running, leaping, and wrestling, and these may be dismissed in a very few words. Premising that in these and other conflicts of skill and muscle the Celt would disdain to swathe his limbs and body in the white cotton affected by his brethren in the south, but simply doffs his plaid and jacket, the reader may be left to fancy how these stout Norsemen acquit themselves in the race, the leap, and the friendly fall.

The course for races is no smooth, well-beaten track, but the runners, starting from a given point, make straight ahead, regardless of the unevenness of the ground, to a post set at some distance from the point of departure, round which all the rivals turn, and so home again. In wrestling, the Highlander may trust more to his strength than his science; but although ignorant of the mysteries of "back-heel," "outside click," "cross-buttock," "hipe," and "twisting off the breast," he yet tugs strenuously at his man, and the Highlander "sent to grass"—to use a sporting phrase—takes his fall in the best of humors. An old-fashioned game to which the Highlander clings with all the tenacity of a hereditary Conservative is the hop, step, and jump. It may be less scientific than vaulting between two upright posts by aid of a long pole, but the long-shanked gillie and the shepherd, used to leaping mountain chasms in search of game or the lost of his flock, doubtless find it a good thing to retain this ancient article in their athletic programme; and some that we have seen cover enormous distances on the springy turf.

Highland athletics, however, have one or two distinctive features which will require rather more minute explanation. Not the least of these is the behavior of the spectators. Habituated to self-rule, they need no officials to keep a clear course or preserve a fair field. The "lasses" are generally seated in front, or lie gracefully recumbent on the turf, with their "joes" close behind them, while the aged are always accorded a favored coign of vantage. Consequently, there are no cries of "Stand back!" or its equivalent in Gaelic; not because there is lack of excitement, for your natural Celt, like his Irish brother, is mercurial to a degree, as any one who has ever been present at these meetings can testify. Eye, tongue, hand, and foot are all on the move during the progress of a race or a wrestling bout—and the tongue especially, as it runs off with astonishing rapidity its hoarse gutturals and puzzles of pronunciation.

Not unfrequently they demur to the ruling of the judges in the most direct manner, and might kick over the traces altogether were it not for the ladies, or their own deep sense of the honor due to the "chieftain" judges, though they be heads of clans against which their fathers from time immemorial waged deadly feud. On the whole, however, a Highland audience is eminently good-humored and law-abiding. Then there are sometimes clouds of discontent upon the faces of the competitors themselves, if only for a moment, as there are gusts of mist that temporarily make the hills blurred and angry-looking; but this proceeds not so much from anger as from the intentness of their striving, and their honest dislike to acknowledge themselves beaten. But it is in the various contests themselves that the Highland sports stand out from all others in Western Europe, and the origin of these it would be impossible to trace. They seem indigenous to the soil, and can only be properly appreciated when enacted amid their native surroundings.

"Tossing the Caber" is essentially a Highland game. The "caber" is simply the trunk of a young pine hewn from its roots near the scene of the contest, denuded of its branches, and varying in length according to its thickness, but never less than about ten feet long, and rarely more than fourteen. To toss this huge and unwieldly pole the athlete takes hold of the smaller end, poises it skillfully against his breast and shoulder in an upright position, and suddenly raising the thin end by sheer force to a level with the shoulder, throws it from him, so that the thick end touches the ground and the pine trunk falls away from him. If the end that has been elevated in the air is not thrown far enough away, the thin end comes back toward the thrower; or if the tree has not been skillfully manipulated, it falls at right angles to the direction in which it has been tossed, and in either case there would be loud cries of "No throw!" from the excited on-lookers. Very often a caber longer and heavier than any of the aspirants to fame can deal with is chosen, and gradually shortened to suit the skill and strength of the competitors.

Mistakes of manipulation are easy and fun-inspiring. If, while poising the timber, the thrower is unable to keep the balance true, and his own centre of gravity at the same time, the caber slips gracefully over his shoulder or

WRESTLING.

"PUTTING THE STONE."

flies off in front of him, dragging him ignominiously along in its erratic career. While balancing, he has to stoop so as to make himself master of his huge burden, and when it goes he is obliged to follow. But when a master of the craft takes the caber in hand, poises it gracefully, runs quickly over the turf to get the proper momentum, and raises it and himself to his full height at the moment he throws it from him, to watch it, a second after, fall prone in the right direction, there is a universal shout of applause and a look of conscious pride in the face of the chief actor. It often happens that only two or three out of a large "entry" succeed in tossing it at all, and then a heavier one or a longer one has to be cut to settle the "tie."

Another purely Highland pastime is "Throwing the Hammer." The hammer is not an ordinary tool by any means, but huge, heavy, and primitive enough to have been cast in the mold used for making that of Thor, and fitter for splitting rocks than driving the biggest nails. The hammer-head weighs usually from fourteen to twenty-one pounds, and has a "haft" of three feet or so. Taking this with both hands, as close as possible to the end of the handle, the Highlander swings it round his head three or four times and throws it from him. It is no unusual thing to see a throw of from sixty to eighty feet, or even more, according to the weight of metal to be forced through the air. Here each competitor has his own favorite attitude and his own manner of getting the requisite momentum. Some face the mark, some turn their backs upon it, some stand sideways at it; and before throwing one swings the hammer round his head, another gives it a pendulum-like motion, and a third makes it describe a circle in front of him; but the result is always the same—the huge metal head, followed by the "haft," like a comet and its tail, describes a graceful curve in the air, and falls with a dull thud in the grass twenty or thirty yards from the mark.

Closely allied to this is "Putting the Stone." In this trial of strength a large boulder is poised in the palm of the right hand, the arm being bent in the form of a V. The initial force is a combination of the muscles of the arm, helped by a swaying motion of the body upon one leg, and, although it is not possible to throw a stone twenty or thirty pounds weight so far as the hammer, it is surprising how practice enables men to overcome the inertia of a piece of rock. In this, as well as the previous contest, the winner is he who gets the stone or the hammer furthest from the mark. Two or three throws each, according to agreement, are allowed, and it very rarely happens that two men throw exactly the same distance. In the South a measuring tape is used to determine the distance, but in the Highlands a piece of twine, or even a thread of home-spun wool, answers equally well, measurement in the mind of the Celt being subordinated to distance in gross.

"Pipe Contests" are also intensely Highland, and naturally provoke no little enthusiasm among players and listeners alike—among players, because they know all the mysteries of the art; and among listeners, because they are more or less interested in the individual players. A Highland gentleman would as soon think of going to dinner without his kilt as eating it without the accompaniment of his "own piper." Every chief has his hereditary piper, and even Her Gracious Majesty and the Prince of Wales have been obliged to accustom themselves to the "chanter" when they spend their Autumn on Deeside. And the piper is a "personage" in the Celtic household neither to be lightly treated nor to be spoken to without due formality; but he is nothing away from his native hills or the ancient clan homestead. Heard in the streets of the metropolis, the pipes are only a wild, unmeaning mixture of shriek and groan to English ears; but where the sounding-board is formed by granite cliffs, or the sound is borne on the wind down some wild pass, they are in consonance with nature.

The Highlander, so to speak, is born, married, and buried to the sound of the pipes. They are associated with his highest sorrows, his deepest griefs, and his bravest deeds. The tunes are histories in brief to the cultivated ear, telling as they do of wild clan warfare, or on the distant battlefield nerving his heart to demean himself worthily of the renown of his name. How the pipes weep in the coronach, thunder in the march, lilt in the strathspey, croon in the legendary air, or shout for joy at the wedding feast, only the true Highlander knows. Every Celt knows something of the Highland instrument *par excellence;* most of them play it, so that a pipe contest interests all.

"THROWING THE HAMMER."

The intricacies of fingering, especially with "the lower hand," the true balance of all the "chanters," the bearing of the man as he steps to his tune, and the furniture of the instrument itself, are all elements to be taken into consideration by the judges, as well as the choice of tune, the light and shade in expression, and the quality of the sounds emitted. That there are pathos, humor, and music in the Highland tunes such a master of the craft as Mendelssohn knows, and has shown; but the real judge of pipe-playing is a first-rate player. Nothing is more keenly contested at a Highland gathering than this, nothing creates more enthusiasm, and no one is more honored than he who has been adjudicated winner.

There are other minor and less frequent sports and games which need not be particularized here, but one or two may be mentioned. For instance, all readers are sufficiently acquainted with the "Reel," "Sword Dance," and "Highland Fling"; and we shall, therefore, forbear describing them. Often at the close of the day's sports there is a general muster of competitors, in order that the best dressed may be rewarded. Occasionally we have seen the dogs admitted to trials of skill, batches of sheep being left in charge of lads some distance from the meeting-place, the "collies" sent in search of them, and the first to bring its flock in having a collar bound round its throat. But from first to last in such a gathering everything is thorough, good-humored, and the rivalry frank and honorable.

One word must be said about the prizes. There are not, as in most scientific contests, silver flagons, cups, belts or medals. Rarely are jewels or merely ornamental articles given; a plaid for the gillie's wife, a piece of tartan to make a kilt for the boys or a petticoat for the girls; a new crook for the shepherd, a bag of flour, a piece of meat, some crockery, or a useful tea-service in common metal, or a few shillings in a piece of paper toward paying the rent at Candlemas, being some of the favorite honors to be striven for.

ON FORKS.

Forks are an Italian invention, and in England were so perfect a novelty in the day of Queen Bess that Fynes Moryson, in his curious "Itinerary," relating a bargain with the padrone of a vessel which was to convey him from Venice to Constantinople, stipulated to be fed at his table, and to have "his glass or cup to drink in peculiar to himself, with his knife, spoon and fork." This thing was so strange that he found it necessary to describe it. It is an instrument "to hold the meat while he cuts it, for they hold it ill-manners that one should touch the meat with his hands."

At the close of the sixteenth century were our ancestors eating as the Turkish noblesse at present do, with only the free use of their fingers, steadying their meat and conveying it to their mouths by mere manual dexterity. They were indeed most indelicate in their habits, scattering on the table-cloth all their bones and parings. To purify their tables the servant bore a long wooden "voiding knife," by which he scraped the fragments from the table into a basket, called a "voider." In Germany the use of forks was reprobated, where some uncleanly saints actually preached against the unnatural custom "as an insult on Providence not to touch our meat with our fingers." It is a curious fact that forks were long interdicted in the Congregation de St. Maur, and were only used after a protracted struggle between the old members, zealous for their traditions, and the young reformers, for their fingers. The fork does not appear to have been in general use before the restoration. On the introduction of forks there appears to have been some difficulty in the manner they were to be held and used. A French writer asserts that an Englishman may be discovered anywhere, if he be observed at table, because he places his fork upon the left side of his plate; a Frenchman, by using the fork alone without the knife; and a German, by planting it perpendicularly into his plate; and a Russian, by using it as a toothpick.

WHAT A DEED CONVEYS.

The following extracts from an address delivered before the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, by Hon. E. H. Bennett, will be of interest to our land-owners:

"Of course, every one knows it conveys the fence standing on the farm, but all might not think it also included the fencing-stuff, posts, rails, etc., which had once been used in the fence, but had been taken down and piled up for future use again in the same place. But new fence-material just bought and never attached to the soil will not pass. Standing trees also pass as a part of the land; so do trees blown and cut down and still left in the woods where they fell, but not if cut and corded up for sale; the wood has then become personal property.

"If there be any manure in the barnyard, or in a compost heap on the field, ready for immediate use, the buyer ordinarily takes that also as belonging to the farm; though it might not be so if the owner had previously sold it to some other party and had collected it together in a heap by itself. Growing crops also pass by the deed of a farm, unless they are expressly reserved, and when it is intended to reserve those, it should be so stated in the deed itself; a mere oral agreement to that effect would not be valid in law.

"Another mode is to stipulate that possession is not to be given until some future day, in which case the crops or manure may be removed before that time.

"As to the buildings on the farm, though generally mentioned in the deed, it is not absolutely necessary they should be. A deed of land ordinarily carries all the buildings on it belonging to the grantor, whether mentioned or not; and this rule includes the lumber and timber of any old building which has been taken or blown down and been packed away for future use on the farm. But if there be any buildings on the farm built by some third person, with the farmer's leave, the deed would not convey these, since the buildings are personal property, and do not belong to the land-owner to convey. The real owners thereof might move them off, although the purchaser of the farm supposed he was buying and paying for all the buildings on it. His only remedy in such a case would be against the party selling the premises. As a part of the buildings conveyed, of course, the window-blinds are included, even if they be at the time taken off and carried to the painter's shop to be painted. It would be otherwise if they had been newly purchased and brought into the house but not yet attached or fitted to it.

"Lightning-rods also go with the house if the farmer has any on his house. A furnace in the cellar, brick or portable, is considered a part of the house, but an ordinary stove with a loose pipe running into the chimney is not, while a range set in brickwork is.

"Mantelpieces so attached to the chimney as not to be removed without marring the plastering go with the house, but if merely resting on brackets they may be

taken away by the former owner without legal liability. The pumps, sinks, etc., fastened to the buildings are a part of it in law, and so are the water-pipes connected therewith bringing water from a distant spring. If the farmer has iron kettles set in brickwork near his barn for cooking food for his stock, or similar uses, the deed of his farm covers them also, as likewise the bell attached to his barn to call his men to dinner. If he indulges in any ornamental statues, vases, etc., resting on the ground by their own weight merely, and sells his estate without reservation, these things go with the land."

CORVUS SPLENDENS.

CORVUS SPLENDENS is the scientific name given by Vieillot to that "treble-dated bird," the common crow of India, and although one naturalist yearned to change it to "shameless" (*impudicus*), and although another still declares that *splendens* is inappropriate, and tends to bring scientific nomenclature into ridicule, that bird—as was only to be expected from a crow—has kept its mendacious adjective, and in spite of Hodgson and Jerdon, is still, in name, as fine a bird in India as it was time out of mind in Olympus.

Splendens or not at present, the crow must have had recommendations either of mind or person to have been chosen, as Ovid tells us it was, as the messenger-bird of so artistic a deity as Apollo. But the crow lost Paradise—and good looks with it—not for one impulsive act, but for a fortnight's hard sinning. Now, punishment has a hardening influence on some people, and it has had a most dreadful effect on the corvine disposition. Heedless of all moral obligations, gluttonous, and a perverter of truth, Ovid tells us it was, even in its best days; but now it has developed into a whole legion of devilry.

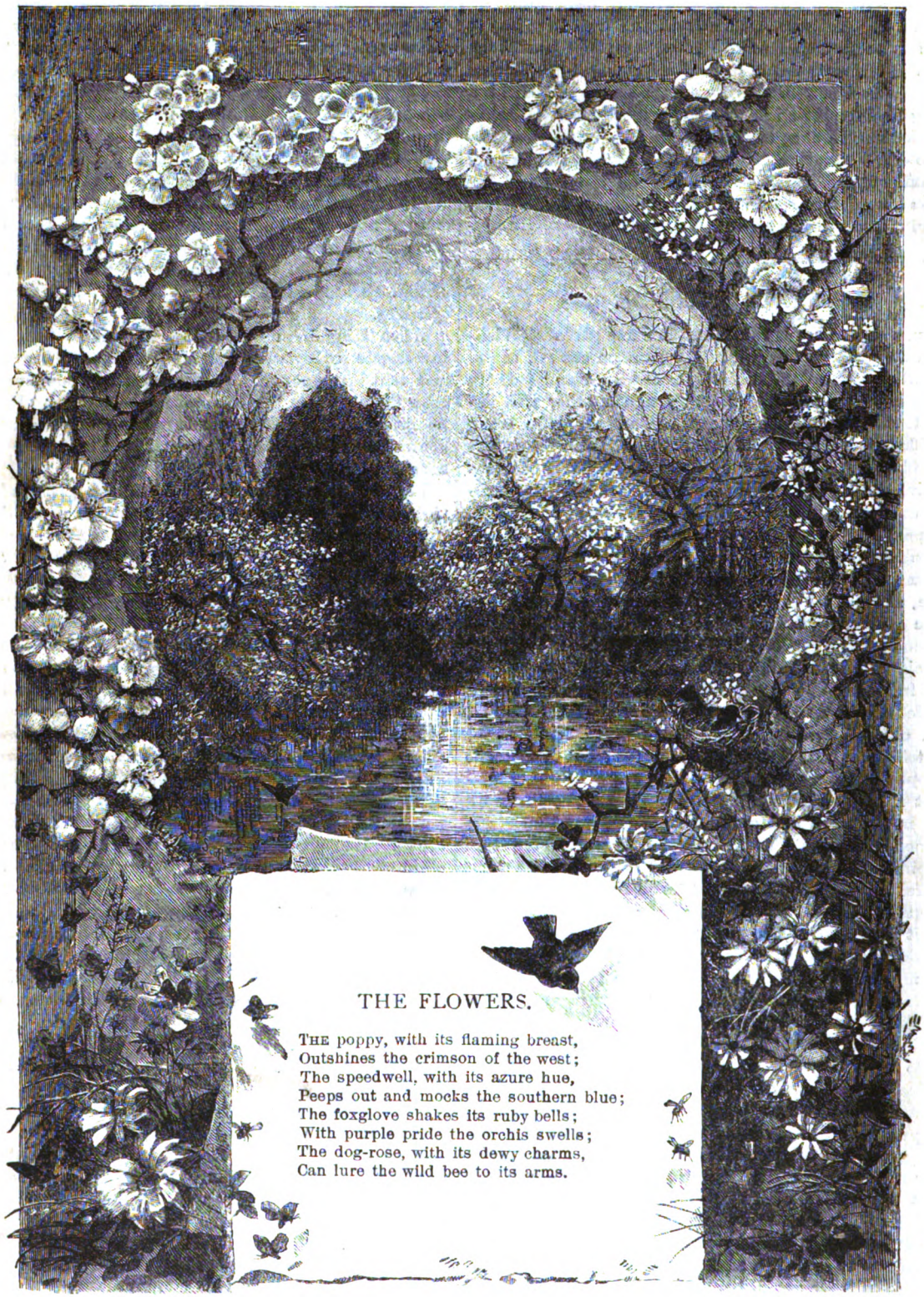
Lest a Baboo should think to trip me up by throwing Menu in my teeth and quoting from the great lawgiver, "A good wife should be like a crow," I would give it as my opinion that Menu, when he said this, referred to that doubtful virtue of the crow that forbids any exhibition of conjugal tenderness before the public eye—an unnatural instinct and reserve, to my thinking. Crows cannot, like young sweeps, be called "innocent blacknesses," for their nigritude is the livery of sin, the badge of crime, like the scarlet V on the shoulder of the convict *voleur*, the dark brand on Cain's brow, the snow-white leprosy of Gehazi, or the yellow garb of Norfolk Islanders. And yet they do not wear their color with humility or even common decency. They swagger in it, pretending they chose that exact shade for themselves. Did they not do this, perhaps Jerdon would not have begrudged them their flattering name, nor Hodgson have called them *impudicus*, but by their effrontery they have raised every man's hand against them; and were they anything but crows, they must have had to take, like Ishmael the son of Hagar, to the desert. Perhaps it is that they presume upon their past honors. If so, they should beware. Cole's dog was too proud to move out of the way of a cart of manure, and Southey has told us his fate. Again, their Greek and Latin glories have had a serious counterpoise in the writings of modern ancients, where the nature of crows is proven as swart as their Ethiop faces. Is it not written in the Singhalese Pratyasataka that nothing can improve a crow?

Students of Burton will remember that in the "Anatomy of Melancholy" devils (including sprites and such like devilkins) are divided into nine classes; for though Bodine declared that all devils must, of necessity, be spherical in shape, perfect rounds, his theory, we are expressly told, was quashed by Zaminchus, who proved that they assume divers forms, "sometimes those of cats and crows." Zaminchus was doubtless right, and no one, therefore, should feel any tenderness for these shreds of Satan, these cinders from Tartarus. Zaminchus superfluously adds that in these forms they are "more knowing than any human beings" (*quovis homine scientior*), and another old writer just as needlessly tells us that these "terrestrial devils" are in the habit of "flapping down platters" and "making strange noises." Some, however, may urge that because some crows are devils, it does not follow that all are. This is plausible, but unworthy of the subject, which should be studied in a liberal spirit and without hair-splitting.

When King John killed Jews he didn't first finically investigate if they were usurers—he knew they were Jews, and that was enough. Besides, did any one ever see a crow that was not "*quovis homine scientior*"? If he did, he proved it by putting it to death, and as dead crows count for nothing, that individual bird cannot be cited as a case in point.

Further, do not all crows "flap down platters" (when they get the chance) and "make strange noises"? Are not these unequivocal signs of bedevilment? Do not Zaminchus, Bustius and Cardan agree on this point? Does not the old Chinese historian lay it down that in the south of Sweden is situate "the land of crows and demons"? Is there not in Norway a fearful hill called Huklebrig, whither and whence fiery chariots are commonly seen by the country people carrying to and fro the souls of bad men in the likeness of crows? Crows, then, are indubitably the connecting link between devils class 3, "inventors of all mischief," Prince Belial at their head—and class 4, "malicious devils," under Prince Asmodeus. An inkling of their fallen state seems to be floating in the cerebra of crows, for they sin naturally and never beg pardon. Did any one ever see a contrite and repentant crow? When taken *flagrante delicto*, does this nobody's child provoke commiseration by craven and abject postures, deprecating anger by looks of penitence? Quite the contrary. These birds, if put to it, would deny that they stole Cicero's pillow when he was dying, or that they sate, the abomination of desolation, where they ought not—profaning the Teraphim of John de Montfort, insulting his household gods and desecrating his Penates, while in the next room that great soldier and statesman was receiving the last consolations of Extreme Unction? Yet it is known they did. They tread the earth as if they had been always of it.

And yet it pleases me to remember how Indra, in wrath for their tale-bearing—for had they not carried abroad the secrets of the Councils of the Gods?—hurled the brood down through all the hundred stages of his heaven. Petruchio thought it hard to be braved in his own house by a tailor, and the tailor by an elephant; how either would have felt the familiarity of Indian crows! In the verandas they parade the reverend sable which they disgrace; they walk in the odor of sanctity through open doors sleek as Chadband, wily as Pecksniff. Their step is grave, and they ever seem on the point of quoting Scripture, while their eyes are wandering on carnal matters. Like Stiggins, they keep a sharp lookout for tea-time. They hanker after flesh-pots. They are as chary of their persons as the bamboo of its blossom, and distant to strangers. In England they pretend to be rooks (except during rook-shooting), but in India they brazen it out upon their own infamous individuality—for there are no rooks.



A GERMAN physiologist recommends that railway employés be examined with reference to the sense of hearing as well as color-blindness. He refers to recent experiments showing the extraordinary difference which may exist between the hearing power of the two ears in the same person. A particular note will sometimes so fatigue a healthy ear that its auditory nerve, which is distributed over the different parts of the labyrinth, becomes insensible to a sound which is detected without difficulty by the other ear, which has not been similarly wearied. Peculiarities of this sort might detract seriously from the usefulness of brakemen, engineers or guards, whose management of railway-trains depends so greatly on signals given by ringing the bell or sounding the whistle. They would be equally dangerous defects in persons charged with the navigation of vessels.

WHO WAS HE?—"THE ONE-ARMED MAN, LEAPING UPON THE STAGE, CAUGHT THE FAINTING WOMAN IN HIS ARMS, AND SNATCHED HER AWAY JUST AS THE FLAME BEGAN TO LICK UP HER DRAPERY."— SEE NEXT PAGE.

LAOCOON.

(VIRGIL, ÆNEID II., 199.)

HERE a new horror meets our hapless eyes,
More huge, more horrible—troubling sore our hearts,
That looked not for it. Neptune's lot-drawn priest
Laocoon, was slaying in sacrifice
Beside the ritual altars a great bull;
When lo! a pair across the glassy sea
From Tenedos came gliding—while I tell,
Horror still holds me—serpents, with huge coils,
Breasting the deep sea shoreward, side by side.
Their breasts rose upright in mid-wave; their crests,
Blood-red, o'ertopped the waters; on the sea
Sweeps all their hinder part, and trails its length
In curves enormous; hissing flies the foam.
And now they touch the green fields; we could see
Stain as of blood and fire in their fierce eyes—
The quick tongue playing round the hissing jaws—
And at the sight flew scattering, pale as death.
They swerve not from the straight road to their aim-
Laocoon; and first the lesser prey,
His sons, each serpent seizes, close entwined,
And fastening on the poor limbs, make their meal.
Himself next, running all in arms to help,
They seize, and wreath in their gigantic coils;
Twice round the waist they've clasped him, see! and twice
Clung round his neck in sealed embrace; and now
O'ertop him, head and neck high-lifted. He,
The while his hands wrench at the knotted coils
To part them—his priest's fillets dripping fast
Blood and black venom—to Heaven still cries aloud,
Hideous to hear; such roaring as a bull
Raises when, wounded only, it has rushed
Off from the altar, dashing from its neck
The ill-aimed ax. But gliding serpentine,
The pair make off, right for the topmost shrine,
Fastness of fierce Tritonia, and there hide
Beneath the goddess's feet and full-orbed shield.

WHO WAS HE?

FOR two weeks we had been playing to crowded houses. The fame of our particular star had preceded us to the Pacific coast, and the welcome we received was very enthusiastic, inciting the company to greater exertions, and a deeper interest in the noble profession they had chosen.

It was a benefit night. I was at my post in the ticket-office long before the usual time, but the crowd was in advance of me, standing ready the moment I raised the sash. For an hour and a half I passed out the tickets, and took in the bright gold pieces, until the little table groaned beneath its weight of golden coin. Still the crowd surged toward the delivery, eager for the little card of admittance.

"For heaven's sake, Graham, don't sell another ticket!" was the message sent by the manager. "Every seat is filled, and there is no standing-room."

I was about to close the office, when a voice from the crowd attracted my attention. A tall, strange-looking man was making his way toward me. His face was strikingly intelligent, but there was a look of sorrow and care that was quite affecting. His clothes, once of fashionable cut and good material, were now patched and threadbare, while his hat, all dusty and jammed, I never saw equaled. As he pushed his way through the crowd, heedless of the angry looks and words that greeted him on every side, I noticed that one sleeve hung empty at his side. The way he used the whole arm, however, convinced me that it was abundantly able to do duty for both.

"I beg a favor of you," said he. "I want to enter the theatre for just a moment. I care nothing for the play, but I must see Miss Una Howard."

"I am sorry, sir, but Miss Howard cannot give you audience until to-morrow."

"No, sir; I do not wish to speak to her. I only want to see her—to look at her."

"And even that I cannot grant. Here are scores of people all about you that I have refused within the last ten minutes. I cannot issue another ticket to-night. Come to-morrow evening."

He looked around him, and then leaned toward me as if to speak, but seeming to suddenly change his mind, he turned abruptly away, and was soon lost to sight.

The following evening his pale, careworn face was the first that met me when I threw up the sash.

"Can I go in now?" he asked, eagerly.

"You are entitled to the first ticket, sir. One dollar."

"I have no money," he replied, in a whisper. "But I must see Una. Will you give me a ticket?"

I could not. The rules of our company forbade; and, giving him a firm yet kind negative, I turned my attention to the eager crowd, and soon forgot him.

When at last I had a moment's respite, I met his deep black eyes once more.

"I must see Una," said he. "Can you not for once depart from your custom? I am poor, as you may see," and he pointed almost contemptuously at his apparel. "I have walked three hundred miles to see her, and I must."

He waited for my answer, but I could only disappoint him. There was at least a score of persons that had asked me the same, and now stood waiting for my answer to him.

"I cannot blame you," said he, sorrowfully; "but I must see Una. Will you be so kind as to wait one half hour?"

I cheerfully promised, and I think if he had waited but a moment longer, I should have given him a ticket, regardless of the displeasure of former applicants.

He returned sooner than he promised. All breathless with haste, his hat gone, and the empty sleeve torn away, he pushed his way to the delivery. Without a word, he threw a half-eagle upon the board, and snatching a ticket, was off before I could pass him the change. Wondering what this strange man could know or want of the peerless Una Howard, I closed the office and entered the theatre.

This was the happiest hour to me of the whole twenty-four. Night after night I sat there gazing at Una Howard, the most beautiful and lovable woman that ever trod the boards. But I saw her not as the celebrated actress. I saw her as the true woman—the woman that I loved—the only one that ever approached my ideal.

Tall and queenly, yet gentle as a child; cold and distant, yet kind; beautiful as a dream; talented and accomplished, she reigned our queen. There was not one among us that would not have defended her with his life—not one that did not love her; but every attempt at intimacy was repelled by a single look from her beautiful eyes—a look so sad and mournful that the attempt was never repeated.

And, with the rest, I worshiped her; but without a single ray of hope.

When I entered, Una had just come upon the stage, and the applause that greeted her was still echoing through the hall. With exquisite grace she acknowledged the tribute, and bent her beautiful head as the showers of fragrant flowers and costly presents fell at her feet.

She raised her eyes, and I was startled by the change that came over her face. Her gaze was riveted upon some object directly in front.

There stood the one-armed man, his tall form towering far above the rest; his long, scanty, unkempt hair falling about his shoulders; his burning, devouring eyes looking full upon Una.

Whiter and whiter grew Una. With a faint cry she tottered and fell toward the blazing lights. With the strength of a giant the one-armed man dashed aside everything in his way, and leaping upon the stage, caught the fainting woman in his arm, and snatched her away just as the flame began to lick up her light drapery.

"Oh, Una! Una! I have saved you!" he cried, frantically, kissing her pale lips. "Look upon me, Una! Once more—only once, and then I am gone for ever."

"Silence!" said a rough-looking man, who had just come upon the scene, at the same time firmly grasping the only arm the poor man had. "Come with me, my man!"

Easily as one could shake off the grasp of a babe did this strange being shake off the grasp of the officer.

"Touch me not!" he exclaimed, fiercely. "I took the money—stole it, if you like—and I will go with you soon; but not now. Stand off, or I'll fling you off the stage!"

He kneeled by the side of the unconscious Una, and in the most imploring accents entreated her to look upon him "just once more."

His prayer was answered. The beautiful eyes opened, and a smile of recognition played about her lips.

With a cry of joy the strange man rose to his feet.

"There, sir constable, I am ready. Do with me as you like. I stole the money that I might see her, and now I care not what comes next. Come, sir, I am harmless now."

Una had recovered, and as the officer and his prisoner passed off the stage she whispered to me:

"Follow them, and release that man at any cost."

I hastened to do her bidding. A purse of gold opened the officer's heart and hand, and the man was free.

"Tell Una that I thank her," said he; "and give her my best wishes for her happiness, and my farewell."

That was the last of the strange, one-armed man; and no word of him ever passed Una's lips, save when she thanked me for procuring his release.

Who was he? Whence did he come? Where did he go? What was he to Una Howard?

I have searched far and wide for the answers. From the Atlantic to the Pacific; on rail and on river; on land and on sea have I followed this man, but can never overtake him. I have now given over the search, and once more I follow Una, the same beautiful, fascinating Una Howard.

* * * * * * *

In a quiet little village in old New Hampshire I spent a Summer month. Fumbling among the rubbish that filled the old farmhouse attic, I found a pile of village papers, printed years ago; and now my search is over.

"On the 14th instant, by the Rev. John H——, Mr. Bert Howard to Miss Una Defoe, all of S——.

"While the people were leaving the church an officer arrested the bridegroom on a charge of murder. He escaped during the night, and is still at large. The beautiful bride is prostrated by the blow; but every attention is paid to her by our townspeople, and hopes are entertained of her recovery."

I read no further. I knew enough. My questions were now answered. Poor, faithful, Bert Howard.

AARON BURR.

By Frederic Daniel.

Unique in American history stands the figure of Aaron Burr. To the large majority he is still a puzzle, his career a mystery almost inconceivable, chiefly because the details of his life and times are but scantily known, merely his name and the odium clinging to it being traditionally familiar. That he killed the great statesman, Alexander Hamilton, in a duel, and conspired to disrupt the infant Republic, are the two facts that have preserved his fame, or, rather, that still serve to surround his name with a lugubrious prestige. All his other deeds are summed up in these two performances; yet, in detail, they are sufficiently curious and suggestive to bear a somewhat close examination.

Burr was selfish, unscrupulous, vain and ambitious as no other American before or since his era has ever shown himself. Possessed of an ordinary intellect, he was a born conspirator, a consummate wire-puller, ready-witted and courageous. It was possible for him to surround himself with a band of worshipers and to do what he did only through the favoring circumstances found in a feeble, vast and unpopulated country such as this was eighty years ago. Why he should have attempted what he did, and what precisely was his aim, were enigmas to many of his most intimate friends, and were never solved by him. His scheme, nipped in the bud, always appeared vague to others, as doubtless it must have been in his own mind; but the infamy of his attempt, after having fought beside Washington in the Revolution and been honored with the Vice-Presidency of the Government, to throttle the young republic in its infancy and to establish in its stead an empire, always did and will loom up in the clearest of lights.

An analysis of his life dissipates all the mysteries accumulated around his name by time and lays bare his motives in all their disgusting wretchedness. His very "smartness" is repulsive. He knew the right and yet the wrong pursued. The foremost men of his own day dubbed him a Cataline. In truth, living in the time of Frederick the Great and Napoleon I., he took them as his models and "inspired" himself to put their practices into execution in the New World, then apparently offering such a fair field for the same. Like his models (who, by-the-way, are those of Bismarck) he grew to look upon success as right, and right as might. Thus the doctrine of expediency governed him throughout, and he stopped at nothing suggested by his own sweet will and pleasure.

Aaron Burr was born at Newark, in New Jersey, February 6th, 1756. His father, the Rev. Aaron Burr, was an eminent personage in the pre-revolutionary epoch, and descended directly from a Puritan family of Germany, where the name "Burr" is still a common one. His mother was the daughter of Jonathan Edwards, the famous Puritan preacher of New England. The Rev. Aaron Burr was the founder and first president of Princeton College, and in the year of his son's birth, removed thither with his family from Newark. At the age of nineteen his son was left an orphan, together with his sister, who was nearly two years older. The two children were

left considerable property by their father, and were reared at Elizabeth, in the family of an uncle.

Young Aaron's mother wrote in her diary when he was thirteen months' old: "Aaron is a little, dirty, noisy boy, very different from his sister almost in everything. He begins to talk a little; is very sly and mischievous. He has more sprightliness than Sally, and most say he is handsome, but not so good-tempered. He is very resolute, and requires a good governor to bring him to terms." Later on, Jefferson himself was required to do it. Aaron was a troublesome ward to his reverend uncle. That Puritan gentleman tried on him a system of repression, which only increased his rebellious spirit. At ten he ran away from home with the boyish notion of going to sea. He went to New York, took the post of a cabin-boy on board a ship getting ready for sea, and served in that capacity for a short time; but one day while he was at work on the quarterdeck, he spied his clerical uncle coming down to the wharf, bent on his capture, and immediately climbed to the masthead. Being ordered down, he refused to descend until he had negotiated a promise that nothing in the way of punishment should be meted out to him if he should go home to his books.

AARON BURR.

This was one of his boyish "expedients," which he delighted to narrate in his old age. He entered Princeton College at the unusually early age of thirteen, and when sixteen he graduated with distinction, delivering the oration, on Commencement Day, with considerable applause. He studied hard while at college, but also indulged in dissipation. He there learned the art of writing his private letters in cipher, the practice being then common. The letters of all the eminent men of the period contained evidence of an habitual distrust of the post-office. His adoption of the practice in his boyish correspondence was an inkling of his peculiarly and even absurdly secretive character.

After adopting the law as a profession, he passed many months in reading, riding, hunting, and especially flirting, for already he possessed that knack of pleasing women for which he was ever afterward noted. But during the Winter of 1774, he with the other young gallants were drawn from the light pursuits usual to their age by the portentous aspect assumed by the quarrel between the Colonies and the mother country. As early as August, 1774, young Burr was eager for the fray. He had begun the study of law, and had made some slight progress therein when the news of the battle of Lexington electrified the thirteen Colonies and summoned to arms many young volunteers, who, by the time the Declaration of Independence was made, July 4th, 1776, constituted a respectable nucleus for an army.

Throwing aside his books and seizing the sword upon the first news of the battle, he hastened to join the patriot forces gathered around Boston. He felt that he was formed to excel as a soldier. A mere stripling in appearance, with a stature of five feet six inches, a slender form and a youthful face, he had yet given proof of a capacity of prolonged endurance remarkable in one of his age. His courage was high; he had never known fear, and his nerves could not even be startled by any kind of sudden horror. He was a good horseman, helmsman, fencer, and a decent shot. Moreover, he loved the military art, prizing higher the soldier's glory than that of any other pursuit. To these qualities he added a mind cultivated, and most fertile in those suggestions and hasty expedients for which the exigencies of war furnish such frequent occasion.

With all his power to win the confiding love of equals and inferiors, authority seemed to be stamped on his face and in his bearing. No period of his life is so clearly and minutely known as that he spent in the Revolutionary army.

Though a Catiline in germ, and a chronic grumbler over the doings of his superiors, it is beyond all question that he did good service. Two or three times in the latter part of his life, when he was poor, and had become odious to nearly all, he was a claimant under the Pension and Compensation Acts, passed for the benefit of the soldiers of the Revolution; and to substantiate his claim, his fellow-soldiers gave written and sworn testimony respecting his services, some of them narrating, with great particularity, exploits of his which they had themselves witnessed. He was ever proud of his military career. What he achieved in law and in politics was as nothing in his eyes in comparison with his deeds as a soldier of the gallant Revolutionary army.

Dissatisfied with the inactivity of the forces at Boston, he joined a body of 1,000 volunteers, who set out through the forests of Maine to attack Quebec, and thus complete the conquest of Canada, so skillfully begun by the gallant General Montgomery, who had already driven the red-coated soldiery from Montreal. It was only after a lapse of fifty days that the small corps, under the command of Arnold, with a loss of exactly half its numbers, saw the heights of Quebec, after a march of 600 miles through a wilderness prowled over by Indians and wild beasts. On approaching the city the colonel of the American expedition confided to Burr the task of conveying, alone, 120 miles through an enemy's country, the news of his arrival to General Montgomery, for the purpose of securing the latter's co-operation in the attack.

THEODOSIA BURR.

In performing this duty the young soldier gave the first striking proof of his cunningness. Aware that the French Canadians had never become reconciled to British rule—and they are not really reconciled to it even at this late day—and that the Catholic clergy, especially, opposed it, he assumed the garb and bearing of a young priest, and went directly to a religious house near the camp and sought an interview with its chief. He had little difficulty in conversing with the venerable priest, into whose presence he was ushered, and securing from him a trusty guide and one of the rude carriages of the country. From one religious family to another the guide conveyed him in perfect safety to Montreal. He repaired at once to Montgomery's headquarters, gave the information with which he was charged, and narrated his adventures. That gallant and princely Irishman was pleased with Burr's skill and daring, and requested him on the instant to accept a place on his staff, as captain and aid-de-camp.

Despite the severity of the Canadian Winters, Montgomery, without a moment's hesitation, put himself at the head of a force of 300 men, and marched through a succession of blinding snowstorms to join Arnold's troops, who were shivering under the heights of Quebec. Soon after his arrival it was decided, in a council of war, to make an attempt to take the place by assault. To Captain Burr, at his own request, was assigned the command of a forlorn hope of forty men, whom he forthwith selected and began to drill. It had been agreed that the attack should be made at night, and in a snowstorm, which, though all the preparations were completed, had to be waited for.

The last night of the year 1775 had come, and a brilliant moon, when the patriot band retired to sleep, was flooding with light the fields of snow, the ice-batteries, the town and its lofty citadel. No one expected to be aroused, but at midnight the heavens became suddenly overcast, and a northeasterly snowstorm of unusual violence came driving over the scene. At a glance General Montgomery, who was on the alert, saw that the long-desired hour had arrived, and ordered the troops to get under arms; 900 men answered to their names at roll-call. They were divided into four parties, only two of which were designed to fight; the others were to distract the garrison by feints. One of the fighting parties was led by Arnold, the other by Montgomery, whose towering form appeared at the head of the column. At five the signal of attack was given, and the chilled soldiers, impatient to move, began the ascent through the snowdrifts, and in the teeth of the storm. Captain Burr marched side-by-side with his general. First the attacking party came upon a row of British pickets, which the general, with his own hands, assisted to cut away. Pushing on through the snow and darkness, they reached, a few paces beyond, a second row of pickets, behind which was a square, two-story block-house, loop-holed above for musketry and pierced below for two-twelve-pound howitzers, which, charged with grape, commanded the narrow gorge up which an enemy must advance. The British guard, after delivering one ineffectual fire, fled to the block-house, and communicating their terror to the party within, who were mostly sailors and militia, the whole body abandoned it without once discharging the cannon. Their panic was not perceived by the Americans, and a delay, short but fatal, occurred. It was difficult for the men to make the ascent over masses of ice that cumbered their path; in smoothing their way the general himself tugged at the great blocks of ice with furious energy. At length 200 men were formed in column, the general at its head, as before, with Burr at his side; two other aids, an orderly-sergeant and a French guide

completed the group in advance. "Push on, brave boys; Quebec is ours," cried Montgomery, as the column began to resume the ascent.

On they marched, to within forty paces of the block-house. At that moment a sailor, who had fled from his post, surprised that the Americans did not advance, ventured back to discover the reason. Through one of the portholes of the block-house he saw the advancing party, and turned to run away; but as he turned he performed an act which decided the fortunes of the day, and gave Canada back again to Great Britain—without that single act Canada might to-day constitute two or three additional States in the Union. He touched off one of those grape-charged cannon, and forward fell the majestic form of Montgomery, never to rise again. Down went two of his aids and the sergeant, mortally wounded; every man that marched in front of the column, except Captain Burr and the guide, was killed by the discharge of that twelve-pounder. The column halted, wavered, though encouraged to advance by Burr, and finally, under the fire of the block-house, precipitately retreated. The young aid-de-camp, on viewing the body of his general in its snowy shroud, with his comrades flying over the blocks of ice and drifts of snow to the river's bank, determined to save it; lifting it on his shoulders, he staggered away with it, until the pursuing enemy were close behind, when, to avoid capture, he was compelled to drop the body in the snow again and hasten to join his own men.

Burr's behavior on this decisive day won him great distinction, and virtually laid the foundation of his fortune. Congress and General Washington were duly made acquainted with the young aid's gallant conduct under Quebec. Desirous of taking service with some other general than Arnold, who had succeeded Montgomery, Burr returned to Albany, and there, on his way back to the capital (Philadelphia), first learned that his services in Canada had greatly pleased the commander-in-chief of the American armies. "General Washington," wrote one of the aids of the latter, "desires me to inform you that he will provide for you, and that he expects you will come to him immediately and stay in his family." In accordance with this letter, in May, 1776, Burr, who had been promoted major, reported himself in New York to General Washington, who at once invited him to reside in his family until an appointment could be procured for him.

The commander in-chief was residing at a place called "Richmond Hill," then about two miles from the city, on the banks of the Hudson, in a mansion which was afterward Burr's own country-seat. It was a delightful abode, the grounds extending down to the river, and the neighborhood adorned with groves, gardens, ponds and villas. The site of this old mansion is now the corner of Charlton and Varick Streets; only forty years ago, a part of the house was still standing, and served as a low drinking-shop. The vicinity, so enchanting with its truly rural aspect in Washington's and Burr's day, presents at this time one of the bustling, busiest scenes looked down upon by the millions of passengers as they skim along in the Sixth Avenue elevated road.

General Washington's invitation was accepted by Burr, and he went immediately to reside at headquarters; for six weeks he sat at the general's table, occasionally rode out with him, and performed some of the duties of aid-de-camp. Doubtless the general, ever cautious, had taken him on trial, to see what manner of young man he was in close, personal contact. Burr soon became disgusted with his situation, and secured the appointment of aid to General Putnam, then quartered in the city, at the corner of Broadway and the Battery, where also Mrs. Putnam lived and kept her daughters busy spinning flax to help supply the soldiers with shirts. Probably of the minor events of Burr's life, none contributed more to the odium which finally gathered round his name than this abrupt departure from the family of General Washington. True, his duties there were irksome to one of his active disposition. Staten Island was dotted all over with the tents of the enemy, and the bay was whitened with the sails of British fleets. The townspeople were in constant alarm; whenever an arriving ship was saluted, or when a sloop ran past Putnam's batteries, cannonading as it went, women and children, as Washington himself records, ran shrieking in the streets in terror of a bombardment of the city. The latter scenery, all of excitement, was far more congenial to one of Burr's venturesome disposition; but, in leaving the orderly, though clerical, duties assigned him at Washington's headquarters, he lost ground in the estimation of Washington's admirers then and thereafter. From that date it happened that in all the military enterprises of a daring form proposed by him, he encountered the general's declination or positive veto. The inference is that Washington had weighed him, and found him wanting; sifted him, and discovered his falsity. Neither Washington nor Hamilton could then have foreseen the depths to which his name was destined to sink; but they then had seen enough of him in order to have no great liking for him. The one he left and for ever abused; the other he killed.

During the disastrous days which preceded the famous retreat of the American army from the city, General Putnam was in command, and of course his aid was in the thick of events. On the eventful Sunday, September 15th, 1776, when the British landed on Manhattan Island, and the American army fled before them to Harlem, the general's aid distinguished himself by saving a brigade. He was in the rear, as was also Captain Alexander Hamilton, with his company of New York artillery. Hamilton lost all his baggage and one gun that afternoon, but conducted his men safely away. As Burr, with two horsemen, was riding toward "Richmond Hill," on his way to Harlem, he came upon a small sod-fort, called "Bunker's Hill," nearly on the line of what is now Grand Street. To his astonishment, he found that the bulk of an American brigade, left behind by mistake, had taken refuge in this structure. General Knox, who commanded it, supposed that escape by flight was impossible. Burr rode up to the fort and asked who commanded there. Knox presenting himself, Burr inquired what he was doing *there*, and why he did not retreat. The reply was that the enemy were already above him across the island, and that he meant to defend the fort. Burr ridiculed the idea, and exclaimed, "With one howitzer, the enemy will knock it to pieces in four hours!" Nevertheless, Knox refused to stir, and Burr vehemently addressed the soldiers, telling them to join him and escape, or they would all be prisoners before night, or hung like dogs. The men agreed to follow him, and, with the loss of a few stragglers, for the march was of the swiftest, he led the brigade to the main body. Applauded by his comrades for this feat, Burr was not mentioned in the dispatches of the commander-in-chief, as he fancied he should have been, and he ever afterward regarded such omission as an intentional slight.

While on Putnam's staff, Burr is said to have had his first amorous intrigue with a young English girl of fourteen, named Margaret Moncriffe, who had been left behind in New Jersey, when her father, an English major, had been ordered to his regiment on Staten Island, all communication between the two having being cut off by the operations of war.

Destitute of resources and anxious to rejoin her father, she wrote to General Putnam for his advice and assistance. He received her letter about the time Burr joined him, and his reply was prepared for his signature by the new aid. Though declaring himself her father's public enemy, he was yet his private friend, and invited her to stay at his house until arrangements could be made for sending her into the British lines. She consented, and was established in the general's house, where she met and became intimate with Major Burr. The intimacy was such as to have been the cause of her subsequent career of sorrow and shame, as she asserted in her autobiography, after a fashionable run of dissipation in London. Upon the retreat, she says that General Washington would not let her go into the British lines under a flag of truce, requiring that she should remain a hostage for her father's good behavior.

It was in the house of a Quaker lady at Kingsbridge that Burr proposed to marry her, and that she accepted him, according to her memoirs; but General Putnam declined to allow the wedding, and so in course of time she was shipped back to Lord Howe's fleet, at Burr's own request, it is stated, he having grown weary of her wit and vivacity, and he being in fact his general's general.

A year after the retreat of the American forces from New York, Burr, while still serving with Putnam at Peekskill, was appointed a lieutenant-colonel, and received the command of a regiment, the colonel thereof not being a fighting man. On taking command, Burr proceeded at once to put in force a system of most rigorous discipline. He was ubiquitous, as usual, visiting the most remote sentinels stationed around his camp in New Jersey at the moment when he was least expected, and when his presence was least agreeable. The daily drills were severe and regular; his detection of offenders magical and relentless. The better class of troops saw that this unaccustomed rigor was necessary, but the majority were exceedingly discontented, and finally resolved to rid themselves of their commander.

Burr was informed of their intention, and of the time when he was to receive his quietus. That evening, before ordering out the detachment, he caused every cartridge to be withdrawn from the muskets, and provided himself with a well-sharpened sword. It was a bright, moonlight evening, and as he marched along the line he looked the ringleaders in the face, keenly watching for the first offensive movement. At length a man stepped from the ranks, leveled his musket at him, and cried out:

"Now is your time, my boys!"

With the quickness and self-possession peculiarly his own, Burr raised his sword and struck the arm of the mutineer above the elbow, breaking the bone, and leaving the limb hanging by little more than the skin.

"Take your place in the line, sir," said the colonel, quietly. The man obeyed. In a few minutes the corps was dismissed, the man went to bed, the amputation of the arm was completed by the surgeon, and no more was heard of the mutiny. While Burr commanded at that post, the army slept in their huts undisturbed; there was not one false alarm.

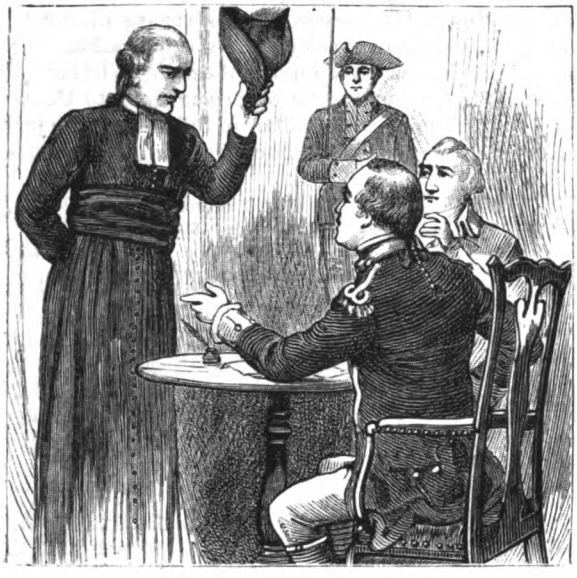
Immediately after the battle of Monmouth, he was dispatched by General Washington to move about in the vicinity of New York, to procure information respecting the motions and intentions of the enemy, which latter it was of the first importance to ascertain. He was desired "to send one, two or three trusty persons over to the city to get the reports, the newspapers, and the truth, if they could, and to employ three, four or more persons to go to Bergen Heights, Weehawken, Hoebuck, or any other heights thereabout convenient, to observe the motions of the enemy's shipping."

In January, 1779, Burr was appointed to a post of greater importance and difficulty than any he had previously held, and one in which he acquired his greatest distinction as a soldier. He was placed in command of the lines in Westchester County—a region lying between the posts of the British at Kingsbridge and those of the Americans, fifteen or twenty miles above them.

This district of country, from the day the British were masters of the City of New York, was more exposed to the worst ravages of war than any other portion of the United States. A gentleman who lived in it during the first five years of the contest said that the county was a scene of the deepest distress. From the Croton to Kingsbridge every species of rapine and lawless violence prevailed. No man went to his bed but under the apprehension of having his house plundered or burned and himself or family massacred before morning. Some, under the character of Whigs, plundered the Tories; while others, of the latter description, plundered the Whigs. Parties of marauders, assuming either character on occasion as suited their convenience, indiscriminately assailed both Whigs and Tories. So little vigilance was used on the American part that emissaries and spies of the enemy passed and repassed without interruption.

Burr entered upon the command of the lines, and established his headquarters at White Plains, his line of posts extending from the Hudson to the Sound, fourteen miles. His great objects were to prevent unlicensed communication with the enemy, to keep their spies from reaching the upper country, and to put a stop to scenes of robbery and bloodshed for which the region was notorious. He soon saw that scouting was very fashionable among the officers and privates of his own command; he thought it at first ill-advised and unnecessary, and soon was convinced that scouting meant simply robbery of friend and foe. One day he took the plunder away from the men returning to camp, and proceeded immediately to take measures for its restoration; he took so decided a stand on the occasion, and made it so evident that he was in earnest, that this act was the beginning of a new order of things on the Westchester lines. He instituted a new system by riding to every post before night set in, and announced his determination to protect all the peaceable inhabitants of the county, and to punish all marauders with the utmost severity. His practice finally became so sharp that a large number of his own men frequently believed him to be a wizard.

An anecdote strictly exemplifying Burr's executive talent is narrated as having happened during one of his night rides to his outposts. Over the Hudson, fifteen miles from the shore, lived the accomplished and charming Mrs. Prevost. From his post on the river, Colonel Burr could see the hills among which nestled the home of this beloved widow lady; but between them rolled a river two miles wide, and infested with the gunboats and sloops of the enemy, while beyond it stretched an expanse of country held sometimes by one party, sometimes by the other. The duties of Burr's command were, moreover, onerous and incessant. By day he was an autocratic magistrate; by night he was riding among his sentinels, knowing well that only vigilance like his kept the guards from being surprised. Yet, in spite of these difficulties, he contrived during the Winter to visit the residence of Mrs. Prevost. His method of visiting was as follows: Six of his trustiest troopers, men who he knew were devoted to him, he sent early in the evening to a place on the bank of the river, since and for ever made classic ground by the residence of Washington Irving. Under the lofty bank of the river there he had caused an ample barge to be moored, well



AARON BURR DISGUISED AS A PRIEST.

furnished with blankets and buffalo-skins. Earlier, by some hours than usual, Burr left his quarters at White Plains, mounted on a small, swift horse, and galloped rapidly to the river-side, visiting posts and sentries as he went. His perfect manner of procuring intelligence had made him certain that nothing requiring his presence would occur before morning, yet he provided for every probability and possibility of danger in his absence. At nine in the evening his faithful troopers at the barge heard the clattering of hoofs, and in a moment their commander stood in their midst, bridle in hand. Instantly, and without the interchange of a syllable, the girth was unloosened, ropes were adjusted about the body of the panting steed, and, by the method well-known to farriers, the animal was gently thrown and bound, then lifted by main strength and placed in the bed provided for him in the boat. Burr stepped aboard, the men plied the muffled oars with a will, and within half an hour the boat grazed the opposite shore. In the same silence, and with the same celerity as before, the horse was lifted out, unbound and got upon his feet. A little rubbing and walking up and down restored the animal to his wonted condition. The boat was drawn snugly up on the shore, and the men lay down in the bottom of it to sleep, while Burr mounted and rode rapidly away up the hill toward the house of his sweetheart. Before midnight he was there. Two hours of bliss flew swiftly by. Then again to horse. About four in the morning he was with his faithful crew on the river's bank, where the poor nag was astonished once more in the manner just described, and the party recrossed the river. Arrived on the other side, the venturesome colonel mounted, rode over to camp, which was seven miles from the river, challenging sentinels, visiting posts, and comporting himself so exactly in his usual manner that not the slightest suspicion arose of the singular way in which he had passed the night.

But no constitution could long bear such exhausting efforts, and Burr's was seriously impaired when he began them. As the Spring drew on, the attacks of his disease became more frequent, and he was compelled to the conclusion that only a very long period of repose could render him fit for the duties of a campaign.

On the 10th of March, 1779, he wrote to General Washington, resigning his position, giving as a reason his physical inability to perform the duties of his command. General Washington, in accepting his resignation, returned him word that he not only regretted the loss of a good officer, but the cause which made his resignation necessary. Thus, after four years of active service, Burr ceased to belong to the army, and never performed any further military duty during the war. He left the service with the rank of a lieutenant-colonelcy, firmly convinced that he had the stuff of a Napoleon in him.

During the four years of his connection with the army, his fortune was greatly impaired. He had the vice of improvidence, which was so much indulged in by the Revolutionary officers. At the age when Washington was earning three guineas a day in the woods, glad of the opportunity to do so, and rather proud of the fact than otherwise, Burr was spending, with an inconsiderate generosity, the capital of his patrimony. With amazing talents for gaining money, he had an equally wonderful facility of getting rid of it. It slipped through his fingers, and thus he was noted throughout his life as being a spendthrift.

For eighteen months after leaving the army, Burr was an invalid, and he did little but visit his friends and wait upon Mrs. Prevost; yet he found time to resume the study of law, and, after a due course of reading, applied for admission to the Bar of New York city. After a critical and severe examination, which he passed triumphantly, he was licensed an attorney on the 19th of January, 1782. He was then twenty-six years of age. After three months of practice he felt so sure of his position, and so satisfied with his prospects, that there seemed no longer any necessity for delaying his marriage. Accordingly, on the 2d of July, 1782, he was married to Mrs. Prevost, the fair and charming mistress of the cottage on the Hudson.

At Albany, in the first year of his marriage, was born his only legitimate child—a daughter whom he named Theodosia, and whom he fondly loved and clung to throughout life, as she herself clung to him after the world had forsaken him. He practiced law in Albany for more than eighteen months with the greatest success possible in the circumstances of the time.

As soon as peace was declared he made arrangements for moving to New York. A house was hired for him in Maiden Lane at two hundred pounds a year, the "rent to commence when the troops left the city." That event, as New Yorkers are still annually reminded, occurred on the

"BURR RAISED HIS SWORD, AND STRUCK THE ARM OF THE MUTINEER ABOVE THE ELBOW."

AARON BURR ON HIS MIDNIGHT VISIT TO MRS. PREVOST.

25th of November, 1783; soon after which date Burr removed his family to the city and began his career as a New York lawyer.

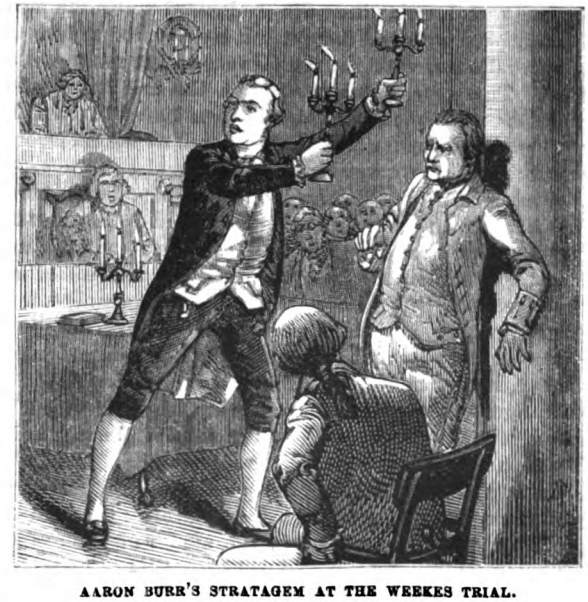
In 1783, when Burr moved to New York, the latter was a small town of 25,000 inhabitants; it was the second city in the United States, Philadelphia having a population nearly twice as numerous. He confined himself during the first eight years of his residence chiefly to the law, though serving two sessions in the Legislature. He was ambitious then as always, but the National Government not having been formed, there was little to tempt him in the arena of politics. As a lawyer of the second grade, as a mere practitioner at the Bar, he encountered, however, few equals and no superior. In preparing his cases for trial he was simply indefatigable; while there was an authority to be examined, evidence to be procured, an expedient to be devised, his efforts were never relaxed; he gave no rest to an adversary, pursuing him with notices, motions and appeals, improving every advantage, until, from very weariness and despair, the said adversary capitulated. Indeed, he delighted to surprise an opponent at the Bar. It is related that in an ejectment suit to recover a valuable house in New York the opposing counsel had expended their whole strength in proving the genuineness of the will, supposing, of course, that that was the only point susceptible of dispute. What was their surprise to find that Burr's main attack was against the authenticity of an ancient deed, one of the links in the title, which, having never before been disputed, had been provided with merely formal proof. The jury pronounced the deed a forgery, and Burr's client lived and died in possession of the property, though two courts subsequently pronounced the deed authentic.

This was one of his sharp tricks. No means were too trivial for him to employ in order to gain success. He used to say that he had once saved a man from being hanged by a certain arrangement of the candles in a courtroom. He referred to a trial for murder in which both Alexander Hamilton and himself defended the prisoner. At first the evidence against the prisoner seemed conclusive, but as the trial proceeded suspicions arose against the principal witness, whose appearance was most unprepossessing. When the hour came for Burr to address the jury, the court took a recess till candle-light (there being no gas or electric light in those days). The enforced recess was extremely annoying to Burr, as he had meditated enacting a little scene, to the success of which a strong light was indispensable. He was not balked, however. He caused an extra number of candles to be brought in the courtroom, and to be so arranged as to throw a strong light upon a certain pillar, in full view of the jury, against which the suspected witness had leaned throughout the trial.

The court assembled, the man resumed his accustomed place, and Burr rose. With the clear conciseness of which he was master, he set forth the facts which bore against the man, and then seizing two candelabras from the table, he held them up toward him; throwing a glare of light upon his face, he exclaimed, "Behold the murderer, gentlemen!" Every eye was turned upon the ghastly countenance of the witness; he reeled as though he had been struck, shrunk behind the crowd, and rushed from the room. The effect of this incident was decisive; the judge charged, the jury gave a verdict of acquittal, and the prisoner was free.

One of his legal tricks played off on Hamilton, when they were both in the first flush of their practice at the Bar, Burr delighted to relate. Neither of the two ambitious young lawyers was disposed to concede superiority to the other; both were engaged on the same side of an important cause, and it was a question which of the two should first address the jury. Hamilton hinted that he thought his friend Burr should open the argument, desiring to preserve for himself the honor of closing the case. With that imperturbable politeness that never forsook him, Burr assented to the arrangement without an objection, though nettled and determined to take revenge on the spot. He knew Hamilton's mind, and from conversation had become acquainted with all the points he had decided to make in his speech; thus, when he got up to address the jury, besides using his own arguments, he anticipated every one of Hamilton's, absolutely exhausting the case. There was nothing left for Hamilton to advance, and he appeared at a serious disadvantage. It is from this apparently trivial rivalry, and from sharp tricks like this when practicing law together, that Hamilton's enmity against Burr first took its rise.

A few of Burr's maxims respecting the practice of the law have been preserved, and certainly stand to his disadvantage. "Law," he used to say, "is whatever is boldly



AARON BURR'S STRATAGEM AT THE WEEKES TRIAL.

asserted and plausibly maintained." When an opposing lawyer proposed to compromise in a case, he argued that it should be accepted, but never in a hurry. "Never do to-day what you can as well do to-morrow, because something may occur to make you regret your premature action," was a maxim he often observed in his own practice. He was the author of the phrase, "The right man for the right place."

Upon oratorical powers he valued himself little, and for cause. His pleadings at the Bar were more in the style of conversation than oratory; but they were concise and in simple language. The essential points of his argument were so tersely joined as to be easily and firmly lodged in the mind of judge and jury, and no bursts of eloquence from his opponent could remove them. There was also a vein of quiet sarcasm in some of his speeches which was exceedingly effective.

To Alexander Hamilton, then his friend and his rival, Burr conceded the palm of eloquence, being compelled to render tribute to the powers of that able man, with whom he contended for the honors of his profession and the prizes of public life during twenty years. Hamilton's way was to exhaust a cause by his accurate statement and lofty eloquence. Burr, in replying, would select two or three vulnerable, yet vital, points in Hamilton's speech, and quietly demolish them, and leave all the other parts of his oration untouched. He never in his life lost a case which he personally conducted, and at the Bar gained over Hamilton many signal and unexpected triumphs. In revenge, Hamilton always did all in his power to thwart the advancement, legal and political, of such a successful antagonist. Rancor and hatred were gradually heaped up in the breasts of these two men, at last to be vented on a bloody field.

With the single exception of Hamilton, no lawyer in the State held so high a position as Burr. His style of living kept pace with his reputation and increasing income. In a few years he became the master of "Richmond Hill," the mansion in which Washington had lived in 1776, with grounds reaching to the Hudson, with ample gardens, and a considerable extent of grove and farm. He exercised the most lavish hospitality toward Talleyrand, Volney, Louis Philippe, and other distinguished strangers whom the French Revolution drove into exile.

The years passed in the practice of the law in New York, entertaining friends in a princely establishment, were the happiest of Burr's life. He had been fortunate in his family, both wife and daughter being devoted to him, and all his relations with the world were of the most enviable kind. There was not a spot upon the brightness of his good name; yet one who should then have observed him closely would have noted that in much of his intercourse with others there was a flavor of falsehood.

Women he always flattered, on principle; he contended that their ruling passion was vanity, and that it was a harmless and amiable failing. His intercourse with men, too, was not characterized by heartiness and directness; he succeeded best with young men, and simple-minded elderly people. He had a rare faculty of inspiring young men with his own ambition, and with his own contempt of danger, luxury and ease. He so succeeded, in fact, in imprinting his own character on many of them that their career in life became like his—successful at the beginning, disastrous and disgraceful at the close.

Once fairly drawn within the political arena, Burr's rise was more rapid than that of any other man who had played a conspicuous part in the affairs of the country. Over the heads of tried and able politicians he was advanced, first to the highest honor at the Bar, next to a seat in the national councils, and then to a competition with Washington, Adams, Jefferson and Clinton for the Presidency itself. This point he reached when only thirty-six years of age, without having originated any political idea or measure, without being fully committed to either of the two leading parties, by sheer force of skillful intrigue, energy and boldness—though by some of his contemporaries his sudden fortune was attributed to "luck." At an early day he formed a party of his own, that served him instead of family connections; this party consisted of young men who had devoted themselves to sounding his praises and to adhering to him through "thick and thin." "Burr's Myrmidons" these young fellows were dubbed by Hamilton. They were such efficient co-workers with their chief that the "Burrites" formed a third party in the State, and were a recognized power in it years after the leader had vanished from the scene. It grew to be a formidable wing of the Republican Party, which was the party led by Jefferson, and which he transformed in 1800 into the Democratic—still to-day on the boards.

Burr's first service, after a full entry into politics, was as Attorney-general of the State; next he was elected to represent New York in the United States Senate. His admission into the Senate was considered a great blow by Hamilton, who, as Secretary of the Treasury, considered it of the utmost importance that his own State should be represented in the Senate by a full delegation from his own, or the "Federal," party. From 1791, therefore, dated Hamilton's unrelenting repugnance to Burr, for immediately in that year his private letters began to teem with passages expressive of that repugnance. The two families were on terms of politeness then and always, and the two men were apparently cordial friends until the last month of Hamilton's life. From 1791, in whatever direction Burr sought advancement, or advancement sought him, his secret, inveterate opponent was Alexander Hamilton; until at length the politics of the United States was resolved into a contest between these two individuals. Hamilton was backed by Washington, the power of a great party and the patronage of the Government; Burr was supported by his "Myrmidons" and his indomitable energy and courage.

He aspired to the Presidency against Washington, but received little encouragement from any quarter; twice afterward he wire-pulled for the same high post, but each time "luck" was against him. Washington, though solicited by Madison to do so, refused to send him abroad as a foreign minister. "I will nominate you, Mr. Madison, as Minister to France, or Mr. Monroe, but I will not appoint Colonel Burr," said the first of Presidents. Washington even declined to appoint him a brigadier-general in the army, "fearing his power of intrigue," as he said.

In 1800 Burr was a candidate for the Presidency as against Jefferson. There was a tie vote in the Electoral College, both men having received seventy-three votes, and of course the tie threw the election into the House of Representatives. The politicians, instead of resting from their toils, were suddenly stimulated to such an activity of intrigue as never before was known. The country was wild with excitement, and Aaron Burr soared at once into a position of national importance, to the great chagrin of his rival, Alexander Hamilton. The House decided in favor of electing Jefferson President, by a majority of one single vote, and Burr Vice President. Thus, at the age of forty-five, ten years after becoming known in national politics, he stood one step below the highest place in the gift of the republic; but instead of rising higher he was doomed to topple from the height he then had attained.

He began at once to intrigue for the ensuing Presiden-

tial campaign, and in order to gain a better standpoint, ran for the office of Governor of New York, which State, then, as now, usually decided the Presidential electors. Hamilton saw the ulterior advantages which the election of Burr would give him, and he consequently opposed it in every way, and with the whole might of his influence. Burr was beaten, when the election did occur, largely through the vehement opposition of Hamilton, and beaten so badly that all further chance of political preferment seemed closed against him for ever. He at once resolved to wreak his vengeance, if possible, on Hamilton, the man who had so relentlessly stood in his path, and who had apparently been the means of defeating him in his candidacy for the governorship. Taking as a pretext a remark which Hamilton let fall in a conversation in regard to him, Burr sent a formal challenge to his inveterate antagonist to accord him satisfaction on the field of honor. The challenge was accepted, and the duel occurred July 11th, 1804.

The site of this memorable duel is to-day familiar to many strangers from the most distant parts, and frequently visited by citizens of the metropolis, and pointed out to passengers crossing the Hudson by the ferryboats. A year before his death General Garfield, after his nomination, made a tour in New England, starting in company with a large suite of politicians from the Fifth Avenue Hotel; to him also the site was pointed out by Mr. Murat Halstead, of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, as the party steamed across the river to take the train on the Erie Railroad. The fatal spot, indeed, excites a wonderful degree of curiosity, such is the fame of Hamilton. Two miles and a half above the City of Hoboken the heights of Weehawken rise in a picturesque form to an elevation of 150 feet above the Hudson; those heights are rocky, very steep and covered with small trees and tangled bushes. Under them, at a point half a mile from where they begin, there is, twenty feet above the water, a grassy ledge or shelf, about six feet wide and eleven paces long.

This is the precise spot where the duel was fought. Except that it is slightly encumbered with underbrush, it is still to-day what it was on the 11th of July, 1804. There is an old cedar-tree at the side, a little out of range, which must have looked then very much as it does now. The large rocks which partly hem in the place are, of course, unchanged, except that they have been carved with the initials of hundreds of visitors. One large rock, breast-high, narrows the hollow in which Hamilton stood to about four feet. It is even now a singularly secluded scene, despite all the millions of people and the numberless houses not far off. But at the time of the encounter, when Hoboken was not in existence, the shore was a nearly unbroken solitude.

A third of a mile below the dueling-ground—for it had been long notorious as such—there stood a little tavern, the occasional resort of excursionists; where, too, dueling-parties not unfrequently breakfasted before proceeding to the ground, and where they sometimes returned to invigorate their restored friendship with the tavern-keeper's wine. A short distance above the ground lived a fine-hearted old captain, who, if he got scent of a duel, would rush to the place, throw himself between the combatants, and never give over persuading and threatening till he had established a truce or peace between them. He was the owner of the ground, and accordingly spoke with authority. He never ceased to think that, if on the fatal morning of July 11th, 1804, he had observed the approach of the boats rowing over from the city, he could have prevented the subsequent catastrophe.

But for the very purpose of preventing suspicion, it had been arranged that Burr's boat should arrive some time before the other. About half-past six, Burr and his second landed, and, leaving their boat a few yards down the river, ascended over the rocks to the appointed place. It was a warm, bright morning, and, owing to the fierce exposure to the sun, the two men removed their coats before the arrival of the other party, and stood carelessly breaking away the branches of the underwood and looking out upon the beautiful scenery. A few minutes before seven, Hamilton's boat was seen to approach, touch the rocks, and he and his second ascended. The principals and seconds exchanged the usual salutations, and the usual preparations were made by the seconds. They measured ten paces, and then cast lots for the choice of positions and to decide who should give the word. The lot, in both cases, fell to Hamilton's second, who chose the upper end of the ledge for his principal, which, at that hour of the day, could not have been the best, for the reason that the morning sun and the flashing of the river were both an interference with sight. The pistols were then loaded, and the principals placed, Hamilton looking over the river toward the city, and Burr turned toward the heights under which they stood. The rules agreed upon with regard to the firing were explained to both principals—after the word "Present," they were to fire as soon as they pleased. The seconds then withdrew to the usual distance. "Are you ready?" was asked. Both answered in the affirmative. A moment's pause ensued. The word was given. Burr raised his pistol, took aim and fired. Hamilton sprang upon his toes with a convulsive movement, reeled a little toward the heights, at which moment he involuntarily discharged his pistol, and then fell forward headlong upon his face, and remained motionless upon the ground. His ball rustled among the branches, seven feet above the head of his antagonist and four feet wide of him. Burr heard it, looked up, and saw where it had severed a twig. Looking at Hamilton, he beheld him falling, and sprang toward him with an expression of regret upon his face. But at the report of the pistols, the doctors and boatmen hurried to the scene, when Burr was seized by his second and urged back into his boat, which was swiftly rowed to his residence, "Richmond Hill."

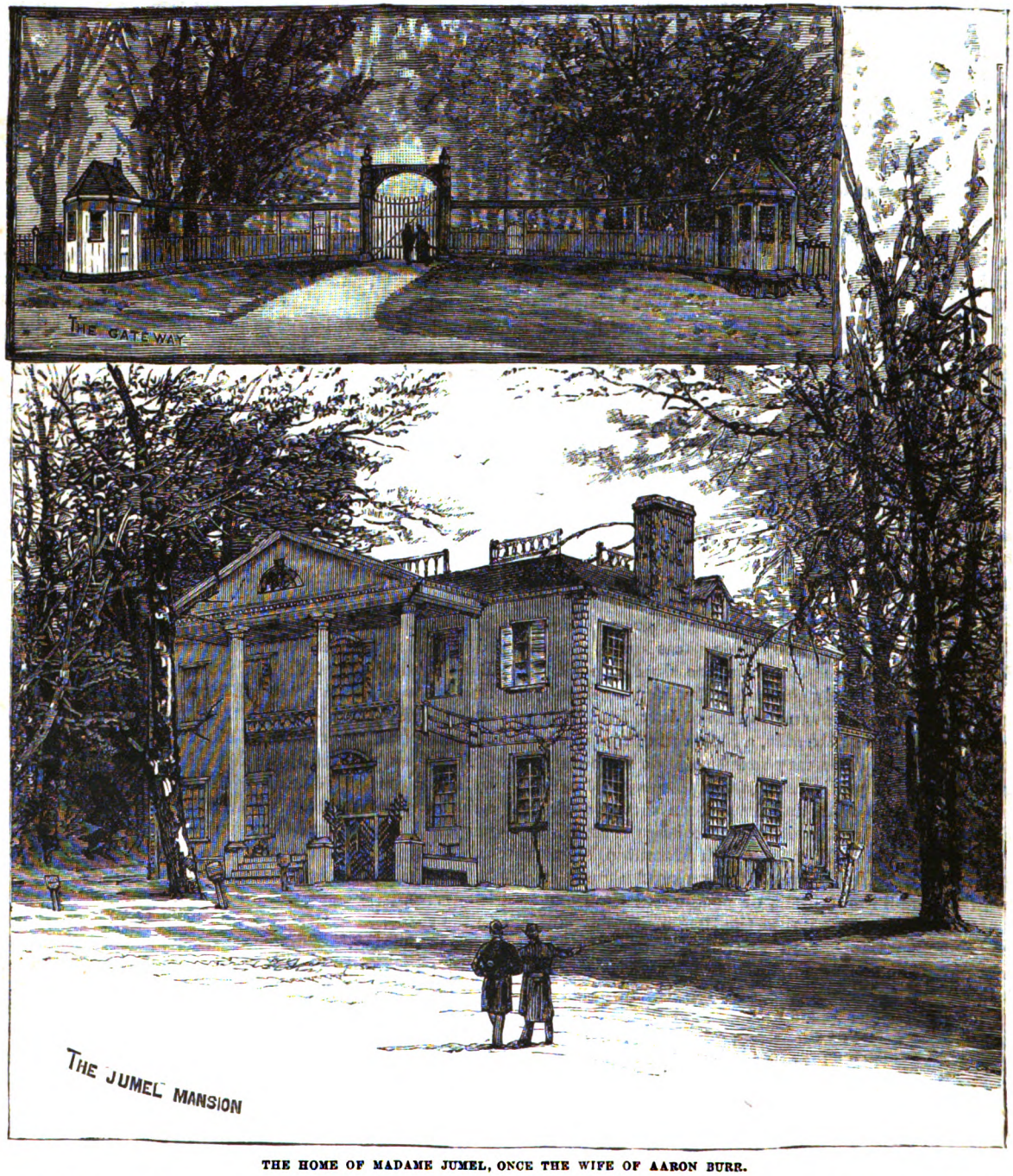
Hamilton, who had been lifted by his second, was found by his attending doctor with the ghastliness of death already upon his face. "This is a mortal wound, doctor," gasped Hamilton, and then sank away into a swoon. The doctor slipped up his clothes, and saw at a glance that the ball had penetrated a vital part. Scarcely expecting him to survive, they conveyed him down among the large rocks to the shore, placed him tenderly in the boat and started back to the city. The doctor used the necessary restoratives, and the wounded man gradually revived and at length spoke. "My vision is indistinct," were his first words. After recovering his sight, he happened to cast his eye upon the case of pistols, and, observing the one that he had had in his hand lying on the outside, he said, "Take care of that pistol; it is still undischarged and still cocked, and may go off and do harm. I did not intend to fire at him." Then he lay tranquil till he saw the boat was approaching the wharf, when he remarked: "Let Mrs. Hamilton be immediately sent for; let the event be gradually broken to her, but give her hopes."

From the boat he was borne to his house, and by nine o'clock the news of the duel began to be noised about in the city. A bulletin soon appeared on the board of the fashionable coffee-house (newspaper boards not being extant), and people started and turned pale as they read this brief announcement: "General Hamilton was shot by Colonel Burr this morning in a duel. The general is said

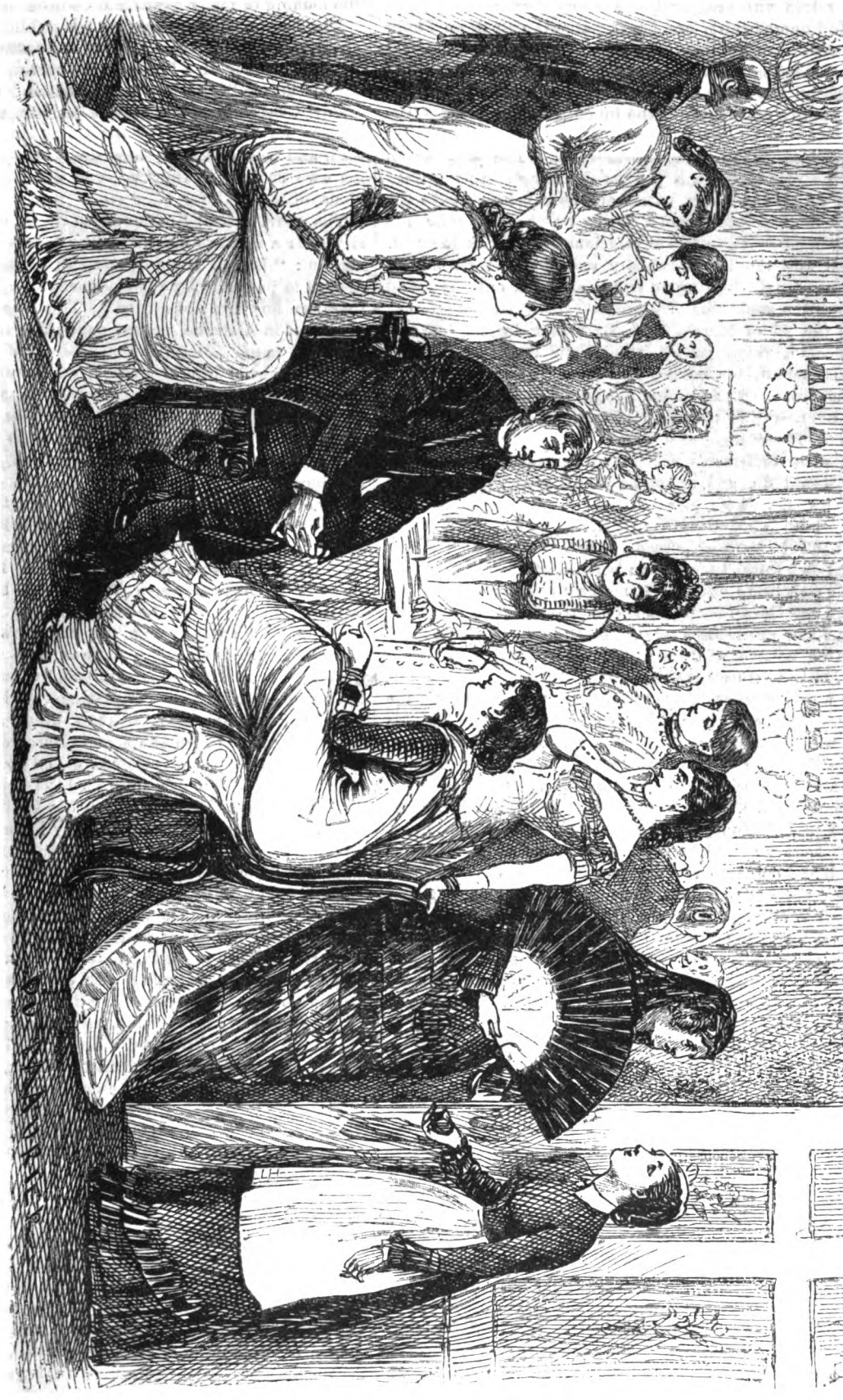
to be mortally wounded." Bulletins, hourly changed, kept the city in agitation; all the circumstances were told and retold with exaggeration at every corner.

He lingered thirty-one hours; at two o'clock on Thursday afternoon he died. A notice was immediately posted for a meeting of the merchants at the aforesaid coffee-house on the same evening, when they resolved to close their stores on the day of the funeral, to order all the flags of the shipping at half-mast, and to wear crape for thirty days. The Bar met next morning, and agreed to go into mourning for six weeks, and the military companies passed similar resolutions. The funeral took place on the Saturday following; business was entirely suspended, and the concourse in the streets was unprecedented. The cortége comprised all the magnates of the city; minute-guns were fired from the Battery and answered by British and French war-vessels in the harbor; the press declaimed over the event, and the popular sympathy was recorded by the naming of many towns and counties after him.

The funeral ceremonies over, the public feeling took the character of indignation against the immediate author of all this sorrow. In a few days the correspondence leading up to the challenge was published, and from that hour "Burr" became, in the general estimation of the public, a name of horror. That public, though not informed as to the torts that had been exchanged between the two principals, clamored for a victim. The coroner's jury shared the feeling, and brought in a verdict that "Aaron Burr, Esquire, Vice President of the United States, was guilty of the murder of Alexander Hamilton." The parties implicated fled, in amazement rather than terror, at this unexampled proceeding. In the Far West and in some



THE HOME OF MADAME JUMEL, ONCE THE WIFE OF AARON BURR.



THE PET YOUNG BACHELOR PARSON.

SCENE—A SUBURBAN EVENING PARTY. TIME—10:30 P. M.

HOSTESS (to little rustic maid, who has opened the drawing-room door, and is staring vacantly round): "*What is it, Sarah?*"
SARAH: "*Oh, nothing, ma'am. It's only Miss Walker's maid, and Miss Richardson's page, and the footman for Miss Tompkins, and the carriage for the Miss Clarksons. But they was none of them to wait, as the Rev. Mr. Stanley's here!*"

parts of the South Burr gained a positive increase of popularity from the duel.

A few months after the duel, upon the spot where Hamilton fell, a marble monument was erected, surrounded with an iron railing. For many years the monument stood, and was visited by thousands every Summer; but after a while the railing was broken down, and the whole structure gradually removed, no trace of it remaining on the ground which it commemorated. The slab which bore the inscription was preserved, though broken, until about thirty years ago, in an old barn belonging to the family owning the locality, but now the lost relic has disappeared in the same mysterious manner as the rest. Amidst the tangled shrubbery and weeds, with not so much as a path leading to it, the spot can only be found through the assistance of a guide.

On the 2d of March, 1805, Burr took formal leave of the Senate, which passed resolutions thanking him, as Vice-President, for having impartially presided over its deliberations. Many of his old friends went to Philadelphia purposely to visit him after his return from Washington. Every lover of gossip in the Spring of that year, 1805, after Jefferson's second inauguration, asked what Burr would do, and where he would go. For ten years he had filled a large place in the public view, and recent events had fixed all eyes on him. In every part of the country he had strong personal friends—men who had supported and worked for him in hotly-contested campaigns; his portrait hung upon walls, his bust stood upon mantels, and he was the subject of a thousand rumors, the hero of a thousand groundless tales. The public mind was prepared to believe anything of him, provided it was of a sufficiently venturesome character.

He resolved to go West, but not to "grow up with the country," as orderly citizens delighted to do. No, his idea was of another kind—namely, to raise an army, invade Mexico, seize New Orleans, separate the Union, and erect an independent empire in the West, of which he was to be the chief. The scheme was a bold one, and if President Jefferson had not thwarted it at its inception, it might have resulted in serious damage to the Union. Burr had longed to make a tour through the West and South. General Jackson, then a prominent soldier, and General Wilkinson, commander-in-chief of the whole Federal army, and governor of the newly annexed territory of Louisiana, were his intimate friends, and pressed him to put his longing into execution. Thus pressed, he actually did make an extensive tour through the Southern and Western States. He fancied the ground was ripe, and that it would be an easy matter to enlist partisans in behalf of his ambitious plot.

He returned to Philadelphia, secured money and provisions, and then commenced operations in Tennessee, Kentucky and Ohio for the raising of a volunteer force, ostensibly given out to be for an expedition into Mexico. Prominent men had entered into his scheme, and notably a wealthy man by the name of Blennerhassett, who lived on an island named after himself in the Ohio River, a few miles below Marietta. This eccentric man, of a romantic turn, was fascinated by Burr's offers to make him a great dignitary of the proposed empire, and readily joined his heart and purse in the venture.

There had been a party in the West, in 1796, favoring a separation of the Western States from the Union. General Wilkinson himself belonged to the party, and had entertained dreams of leading the revolt, and becoming, to use his own words, "The Washington of the West." It was he, however, who at last informed President Jefferson of Burr's schemes, whereupon the President issued his proclamation ordering his second arrest, he having been previously tried in Kentucky for fitting out an illegal expedition against Mexico.

Burr and Blennerhassett were both conveyed to Richmond, Virginia, and tried for treason. The trial was a famous affair. Chief Justice Marshall, of the U. S. Supreme Court, presided, and both the prosecution and defense were carried on by the ablest lawyers then in the land, and whose fame is now historical. Burr, also, was his own counsel in the case, and defended himself with vigor.

The court met at Richmond on the 3d of August, 1807, and, after a month's lapse, the jury returned the following verdict: "We, of the jury, say that Aaron Burr is not proved to be guilty by any evidence submitted to us. We therefore find him not guilty." Thus, eight months after his arrest in Alabama, he was once more free; but he was a ruined man. There had not been sufficient legal evidence to convict him of treason, yet he was morally convicted thereof before the country at large, the mere attempt at treason enveloping his name and person in an odium from which in vain he tried to extricate them during the remainder of his life.

From Richmond he went to Baltimore. One day, while he was dining with a large company at a friend's house, a military company, with a band playing a lively air, passed by. It was supposed that the company intended to compliment Burr, who, accordingly, rose from the table, threw open the window, and gracefully bowed. "Why, colonel," exclaimed a humorous fellow present in the room, "they are playing the 'Rogue's March,' with charged bayonets!" The windows were quickly closed, the guests returned to their wine, and voted the captain of the company to be a very impertinent individual.

Hearing that an indignant mob intended to give him a "warm reception" on the street, Burr was, a short time after the dinner above referred to, compelled by his few friends to leave the city, in order to escape being hustled out. There was then no place in the United States where he could live in peace, or even safety; the entire republic was incensed against him, his oldest and best friends unanimously agreed to cut his acquaintance—in fact, he was despised by all Americans at home and abroad during the rest of his life. He never had the slightest respect of any one after his arrest and trial for treason. He went into exile to Europe during four years, but it availed him nothing; though mingling with eminent personages, he lived always in great pecuniary distress while in the Old World, and barely managed to keep from starving at times.

After his return from exile he resumed the practice of law on the 8th of June, 1812, in New York, simply getting a friend to announce in a newspaper that "Aaron Burr has returned to the city for the practice of law, at — Nassau Street." He had a very small tin sign, bearing only his name, nailed up in front of the house, and commenced business with his usual alacrity. Beginning with a cash capital of less than ten dollars, and that borrowed, he received for opinions and retaining fees in the course of his first twelve business days the sum of $2,000. The future appearing brighter to him, he wrote to his daughter, who had married the Governor of South Carolina, to visit him with her young son. She replied that her son was dead, but promised to sail from Charleston as soon as possible. A short while after she did sail, but was lost in the vessel that foundered at sea in a gale. This was a severe affliction to her father, for hitherto his sole reliance had been in her, amidst the bitterness caused him by his moral outlawry; her death, he was wont to say, had separated him from mankind.

He thereafter cared little for success. His legal services were at times in request, but the old claims against him were enormous, and his debts so numerous, that merely to defeat the attempts of his creditors to confine him to prison absorbed his income and tasked his powers. Many times he was kept out of jail by some wealthy friend giving bail for his appearance. Life became one incessant battle; his greater debts were never paid, and he soon became careless of the money he made, giving away to beggars and drunkards sums that might have appeased a creditor. One day, when rebuked for aiding men disgraced by bad habits, he replied: "They may be black to the world—I care not how black; they were ever white to me!"

As a general rule he was treated by the Bar with distant respect. He was still an antagonist in the law to be afraid of. On one occasion a lawyer of some note refused to be employed in an important cause in conjunction with him; the mover of the suit adhered to Burr. The opposing party waited with anxiety to hear whether Burr had accepted the case, and on learning that he had, made an immediate offer to compromise. It was known that Burr was "business incarnate," and had never lost a case in his life which he himself had attended to.

His conversation was witty and gay over a single glass of wine during the closing years of his life. He denounced no one for his own self-afflicted miseries. He used to assert that General Wilkinson had betrayed him, but against Jefferson he was not embittered, only disgusted with the Jefferson school of politics. He used to say, "Jefferson's leveling principles imported from among the Jacobins of France," were very absurd, and had done great harm. Of the republican form of government, with its "rotation in office," he expressed an ill-opinion, and said he was sure it could not last. One day some gentlemen were conversing upon the subject in his presence, when one of them chanced to use the phrase "expounders of the Constitution." At the moment a noisy crowd of electioneering Democrats was passing. Burr, who had stood silent for some time, with his hands behind him, holding his hat, pointed to the mob and said: "*They* are the expounders of the Constitution!" Hence his pretended membership of the Republican, or Jeffersonian, Party, when he was running for the Presidency, could not have been of the honestest. Washington he underrated and abused to the last, persisting in calling him a dullard in war and politics, in spite of the public verdict that Washington's dullness was infinitely brighter than the brilliancy of either Hamilton or Burr.

Astonishment was frequently expressed by people at the utter carelessness with which Burr would allude to passages in his past life which were generally thought to be infamous. General Scott was once asked in Albany, at a banquet, if he would "be introduced to Colonel Aaron Burr," then present. "Any gentleman whom you choose to invite to your house," replied the general, "I shall be glad to know." Burr entered, was introduced, the party sat down to whist until supper should be announced. Suddenly Burr looked up, and said: "General Scott, I've seen you before." "Have you, indeed?" rejoined the general. "Yes," continued Burr; "*I saw you at my trial.*" On the same occasion, Burr asked: "Why don't the folks at Washington employ General Jackson? I'll tell you why they don't give him a commission: he's a friend of mine—that's the reason!" He was wont to converse with equal freedom of the duel with Hamilton. "My friend Hamilton—whom I shot," he would say. "Was Hamilton a gentleman?" asked a foreigner, in Burr's hearing. "Sir, *I* met him," was Burr's reply.

He revisited the ground where the duel was fought, in order to oblige a young friend who wished to see a spot so famous. Leaving their boat at the foot of the heights of Weehawken, just where he had left his boat on that fatal morning a quarter of a century before, they climbed over the same rocks and reached the same ground. On reaching the scene, he placed his companion on the spot where Hamilton had stood, and went to the place where he himself had stood, and proceeded to narrate the incidents. The conversation turned upon the causes of the fight. He recounted the catalogue of wrongs he had received from Hamilton, and told how he had forborne until he had no choice except to slink from the political field or meet the calumniator and silence him; he charged Hamilton with being malevolent and cowardly. "When he stood up to fire," said Burr, "he caught my eye and quailed under it; he looked like a convicted felon." Far from being an expert with the pistol when he killed Hamilton, as was alleged, Burr used to say, "I couldn't hit a barn-door."

As Burr grew older, the habit of indiscriminate giving grew upon him. When he received a sum of money, he made a kind of well of books for its reception in the middle of his large, crowded table; and then lucky was the applicant who made the first claim upon it. There were certain claims upon him which he could never resist. Old soldiers of the Revolution and their children; men who had lost by the failure and arrest of his expedition against Mexico; men who had stood by him even after he was under ban, had but to apply to him for assistance, to get his last dollar. He had almost an infirmity in getting rid of money. When he was seventy-five years old, a lady chanced to be sitting in his office one morning when he received a large amount of money in bills. She saw him put a fifty-dollar note between the leaves of a law-book and then place it on the shelf; the rest of the money he deposited on the centre of his table, with the usual result, viz.: begging visitors soon got it. An hour later, the lady saw him searching his pockets to see if he had sufficient funds for a trip to Albany, whither he was suddenly called. "Bless me!" he exclaimed, "I have no money, and have to start for Albany in an hour!" He asked the lady if she could lend him ten dollars—she said she could not. "But," she added, "colonel, what are you going to do with the fifty-dollar note in that book yonder?" "Oh, I forgot," he replied. "I put it there this morning on purpose. What a treasure you are to remind me of it!"

Aaron Burr ended his eventful career on September 14th, 1836, in his eighty-first year, and was buried beside his father in the cemetery at Princeton. A small, plain monument was placed over his remains. He left no available property. A few pictures, a few mementoes of his daughter, who had perished at sea, several cart-loads of law-papers, some sacks of letters, a few articles of office-furniture, and a quantity of well-worn clothes, were all that remained of the countless sums he had received in his long career. Several years after his death, however, a reversionary claim which he held to some property fell to the lot of his surviving daughter, who was a girl only eight years of age when he died. The last words he uttered on his dying bed were a request that his child's welfare be looked well after, and that especially she might be sent to good schools.

WHEN you speak evil of another, you must be prepared to have others speak it of you. There is an old Buddhist proverb which says: "He who indulges in enmity is like one who throws ashes to windward, which come back to the same place and cover him all over."

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

QUOTH the boy: "I'll climb that tree,
And bring down a nest I know."
Quoth the girl: "I will not see
Little birds defrauded so;
Cowardly their nests to take,
And their little hearts to break,
And their little eggs to steal—
Leave them happy for my sake;
Surely little birds can feel!"

And the little robin-bird
(Nice brown back and crimson breast),
All the conversation heard,
Sitting trembling in his nest.
"What a world," he sighed, "of bliss,
Full of birds and girls were this!
Blithe we'd answer to their call.
But a great mistake it is,
Boys were ever made at all!"

DOROTHY.—"'CHECK AGAIN!' SAID SHE, DEFIANTLY, AND THE COLOR BEGAN TO MOUNT INTO HER CHEEK. I SLOWLY EXAMINED THE SITUATION, AND PLACIDLY MADE MY MOVE."

DOROTHY.

By Susan Archer Weiss.

It was in accordance with an established family custom that I went down to Ashbrooke the day before Christmas for a week's holiday. Ever since my elder brother, Tom, had married and owned a home of his own this had been expected of me, and though only twenty-six I considered myself a confirmed bachelor.

Tom was out when I arrived, visiting some patients—I forgot to say that he was a country doctor—and Carrie was in the kitchen, up to her eyes in eggs and flour.

I went straight to the room which was always called mine; hold a half-hour's high revel with my three little nephews and nieces, who rushed tumultuously to welcome me; and, having at length gotten rid of them, laden with confectionery enough to produce a family dyspepsia, I was proceeding to array myself for dinner when Tom came in.

"Glad to see you, old boy! Looking as well as ever—only more so. Seen Carrie? Well, I've scarcely had a glimpse of her myself this past week! Engaged in the usual kitchen mysteries of the season."

We chatted on for some fifteen minutes, when the first dinner-bell rang.

"There! I had forgotten the time," said Tom; "must be off and spruce up a bit. Nobody but ourselves and Carrie's sister, Dorothy. Quite a snug little family party, eh?"

"Carrie's sister, Dorothy?" I repeated. "Why, how many sisters has Caroline got? There hasn't been a vacation that I have spent in this house in which hasn't appeared a new sister. How many more are there?"

Tom laughed.

"If you had inquired of Carrie herself she could have answered in the words of the poet's little maid, 'We are seven.' This one, Dorothy, is the youngest and the last."

"Thank goodness for that. I hope she will soon be off Carrie's hands, like the rest, and then I shall have a chance of peacefully enjoying myself when I come here. I have a presentiment that, having failed in the attempt to bestow me upon one of the others, she will lay desperate siege in behalf of this last one. Dorothy! what a hideous name it is! Say, Tom, can't you make your wife understand that I am a confirmed old bachelor, or that I am engaged to a lovely heiress, or something of that sort, which will induce her and Dorothy not to persecute me?"

"Not I," responded Tom, laughing. "It is dangerous to meddle with women in such matters. Besides, Carrie likes it, you see; and I don't want to spoil her fun, good little soul! She's a confirmed matchmaker, as you know."

"Ah, well, I must try to take care of myself. I wish I were anything but a young unmarried man with a comfortable property. Ever since I was nineteen I've had young women thrown at my head until I'm sick of it."

"Poor fellow! no wonder that under such a bombardment you should feel a little sore and sensitive. But here comes Carrie, all ready for dinner, and I must hurry."

My sister-in-law greeted me in her usual affectionate, effusive way, and passing her arm within mine, led me to the drawing-room, where, after a while, Tom joined us.

"Where's Dorothy?" said he, looking round.

"I don't know what detains her," replied his wife, with a deprecating glance at me. "Ah, just in time," she added, as a young lady slowly entered.

"Arthur, my youngest sister, Dorothy. Dorothy, Dr. Eustace's brother, Arthur."

Miss Dorothy Lee acknowledged this introduction with a bow of the most chilling politeness. Her glance scarcely deigned to rest upon me, and she passed on to the sofa where little Minnie and Alice were stiffly seated, in very short skirts and very wide sashes, doing their best to keep their promise of being "good" if allowed to dine with us. She became immediately interested in the picture-book which one of them had.

Decidedly Carrie's youngest sister was unlike the rest of the "seven," who were all pleasant, lively, agreeable girls, even though somewhat commonplace.

At table I took a half-indifferent, half-curious look at her. I could do this without the least fear of detection, as she scarcely glanced at me, even when I spoke.

She was about nineteen, apparently — tall and finely formed, rather plump, very fair, with clear-blue eyes, fresh red lips, a dimple in chin and cheek, and glossy, gold-red hair rippling back from blue-veined temples.

So far, she was not unlike two of her sisters, now married—Kate and Lizzie; but Kate had been a merry, laughing hoyden, who rather tired me with her incessant chat; and Lizzie I had regarded as the type of graceful, good-natured, insipid indolence.

Dorothy, I could see, was neither thoughtless nor indolent. There was a great depth in the blue eyes, and her well-cut lips were closed with a certain firmness about their curve which bespoke of more than ordinary decision.

She was perfectly unaffected; answered pleasantly when addressed by her sister or Tom, and smiled and spoke sweetly to the children; but the moment I addressed her she repelled me with a cold *hauteur*, and answered always as briefly as possible.

After dinner, Carrie, like a good mother, repaired to the baby in the nursery, and Tom lit a cigar and requested Dorothy to play. She complied instantly, and sang, with a sweet, clear voice, song after song, always saying, "Here is one of your favorites," or "Shall I give you this?" apparently expressly to let me understand that it was for him and not myself that she was singing.

I watched her as she sang, and observed the delicate outline of her profile and the fine contour of her head and bust.

Decidedly she was very pretty. After a while, I moved to a seat nearer the piano, and when she concluded, ventured a request for a particular piece.

"You must really excuse me," she answered, rising. "My voice is not very strong, and I rarely sing more than one or two pieces at a time."

Tom was dozing. I was glad of it, for I felt a desire to talk to this girl and find out what manner of woman she was. She disappointed me by gathering up one or two papers and leaving the room.

Next day there was a grand dinner-party, consisting of the chief of our country neighbors. Among them I observed that young Squire Grantly—a fine-looking young fellow, fresh from European travel—appeared on very good terms with Miss Dorothy. And how different she was today from what I had seen her yesterday! What a pleasant light was in her blue eyes! what a sweet smile on her lips! How attentive she was to the old folks, and to the children—and, indeed, to every one but myself!

I often caught myself looking at her and wondering what it could mean. Then I began to wonder also if she could be engaged to this young Grantly.

Before the close of the evening I came to the conclusion that I had been a very great donkey in taking it for granted that Miss Dorothy would second her sister's designs upon me. Indeed, so far every attempt of Caroline to throw us together, or to attract my attention to her young sister, had been promptly and effectually baffled by the latter.

She evidently regarded me with a sort of contemptuous indifference. The experience was entirely new to me, and I confess that I felt somewhat piqued.

After supper I danced the first set with Miss Gregg, "the country belle," as she was called, and then, as the second began to form, I found myself near Dorothy, just as Caroline came up.

"Arthur, how is it that you have not secured a partner, and here is Dorrie also unengaged——"

Dorothy interrupted, with a quick light in her eyes and color in her cheeks:

"I shall not dance this set."

"The next——" I commenced.

"For the next I have chosen a partner," she answered, coldly. "You must remember that it is leap-year, and ladies are privileged to choose."

I felt that this was but a clever device to get rid of me without direct rudeness. But I was conscious of a queer little feeling, resembling envy, as I saw her the next set dancing with Grantly.

"Carrie," I said, next day, "do you know, I fancy your sister has taken a dislike to me? What have you been saying to prejudice her against me?"

"Indeed, I can't imagine why Dorothy should behave so," she replied, with an air of vexation. "It must be one of her freaks. She is the cleverest of all my sisters, and is the best-hearted creature in the world; but she is very independent, and will sometimes do and say things to surprise you."

Next morning Miss Dorothy did do something to surprise me. She went out, after a heavy fall of snow, and helped the children to make a snow-man, joining in it with a girlish glee almost equal to that of the little ones. From the window I looked on with an air of disapproval, but she took no notice of me. After a while I concluded to join them; but as soon as I appeared Dorothy declared that she was half-frozen, and ran in to warm herself. I presently followed, and finding her in the parlor with Carrie, in a fit of desperation I challenged her to a game of chess. Carrie, after looking on for a few moments, made some remark about the children and left the room.

Dorothy played at first carefully and deliberately. She was a good player, and, I saw, had set herself with some confidence to vanquish me. I at first acted in the defensive, then attacked her, and kept her in check, wishing to prolong the game as much as possible. By-and-by she appeared to perceive my drift, and became a little excited.

"Check!" she said, suddenly.

"Check," I retorted, coolly.

"Check again!" said she, defiantly, and the color began to mount into her cheek. I slowly and deliberately examined the situation, and placidly made my move. She followed with a hasty move, and threw herself back in the chair as though the game were ended. I, as coolly as before, advanced a piece.

"Why don't you checkmate?" said she, sharply.

"Because you purposely placed your king in my power. You wish the game to end, even though with your own defeat."

She looked at me curiously.

"Suppose I do?" she said.

"That is a consideration, I confess."

I replaced the piece last moved, and brought forward a knight.

"Checkmate; your king is a prisoner, but you are free."

Something like a smile flitted across her lips.

"I must thank your courtesy. Some time I may play a fair and square game with you; but at present I am going to drive."

"To drive! in this snow?"

"In the single sleigh. The doctor has a poor patient about two miles from here, and sister is anxious to send her some things."

"But there is a double sleigh. Do allow me to drive you. The snow is deeper than you think, and you might find trouble in getting through."

"I am not afraid. I am used to driving alone, and I prefer it sometimes."

So she set forth alone. Tom stood at the window watching her.

"Carrie, are you not afraid to trust her alone in this snow?"

"Oh, no! she is really such a splendid driver she will be sure to get safely out of it," said Carrie. By-and-by, however, she became uneasy. The snow had again commenced to fall, and it was getting late.

"Arthur," said she, "would you mind going to meet Dorothy? The drift at the turning may be too deep for her to get through."

A mile from the house I passed the toll-gate. The keeper informed me that Miss Lee had passed there some two hours previous, and, he feared, had returned by the meadow road. The bridge on that road was not safe to cross when the holes in it were hidden by snow.

I put my horse to his best pace, and soon came upon fresh tracks of a sleigh. Within sight of the bridge I discerned the little cutter, gliding swiftly forward to where the black railing spanned the deep stream below.

Dorothy turned on hearing my voice.

"Don't attempt to cross the bridge," I cried; "it is broken and dangerous!"

She hesitated one moment, then drove straight forward. Before I could reach her she had passed the middle of the bridge, and turned her head with a half-triumphant, half-defiant glance at me.

At that moment her horse slipped, snorted and commenced plunging wildly. His foot had gone through a broken plank, and I heard the crackling of the splinters as the rotten wood further gave way beneath his weight.

I sprang from my horse, darted forward, and without a moment's pause caught the girl in my arms and set her safely upon the opposite bank. Then I seized the bridle of the struggling horse, and with some difficulty lifted him from his perilous situation, and led him limping and snorting to the firm ground beyond.

"Is he hurt?" said Dorothy, eagerly.

"Not beyond a few scratches and bruises."

She drew a breath as of relief; then turned upon me with head-erect and crimson cheeks.

"What brought you here?" she demanded.

"Your sister sent me in search of you. It was fortunate that I arrived just at the moment I did.

"It was no business of yours to look after me; and you —I—you had no *right* to—to——"

"No right to save your life, you would say. Do you know that if I had not been here the horse and sleigh would have gone through the bridge with you?"

She looked down into the sullen stream with a sort of shudder.

"I suppose I ought to thank you," she said, in a more subdued tone.

"Not at all, if you don't feel disposed to do so. It cost me nothing," I answered, quietly. "But now that the runner is broken and your horse lamed, pray take mine and get home as quickly as possible, in order to relieve your sister's anxiety."

"No, thank you," she answered, composedly, "I will walk."

And she did walk, the whole remaining mile home; where, on my arrival, I found her looking more quite and subdued than usual.

Next morning she came up to me as I stood before the fireplace in the parlor, after breakfast, with my sprained wrist in a sling.

"Mr. Eustace, why did you not tell me yesterday that you were hurt?"

"You did not ask. It was the horse that you inquired after," I answered, gravely. "Besides, I had no idea that you would take any interest in anything concerning myself."

She raised her eyes quickly to mine, with a curious, half-sarcastic smile.

"Is that really your opinion?"

"Certainly," I answered, with a little wonder. "Why should I fancy that I had the power to interest you?"

A shade of something like scorn or triumph was now visible in her smile. She bit her lips, turned away, and looked from the window. I saw a flush on her cheek, and felt that here was something which I did not understand.

"Miss Lee," said I, desperately, "I want to ask you a question?"

She turned her head in some surprise.

"But will you answer it candidly?"

"That depends," she said, shortly.

"The question is simply this: Why do you hate me?"

She flushed to the roots of her golden-red hair.

"I don't hate you, Mr. Eustace."

"Yes, you do, Miss Lee."

"Very well, since you insist upon it."

"But why is it so? That is my question."

She was silent.

"If you do not dislike me you are angry with me. What cause have you for it? What have I done to excite your displeasure, and, I may add, your scorn?"

She looked steadily from the window. The color deepened in her cheeks until they and her eyes were all aglow.

"Do you wish to know?" she said, suddenly turning and looking full into my face.

"Certainly—most anxious."

"Then, I *have* a cause. You have misjudged and insulted me."

"*I?* In what manner?"

"Do you remember the day you arrived?" said she, with a sort of suppressed excitement. "Do you remember when your brother came into the room, and the talk you had with him?"

"I think I do," I replied, beginning to feel very uncomfortable.

"Do you remember *all* you said?" Now I felt the blood rush to my face in turn.

"How did you know this, Miss Lee? Could Tom have told Caroline, and she——"

"Nothing of the kind. I was in the library. Both doors were open, and I heard it all. I could not help it."

Her delicate lips closed firmly, with an expression of supreme scorn.

"Then," said I, emphatically, "you heard the talk of one of the greatest donkeys that ever made himself ridiculous and contemptible!"

She turned, and passed her fingers lightly over the keys of the open piano; but I saw that they trembled, and the notes were uncertain. I saw, too, that her eyes were glittering with tears. I approached and stood by her side, my heart humbled with shame and remorse.

"Miss Lee, can you forgive me—can you forget my absurd folly, and let us be friends?" She hesitated; her lip quivered, her fingers falteringly ran over the keys.

"No," she said, at length, slowly, "I cannot be your friend. I cannot forget the humiliating, degrading light in which you regarded me. You thought I came here to—to deliberately endeavor to entrap your valuable affections, 'comfortable fortune' and handsome person. You thought me unwomanly enough to——"

"I was a fool," I interrupted, vehemently. "I deserve your contempt—but, oh, Miss Lee—Dorothy—can I do nothing to atone for my folly?"

"Nothing," she answered, coldly. "I am not your enemy, I am not vindictive; but I cannot be friendly with a man who so degraded and insulted me in his thoughts."

And she left me, smarting under a sense of self-degradation such as I had never before experienced.

I had before learned to admire this girl despite myself, and now I was conscious of a feeling of remorseful tenderness toward her, for the wounded and outraged womanly feeling which I could see was so strong beneath all her pride. I longed to kneel at her feet, to take her in my arms and protect her henceforth and through life.

This feeling grew stronger with every hour that I passed in her company. I did not intrude myself upon her, but I sometimes fancied that she perceived what my feelings were. She was now reserved, but not scornful, and once or twice, as I chanced suddenly to meet her eye, I fancied that they fell, and a soft color came into her cheek.

THE SEVEN SISTERS.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 247.

"Arthur," said my sister-in-law, "what is the reason that you and Dorothy can't be friends? Have you done anything to offend her? She won't tell me, so I ask you. Have you quarreled?"

"Quarreled? No. I am Dorothy's friend, and regret that she cannot be mine."

"Oh," said Caroline, her eyes brightening. "Do you know, I am sure she likes you better than you would suppose? Yesterday, now, when we were talking about how nobly you behaved at the Grant fire, she didn't say a word, but if you could have seen how she listened, and how she looked, with her eyes full of tears, and yet so bright! Dorry has a warm, generous heart—only she won't always show it."

I didn't feel like smiling at Carrie's artfulness, even when she that evening asked Dorothy to sing, and in the midst of it pretended to hear baby screaming, and so left us alone.

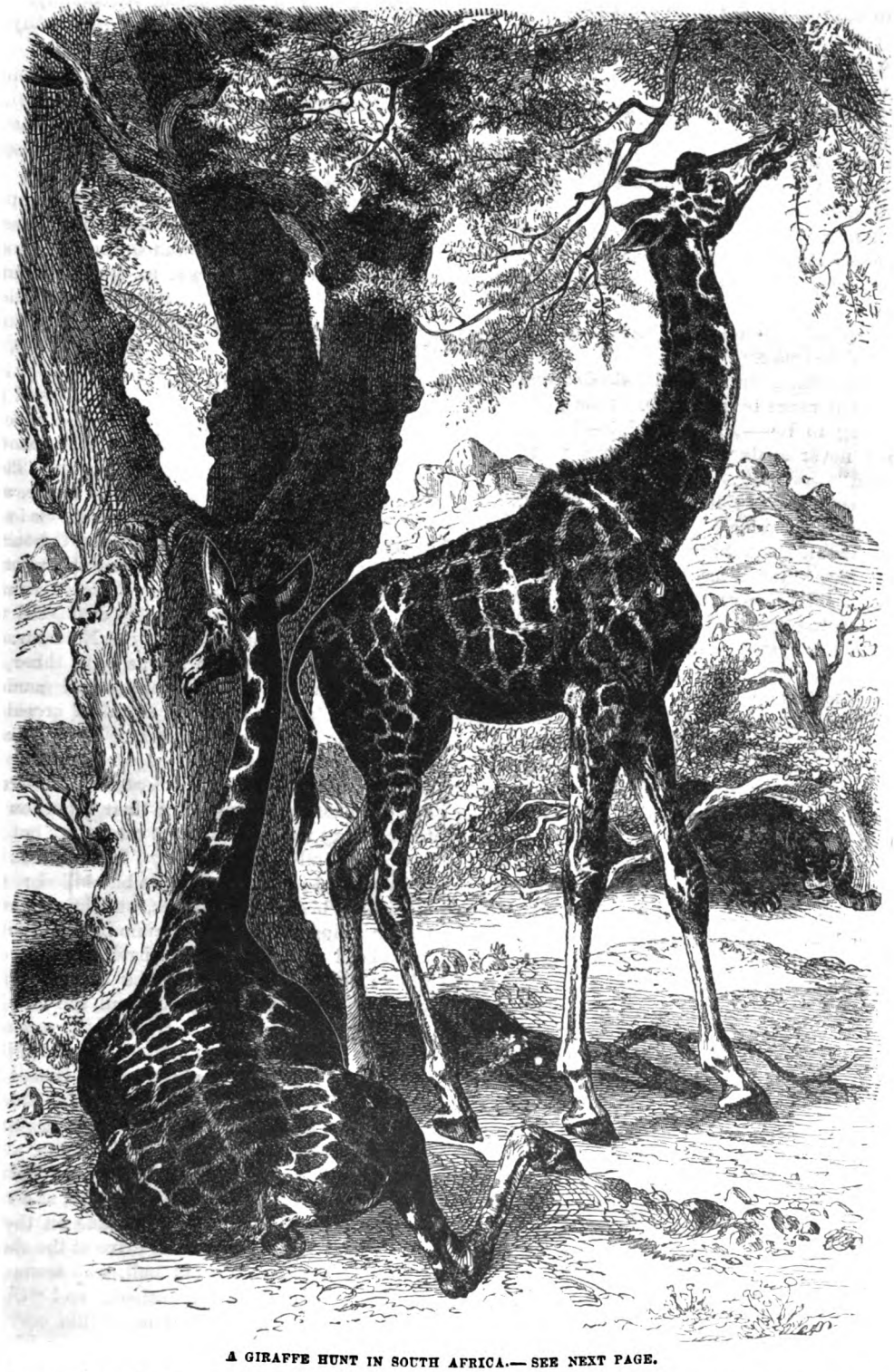
"Will you sing *me* a song now, Miss Dorothy?" I said.

I half anticipated some excuse; but she said quietly, "What shall it be?"

"'Annie Laurie.' It has always been my favorite."

She sang it in a sweet, clear voice, lower than usual, and with a tenderness of feeling which strangely stirred my heart. The lamps were not lighted—the firelight glinted on Dorothy's bronze hair, and brought out her clear-cut profile against the shadows like a cameo. I fancied her paler than usual, and there had been about her, all day, something subdued and almost sad. As I looked at her, a great wave of tenderness seemed suddenly to swell up in my heart. I could have cursed myself that I had ever, howsoever unconsciously, have caused her pain.

"Dorothy," I said, impulsively, as the song concluded—"have you yet forgiven me?"



A GIRAFFE HUNT IN SOUTH AFRICA.— SEE NEXT PAGE.

"Do not again allude to that subject, Mr. Eustace," she answered, quietly. "I have told you that I forgave you—and I wish to forget it."

"But there is something more to ask—I want you to be my friend. Dorothy, I cannot be happy without your

good opinion—your friendship. There is nothing on earth that I would not do to win it."

The pale cameo of her face flushed to a faint rose hue.

"I have not a bad opinion of you, Mr. Eustace; I think better of you than I did when I first knew you. And"—she hesitated, then spoke rapidly—"I admit that you were not so very much to be blamed in—in forming the opinion"—and here her face flushed scarlet, and she broke off abruptly.

"Don't say so—don't remind me of my insufferable folly. If you could forget it, Dorothy—forgive it—be my friend. Oh, Dorothy, how can you be so cold-hearted, so cruel, to one who loves you as I do?"

The words had escaped me almost involuntarily; and now, the ice once broken, my feelings would not be restrained, and I ended in asking if she would not allow me to hope that I might yet win her love—yet hope to some time claim her as my wife. And then I was silent—half dismayed at my own precipitancy, and yet half hoping, as I saw Dorothy's downcast face, and eyes filled with tears.

She looked up the next moment. She rose and stood before me, proud and pale.

"No," she said, with a sort of passionate decision in her tone—"no; I will never be your wife. I am going away to-morrow—going to B——, and I think—I hope—that you and I will never again meet. We will part friends now, if you will."

I took the extended hand; it trembled a little as it lay for an instant passive in mine.

"Good-by," was all I could say, for the shock of a great pang seemed to have stunned me. She was lost to me, and I had not known till this moment how I really loved her. I saw her pause at the door and look back, with a strange, troubled light in her eyes, and then she was gone.

At eight o'clock next morning I was on the train for the city. A few words had explained to Tom and Carrie my abrupt departure. Carrie actually shed tears, and would have persuaded me to remain, but this I knew better than to do.

Dorothy I had a distant glimpse of as she cantered off for a morning's ride, doubtless for the purpose of avoiding me at breakfast.

As the shrieking train turned a sharp curve, which would conceal from me the sight of the house where I had so unexpectedly found my fate, I leaned forward for a last look at Dorothy's window.

At the moment there was a sudden jar, a wild shout, a crash, and with a roar as of many waters in my ears, I seemed to sink at once into darkness and oblivion.

When I opened my eyes I found that kind hands had placed me under the shelter of a huge wood-pile by the railroad track, and were applying water to my face. I was not seriously hurt—only bruised and stunned. The two men hurried off to render assistance to those more in need of it than myself, while I lay back, feeling still too faint to rise.

"Where is he?" I heard a voice say, whose tones thrilled through me. It was hurried, eager, and trembling, and yet had a strange, metallic ring, as of intense and suppressed emotion.

"I saw them bring him around here, miss, and then leave him. Ah, here he is—dead, I'm afraid!"

Some one knelt by my side. I felt the close clasp of soft fingers upon my own—a warm breath—the touch of a velvet cheek against mine.

"Arthur—Arthur! Oh, my God! he is not, cannot be dead!"

I gave no sign. In fact, I doubt whether, in the ecstatic surprise of the moment, I was capable of moving.

"He is not dead!" again cried Dorothy, vehemently. "Run, Matthew—run for your life—for his life—for the doctor—for his brother. He is not dead!"

Then again she bent low over me, and I felt her warm breath on my cheek.

"Arthur, dear Arthur! Oh, my dearest, speak to me—I am Dorothy!"

She seemed to rely upon the spell of the name. I opened my eyes and looked up into hers, dry but wild with anguish.

"I am not hurt, Dorothy," I said, clasping her cold hands in mine. "And if I had been dead, darling, your words would have brought me to life again."

Her pale cheek was crimson enough now. For a moment she hesitated, but I could see that her great joy and thankfulness overcame her pride and maiden shyness, and she hid her blushing face on my shoulder and wept.

She had seen the accident while riding, and knowing that I was on the train, had hastened to inquire after me. And but for that accident I think I should never have won her.

A GIRAFFE HUNT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

It was not long before we organized and started on a fresh expedition. Our camp was situated between two tributaries of the Zambesi, the Longwe and Sepungwe Rivers, which rise in the Matopopo range, and flow in a northerly direction through the Matebele country. The party consisted of my old comrades, Captain Stevenson, Hans and Kleine Van Jansen, their brother-in-law, Schmidt, and two stalwart Boer farmers, Emile and Yacobus Vandermeir, who were noted elephant-hunters.

Having left all our heavy gear at Notoanis, Van Jansen's headquarters, we took with us only three lightly laden wagons, containing food supplies and goods for barter; each of us having a couple of salted or seasoned horses for hunting, besides half a dozen dogs of one kind or another, which together formed a numerous, if not a select bobbery pack, that proved most useful in driving animals out of cover, or in engaging their attention and keeping them at bay until the hunters came up.

Game of all kinds was very plentiful in this part of the country, and in two months we had killed more than forty elephants, besides rhinoceros, buffalo and other animals. One morning two bushmen came in with the account of a large herd of bull elephants having been seen in a somewhat extensive "vley" near the River Longwe; and the younger Van Jansen, Schmidt and the two Vandermeirs, who happened to be in camp when the news came, immediately started off in pursuit. Stevenson, the elder Van Jansen and myself were absent at the time, having started at break of day after a large herd of buffalo, of which we killed four, and whilst we were cutting up the meat a troop of seven giraffes were seen browsing at no great distance. We immediately girted up our horses and gave chase; after a spurt of quite two miles, at a very fair pace, we each singled out one, and putting on the steam, managed to get alongside, and let drive at the shoulder.

I had selected a fine old bull, who seemed to be more massively built than the others, and "Old Stag," my horse, having soon brought me within easy range on his off-side, I planted a two-ounce ball from a Westley-Richard smooth-bore just behind his shoulder, and followed it up with a second shot in very nearly the same place. To my surprise, however, although I heard both bullets crack loudly against his hide, he made no alteration in his gait, and continued to forge ahead much as before. I had to pull up my nag to reload, a proceeding that in those days

took some little time, during which the quarry had got a start of about 300 yards, and I was just commencing a somewhat unpromising stern chase when suddenly the giraffe wheeled round, and came doubling back in my direction at full speed. Being somewhat puzzled at this unexpected stroke of fortune, I rode up just as a large, black-maned lion had fastened upon the scared animal's haunches, and was being carried along. Before my horse got wind of the marauder I let drive a fair double shot at the back of his head, and as I swerved off saw him relax his hold and roll over.

My horse now became fidgety, and although he was generally full of courage, on this occasion he seemed to lose his head, and I could not stop him, even by circling round, until I approached Van Jansen and Stevenson, who had each killed his giraffe. I explained the state of things to them, and having reloaded, we followed up the track of my horse's feet for some distance, when we found the lion dead, and the mighty bull in his last agonies a few hundred yards further on. Having put him out of pain, we rode back to camp, and sent some of our people, and the native following who accompanied the expedition for the sake of the flesh they got, to bring in the lion's spoils, as he was in fine condition, as well as some of the meat.

We then heard of the expedition of the rest of the party after elephants, and as they did not put in an appearance at nightfall, we lighted a great fire that might have been seen for some miles round, and fired off guns at intervals during the night to attract their attention to it, in case they had lost their way.

The next morning at peep of day, as none of them had shown up, we inspanned and got under way, tracking along their trail, which led toward the Longwe River. After marching until noon we outspanned at a small "vley," where we scarcely found sufficient water for our cattle. Here we resolved to halt for the night, as our Matebele guides assured us that no water was to be found until we arrived at the river, which was still some considerable distance off. Under these circumstances we arranged that Stevenson should take charge of the camp and people, whilst Van Jansen and I, with two of our after-riders carrying supplies, food and our blankets, should continue to follow up the track of our companions.

THE SEVEN SISTERS.

Seven daughters had Lord Archibald,
All children of one mother:
You could not say in one short day
What love they bore each other.
A garland of seven lilies wrought,
Seven sisters that together dwell;
But he, bold knight as ever fought,
Their father took of them no thought—
He loved the wars so well.
Sing mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

Right onward to the Scottish strand
The gallant ship is borne;
The warriors leap upon the land,
And hark! the leader of the band
Hath blown his bugle horn.
Sing mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

Beside a grotto of their own,
Arch boughs above them closing,
The seven are laid, and in the shade
They lie like fawns reposing.
But now, upstarting with affright,
At noise of man and steed,
Away they fly, to left, to right—
Of your fair household, father knight,
Methinks you take small heed!
Sing mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie!

Away the seven fair Campbells fly
And over hill and hollow,
With menace proud and insult loud,
The youthful rovers follow.
Cried they: "Your father loves to roam;
Enough for him to find
The empty house when he comes home;
For us your yellow ringlets comb,
For us be fair and kind!"
Sing mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie!

Some close behind, some side to side,
Like clouds in stormy weather,
They run and cry, "Nay, let us die,
And let us die together."
A lake was near; the shore was steep;
There never foot had been;
They ran, and with a desperate leap
Together plunged into the deep,
Nor ever more were seen.
Sing mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie!

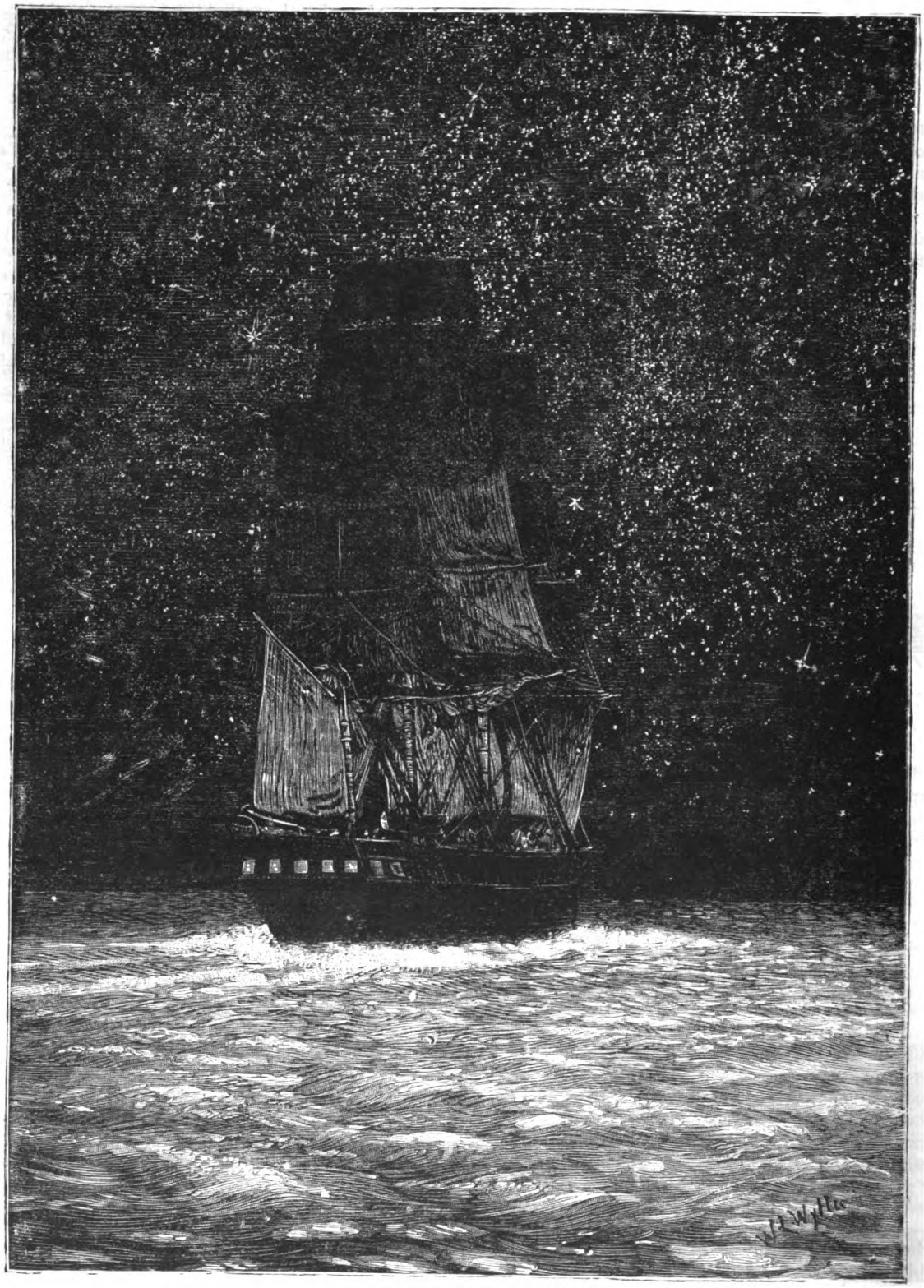
The stream that flows out of the lake,
As through the glen it rambles,
Repeats a moan o'er moss and stone
For those seven lovely Campbells.
Seven little islands green and bare
Have risen from the deep;
The fishers say those sisters fair
By fairies all are buried there,
And there together sleep.
Sing mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie!

PHOSPHORESCENCE.

By William Ackroyd.

In the ineffectual attempt to strike a match in the dark, probably everybody has seen the faintly luminous track that has been left wherever the match has been rubbed; it may likewise have fallen within the experience of many of our readers to see fish that have caused the housewife no small amount of surprise by their shining appearance in the dark pantry, and perhaps both phenomena will remind the seafaring man of a similar light he has seen in the wake of his ship as she has sped through the waters in the darkness of night. The appearance in each case is a pleasing and a striking one, and our interest in it has been increased by the song of the poet and the comment of the philosopher. To the latter, indeed, it has been somewhat of a puzzle, as presenting a kind of light differing from that furnished by sun, moon and stars, or the artificial light-sources that have been devised in these latter days,

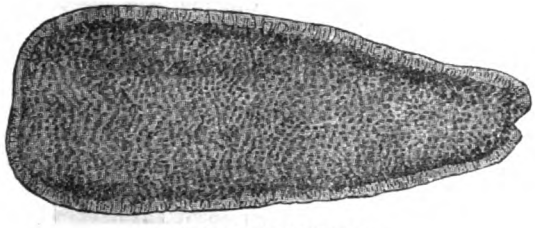
and he has accordingly attempted to ascertain something more about it than could be learnt by casual observation. A sketch of what he has made out will probably be of interest to the reader.



THE PHOSPHORESCENCE OF THE SEA.

A moment's consideration of the first experiment will teach us the meaning of the word *phosphorescence*. A match, as we already know, is tipped with phosphorus, an element whose name signifies that it bears or emits light. It is a small trace of this substance, left where the match has been rubbed, that glows in the dark. Hence any body which shines faintly when taken into a dark room is said to behave like phosphorus, in one word, to *phosphoresce*, and all such phenomena come under the one general heading of *phosphorescence*. The housewife saw the phosphorescence of a fish, and the sailor witnessed the phosphorescence of the sea.

Phosphorescence is to be observed in all the three kingdoms of nature, being exhibited by animals (living and dying), by vegetables and by minerals. And first as to animal phosphorescence. In 1810 it was shown by M. Suriray that the phosphorescence of the sea in the English Channel is owing to the presence of an organism called *Noctiluca miliaris*, a minute rhizopod which requires a high magnifying power to get a good view of it. This is

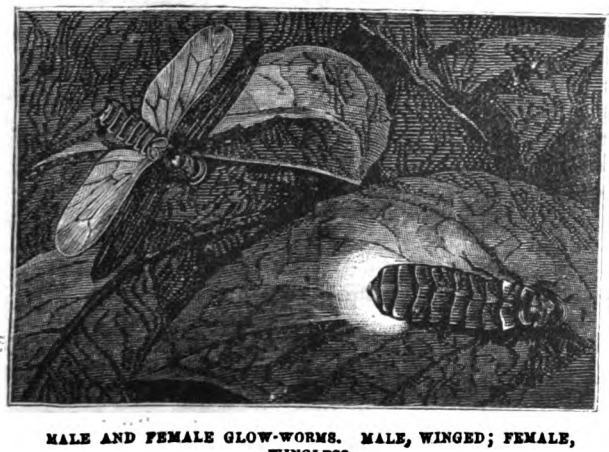


A PHOSPHORESCENT FISH.

an example of a living phosphorescent animal. It is not, however, the only one which is found in the sea, for Sir Joseph Banks found a phosphoric crab in the waters of the South Atlantic, and many soft-bodied animals (molluscs) have been met with which are self-luminous. Of other living organisms which exhibit phosphorescence, it has been pointed out by Dr. Phipson, that, "With the exception of a few more or less doubtful cases, the faculty of producing light seems in the animal world to cease with the class of insects. But, on the other hand, from insects downward there is scarcely a section of the animal world but which furnishes us with some self-luminous beings." In answer to the question, What is the cause of the light emitted by these animals? nothing has yet been offered but suppositions. In the case of *Noctiluca*, Ehrenberg thought it might have a number of light-emitting organs, for upon submitting the animal to a magnifying power of a hundred and forty diameters he found the uniform luminosity to disappear and become concentrated in a number of brilliant points, just as the astronomer finds that the faint luminous area stretching across the heavens, and known as the *Milky Way*, is resolved by very powerful telescopes into a number of brilliant points known as nebulæ. What may be taking place in one of the phosphorescent points of a *Noctiluca* is one of the many hidden mysteries that science has yet to reveal.

THE BRILLIANT FIRE-FLY.

Among living insects there are some that are remarkable for their power of emitting light, as, *e.g.*, the glow-worms



MALE AND FEMALE GLOW-WORMS. MALE, WINGED; FEMALE, WINGLESS.

SOUTH AMERICAN GIRL WITH CUCUYOS IN HER HAIR.

and the lantern-flies. The glow-worm belongs to the genus *Lampyris*, of which there are many species that are luminous. Schultze has made an examination of *Lampyris splendidula*, and finds the male to possess two light-producing organs. They are thin, whitish plates which lie on the under side, nearly at the end of the body. These plates are composed of two layers, a front one, yellowish, transparent and very luminous; and a back one, white and opaque, from the presence of a great multitude of doubly reflecting granules, which Kölliker supposes to consist of urate of ammonia. Branches of the insect's breathing tubes (tracheæ) ramify among the cells of the front layer, and end in star-like corpuscles.

NOCTILUCA MILIARIS.

As to the cause of the light there have been many different opinions. Matteuci made a series of experiments upon *Lampyris Italica* with the idea of proving the light to be due to combustion. Since, however, combustion is attended with the development of heat, and this experimenter detected no sensible heat to be produced in his experiments, it has been held that Matteuci's hypothesis is untenable. A stronger objection, however, was furnished by the fact that when Matteuci placed the phosphorescent substance of the insect in hydrogen or carbonic acid, gases which do not support combustion, the light still continued

to be emitted for thirty or forty minutes. It must, however, be said in fairness, that even in this experiment an advocate in favor of the hypothesis might maintain that the continuance of light is due to some extent, if not wholly, to the residual oxygen still remaining in the air-tubes of the insect after removal from the air to the hydrogen or carbonic acid. But whaever it may be due to, it doubtless subserves many useful purposes.

The light of the little organic lamp illuminates the insect's path, and probably discloses to its minute and sensitive eyes that of which it is in quest, although at times it may be a source of danger, as when it serves as a mark for some voracious bird, which, like Cowper's nightingale, is in want of a supper.

Numerous species of insects belonging to the genus *Elater* are phosphorescent, and they are generally known as fireflies, and are referred to by Southey in "Madoc," and by Longfellow, who in the "Song of Hiawatha" gives us the red man's idea of their character.

As we have said, the different kinds of fireflies are very numerous. Kirby and Spence state that from Chili to the south of the United States, there are seventy distinct species. The *Elater noctilucus* of Latreille has perhaps been most studied. It is of a dark-brown color, attains to a length of about one inch and a half, and has two yellow spots on its back, which shine very brightly at night. Hidden under the wing-cases there exist two other luminous spots, so that when the insect is flying it shows four lights of great brilliancy as such lights go. The light it emits is more vivid than that given out by the glow-worms, and it is said that the light emitted by the two spots on its back is sufficient alone to read small print by.

Phosphorescence is often an accompaniment of the cessation of animal and vegetable life. The bodies of most marine animals shine after death, and phosphorescence has been observed in the dead flesh of man, lamb, and calf. Dead fish, more especially the herring and mackerel, are noted for their shining appearance when they have been exposed to the air for some time; but beyond having noticed what favors and what disfavors the phenomenon, we are very little better off in our knowledge of the subject than the ancients were.

It appears to have been made out that the phenomenon is not due to the presence of animalculæ, and from other observations it is believed that the phosphorescence is the result of some state which precedes putrefaction. From this it would seem to follow that the phosphorescence in these cases may be a physical one, allied to that presented by minerals such as we will presently describe.

The luminous appearance of decayed wood in the dark, which will probably be a sight the reader is quite familiar with, has been known from the earliest times, and is mentioned by Pliny, who refers to the light emitted by "the trunk of the oak when it has become rotten with old age." The luminosity displayed here has been attributed to a cobweb-like fungus; and respecting its physical cause it has been found that moisture increases it, and that an atmosphere of pure nitrogen is as favorable to its manifestation as one of pure oxygen. Decaying potatoes likewise emit a faint light in the dark.

But perhaps the most remarkable example of undoubted vegetable phosphorescence is that furnished by a red mushroom, the *Agaricus olearius*. During the night it emits a bluish light which is complementary to its color; in other words it is an organic instance unique in its way, of the reciprocity of radiation and absorption, for during the day the fungus absorbs certain rays of the sun, and gives out during the night somewhat similar though much less intense rays.

The behavior of the fungus has been studied by MM. Delille and Fabre, and from their separate observations it would appear that the young mushroom is phosphorescent for many successive nights, even when uprooted from the olive-tree at the foot of which it grows; that dampness or dryness of the air does not appear to influence its light, and that no elevation of temperature can be observed in the parts which shine. It would seem, therefore, not improbable that we have here a case of phosphorescence similar to that of sulphide of calcium, and many other substances which require first to be exposed to the rays of the sun before they will shine on their own account in the dark.

The cases of mineral phosphorescence are of surpassing interest, because of the readiness with which in most instances the phenomena may be produced, the softness and beauty of the light emitted, and the possibility there now seems of some of these phosphorescent substances being utilized for making luminous paints.

In November, 1877, a patent was applied for by Professor Balmain, under the title "Improvements in painting, varnishing, and whitewashing," and the patent covers the mixing of phosphorescent substances with any vehicle that will form what is commonly called a paint, wash, or varnish. Small cards coated with Balmain's luminous paint are offered for sale, labeled "A trap to catch a sunbeam," and with such a trap the reader may try some very interesting experiments.

It will be found that if the card be exposed to the direct rays of the sun it shines with a somewhat violent light when it is removed at once into a dark room. This placing of a phosphorescent substance in sunshine is termed *insolation*, from the Latin *in*, into; and *sol*, the sun.

There are a great many substances which are phosphorescent after insolation besides the sulphide of calcium, or Canton's phosphorus, as it is commonly called, which forms the basis of Balmain's paint. When the card is no longer luminous in the dark, take it into the sunshine again for a few minutes, and have resting on the paint some object—as, *e.g.*, a penny-piece.

Upon taking the card into the dark cellar once more, it will be found that there is this time a dark, immutable and immovable shadow surrounded by a luminous surface. The paint may likewise be excited by holding it close to a gaslight, but it will be found that after a few experiments the paint has lost its phosphorescent property, owing to the absorption of the heat rays. This antagonism of the heat radiations to the manifestation of phosphorescence after insolation was known more than a century ago, Wilson having in 1775 pointed out that the rays of the violet end of the spectrum, where there is least heat, cause a vivid phosphorescence in the sulphide of calcium, while the rays at the red end, where there is most heat, cause the phosphorescence produced by the other rays to cease. The phosphorescent sulphide of calcium was prepared by Canton by heating intensely for one hour a mixture of three parts of sifted calcined oyster-shells with one part of sulphur, which is materially the same as the plan adopted by Balmain, who heats together lime and sulphur, and the product is then for painting purposes mixed with mastic varnish and a little turpentine. The nature of the light emitted varies with the method employed to prepare the sulphide, an orange-colored phosphorescence being obtained from sulphide of calcium which has been prepared from oyster-shells, while the light is much more refrangible, bluish, when the sulphide is made from carbonate of lime which has been precipitated.

Among the other substances which become phosphores-

cent by insolation we may mention the diamond, and the following salts of lime—the nitrate, carbonate, phosphate, and arseniate. The sulphide of barium is likewise a remarkable phosphorescent body, and is said to have been the first substance that was known to become phosphorescent after insolation.

It is variously known as solar phosphorus, Bologna stone, or Bologna phosphorus, and may be made in the following manner: Mix the finely-powdered heavy spar, or sulphate, with gum, and calcine the paste thus obtained. The product of calcination is the sulphide of barium.

The length of time during which a substance continues to phosphoresce after insolation varies with its nature, as one would expect, and while some give out light for hours, others do not exhibit it even after the lapse of a second. Becquerel found, for example, that fluor-spar is seen to be phosphorescent only when not more than one-thousandth of a second has passed since it was insolated. For such delicate determinations of duration he employed the phosphoroscope. The body to be experimented upon is placed in a cell within the instrument, and between two disks which are made to revolve. Each disk may have one or more sectorial apertures which are not opposite to another, so that upon turning the handle when there is nothing in the phosphoroscope the observer sees no light coming from the aperture next to, and passing his eye. When, however, a phosphorescent substance is in the cell, it receives a charge of light, if one may so speak, as the aperture in the disk furthest from the observer passes it, and if the light it emits after this sudden and short insolation last for a small fraction of a second, the observer on the other side sees it when the aperture in the disk nearest to him passes his eye.

Heat alone will produce phosphorescence in some bodies, and one of the most remarkable in this respect is the fluor-spar, or fluoride of calcium, which we have just seen is so weakly phosphorescent after insolation. If powdered fluor-spar be put on a plate of heated iron, not hot enough to be red, the powder will shine with a vivid phosphoric light. And a variety of the fluor-spar, called *chlorophane*, emits light at a temperature so low as 20° to 25° C. In illustration of this portion of our subject, the reader may try the following interesting and simple experiment: Heat one of the fire-irons, say the poker, to redness. Take it now into the cellar, and when it has cooled just sufficiently to emit no further light, rub the heated end over the whitewashed wall. The end of the poker is now illuminated by a white phosphoric light, and upon bringing it into daylight it will be seen that some of the whitewash has adhered to the iron. It is remarkable that whitewash is also said to be very faintly phosphorescent after insolation.

Many substances emit a phosphoric light when they are struck in the dark, and among these are chlorate of potash, felspar and sugar. Take two pieces of lump sugar into a dark room and strike them together. Every now and again faint flashes of light will be observed, thus furnishing us with a simple example of phosphorescence produced by percussion.

We have now to describe the remarkable cases of phosphorescence to be seen in empty space, under circumstances that have been discovered by Mr. Crookes.

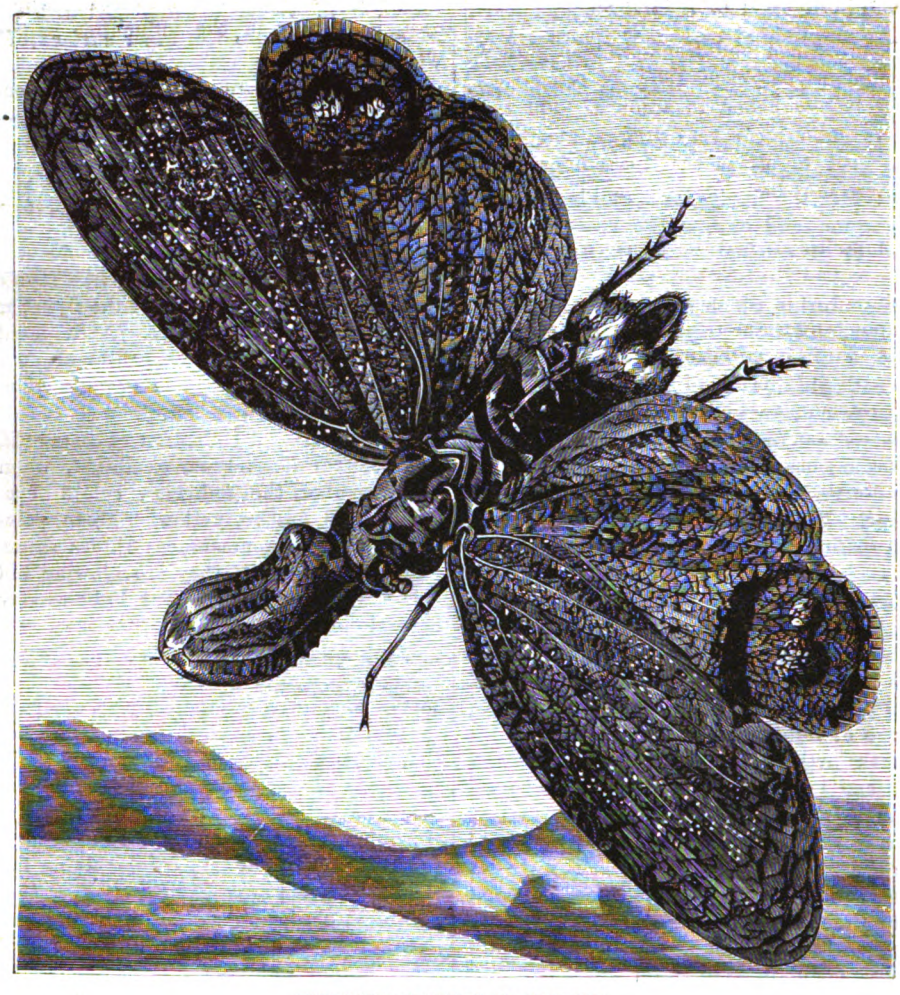
A fairly good vacuum transmits an electric spark, while in a still better vacuum, well-balanced and very light bodies begin to move when the sun's rays fall on them. It has recently been shown that when the vacuum has been made so perfect that there is within the vacuous vessel a pressure of only about one millionth of an atmosphere, extraordinary phosphorescent phenomena are observed if the vessel be connected with an induction coil. At such a pressure the inner surface of the glass glows with a rich light, whose color, Crookes has shown, depends upon the nature of the glass vessel used; uranium glass giving a dark-green phosphorescence, English glass a blue, and soft German glass a bright apple-green phosphorescence. Crookes regards this phosphorescence as produced by the bombardment of the remaining molecules of gas against the sides of the glass, and his experiments would appear to show that these molecules are shot off the negative pole in straight lines, like rays of light. Many minerals placed in the path of the flying molecules exhibit a brilliant phosphorescence. A diamond, for example, that was mounted in the centre of an exhausted bulb, shone with as much light as a candle, phosphorescing with a bright-green light when the negative discharge was directed on to it. A collection of diamonds, lent to Crookes by Professor Maskelyne, exhibited, when treated in the same manner, the following colors of phosphorescence: apricot, red, orange, yellowish-green, pale-green and blue. Under similar circumstances rubies shine with a brilliant rich red color, as if they are glowing hot, and they emit this color of phosphorescent light whatever may be their natural color.

Many other curious facts were discovered in this investigation, and not the least important of these was that a sort of shadow is produced by an obstructing body placed in the path of the rushing molecules. Within a pear-shaped bulb subsequently exhausted to the proper degree, there was placed a cross (*b*) so that it would be in the way of air particles rushing from the negative pole (*a*), when the apparatus was joined up to the induction coil. Under the influence of the air particles flying from *a*, all parts of the bulb, save a cross-shaped space at the broad end, soon exhibited a phosphorescent light presenting the appearance given at *c d*. Upon now shaking the aluminium cross, *b*, off its hinge, the perfectly fresh dark space at *c d* became luminous under the bombardment of the air particles, and so luminous in comparison with the wearied background that had been phosphorescing from the commencement, that now the observer beheld a luminous cross on a comparatively black ground, *e f*. We see, therefore, that the negatively electrified molecules of air remaining in the bulb dash against anything that is in front, and cast shadows, as it were, of obstacles which stand in their way; that, where they are stopped by the glass, light is produced by the sudden arrest of velocity, and we may further add that it is accompanied by a rise of temperature.

We have now one more example of phosphorescence to consider, and then we have done, and it is that of the phosphorus with which we started. Perhaps, in none of the other cases we have mentioned can it be positively said that combustion is going on, but in this there is no doubt. Phosphorus very readily combines with the oxygen of the air, *i.e.*, in ordinary language, it readily burns, and when it burns it gives out light. If it be burning fiercely it will give out a light that may dazzle the eyes, and the higher oxide of phosphorus will be formed. If, on the other hand, it be burning very slowly, the lower oxide is formed, and only a very faint light is emitted. It will therefore be seen that the phosphorescence of the match-track is due to the combustion of the trace of phosphorus left on it, the friction of the operation rising its temperature sufficiently to make it burn in the air.

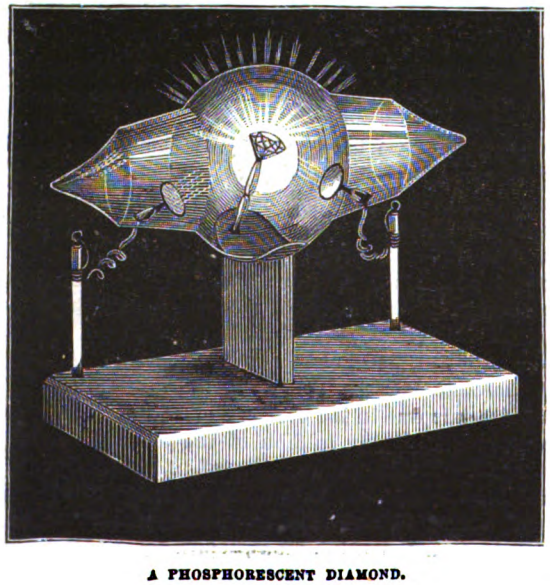
We have seen, then, that there are many substances—animal, vegetable, and mineral—which, under certain circumstances, are self-luminous, emitting a faint light,

Now, to produce this light there must be a molecular agitation of some sort sufficient to disturb the ether, and originate those ether waves which we suppose to be the basis of light, and this molecular disturbance may arise from chemical or physical changes. Where chemical change is the cause of phosphorescence new compounds are formed, as in the combustion of phosphorus, and perhaps also in the cases of decay and putrefaction we have had occasion to mention; for here there must be such alterations of atomic position, both preceding as preparatory to, and during decomposition, that it requires no stretch of imagination to see that the ether that laves these atoms may be sufficiently disturbed to produce light. Nor is it difficult to picture to ourselves what may be happening where phosphorescence arises from physical causes, for here the necessary vibration, or trembling, of the phosphorescent body's molecules may be produced by the beating of air particles against it, as in the phenomena Crookes has so successfully studied, or by the wash of ether waves, as in the case of insolation.



THE GREAT LANTERN, OR FIRE-FLY.

Turning from matters theoretical to those practical, we cannot say as yet that phosphorescence has been utilized in the affairs of life. It has, however, been proposed to use Balmain's luminous paint for painting the interiors of railway carriages, among other purposes, to the end that the phosphorescent mixture, after drinking in the sunbeams falling athwart the rushing train, might give them out again in dark tunnels for the benefit of passengers. The white man is, in short, treading in the steps of his red brother, who has for long been known to utilize the light of the wah-wah-tysee—attached to his hands and feet for night-traveling, and within his home for the benefit of his industrious squaw performing her evening wigwam duties.



A PHOSPHORESCENT DIAMOND.

There are times enough for speech—times when silence is false, cowardly and treacherous. To know when to be silent, neither defiantly nor artfully, but gently, truly, and strongly, a silence of the mouth uncontradicted by look of the face or thought of the heart—this is one of the finest of the fine arts, one of the most beautiful of the beauties of holiness.

Duty has pleasures which know no satiety.

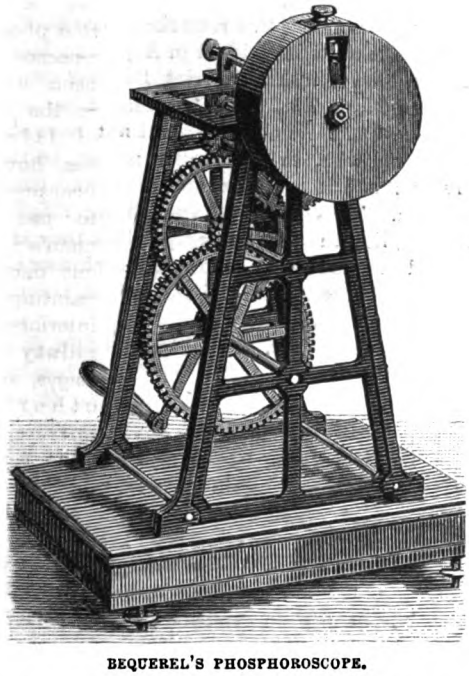
PHOSPHORESCENT MUSHROOMS.

THE EDITOR'S OPERA-GLASS.

MANY are the Congressmen and Senators who sighed that the thermometer might reach 100°, in order that those bodies should be compelled to adjourn. For the great councils of the nation grew very draggy, and tired were the men who had to sit in that glass house, the Senate Chamber, where they had not even the privilege of throwing stones.

Still the American politician had the pleasure of thinking that he was not as badly off as the Khédive, nor was he to be as much abused as is Mr. Gladstone.

It is something upon which Americans can all congratulate themselves, that in the humiliating position of England, face to face with that pestilent rebel Arabi Bey, her own politicians advise Mr. Gladstone to take copy of "American decision." "Letting things drift" has brought about the Egyptian crisis. "Letting things drift" brought about the terrible state of things in Ireland. "Letting things drift" has brought about that unpleasant state of things in our own court-houses and public



BEQUEREL'S PHOSPHOROSCOPE.

buildings, when elevators did not run or fires burn, or anything go, from want of appropriations from Washington.

It will be a sad lookout for the Opera-glass if this policy should permanently affect American statesmanship. That and the business of making appropriations which simply please individual Congressmen, and which do no good to the nation, such seem to be our great national sins.

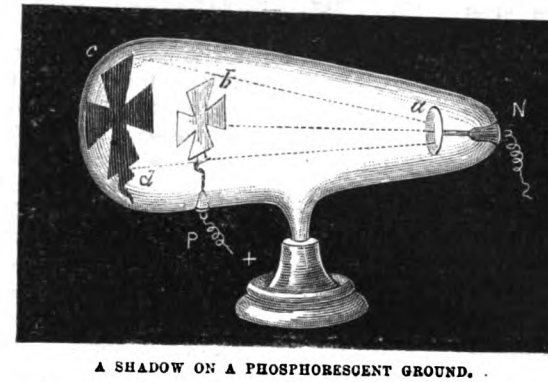
But the Opera-glass may have staid too long in town; may have grown bilious; may have heard much of the stagnation of Wall Street, and may have need of the reviving breezes of Narragansett.

Certainly, since the Summer of 1879, no such dreary echoes have come from the marts of the money-makers as of late. The experienced brokers have prophesied stagnation for a long time, but a cold Spring, an agitated Europe, the season of assassinations along the Nile, trouble in Ireland, strikes at home, that foolish fight between Labor and Capital (two people who should be firm friends), and we have a set of gloomy faces in Wall Street, and consequently no end of talk of retrenchment and reform; articles against our foolish, overwhelming Roman luxury begin to appear in the influential papers, but the old story,

> "When the Devil was sick, the Devil a monk would be,
> When the Devil got well, the devil a monk was he,"

was re-enacted.

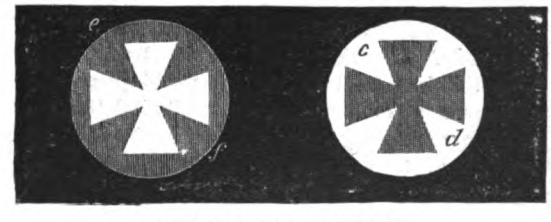
But the world rolled off to Newport and Narragansett and the Elberon and to Saratoga just as if Wall Street were



A SHADOW ON A PHOSPHORESCENT GROUND.

lively instead of depressed. It takes a great deal of ruin to crush the American woman.

To her the races are a perpetual "Grand Prix," which she must win, and her progress is from Jerome Park to the Coney Island course, from Long Branch to Saratoga. Her toilet, will it be a success? Her appearance on top of a coach, will it *tell?* Shall she wear for color amorous frog, lilas défleuri, rose amour naissant, neige rosée, peneuche mouillée, cuisse de nymphe émue, vert mourant, vin de Tokay, Céladin, chromatelle, comète flamme de Bengale or mandarine? All these colors are fashionable and new. Or shall she drive *en postillion*, or on a mail coach, with *pigueras* in pink? Shall she wear diamonds in her ears, or are they vulgar? Shall she carry a walking-stick at Newport, one like Mr. Whistler's, as large as her forefinger, gilded and headed with a silver crane? Yes, she shall, and it must be taller than she. She must hold it by the middle, stiffly, arms akimbo. Her *eventail* must be of feathers, and large, and then she may take her place in front of the Casino, where harness chains are clinking, amidst the rumbling and grating of innumerable wheels, horses curveting, women smiling, men complimenting. Danmonts are prancing by, village carts are totooing, pretty women are driving pony carriages, tilburys tool away. Barouches drive by, a coach and four passes on its way to the picnic at the Glen, and all pause to look at the pretty



REVERSAL OF THE SHADOW.

woman in fluffy white foulard, immense Gainsborough hat, fan and walking-stick, who is just going in at the Casino door.

Such is fame and such is happiness. It would be in vain to record all the splendors of Newport in the Summer of 1882, or the great concourse of fashion and dress at Saratoga, where diamonds glitter, and the whole world stands aside to see the new fashions, the *paniers* of

growing opulence, the staffs covered with immense bouquets. The days of Regency have returned, and the pensive Opera-glass sees again the hats of those dangerous moments of history—Regence, Directoire, Marie Antoinette. It is said that the female petticoat never will stay still; from the "pantaloon tightness" it now expands to the hoop, from the hoop to the "divided skirt," from that to the flowing and the elegant train. It is a revolution, an *émeute*, a *coup d'état* in itself, is the female petticoat.

And yet, in all our luxury we pause and turn pale as we read of the marriage of Zoe Lucy Betsey de Rothschild, daughter of Baron Gustave, of Paris, to her cousin, Leon Lambert, of Brussels. Her *dot* was only three thousand millions of francs. Her presents were exhibited in the Hotel of the Avenue de Marigny, on the occasion of the signature of the contract. There were *rivières* of diamonds, pearl necklaces, sapphires, emeralds and rubies, silver, gold and *objets d'art* enough to stock Tiffany's. The young bride, who is eighteen years old, tall, dark, handsome, brings also a diploma, a *brevet d'institutrice*, which she obtained at the Hotel de Ville, that she can earn her own living. This all the Rothschilds insist upon. It is a bequest from the old madame, of Frankfort.

Art-lovers have had some watering of the mouth in reading of the dispersion of the art-treasures of the great gallery at Hamilton Palace, where Vandykes, Holbeins, Rubenses and Rembrandts have been offered to the Rothschilds, Roseberrys and Vanderbilts of the present day. The great library of Beckford, author of "Vathek," has been also sold—a fact which a London correspondent says has destroyed sleep for all book-collectors. It is amazing that even a profligate Duke of Hamilton, ruined on the turf, could dare to disperse such a collection as that at Hamilton Palace, a spot shown to Americans ten years ago with almost reverential awe. The presents given to Princess Marie, of Baden, by her royal relative, Louis Napoleon and his Empress, were always pointed out. She was the mother of the present graceless duke, and also of that pretty Mary Hamilton, who was divorced from the Prince of Monaco a few years ago. The family bad luck seems to follow this distinguished blood, and they will be remembered for their extravagant vices and their eccentric disdain of appearances, so long as titles and palaces endure.

But to turn to Puritan New England for a moment from all this "guilty splendor" (as Gilbert says in the "Bab Ballads"), we find Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. entertaining all friends of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and all the contributors to the *Atlantic Monthly*, at a garden-party given at the splendid country seat of Governor Claflin, at Newtonville, Mass., on Mrs. Stowe's seventieth birthday.

It is a good thing to celebrate the birthdays of distinguished people. It makes one willing to be seventy, and it also has this beneficial effect: the world pauses to examine the account and to acknowledge its indebtedness to genius. A garden-party such as this was also is a tribute to the guild of literature. It brings authors together. There was Mrs. F. Hodgson Bennett, a bright-eyed, pretty woman with a shock of red hair, dressed in a real æsthetic costume of flounced chintz and a broad hat; there was Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, dark-eyed, mysterious, silent and *spirituelle*, like one who tends the "gates ajar"; there was Mrs. Adaline Train Whitney, pale, refined, as Priscilla Mullins; there was Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, robust and handsome; Judge Tourgée, dark and distinguished; Dr. Holmes, playful, brilliant; Mr. Alcott, silent and old, looking like Emerson; and Henry Ward Beecher, rosy, well-fed, cheerful, like the Abbot of Melrose, full of fun and of pathos; there, above all, was the little Puritan lady of seventy, Harriet Beecher Stowe, receiving compliments from the whole world which would have turned a less steady head, and which will never turn hers. That she was helped by time and circumstance no one doubts. But that Mrs. Stowe produced a living work of great merit in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" no one can doubt. She excited much animosity; she was unpopular for years. Now the world, looking dispassionately, sees that she brought the message for which the time was waiting, and she also had laid the world under great contribution for her purely local New England novels, which keep the tradition of a time, fast passing away; also for those charming works, "Agnes of Sorrento," and the "Pearl of Orr's Island," works which, as do all her works, give us the idea that Mrs. Stowe's mind had a strong affinity with the French genius. She has the realism, the dramatic power, the love of contrast, and the strong coloring of a Dumas, a Sue, a George Sand and a Balzac added to her strongly critical and religious nature, which forbids her opening doors and drawing aside vails, which they delighted in doing. Mrs. Stowe is a Puritan and a Presbyterian through everything.

The seventy years which this remarkable life has bridged has seen all that is most individual in American literature. We shall not have another Harriet Beecher Stowe, or Bret Harte, or Mark Twain, or Joaquin Miller, or Walt Whitman, or Artemus Ward. We shall not have another Ann S. Stephens, who, in her earlier novels, started all humane reform which has blossomed into the Charities' Aid Association. These original and strong minds were born of the soil, like the Catawba grape; but they also had the great good fortune to be amongst the pioneers. The conditions which have followed them are not favorable to the development of originality.

We congratulate Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. on the invention of a literary festivity. Their breakfast to Dr. Holmes, and their garden-party to Mrs. Stowe were alike successes. But must one wait to be seventy? Why do they not celebrate the forties and the fifties? Why not a dinner to Mr. Howells, and a garden-party to Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr?

Mr. Francis Marion Crawford, a son of the eminent sculptor and a nephew of Uncle Sam Ward, writes a very indignant protest against the false taste in art which is now prevailing in our redundant internal decoration. That inconsistent and superfluous taste, he thinks, is detrimental to the painter and the sculptor. "Houses are now built," he says, "which out Saracen the Alhambra, whose gargoyles and flying buttresses seem to belong no more to them than the great statue of Memnon belongs to the Cathedral of Cologne. These ideas seem to point to a practical misconception of what art is." Mr. Crawford must remember, however, that there was a day in Venice, in Genoa, and in Nuremberg when men built fine houses, and that every community blessed with a sudden efflorescence of wealth builds a fine house first and foremost. He should have heard some rather uneducated but opulent art-students talk in a railway carriage of their new houses, thus—this is *verbatim*.

"Ah," said one lady, "I've got a *tile* fireplace."

"Oh," said the other, "*tiles is gone out!* I've got a carved wood one, with a motter, and flowers, and fruits."

"Well," said the other, "I've got *porters* at all my doors, and one's embroidered with a whole litter of little pigs. Perfectly lovely!"

THERE is more fatigue in laziness than in a life of labor.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

GUM FROM ALGÆ.—A new method of utilizing marine plants has been devised in France. The plants used are various forms of Atlantic and Pacific algæ, and the product obtained is a gum said to be variously useful in the arts, particularly in the manufacture of leather substitute. The plants are first washed with warm or cold water, or both, the water either being pure or containing ten per cent. of alcohol, or any of the following substances: Lime-water, carbonate of soda, potash, carbonate of magnesia, or baryta, according to their smaller or larger quantity of cellulose, or salts contained in the algæ, which has to be precipitated. Before the extraction of the gum the plants may be dried, ground, broken, etc., according to their nature and according to the requirements. For the extraction of the gum hot water is preferred to cold, and steam to hot water. The extraction takes place in a conical vessel, the plants being placed on a false bottom, through which steam or water is made to pass through the mass. The quantity of water or steam used varies with the quality of the plants—fifteen to twenty times the weight of the plants will be the best proportion. To facilitate the action of the water for the extraction the plants are subjected to maceration. In order to obtain pure and transparent algæ gum this must be diluted with much water, then it is left to settle, the temperature being kept at 50° to 60° C. The gum gelatinizes by cooling.

PHOSPHORESCENT ROCK.—Some time since D. B. Huntley, of the Geographical Corps of the Tenth Census of the United States, brought to the State Mining Bureau a mineral, with the statement that it had shown certain peculiarities, which led the miners to call it by the rather startling name of "Hellfire Rock." The property known to mineralogists as phosphorescence is not confined to any mineral species, nor is it very uncommon. But in this specimen it is so strongly marked that there is some excuse for the refusal on the part of some of the miners to work in the mine. When striking their picks into this formation flashes of light were seen, which they regarded with superstitious alarm. The locality in detail is Shenandoah mine, Snake Creek District, Wasatch County, Utah. A chemical examination shows this mineral to be an impure dolomite. It is interesting not only from its remarkable phosphorescence when rubbed with any hard substance in the dark, but from its beautiful crystalline appearance under the microscope, and the ease with which it can be reduced to a crystalline powder, even by crushing between the fingers. In Cleveland's *Mineralogy* we find it stated that some varieties of dolomite are phosphorescent in the dark, either by friction or when thrown on a shovel which has been allowed to cool just below the point of redness.

HEATING BY SUNSHINE.—Professor E. S. Morse, of the Essex Institute, has devised an ingenious arrangement for utilizing the heat in the sun's rays in warming our houses. His invention consists of a surface of blackened slate under glass fixed to the sunny side or sides of a house, with vents in the walls so arranged that the cold air of a room is let out at the bottom of the slate, and forced in again at the top by the ascending heated column between the slate and the glass. The outdoor air can be admitted, also, if desirable. The thing is so simple and apparently self-evident, that one only wonders that it has not always been in use. Its entire practicalness is demonstrated in the heating of the professor's study in his cottage at Salem. The value of the improvement for daily warming buildings like churches and schoolhouses, which, when allowed to get cold between using, consume immense quantities of heat before they are fairly warmed again, is evident. Of course some other means of heating must be available when the sun does not shine. But in the colder regions, say in the far Northwest, the sun shines a greater part of the time, and hence the saving of artificial heat would be very large if the sun heat could be "turned on" for eight or ten hours out of the twenty-four.

THE impression entertained by many, during the inquiry into the great explosion at Seaham collieries, England, in September, 1880, that coal-dust might have had much to do with the accident, and that the explosion was possibly even entirely due to the ignition of coal-dust by a blown-out shot, in the absence of any fire-damp, led to Mr. Abel's being requested by the Home Secretary to make experiments with samples of dust collected in the mine, and to an extension of these experiments to dust collected from collieries in different parts of the kingdom where the explosions had occurred. The results of experiments conducted with great care and on an extensive scale at a colliery in Lancashire, where a constant supply of fire-damp was brought to the pit's mouth from a so-called blower, confirmed the fact demonstrated by M. Vital and Mr. Galloway, that the propagation of fire by coal-dust, when thickly suspended in air, is established or greatly promoted by the existence, in the air, of a proportion of fire-damp, which may be so small as to escape detection by the means ordinarily employed (such, for example, as exists in the return-air of a well ventilated mine).

BRONZE STATUES.—The objectional dark coating which most bronze statues soon acquire, with the look of cast-iron, does not consist, according to Herr Bruhl, of sulphuride of copper, as commonly supposed, but of a mixture of coal-dust, sand, etc., with oxides of the bronze-metals. It is not removable, either mechanically or by treatment with dilute sulphuric acid; but, on the other hand, it may be very quickly and completely washed off by means of a concentrated solution of carbonate of ammonia, applied with brushes. Thereupon a layer of patina is formed, which guards the statue against fresh formation of the dark coat. The work should, of course, be intrusted only to skilled men. Another method is to paint the statue, at intervals of a few weeks, repeatedly with a solution of twenty parts of anhydrous vinegar in one hundred parts of bone oil. The acetate and oleate of copper salts thus produced form first a thin green layer, which hinders the attachment of dirt and dust, and occasions further patina-formation.

BY means of a specially devised arrangement for the purpose, the elasticity of wire has been definitely determined. In the case of very soft iron-wire, prepared expressly for the experiment, it was found that with a weight of forty-one pounds gradually applied in 6¼ minutes, the wire stretched by 24·4 per cent. of its original length, and broke 18 minutes after the weight was put on; with the same weight applied in 6¾ minutes the wire stretched 22·1 per cent., and broke in 24 minutes; with this weight, however, applied in 7¼ minutes, the wire stretched 18 per cent., and did not break. The latter result, therefore, with that weight, was applied to a great number of wires for different lengths of time, for the purpose of hardening them. The wires seemed permanently set in about forty minutes from the time of applying the hardening stress; they did not alter in length until just before they broke, when they generally stretched ·04 to ·05 inch on a length of about 70·8 inches.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

GOOD REASON.—"Ah," he exclaimed, as he pressed her tenderly to him at parting, "shall I hold you in those arms again to-morrow, and paint our future with the bright pigments of the imagination?" "No," she said, calmly, "not to-morrow; to-morrow's washing-day."

"PRAY, sir," said a judge, angrily, to a blunt old Quaker, from whom no direct answer could be obtained, "do you know what we sit here for?" "Yes, verily I do," said the Quaker; "three of you for four dollars each a day, and the fat one in the middle for four thousand a year."

A SHARPER who had pawned his hat, going out of church in the midst of a crowd, snatched a man's hat from under his arm. The poor fellow, feeling his hat gone, cried: "They have stolen my hat!" The sharper, immediately putting the hat on his head, and covering it with both his hands, exclaimed, "Have they? I defy them to take mine!"

ANECDOTES OF SYDNEY SMITH.—Speaking of a well-known character, he said that he was so fond of contradicting that he would throw up the window in the middle of the night and contradict the watchman who was calling the hour. When his physician advised him to "take a walk upon an empty stomach," Smith asked, "Upon whose?"

A RATHER verdant young man, conceited and censorious, while talking to a young lady at a party, pointed toward a couple that he supposed to be in an adjoining room, and said, "Just look at that conceited young sprig! Isn't it perfectly absurd for such boys to go into society?" "Why," exclaimed his companion, "that isn't a door; it's a mirror!"

A YANKEE, whose observations have been lately recorded, was evidently an indifferent judge of cause and effect. As he walked along the road one day he noticed a negro smoking a new meerschaum-pipe of the purest hue, and it at once occurred to him that there was something wrong. At last he hit on a solution of the mystery. "By thunder," he exclaimed, "the pipe's coloring the man!"

SOAPSUDS REFORM.—Little boy has been swearing, and mamma, to punish him, washed thoroughly the inside of his mouth with soapsuds, "to," as she explains to him, "clean away the naughty words." A few days later, while passing the bathroom, she sees the youngster with his face one mass of suds, and his mouth so full that she barely understands his spluttering exclamations: "Getting them all out, mamma! Swore five times yesterday!"

A PACKMAN, having paid some fruitless visits to one of his customers, called a few days ago for an installment of his debt. But the customer, expecting him, told her son, a lad of five years, to say that she was "in the toon." Accordingly, when the packman called and asked, "Where is your mother to-day?" the boy promptly replied, "In the toon." "What toon?" asked the peddler. The boy, having no further instructions from his mother, went to the next room and shouted, "Mither, what toon are ye at? He wants to ken!"

THE following obituary notice appeared in a late number of the *Bungalore Advertiser*: "With this issue the *Bungalore Advertiser* will cease to exist. The paper does not pay—in fact, it never did; and the fabulous number of subscribers it was said to have shows how easy it is to be the reverse of George Washington, who never told a lie. The present publisher had no idea that it was such an unprofitable speculation until after looking into matters, and as there was no possible chance of making a small fortune out of it, could not just now afford to lose one."

"WHAT is a cold?" asks *Chambers's Journal* Well, sir, suppose you begin by sneezing so hard that you nearly break your neck, and bite your tongue terribly. Then your nose gets stuffed up, and you need about fourteen handkerchiefs a day, and the end of your nose gets too watery, and you begin to cough so the folks across the way can't sleep, and you feel lame all over, as though you'd been under a fire-engine, and you're ugly, and kick the dog and chase the cat with a bootjack, tell your wife she can't cook, and make the household a gehenna for ten days. Then you've got a cold.

THE WANDERING MUSICIAN.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

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THE FEDERAL CITIES AND CAPITOLS OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY J. BARNITZ BACON.

TO MOST of the present generation Washington is the only seat of government our country ever had. No other city or place is associated with the idea of the Government of the United States. And yet there was a period, in the days of struggle for nationhood, and even after it, when the Congress that governed the Union and the Chief Magistrate had no fixed city or residence. The United States had a succession of seats of governments, and many different buildings were in turn the temporary Capitols of the nation.

Local tradition has treasured these memories of the past, and the visitor to some quiet town is rather astonished to find some time-worn structure pointed out as the spot where laws were once made that found hearty obedience through the length and the breadth of the land.

The earliest attempt at a union of the British-American colonies was made at Albany, in 1754. Albany is the oldest settlement in the original thirteen colonies, except Jamestown, Va. Henry Hudson, in the yacht *Half Moon*, moored, in September, 1609, at a point which is now Broadway, Albany. Several Dutch navigators ascended the river to the same place during the next three or four years, and in 1614 the Dutch built the first fort on an island below the present city, which is hence called Castle Island.

The place was called by the Dutch New Orange, and retained that name until the whole province passed into the hands of the English, in 1664, when New Orange was changed to Albany, in honor of the Duke of York and Albany, afterward James II. In 1686 Albany City was incorporated by patent. Peter Schuyler was its first mayor. The Schuyler family possessed the good-will of the Indians to such a degree, that while other settlements were desolated by Indian forays, Albany was never attacked by them. In addition to its ancient importance as a centre of the Indian trade, Albany afterward became the point where the great military expeditions against Canada were fitted out. It was fortified at an early period, and, although often threatened with invasion, no hostile army ever reached the city.

Here assembled the first convention for the union of the colonies. It was held in 1754, and Benjamin Franklin was its presiding officer. The ostensible object of the convention was the defense of the colonies

STATE HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA, THE FIRST NATIONAL CAPITOL.

against the savages, but the plan of union then drawn up and adopted, though not fully matured, was the first recorded in the history of the country.

England having decided upon taxing the colonists directly, in spite of all their protests, the Stamp Act became law in 1765. This Act declared that every document used in trade or legal proceedings, in order to be valid, must have affixed to it a stamp, the lowest in value costing a shilling, and the duty increasing indefinitely in proportion to the value of the writing. To enforce the Act, against which, while it was under discussion, the colonies had vehemently remonstrated, Parliament authorized the Ministry to send as many troops as they saw proper to America, for whom the colonies were required to find "quarters, fuel, cider or rum, candles and other necessaries." The Massachusetts Legislature invited all the colonies to send delegates to a Congress at New York, on the first Tuesday of October. On that day delegates from nine of the colonies put in an appearance. The Congress drew up a declaration of rights, a memorial to Parliament, and a petition to the King, in which they claimed the right of being taxed only by their own representatives. This action of the Congress led to the repeal of the Stamp Act.

Thus a second colonial Congress assembled at New York in 1765. Britain in her foolhardiness having still continued to violate the principles of liberty, the people of thirteen of the colonies were invited to appoint delegates to a general Congress, which met at Philadelphia on September 5th, 1774. To distinguish it from the previous colonial assemblages, it is known as the "First Continental Congress," being the first organized representation of the thirteen colonies who founded our present national Union.

This body, illustrious by its public virtue, assembled in Carpenters' Hall, a place of meeting occupied by the associated carpenters of Philadelphia. It was a two-story building of brick, laid in alternate checker of black and red, which stood in a small court on the south side of Chestnut, between Third and Fourth Streets. Peyton Randolph, of Virginia, was chosen president of the Congress, and Charles Thomson, secretary. Notable among the fifty-two members were John Sullivan, of New Hampshire; Samuel Adams, John Adams and Robert Treat Paine, of Massachusetts; James Duane, Philip Livingstone and John Jay, of New York; William Livingston, of New Jersey; Thomas Mifflin, of Pennsylvania; Benjamin Harrison, Patrick Henry and George Washington, of Virginia. They adopted a plan of commercial non-intercourse with Great Britain, and recorded their opposition to the slave-trade, to horse-racing, and to all extravagance in living. Their moderation was manifested in the expressed hope of justice from their oppressors, and consequent reconciliation; and their firmness in proclaiming to the people of England, "If you are determined that your ministers shall wantonly sport with the rights of mankind—if neither the voice of justice, the dictates of law, the principles of the Constitution, nor the suggestions of humanity can restrain your hands from shedding human blood in such an impious cause, we must then tell you that we will never submit to any ministry or nation in the world."

The dignity and wisdom of this patriotic assemblage moved the Earl of Chatham to these words in the House of Lords: "I must declare, that in all my reading of history, for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity and wisdom of conclusion under such a complication of circumstances, no nation or body of men can stand in preference to the general Congress at Philadelphia."

On October 26th the Congress dissolved itself, providing for a new assemblage to meet at the same place in the May following.

While the ministers of the Crown and the Parliament remained unmoved by the appeals of the Congress, the Sons of Liberty in New York and other colonies were active in organizing the people for defense.

The year 1774 terminated with an expectation in America that a few months would bring them a redress of their grievances. But the probability of that event daily diminished. The colonists had indulged themselves in an expectation that the people of Great Britain, from a consideration of the dangers and difficulties of war with their colonies, would, in their elections, have preferred those who were friends to peace and reconciliation. But, when they were convinced of the fallacy of these hopes, they turned their attention to the means of self-defense. It had been the resolution of many never to submit to the operation of the late Acts of Parliament. Their number daily increased; and in the same proportion that Great Britain determined to enforce did they determine to oppose.

Intelligence of the rejection of Lord Chatham's Bill, of the Address of both Houses of Parliament to the King on the 9th of February, and of the Fishery Bill, arrived among the colonists about the same time, and diminished what remained of their first hopes of a speedy accommodation. The Fishery Bill excited a variety of emotions. The obvious tendency of it was to starve thousands. The severity of it did not strike an Englishman, for he viewed it as a merited correction for great provincial offenses. But it appeared in the blackest colors to an American, who felt no consciousness of guilt, and who fancied that heaven approved his zeal in defense of liberty. It alienated the affections of the colonists, and produced in the breasts of thousands a hatred of Great Britain.

The penal Acts of Parliament, in 1774, were all leveled against Massachusetts; but the Fishery Bill extended to New Hampshire, Connecticut and Rhode Island. The reasons assigned for this by Lord North were, that they had aided and abetted their offending neighbors, and were so near to them, that the intentions of Parliament would be frustrated unless they were in like manner comprehended in the proposed restraints. The extension of this penal statue to three additional provinces operated powerfully in favor of union, and convinced the most moderate of the increasing necessity for all the provinces to make a common cause in their opposition.

Whatever might be the designs of Parliament, their acts had a natural tendency to enlarge the demands of the Americans, and to cement their confederacy by firm principles of union. At first they only claimed exemption from internal taxation; but by the combination of the East India Company and the British Ministry an external tax was made to answer all the purposes of a direct internal tax. They, therefore, in consistence with their own principles, were constrained to deny the right of taxing in any form for a supply. Nothing could contribute more to make the colonists deny the parliamentary claim of internal legislation than the manner in which it was exercised, in depriving them of their charters and passing an act relative to trials, which promised indemnity to murderers. This convinced them that an opposition to so injurious a claim was essentially necessary to their security. But they still admitted the power of Parliament to bind their trade. This was conceded by Congress only a few months before an Act passed, that they should have no foreign trade, nor be allowed to fish on their own coasts.

The British ministry, by their successive acts, impelled the colonists to believe that while the mother country retained any authority over them, that authority would, in

some shape or other, be exerted so as to answer all the purposes of a power to tax. While Great Britain stretched that portion of controlling supremacy which the colonists were disposed to allow her, to such an extent as covered oppression equally grevious with that which they would not allow, the way was fast opening for a total renunciation of her sovereignty. The coercive measures adopted by the parent state produced a disposition in the colonies to extend their claims, and the extension of their claims produced an increasing disposition in Great Britain to coerce them still more. The jealousy of liberty on one side, and the desire of supremacy on the other, were reciprocally cause and effect; and urged both parties, the one to rise in their demands and the other to enforce submission.

In the contest between Great Britain and her colonies there had been a fatal progression from small to greater grounds of dissension. The trifling tax of three pence per pound on tea roused the jealous inhabitants of Boston to throw 340 chests of it into the ocean. This provoked the British Parliament to shut up their port, and to new-model their charter. Statutes so unconstitutional and alarming excited a combination in twelve of the colonies to stop all trade with Great Britain, Ireland and the West Indies. Their combination gave birth to the restraining Acts of Parliament, by which nine of the colonies were interdicted all other trade but that from which they had voluntarily excluded themselves; and four of these nine were further devoted to famine by being forbidden to fish on their own coasts. Each new resolution on the one side, and new Act on the other, reciprocally gave birth to something from the opposing parties that was more irritating or oppressive than what had preceded.

The beginning of strife between the parent state and her colonies was like the letting out of waters. From inconsiderable causes love was changed into suspicion, which gradually ripened into ill-will, and soon ended in hostility. Prudence, policy and reciprocal interest urged the expediency of concession; but pride, false honor and misconceived dignity drew in an opposite direction. Undecided claims and doubtful rights, which, under the influence of wisdom and humility, might have been easily compromised, imperceptibly widened into an irreconcilable breach. Hatred at length took the place of kind affections, and the calamities of war were substituted in lieu of the benefits of commerce.

In April, 1775, the British military commanders in Massachusetts shed the first blood of the Revolution, at Lexington and Concord. Then throughout Virginia was heard the war-cry first uttered by Patrick Henry, "Give me liberty or give me death!" At the north, Ethan Allen with his Vermonters captured Ticonderoga. The royal governors from north to south were without power. Twenty thousand Americans were throwing a net of camps and earthworks round the British army in Boston.

On May 10th, 1775, the second Continental Congress convened at Philadelphia. They assembled in the colonial State House, erected in 1729, which stood and still stands on Chestnut Street, between Fifth and Sixth.

In addition to the illustrious names of the first assemblage, among the new delegates chosen to the second were John Hancock, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Philip Schuyler, George Clinton, Lewis Morris, Robert R. Livingston and Charles Carroll.

The illness of the President, Peyton Randolph, led to the election of John Hancock in his stead, on May 19th. First saying to Britain, "We find nothing so dreadful as voluntary slavery," the Congress lost no time in preparing for the conflict. General Gage at Boston had proclaimed all Americans in arms as traitors, but offered a pardon to all except John Hancock and Samuel Adams.

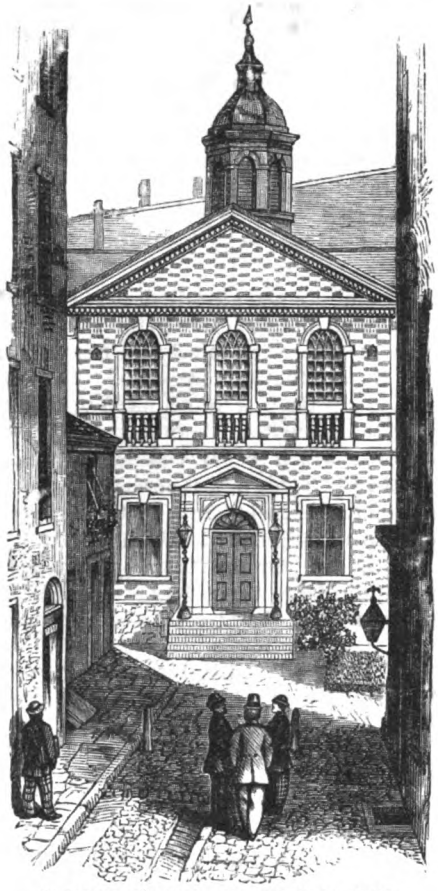
It was voted to raise a Continental army, and on June 15th, the Congress chose George Washington the Commander-in-Chief. Two days afterward came the battle of Bunker Hill, then the advance into Canada, the fall of Montgomery, the siege of Boston by Washington's army, and its capture in the Spring of 1776. The Congress remained in continued session. New York was menaced by a fresh British army, aided by 17,000 Hessians, who landed on Staten Island.

The provincial assemblies had already declared in favor of independence, and on the 4th of July the Declaration was voted, which made the thirteen colonies free and independent as the United States of America. The State House bell then rang out the peal which made that building the first Capitol of the nation "born in a day."

The adverse events which befell Washington's army during the Summer of 1776, his retreat across New Jersey, and the advance of the British forces to the Delaware, compelled the Congress to adjourn on December 12th from Philadelphia to Baltimore. On the 20th they convened in that city, occupying the large three-story building on the corner of Baltimore and Liberty Streets, which was afterward known as the Congress House.

The brilliant triumphs of Washington at Trenton and Princeton, and the subsequent release of New Jersey from British occupation enabled the Congress to begin their sessions again at the State House, in Philadelphia, on March 4th, 1777. The campaign of that year opened with the headquarters of Washington at Morristown, New Jersey. The British general, Howe, was manœuvring to reach Philadelphia. Burgoyne was preparing to invade the country from the north by way of the Hudson. On September 11th, the battle of Brandywine was fought. Two weeks later Howe occupied Philadelphia, and the Congress hastily adjourned, first to Lancaster, Pennsylvania, where they remained only one day, and then to York, ten miles west of the Susquehanna. Their official papers were brought round by way of Reading, to avoid the enemy's advanced patrols. The Congress met in the old manor town of York, on September 30th, 1777. Their sessions were held in the Court House, which had been erected in 1756, and which stood in the middle of the centre square of the town, until it was removed in 1835.

During the session of nine months at York, the town was filled with notable personages. Many French officers were in attendance, desiring commissions in the army, among them the noted military engineer, M. L'Enfant. M. Francey, the secret envoy of France, was conducting the negotiations which led to the French alliance. Captain Pierre Landais received the command of a frigate, an appointment afterward unfortunate for him. La Fayette, who in July had been made simply a Major-general, received a definite commission as division commander in November. The French Cavalry Legion of Colonel Armand de la Rouerie was organized, as well as that of Pulaski. Baron Steuben was welcomed to the army. Neomahm, the Mohegan Sachem, with his warriors, was seeking recognition. Bishop White was appointed a chaplain to Congress. Tom Paine was Secretary to the Committee of Foreign Affairs. In October, Colonel Wilkinson arrived with the cheering news of Burgoyne's surrender. The Congress completed and passed the Articles of Confederation on November 15th. On the 1st of November, John Hancock had resigned as President of the Congress, after an honorable service of more than two years, and Henry Laurens, of South Carolina, was chosen in his stead.



CARPENTERS' HALL, PHILADELPHIA, FIRST MEETING-PLACE OF CONGRESS.

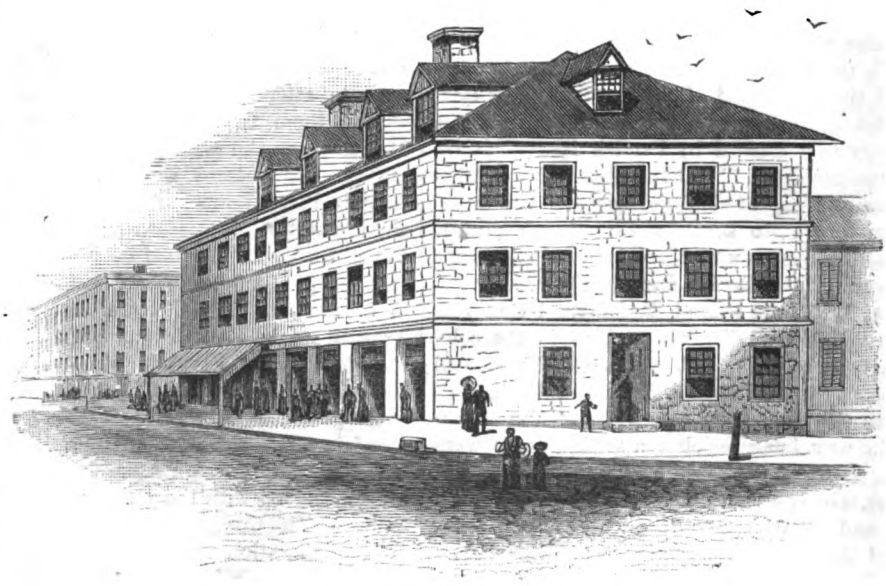
On June 18th, 1778, Sir Henry Clinton, who had succeeded Howe in command, withdrew the British army from Philadelphia, and on his retreat was attacked by Washington in the battle of Monmouth, on the 28th. The Congress had adjourned at York on the 27th, and met in Philadelphia again on July 2d, in the State House. There they continued their sessions during the varying fortunes of the war, which virtually ended with the capture of Cornwallis, on October 19th, 1781. In the Spring of 1783 discontent relative to arrears of pay had been created among the camps of Washington at Newburgh, N. Y., by the machinations of John Armstrong, one of the field officers, and although calmed at the time, it, had its influence in subsequently leading some bodies of disbanded troops to approach Philadelphia to threaten the Congress. They declared the menace an insult to their authority, and adjourned to Princeton, where they assembled on June 30th.

Elias Boudinot was then President of the Congress, and the sessions were held in Nassau Hall, the edifice erected in 1760 for the College of New Jersey, and which in 1802 was partially destroyed by fire. During their session there Washington for a short time was an official visitor, having his residence at Rocky Hill, in the vicinity, while arranging for the British evacuation of New York and the entry of the American army, which occurred on the 25th of November, 1783.

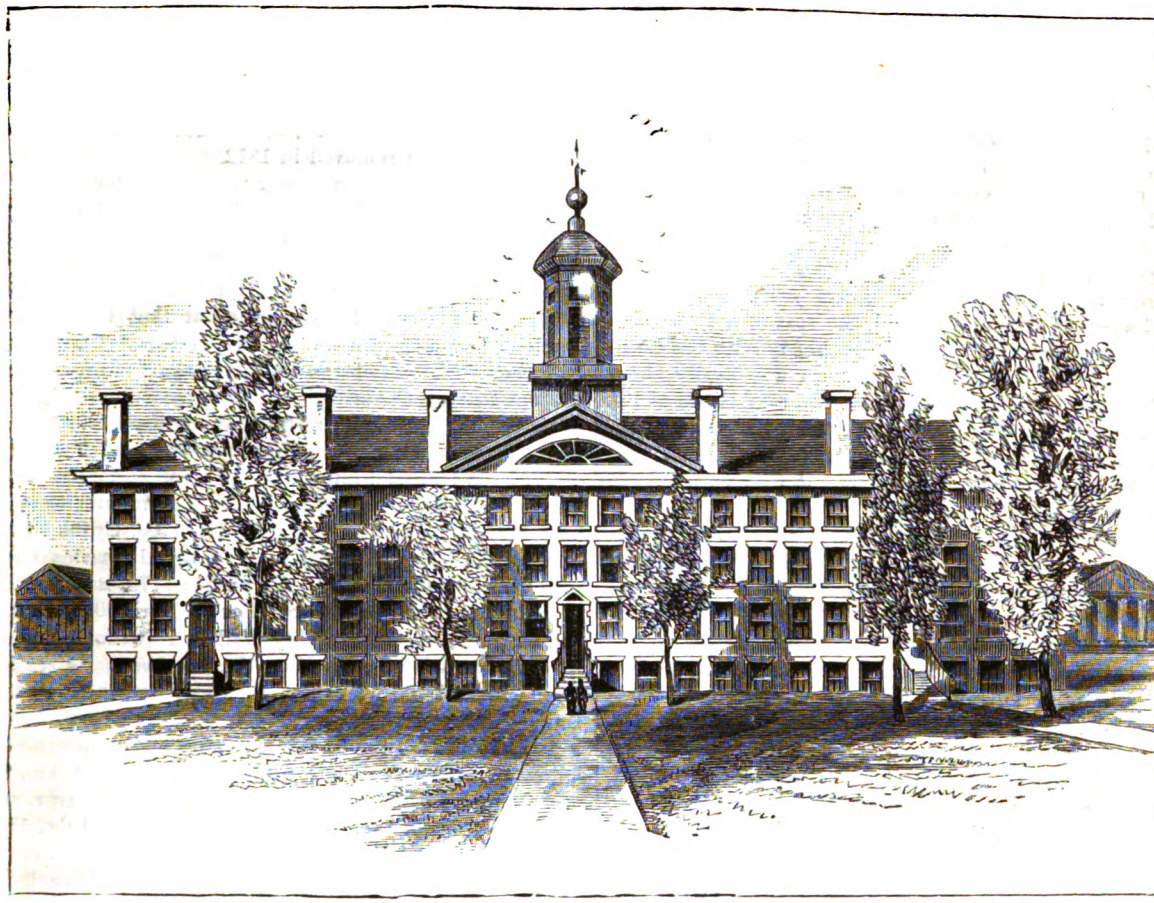
OLD CHAIR PRESERVED IN CARPENTERS' HALL.

Princeton is a township and manor of Mercer County, New Jersey, and is situated forty miles northeast of Philadelphia, and eleven east of Trenton. Its population is estimated at 6,000. Princeton is the seat of the College of New Jersey, popularly called Princeton College, and of the Theological Seminary of the Presbyterian Church.

The College of New Jersey was founded under the auspices of the Presbyterian Synod of New York, which then included New Jersey under its jurisdiction. It obtained a charter in 1746, and a more liberal one in 1748. It was opened in May, 1747, at Elizabethtown (now Elizabeth), and the same year was removed to Newark, whence it was transferred to Princeton in 1757, upon the completion of a college edifice, which, at the suggestion of Governor Belcher, was

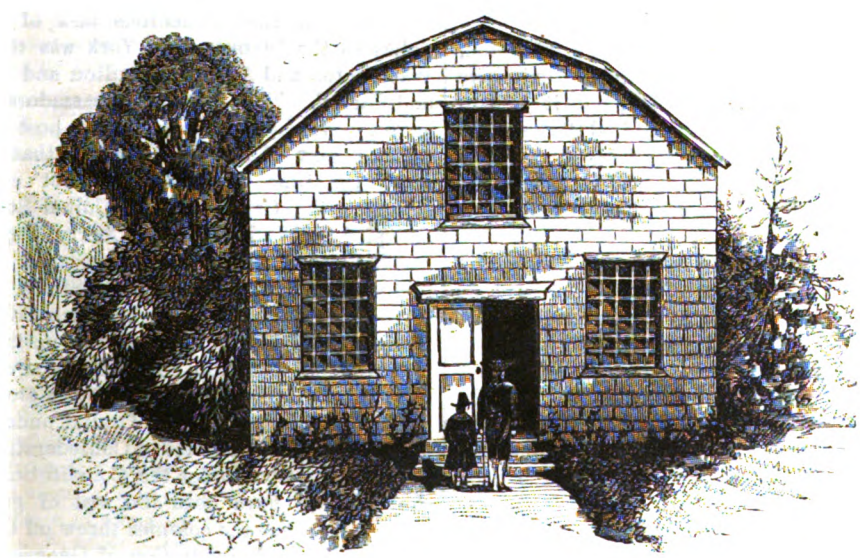


CONGRESS HOUSE, BALTIMORE, THE SECOND NATIONAL CAPITOL.



NASSAU HALL, PRINCETON, THE FOURTH NATIONAL CAPITOL.

named Nassau Hall, "to the immortal memory of the glorious King William the Third," "of the illustrious House of Nassau." The building suffered greatly during the Revolution, the main portion being occupied as a barracks and a hospital both by the American and British troops. General Washington drove a detachment of British soldiers from its walls at the battle of Princeton, January 3d, 1777. Doctor Witherspoon and two of the Alumni, Richard Stockton and Benjamin Rush, were signers of the Declaration of Independence. The Continental Congress and General Washington were present at the Commencement in 1783. General Washington presented fifty guineas to the College to repair the building, but the trustees appropriated the sum to the painting of a portrait of Washington by the elder Peale. It is said to occupy the frame which once held the portrait of George II., destroyed by a cannon-ball in the battle of Princeton.



THE OLD STONE CHURCH, TRENTON, THE SIXTH NATIONAL CAPITOL.

On November 26th the Congress assembled in Annapolis, Maryland.

A quaint old city is Annapolis, the county seat of Anne Arundel and capital of the State of Maryland. So rich is it in historical reminiscences that it is known as "ye ancient citye." The town was founded in 1649, and was selected as the

most desirable site for "ye greate citye of ye Southe"; but events changed the current of progressive development, and Baltimore seized the crown.

The city is charmingly situated on the south bank of the River Severn, and is but two miles distant from the Chesapeake Bay. The original settlement was called Providence, and was founded by Puritan refugees from Virginia, under a ruling elder named Durand.

In 1650, Brooke, under a commission from Lord Baltimore, organized the county under its present appellation, and gallantly called the settlement Anne Arundel Town, in honor of Lady Baltimore. A few years later it was again known as Providence, and the seat of a Protestant Council, disputing the legislative authority with the Catholic Council at St. Mary's. The latter was finally abandoned in 1694, and the government was established at the settlement on the Severn, where a town had been regularly laid out, and called Annapolis, after Queen Anne, who gave it some valuable presents. A City Charter was granted in 1708.

At the close of the Revolution Maryland offered to cede Annapolis as the Federal Capital. During the negotiations for a permanent site it was resolved in 1783 that Congress should meet alternately at Annapolis and Trenton; the first session to be held at Annapolis.

It was at this first session, and in the noble State House, that Washington surrendered his commission as Commander-in-Chief of the American army; and within the State House grounds is the land-office wherein are kept the original records of the Colonial Government. Many of the houses in Annapolis are pre-Revolution, and built of English red brick, the doors and windows being of the "severe classic" so much admired ere the House of Hanover reached the throne of England. These Old-World mansions are rich in mantelpieces, and oaken staircases, and deep embrasured windows, with seats therein, where belles in farthingales and powder whilom listened to the sweet whisperings of beaus in the bravery of silken small-clothes and the discomfort of Ramillies wigs.

The plan of the city bears some resemblance to that of the national capital, all the streets radiating from two points—the State House and the Episcopal Church. Its appearance is interesting from its air of quiet seclusion; and the antique look of many of the houses, with their peculiar style of architecture, gives the stranger an impression of some old European town rather than that of an American city.

For a long period before Baltimore was at all noted, Annapolis was the seat of wealth, refinement, and extensive trade. It was formerly a port of entry, but it is now chiefly distinguished as the seat of the United States Naval Academy, and as an oyster "shucking" depot, one firm alone "shucking" over ten thousand bushels a week of the celebrated bivalves for which the Chesapeake is so gratefully remembered.

Congress met in the Colonial State House, situated on an elevation in the centre of the city, which had been erected in 1772, on the site of the old Court House of 1706.

Thomas Mifflin, of Pennsylvania, was the President of the Congress, and it was in this building that Washington, on December 4th, resigned into their hands the commission as Commander-in-Chief, which he had received on June 15th, 1775. The American Republic was now free, independent and united—a marvel wrought by the hand of God.

The Congress remained at Annapolis till June, 1784, when they adjourned to meet at Trenton, New Jersey. The building in which they convened there, on November 1st, is said to have been the Presbyterian Church, erected in 1726. It was taken down in 1804, and the First Presbyterian Church now occupies its site.

After a brief session, on December 24th, the Congress adjourned over the Christmas holidays, to meet at New York City on January 11th, 1785. There their sessions were held in the City Hall, at the head of Broad Street, built in 1700 and removed in 1812.

The Continental Congress remained at New York till its dissolution. In November, 1785, John Hancock was chosen its President, but because of frequent illness he resigned, and on June 6th, 1786, Nathaniel Gorham was chosen, followed by Arthur St. Clair, in February, 1787. A stronger system of government at that time was demanded, and a Convention of the States at Philadelphia had revised the Articles of Confederation, and formed the present Federal Constitution. This was submitted to the Congress, who, after its ratification by the State Legislatures, directed an election for President and Vice-President of the United States. Washington and John Adams were chosen for these offices. The Continental Congress held its last session on October 21st, 1788, Cyrus Griffin, of Virginia, being then its President, and Charles Thomson, who had remained in office since 1774, its Secretary. Washington took the oath of office on April 30th, 1789, in the street gallery of the City Hall in New York, and the First Congress under the Constitution began its sessions in the same building, which then was known as Federal Hall.

As early as 1783 the former Congress had been considering as to a permanent site for a Federal Capital, and the new Congress continued the question. By a compromise of policy between the North and the South, in July, 1790, it was settled that the Capital City should be fixed on the banks of the Potomac. The next year Washington selected the spot now bearing his name. The territory around had once borne the Indian name of Conococheague.

The "First Congress" under the Constitution remained at New York till August 12th, 1790, and began the third of their regular sessions at Philadelphia in December. At that city each successive Congress continued to meet, while awaiting the completion of the new Capitol buildings on the Potomac, till May, 1800.

The City of New York was thus the first Capital of the United States under the present constitution. Here Washington was inaugurated, and the machinery of our present government set in motion. Here his great Cabinet aided him in the momentous task of giving form and policy to the States. New York was then the abode of Washington and Adams, Hamilton and Jefferson, Clinton and Carroll. The foreign ambassadors, also, with their suites, gave New York society a host of lions. Little remains now of the New York of that period; little to recall the time when she was not commercially, but actually, the Capital of the United States. The house occupied by Washington on Cherry Street is gone. St. Paul's Church, with the pew occupied by George Washington, President of the United States, is the monument of the past that carries us back most distinctly, and the monument of Montgomery at the portals tells us before we enter that amid the busy whirl and changes of Broadway, this building recalls you to the glorious days of old.

Philadelphia, so long the Capital under the Continental Congress and the Articles of Confederation, was again the Capital for a time under the Constitution, thus giving her the claim to have been the seat of government under every form since the colonies threw off the British yoke.

During the administration of George Washington New York and Philadelphia were the Capitals, the building at the new seat of government not having been completed

during his term of service. Thus the city which bears his name, and which is to most of us identified with the Father of his Country, has actually no personal reminiscences to recall, no spot to show where he resided.

In November of the year 1800 the second session of the "Sixth Congress" was opened at Washington City. The edifice in which they then assembled, which was partially burned by the British in 1814, and which during late years has been enlarged, is now the United States Capitol, and the eighth in succession since the Declaration of Independence.

The site of the Capitol was chosen and approved by Washington, in the original plans of the city, submitted to him by L'Enfant, and in the Summer of 1791 was located. On this occasion Mr. Ellicott drew the meridian and the east and west lines, at the intersection of which the Capitol was to stand. This having been accomplished, in March, 1792, the commissioners advertised in the newspapers, in the principal towns and cities in the United States, offering a premium of $500, or a medal, for a plan of a President's House and Capitol. In this matter Jefferson took an active interest. During his residence in Europe he had collected drawings of the fronts of celebrated public buildings. These were now produced for examination. He suggested, in the present instance, that the style of architecture of the Capitol should be taken from some model of antiquity, and that the President's House should be modern. In response to the advertisements, a number of plans were submitted, but in the selection of one for the Capitol there was a variety of opinions.

A plan by Dr. William Thornton, of Pennsylvania, but materially altered and improved by others, was approved by Washington, and submitted to Stephen Hallett, a French architect, who was intrusted with its execution. On September, 18th, 1793, the corner-stone of the edifice, southeast corner, was laid by Brother George Washington, assisted by the Worshipful Masters and Freemasons of the surrounding cities, the military, and a large number of people. The silver plate deposited in the cavity of the stone bore the following inscription:

"This southeast corner-stone of the Capitol of the United States of America, in the City of Washington, was laid on the 18th day of September, 1793, in the thirteenth year of American independence, in the first year of the second term of the Presidency of George Washington, whose virtues in the civil administration of his country have been as conspicuous and beneficial as his military valor and prudence have been useful in establishing the liberties, and in the year of Masonry 5,793, by the President of the United States, in concert with the Grand Lodge of Maryland, several Lodges under its jurisdiction, and Lodge No. 22 from Alexandria, Virginia.

"Thomas Johnson, David Stewart and Daniel Carroll, Commissioners; Joseph Clarke, R. W. G. M. P. T.; James Hoban and Stephen Hallate, Architects; Collin Williamson, M. Mason."

The north wing was ready for occupation in 1800. In the completed wing the Senate, on the west side, the House of Representatives on the east, and the Supreme Court in the basement, first held their sessions. In 1801 the House occupied a temporary structure, called the "Oven," from its shape, erected on the site of the present south extension. In 1805 it returned to its first apartment in the north wing. In 1803, R. H. Latrobe was appointed architect of the Capitol. This gentleman made radical changes in the elevation and ground plan of the building, raising the floor from the ground story to the principal order over the casement. The south wing was in readiness for the occupation of Congress in 1811. The central portions were still unfinished. An unsightly wooden passage connected the two wings. During the war of 1812, work on the building was suspended. In 1814 the interior of both wings was destroyed by the British, after which Congress, on September 19th, 1814, met temporarily in the structure known as Blodgett's Hotel, situated on the east front of the square now occupied by the General Post Office. The session of Congress, commencing December 18th, 1815, assembled in a building on the southeast corner of A and First Streets, northeast, erected by the citizens of Washington for the purpose, and was occupied till the restoration of the south wing of the original Capitol, in 1827.

This structure was afterward known as the "Old Capitol," and was used as a political prison during the Rebellion, 1861–65.

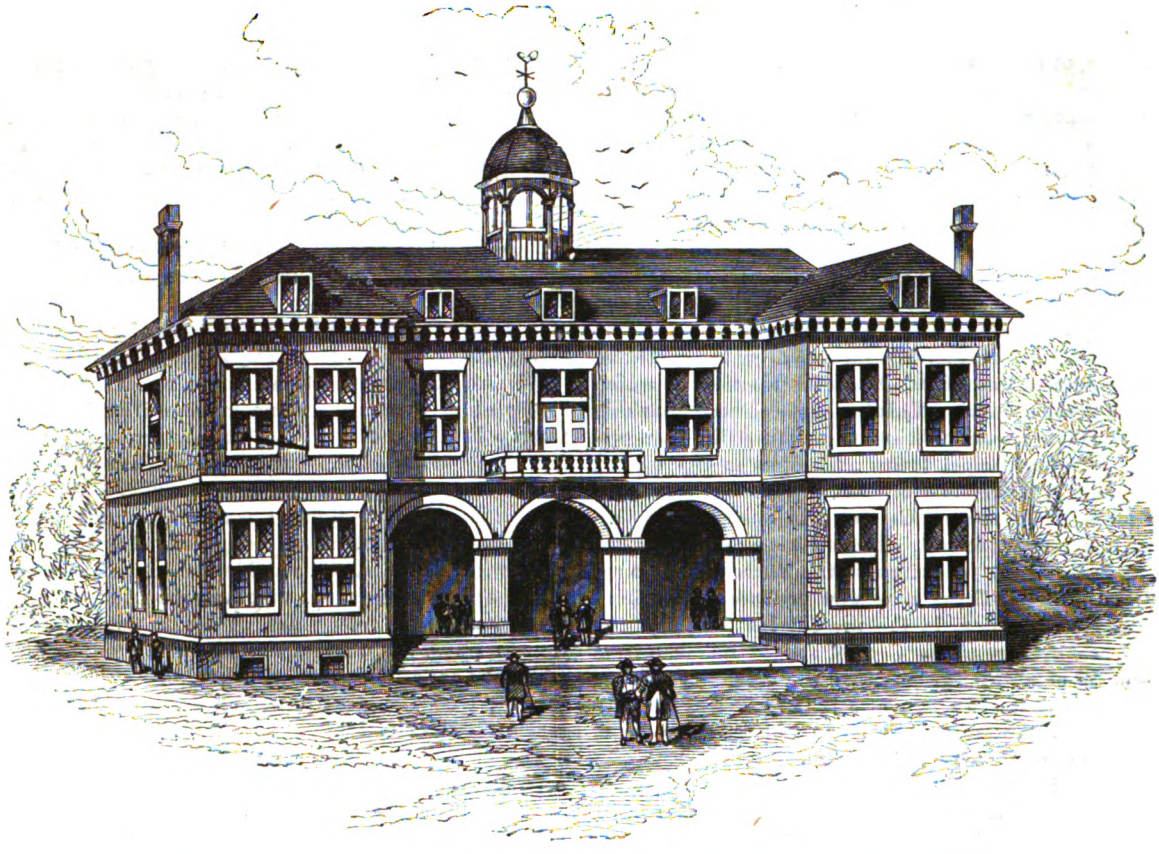
In 1815, after an obstinate discussion, for a time threatening the most serious consequences to the harmony of the Union, Congress determined to restore the Capitol. The work of restoration was commenced by Mr. Latrobe. Charles Bulfinch, of Boston, his successor, commenced the central portions of the building, including the Rotunda and Library, in 1818, which were completed in 1827. In 1818, a temporary building was erected, near the Capitol, for the use of committees of Congress. The plans of Latrobe, with a few slight modifications, were carried out, and the entire structure, with terraces and grounds, was completed in thirteen years, at a cost, including alterations, repairs, &c., and improvements of grounds, to 1851, when the extensions were added, $2,690,459.21. In September, 1850, Congress passed an Act authorizing the extension of the Capitol.

Daniel Webster, the orator of the day, concluded the ceremonies in an eloquent address.

In 1855 Congress authorized the removal of the Dome, and the construction of a new one of iron, according to the plans of Architect Walter. The first Dome was built of wood. In the fire of 1851, which consumed the interior of the Library of Congress, this Dome was in imminent danger. Though it escaped destruction, the lesson suggested its removal, which was done in 1856. In its place the erection of the present Dome of iron, finished in 1865, was undertaken. The inner shell of the first Dome was ornamented with panels or caissons, and modeled after that of the Pantheon of Agrippa at Rome. It was smaller in size, the Dome of the Capitol being ninety-six feet in height and diameter, and one hundred and twenty-two and a half feet to the skylight. The Dome of the Pantheon was one hundred and forty-two feet in diameter, which was about the same as the height, one-half being the height of the Dome and the circular opening for light twenty-three feet in diameter. The outer shell of the Dome of the Capitol was higher in proportion than its original in Rome. The circular aperture at the apex was also covered by a cupola, around which there was a balustrade, reached by a stairway between the inner and outer shells. The access, however, was inconvenient and dangerous. On one occasion a lady slipped and fell upon the sash, breaking the glass, but was prevented from precipitation to the pavement of the Rotunda below by the strength of the frame.

The work on the Capitol was continued through the war of the rebellion, 1861–65. On December 12th, 1863, at noon, the statute of Freedom which surmounts the Dome was placed in position. The flag of the United States was unfurled from its crest, and was greeted by the shouts of thousands of citizens and soldiers. A national salute of thirty-five guns was fired by a field battery in the east park, and was responded to by the great guns of the chain of forts constituting the defenses of the threatened Capitol of the Nation.

The new Hall of the south extension was occupied by



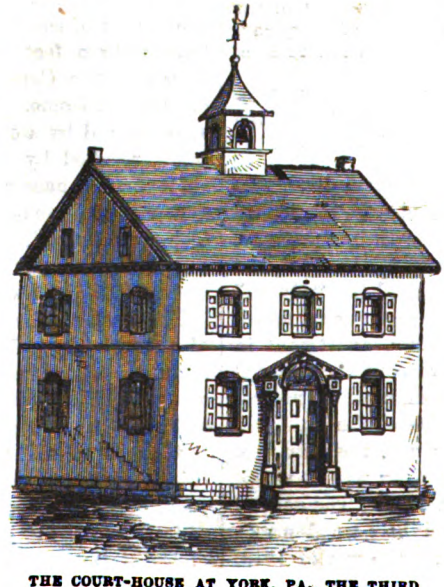
THE OLD CITY HALL, BROAD AND WALL STREETS, NEW YORK, THE SEVENTH NATIONAL CAPITOL.

the House of Representatives December 16th, 1857, and that of the north by the Senate, January 4th, 1859.

The Capitol of the United States stands on the west brow of the plateau which forms the east portion of the city. It may be reached from the more populous sections by street-cars. Pennsylvania Avenue, from Georgetown, leads to one of the gates at the foot of the hill, below the west entrance. From the President's house, by Pennsylvania Avenue, the distance to the Capitol is one and a quarter miles, and the same from the most remote of the principal hotels. The street cars pass close by all the hotels.

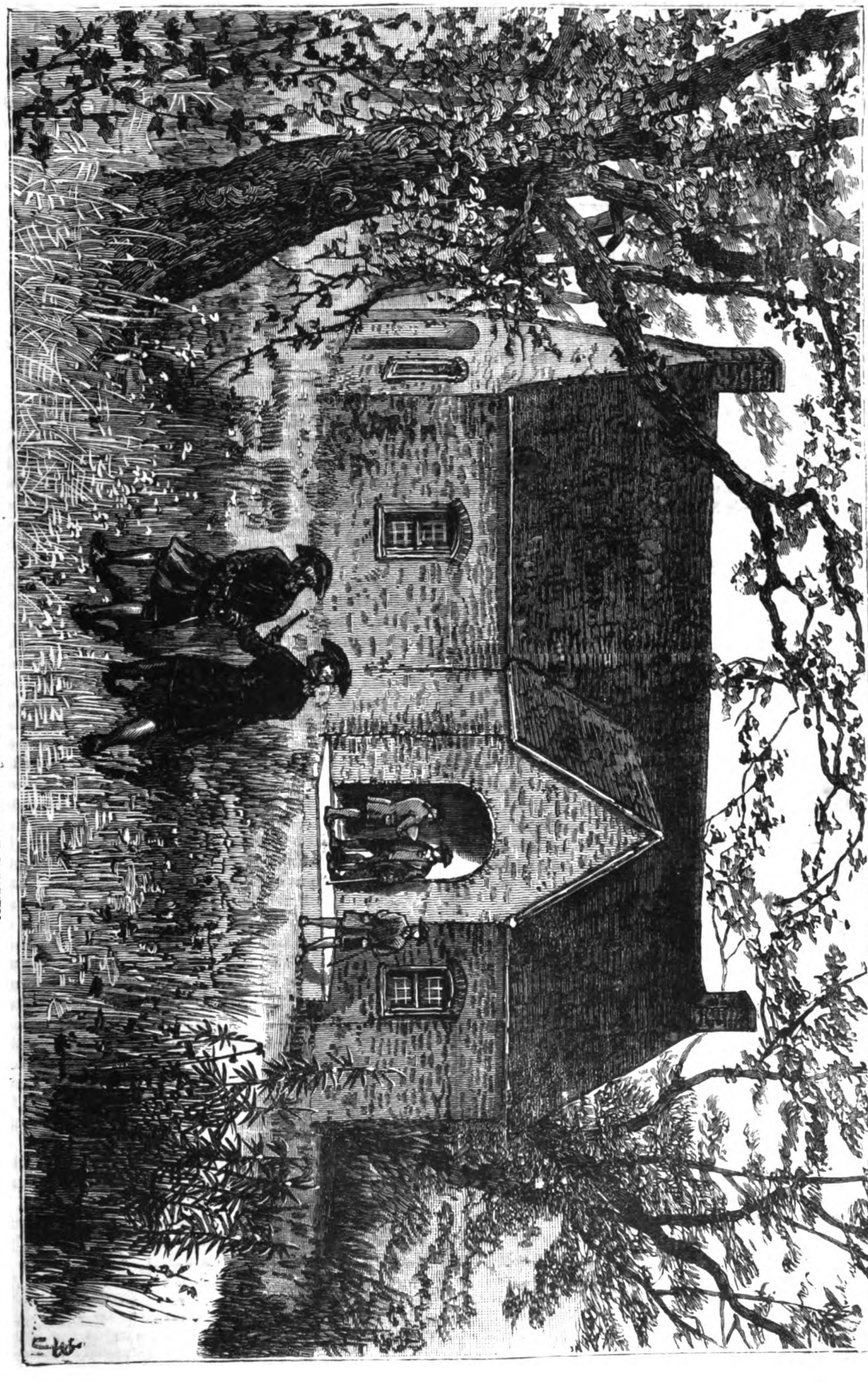
The Capitol occupies very nearly the centre of the plot of the city, there being twenty-five streets east, twenty-seven streets west, twenty-two streets north and twenty-one streets south. On a straight line, however, drawn from northwest to southeast, it stands about one-third of a mile toward the latter point. The great white dome which surmounts the mighty pile, rising high in the air, is visible for miles around—indeed, from every elevated point in the district. From it, as far as the eye can reach, may be seen rolling hills, broad valleys and rivers. The east façade of the building looks out upon the expansive plain of Capitol Hill, with a background of beautiful elevations, those on the right being beyond the Anacostia; the north across a broad intervening valley, to the wooded encircling hills of the city; the south down upon the low grounds and sparsely settled portions of the city, with the broad Potomac and Anacostia mingling their waters in the distance; the west overlooks the business and official quarters, the lawns and groves of the Botanical Garden, the Mall and the President's grounds, and the wooded summit of University Square, with the shining domes of the Observatory and Georgetown Heights beyond.

The grounds surrounding the Capitol, enlarged in 1872–3, contain fifty-one and a half acres. The Capitol occupies the centre, and with its massive porticos, broad steps and blockings, towering dome and columns, pilasters, entablatures, with architrave, frieze and cornice, pediment and balustrade, is one of the most imposing structures in the world.



THE COURT-HOUSE AT YORK, PA., THE THIRD NATIONAL CAPITOL.

A MAN should be wise in dispute, a lion in the battle and conflict, a teacher in his household, a counselor in the nation, an arbitrator in his vicinity, conscientious in action, content with his state, regular in his habits, diligent in his calling, faithful in his friendship, temperate in his pleasure, and deliberate in his speech. So he will be happy in his life, easy in his death, and a highly esteemed example of his successors.



THE STATE HALL, ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND, THE FIFTH NATIONAL CAPITOL.

A NIGHT-RAIN IN SUMMER.

OPEN the window, and let the air
Freshly blow upon face and hair,
And fill the room, as it fills the night,
With the breath of the rain's sweet might.
Hark! the burden, swift and prone!
And how the odorous limes are blown!
Stormy Love's abroad, and keeps
Hopeful coil for gentle sleeps.
Not a blink shall burn to-night
In my chamber, of sordid light;
Naught will I have, not a window-pane,
'Twixt me and the air and the great good rain,
Which ever shall sing me sharp lullabies;
And God's own darkness shall close mine eyes;
And I will sleep, with all things blest,
In the pure earth-shadow of natural rest.

THE ORIGIN OF "BARON MUNCHAUSEN."

THIS famous book was first published in 1785, but was much smaller than the work now in general circulation. It contained only forty-five pages—a portion of what is now the "First part" of the Baron's adventures. It was published simultaneously in Oxford and London, by a bookseller, named Smith, of Fleet Street. The title was, "Baron Munchausen's Narratives of his Marvelous Travels and Campaigns in Russia." A second and a third edition appeared in the same year. The title of the third edition was "Gulliver Revived; Or, The Adventures," etc. This latter is briefly noticed in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, (Vol. lvi. pt. 2, p. 590) where the rapid sale of the first two editions is spoken of. From that time, however, it seems to have ceased for several years to attract attention. But it was re-issued after a considerable interval, enlarged and amended, under circumstances which will be presently noticed.

The authorship was for a time a matter of controversy. It was ascribed to a writer, who of all men living seemed the least likely to have composed such a book—James Grahame, the author of a poem called "The Sabbath," and a Presbyterian minister of the Church of Scotland. Lord Byron, in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," is extremely severe on this writer, whom he thinks fit to call "Sepulchral Grahame," and of whom he declares that he—

> "Breaks into blank the Gospel of St. Luke
> And boldly pilfers from the Pentateuch

It is possible that the very fact of the extreme unlikelihood of such a statement respecting the authorship of Munchausen has caused it to be believed—because it was thought that no one would have attributed it to him, except on some very clear evidence. But it should be added that in 1785 Grahame could not have been more than twenty years old, and it is certain that some years subsequently he composed one or two plays, which bore very little resemblance to his later writings. It is possible, therefore, though at the same time very improbable, that he did compose the squib in question, when a very young man. A writer in *Notes and Queries* affirms that from "circumstances which came to his knowledge, coupled with Grahame's exceedingly lovable character, it is almost incredible that he could have written 'Baron Munchausen,'" but adds that "Grahame certainly knew who the author was."

In the "Percy Anecdotes," under the head "Captivity," the authorship is ascribed to a Mr. M——, who (the writer says), was at the date of the publication of the Anecdotes (1793), a prisoner in France. But it is not stated on what grounds this Mr. M—— is assumed to be the author, nor is it known who "Mr. M——" was.

A much better case than either of the above has been made out for a German named Raspé, a Professor at the University of Cassel, and Curator of the Museum in that city. Raspé was a literary man of sufficient celebrity to find a place in the "Biographic Universelle," where a list of his writings is given, though "Baron Munchausen" is not included among them. The professor, it appears, made the unfortunate mistake of appropriating to his own use some of the coins belonging to the museum, of which he was the custodian, and he was in consequence obliged to leave Cassel and take refuge in England. Here he held one or two posts as superintendent of mines, and in the last year of his life he was located at Muckross, in Donegal. His death took place at the close of the year 1784. As the "Adventures of Munchausen" was not issued for a twelvemonth afterward, the publication was a posthumous one, if he was its author.

There are many circumstances which go to prove that he *was* the author. It was published in Germany also almost simultaneously, and that, in the eighteenth century, was a very unusual occurrence. In the preface to the second German edition, the editor speaks of the book having reached a seventh edition in England, and adds: "It is somewhat strange to see the following tales, *which were produced on German soil*, are more appreciated in England than in Germany." And again he says: "However that may be, we find ourselves obliged to import a *native production* from a foreign country." This certainly implies that the author is a German. There is also extant a letter written by a friend of the editor, in which he says: "The collection (Baron Munchausen's memoirs) had for its compiler the late Professor Raspé, who published it after his flight from Cassel to England." If this statement was made from information given by the editor, as seems most likely, it is decisive.

Again, the author, notwithstanding the frivolous character of the work, is certainly a well-read man, and one acquainted with many languages, as Raspé is known to have been—many of the tales being derived from authors of various ages and countries.

But it should be remarked that Raspé could have been the composer of the *first* part only. The later portion, which was not put out until 1790, could not have been his work. It is not unlikely that the Mr. M—— whom the brothers Percy declare to be the writer of the book may have been really the writer of this second part. This latter is different in many respects from the first; more prolix, less varied, and more full of political references and innuendos. The last chapter especially, which refers to the incidents of the French Revolution, and the attempted escape of the French Royal family, is likely to have been the composition of a man like Mr. M——, who (as we learn from the "Percy Anecdotes") was long in the employ of the Revolutionary party, but withdrew from further connection with them on account of the murder of the king.

We have next to ask, With what object was the book composed? It is obvious to any reader that certain travelers of celebrity, such as Cook and De Tott, are satirized in it. But they are not sufficiently prominent to make it likely that the work was designed simply to attack them. There is also a widely diffused notion that it was written for the purpose of ridiculing Bruce. This has indeed been alleged by more than one person, whose statements ought to command respect. But it is, nevertheless, certainly a mistake. Not only is there no reference to Bruce or his adventures in the original work,

but it was published fully five years before the appearance of "Bruce's Travels." The *second* part of "Baron Munchausen," of which we shall speak presently, no doubt was intended, in a great measure, as an attack on Bruce. But we are now dealing with the first part only—the original composition of Raspé—and his inducement to write it. And strange as such a fact may sound to the reader, it appears that "Baron Munchausen" was, after all, a real person.

It is well known that there is a noble Hanoverian family bearing the title of Munchausen, and it appears that in Raspé's time one particular member of it was so notorious for the marvelous stories of his own exploits which he was wont to relate, that he at once suggested and formed the main feature in the German professor's burlesque. The original compiler had no scruple in saying as much. "Baron Munchausen," he says, "of Bodenwerder near Haweln on the Weser, belongs to the noble family of that name." We further learn from the German editor that the nobleman in question was the Herr Karl, Frederich, Hieronymus von Munchausen, who had served as a cavalry officer in the Russian* service, and passed his latter days on his property at Bodenwerder. "The old officer," says a clergyman, who lived much in the baron's society, "used to relate his own surprising adventures in a cavalier manner, with a military emphasis, but without any passion, and with the easy humor, of a man of the world, as though he were speaking of things which required neither explanation nor proof."

It is probable that Professor Raspé was, previously to his flight from Cassel, acquainted with this gentleman; and while still residing in that city, compiled for his own and his friends' amusement his volume of marvelous adventures; though some may have been added after his removal to England. Many of the tales he had probably heard—though, it may be assumed, in a less sensational form—from the old general's own lips, and for the entire collection the baron may have been accounted a suitable godfather. It is not unlikely that he would feel reluctant to publish the book during the old man's lifetime; but after Raspé's death, his friends were not so scrupulous.

Lastly, from what sources are the tales derived? Doubtless these were manifold. Some few may have been of the author's own invention. Such indeed, probably, was the case; as there are some which have never been traced to any previous compilation or tradition. But the greater number are either burlesques of incidents related by well-known travelers, or reproductions of stories told by older writers. It will be interesting to make inquiry about these.

The principal authors attacked seemed to be Cook,† Phipps, Drinkwater, De Tott, and Vailliant—all of them travelers or writers of celebrity in Raspé's time. "The stoppage of the leak" (chapter 7), "The wonderful bird's nest" (chapter 20), and "The kava at the African feast" (chapter 26), are all designed as hits at Cook. Cook had related how that on one occasion his ship, the *Endeavour*, struck on a rock, and a hole was made in her bottom. He patched this, as he supposed, with canvas and oakum, so as to keep her afloat till they reached port. Then it was found that a large fragment of the rock had broken off in the gap, almost closing it up. This story Munchausen travesties by representing *his* ship as springing a leak, and the baron closing it by sitting down in the hole that had been made, until the vessel reached port.

Again, the captain describes an enormous nest which he had seen on an island off the coast of New South Wales. He reports it as being "not less than six-and-twenty feet in circumference, and two feet eight inches high." (Kippis's "Cook," p. 107.) This, in the baron's memoirs, becomes a "kingfisher's nest of prodigious magnitude. It was at least twice the circumference of the dome of St. Paul's!"

In chapter 13 Phipps* is attacked. He had related how a walrus, having been fired at by an officer, dived and brought up a number of its companions, which all joined in an attack on the boat. Munchausen relates nearly the same incident (chapter 13), with monstrous additions, and in order to remove all doubt, mentions Phipps by name, with the flattering remark that "there is not so complete a bear as he naturally is, among the human species."

Drinkwater, in his "Siege of Gibraltar," mentions two lads who possessed such wonderful keenness of vision as to be able to distinguish cannon balls in their passage through the air. "It is somewhat singular," he writes, "that the boy should have possessed such uncommon quickness of vision as to see the enemy's shot almost immediately after it quitted the guns. He was not, however, the only one in the garrison possessing this qualification. Another boy of about the same age was as celebrated, if not superior." (Drinkwater, "Siege of Gibraltar.") This the baron burlesques (in chapter 10), by representing himself as not only being able to see the shot come from the cannon, but the exact direction it would take; and accordingly firing a heavier piece of ordnance at the same moment that the enemy discharges his, whereby the cannon balls are struck in midair, and driven back on the cannoneers!

Baron de Tott, in the second volume of his memoirs, relates a feat he performed in discharging a huge piece of ordnance, to the amazement and alarm of the spectators. "Munchausen" repeats this story, and then tells a similar adventure of his own, which turns the whole into ridicule. Other instances might be found, but these will suffice.

As regards the other class of tales, which are chiefly taken from older narrators, a great many have been traced to their sources by one writer or another.

The story of the lion and the crocodile in the first chapter is taken, almost verbatim, from Purchase's "Pilgrimage," only there it is a tiger, not a lion. A man in a boat is attacked simultaneously by a crocodile and a tiger. He slips out of the way, and the tiger leaps over the boat down the crocodile's throat!

The baron's cloak being seized with madness, in consequence of its being bitten by a dog, is probably designed as a satire on the excessive terror of infection from small-pox, which Hunter's recent discovery of vaccination as a specific against that disease, had stirred up. It was at its height when "Munchausen" was written.

The tale of the horse cut in halves, which, nevertheless,

* It will be remembered that the original title was "Baron Munchausen's Narrative of his Marvelous Travels and Campaigns in *Russia*."

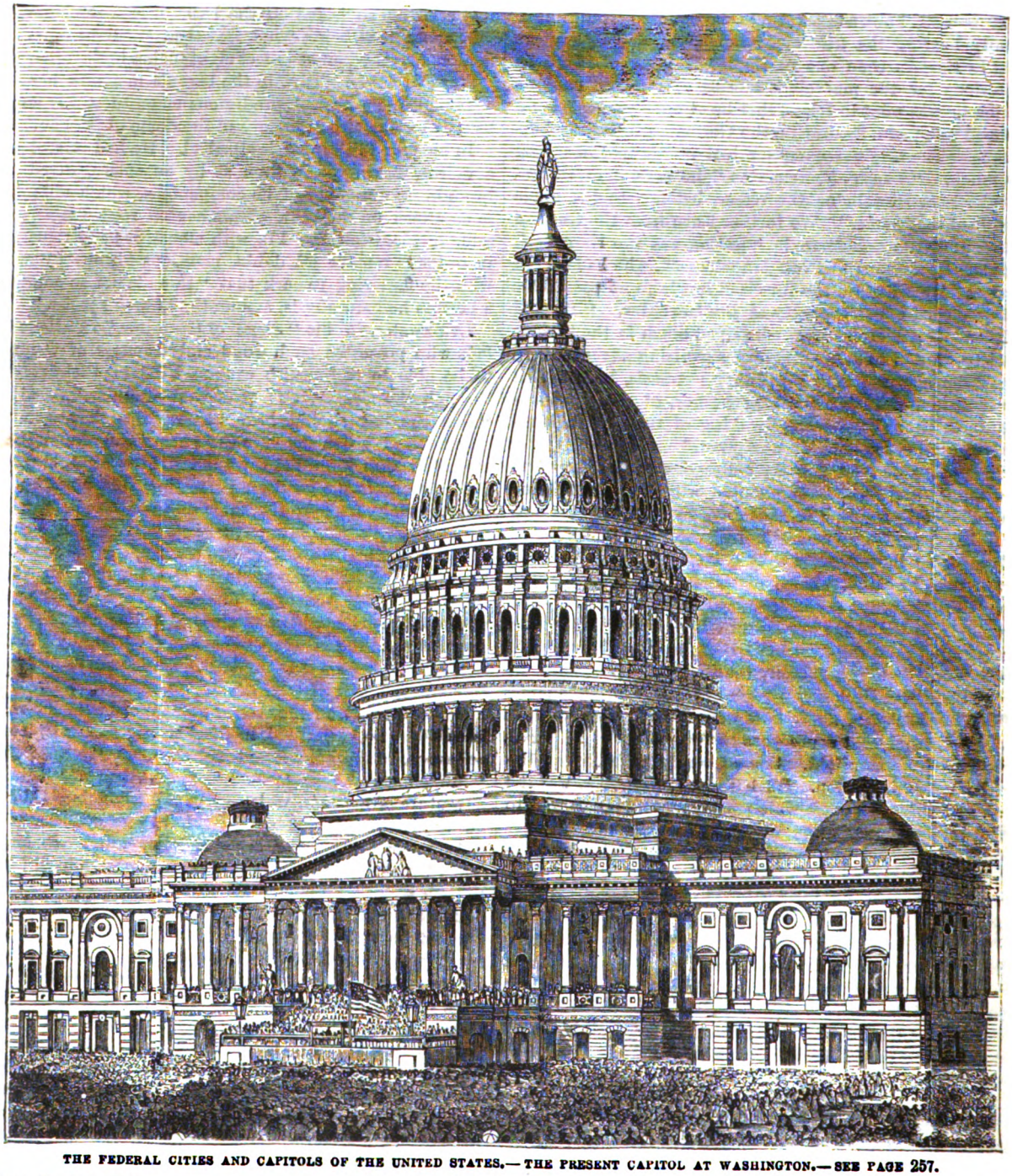
† James Cook, the son of a Yorkshire laborer, was born A. D. 1728, and went to sea when quite a boy, afterward entering the navy in 1755. Made captain in 1771, he was frequently employed by the Government in geographical and scientific researches, until his death at Owhyhee, in 1779. He traversed several times a large portion of the globe, discovering, among other lands, New South Wales, New Caledonia, and the Sandwich Islands. The history of his voyages has been written by himself with equal ability and modesty, nor did any writer ever less deserve to have his statements questioned and ridiculed.

* Constantine John Phipps, the oldest son of an Irish peer, was sent A. D. 1773, on a voyage of discovery to the North Pole, and on his return published a narrative of his adventures. There is nothing very remarkable in them, and they are chiefly remembered now as being connected with Nelson's early career. But there are no grounds, so far as I am aware, for charging the author with either falsehood or exaggeration.

continued to drink, though without satisfying its thirst, as the water continued to pour out at one end as fast as it was taken in at the other—is said to be derived from a Welsh legend. The adventure with the wolf, which is forced into the harness of the horse it has just devoured, and compelled to draw the baron's carriage, is a ridiculous version of the method in which the Noquais Indians are said to catch wild horses, as related in De Tott's memoirs. Several more of the stories are to be found in the "Nugæ Venales" of Head; some also in Lucien—as, *e.g*, the "Adventures in the Moon"—and other ancient writers. Southey reports having found two of them in a Portuguese magazine.

But the most celebrated of all the baron's tales is that of the tunes which were frozen up in the post-horn, and played themselves out in succession, as soon as the horn was placed near the fire. With the general reader "Munchausen" has usually the credit of having invented this extremely amusing conception. But, as a matter of fact, there is none among the "Munchausen" stories which can lay less claim to originality. It is said to be one of the quaint fancies to be found in the writings of Rabelais (liv. 4, ch. 55, 56). Something very like it, if not the idea itself, is used as an illustration by Jeremy Taylor. It exists in the Spanish and the Italian, and I know not how many more languages. It is thus told by Head, the author of the "Nugæ Venales."

"A soldier swore desperately that in the wars between the Russians and Polemon, there chanced to be a parley between the two generals, on a spot where a river parted them. At that time it froze so excessively that the words were no sooner out of their mouths but they were frozen,



THE FEDERAL CITIES AND CAPITOLS OF THE UNITED STATES.—THE PRESENT CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.—SEE PAGE 257.

"LAWYER! WHAT'S THESE HERE PAPERS THAT JOHNNY HAS BROUGHT ME TO SIGN?"—SEE POEM ON NEXT PAGE.

and could not be heard till eleven days afterward, when a thaw came, and the dissolved words made themselves audible to all." ("Nug. Venal," p. 133.)

Mr. Shore gives another version. "A Spanish muleteer told me," he says, "that a Spanish nobleman had traveled to Russia, and vowed to the Virgin a bell if she would bring him back safe to Spain. He went to a Russian bellmaker, chose a bell, and required to have it rung; but was told that they had been ringing it, but the sound was frozen up. The Don took it to Spain, and hung it up in the steeple, when it gave out tunes for three weeks. This was attributed to the approval of the Virgin."

If any one would take the trouble, I doubt not he might find a great many more of the baron's marvels in one old writer or another; but most readers would probably consider that the game would scarcely be worth the candle.

"JOHN WAS CROSS, AND I WAS SPUNKY."

Thus much of the first issue of "Munchausen"—Raspé's original work. It has already been mentioned that in 1790 another and a greatly enlarged edition was published, swelling the book to very nearly its present bulk. The second part is wholly different both in style and manner from the first, being full of references to the chief political and historical occurrences of the day—such as the campaigns in India and North America, the doings of Catherine of Russia, and the outbreak of the French Revolution. It should be added that this part is not nearly as clever as its predecessor, nor has it attained anything like the same popularity with the reader.

But the writer's chief purpose was not, so far as we can gather, to produce

political squibs on the leading events of the day. These seem to have been put in merely for the purpose of filling up the book. The real design of the second part was to satirize Bruce. It has been already shown that the original work of Raspé had no reference whatever to this celebrated traveler. It is equally certain that the second work was written for the purpose of attacking him. It would seem that the sale of the book after the appearance of the third edition had languished for four or five years, when the issue of Bruce's travels caused such a commotion in the literary world as to induce the proprietors of "Munchausen" to take advantage of it, by publishing another edition, ridiculing the great Abyssinian traveler, at that time the object of almost universal attention.

"BETSEY AND I ARE OUT."

"Draw up the papers, Lawyer, and make 'em good and stout;
For things at home are crossways, and Betsey and I are out;
We who have worked together so long as man and wife,
Must pull in single harness for the rest of our nat'ral life!

"And so I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,
And we have agreed together that we can't never agree;
And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be mine;
And I'll put it in the agreement, and take it to her to sign."

W. M. Carleton, *in the Toledo Blade.*

"I THINK IT IS JOHN THAT'S OUT."

By Edward Greey.

Lawyer! what's these here papers that Johnny has brought me to sign?
What's the crazy old man been doing? Who got him on this line?
Who's put it into his head to get shet of his lawful wife?
When we two got hitched together, I meant it to last for life!

What *does* it all mean?—don't stare so! I guess that you know, right well!
Lawyers—most time, I reckon—knows a deal they don't care to tell.
Say! answer me jest one question—as straight as ever you can:
Who is it's bin a-playing on the feelings of my old man?

Who's put him up to this—for he never has spoke out to me
About parting, unless he was mad—and to part I will never agree!
I've told him his faults, for sartin—though you can't make that a crime;
And one thing's sure—that is, Johnny has freely told me of mine!

John had a stock of temper, which he show'd at the very start;
And I—was a little sharp, at times—but never meant to part!
His was a stubborn feeling—bred in the flesh and bone,
Not like mine—though I can't deny I've a temper of my own.

John was for favoring the Shakers; I didn't like their creed—
That was the first thing, I reckon, 'bout which we disagreed:
I didn't want them Shakers brought up every dinner and tea!
He said they was right—I guessed not; and so we couldn't agree.

The next thing that rose between us, was 'bout his doctoring a cow;
I told him not to do it, I was sure he didn't know how.
I had my say, he had his way, and both of us got mad!
'Twas jest as I said—the physic made the poor cow mighty bad.

Then he had a spell of the sulks—for a week he never spoke!
At the end of that time, he got tired, and said 'twas all a joke!
A few days after, in cleaning, I broke a cracked china bowl;
He told his folks about it, when I called him a real mean soul!

At tea he would talk of that bowl, and embitter every cup;
So I, for revenge, the cow-critter would constantly bring up;
And when we talked of them Shakers, no nearer to heaven we got.
But he made our home resemble a place that is mighty hot!

And so every blamed thing between us kept twisting just the wrong way:
If I said "Yes," and was pleasant, he "No" would tauntingly say.
At last, I spoke to the neighbors, who took up the case quite strong,
And some said that John was to blame; and others, that I was wrong!

'Twas so we lived together for many a long, weary week:
John was cross, and I was spunky—I couldn't be first to speak!
This state of things continued the whole of the Summer and Fall;
I thought he'd change at New Year, but he didn't alter at all.

A week ago he relented, and began to talk to me,
Saying—as I thought in a joke—that finding we couldn't agree,
He'd just take all that was his'n and I should keep what was mine.
I thought he was only fooling—but determined not to sign!

Lawyer! is it them Shakers that has brought John to this state?
One called at the farm last week—when he saw *me*, he wouldn't wait.
He didn't stop to convert me, although he'd a first-rate chance.
If I'd caught him a-talking to John—I swan! I'd have made them dance.

So Johnny will give me the homestead, and go himself to roam?
That's what he offers, is it? To walk off and leave me the home.
Do I look as if I'd stand that—why! what would the neighbors say?
No, Lawyer! I won't sign them papers—and John at home must stay.

I think you had best advise him—you who have taken his pay—
That the law don't allow a man to desert his wife that way.
Tell him to try and be cheerful, and not mind the Shakers' chat,
Or, else I'll call in a doctor—I've made up my mind to that.

I see you're a-smiling, Lawyer, at hearing me say so much.
Divorce is an ugly business, which nothing will make me touch.
Now, I am old and homely—he married me fair and young.
He can't say a word agin me—except that I use my tongue.

John surely hasn't forgotten!—although he has, perhaps—
That for him I jilted a dozen of real good-looking chaps.
Then, he used to swear he loved me; now, he does nothing but frown;
And the way he treats me, I reckon, is known all over town.

He forgets that time he'd the fever—the men forget things soon—
How all but me shrunk from him, he was crazy as a loon;
Then he would cry for his Betsey—I was never out of his sight,
And wore myself down to skin and bone, through nursing him day and night.

My house is well kept and tidy, and my kitchen is always clean;
Every single stitch I've about me is neat and fit to be seen.
He can't complain that I'm giddy, nor say aught about my acts;
He can only say—like a good wife, I've always told him facts.

Betsey paused for breath, when the lawyer raised his good-humored face,
And fixing his eyes upon her, explained John's view of the case.
Her brow contracted and wrinkled, as the truth upon her broke;
When he ceased, she returned the papers, and thus to the lawyer spoke:

There, Lawyer! take back them blamed papers, and I'll go home to-night;
Perhaps 'tis I've been wrong, not Johnny; but I'll try and make it right.
You say he don't see things as I do—'tis likely that 'tis so:
When *he* leaves the homestead, I reckon, I'd better with him go.

In future I'll stick to Johnny, and now I think we'll agree;
I always thought he was to blame—it isn't jest so, I see!
Say, Lawyer! I'll pay your charges, which don't speak a word about;
You've brought me to my senses, still, "I think it is John that's out."

THE KING'S BALLET-DANCER.

A HISTORICAL GENRE-PICTURE.

AN officer was walking with rapid steps and clanking spurs down the Behrenstrasse, in Berlin, not far from the Opera Place, his face concealed as much as possible in the collar of his military cloak. It was late, and though there was seldom a passenger to be seen at that hour in the quiet streets, on this occasion there happened to be one who, when he caught sight of the officer rushing by, stopped still as if struck by lightning, and staring after him in amazement, murmured: "The King! Where can he be going! Oh, Fredericus rex, thou favorite of Mars, art thou now following after Cupid?" For in those days all who aspired to cultivation had a smattering of mythology on the tip of their tongue. The officer hurried on, only arresting his steps when he reached a certain new and pretty house.

The officer remained standing a moment, and looked up, as if he were trying to recognize the shadows which passed now and again before the illuminated panes. A sweet feeling stole over him, as if the light there above were a star of promise. However, he pulled the bell with so firm a hand that it clanged loud and sharp, and could leave the inhabitants in no doubt as to the visitor.

A dainty little abigail in very short skirts answered the summons immediately, and lighted the officer up-stairs with a flaring candle. On the landing stood a beautiful lady in gala array. A very short, fashionable farthingale of flowered satin formed an elegant but voluminous cask of spacious circumference, from which the slender waist shot up like a flower in a hyacinth-glass. Her hair was dressed in towering puffs, lavishly powdered, and ornamented with roses; the white clouds of powder threw a hazy shimmer over the lady's rosy face, on which two finely-drawn black arches above the dark eyes gave a mixture of firmness and fascination. She made a low reverence, and said, in broken German:

"Your Majesty is too gracious in honoring me with a visit, and in wishing to read me the latest production of your Muse!"

"Oh, signorina, my Muse is a very dull person beside such a fair Grace as yourself. Permit me to offer my homage."

With these words King Frederick II. raised the charming hand of the celebrated *danseuse*, Barbarina Campanini, to his lips, and then, with royal dignity, swiftly preceded her into the brightly lighted room.

"You look like a good child, signorina, and as such I have brought you a trifle. See, I hope it pleases you." The King took a box from his coat-pocket, unwrapped some coverings of silver paper, and brought forth a dainty porcelain Cupid, then quoted with an elegant accent in his favorite language:

"'Voici ton maître:
Je le fus, il l'est
Ou il le doit être.'

"Mark, lovely Barbarina, the renowned Voltaire has composed this motto on love. The little rascal, moreover, has not a single arrow left in his quiver, for he has already discharged the whole of them at me, so a pair of diamonds fill their place—dewdrops for the rosy shells of your charming ears."

The *danseuse* could not have anticipated so splendid a present; she became extraordinarily embarrassed, and began to tremble. At the same moment a noise proceeded from the next room.

"What is that? Can any one overhear us there?"

"Oh, no, your Majesty; that was my Mops; I will turn him out immediaiely," she said, making a movement to leave the room.

"Let him alone; I love dogs; they are much more honest and intelligent than men. But now, will you kindly order your maid to serve the supper—my cook has been here, I suppose?"

"Certainly, your Majesty; the savory odors of his art have been enchanting me this long time," said Barbarina, as she touched the bell. In a few minutes an exquisite supper appeared, substantial, but yet elegant, in accordance with the King's taste.

He helped himself liberally, and seemed not to wonder that the *danseuse* followed suit. She even filled two plates, one of which she carried into the next room to Mops, then she ate twice of every dish with a highly healthy appetite.

During the repast the King turned the conversation on Lord Stuart Mackenzie, who had once been a suitor of Barbarina's, and had even wished to marry her. He possessed a very high degree of jealousy, and had made it a point that she should never be alone with any other man. The King bantered her on this severe restriction, and wondered with a smile what the Scotchman would say if he knew that he was quite alone with her now.

"Oh, your Majesty is exceptional; you are a king, a hero, a poet—poesy is virtue's best protector."

"But without love, there is no poetry at all. Why do you always avoid the former topic, sweet Barbarina? Why were you so coy toward the good lord?" said the King, confidentially drawing nearer to the *danseuse*.

"Because I did not care for him, your Majesty! the heart lies near the stomach, and is quite as obstinate; loving is like eating—one can't force oneself to either."

"What a prosaic comparison, which proves that you don't know in the least what love is!"

"Oh, yes I do—I have known it for some time," murmured Barbarina, dropping her black lashes on her rosy cheeks, and looking at the same time perfectly charming.

"Love and beauty go hand in hand," said Frederick, while a warm ray from the eyes that were otherwise always so clear and cold alighted, full of admiration, on the young *danseuse*. She noticed it, although she avoided looking at him. With the obvious endeavor of leading the conversation in another direction, she said, pleadingly:

"I am burning with curiosity to hear the final recital which your Majesty has promised me."

"Yes, I wish to obtain the opinion of the intellectual Barbarina on my latest poem, but it only treats of the wisdom of friendship; and now I would rather be instructed in the sweet folly of love. The French kings have been much happier than the Prussian, for they have permitted themselves a La Vellière, a Montespan, and a Pompadour—for the latter I truly do not envy my colleague, Louis."

"Please, please, your Majesty, *do* read me those beautiful verses which Voltaire wished to revise without understanding—he has not nearly so much poetical talent as you have."

"Flatterer, how beautifully you can fib!" said the King, yet moving the waxlights nearer with his own royal hands, and beginning to read aloud with visible pleasure, his intellectual, but not very regular verse:

"Pourquoi l'amour est-il le poison,
Et l'amitié le charme de la vie?
C'est parce qu'elle est la fille de la raison
Et l'amour est le fils de la folie."

Frederick tried to note the effect of his composition on

the features of his fair auditress, but without success; as the numerous lights blinded him, he pushed them aside in order to be able to see better. It then struck him that Barbarina was either very absent or bored; it even seemed to him as if her nostrils were moving in a suspicious manner, and the rims of her lovely eyes reddening—plain symptoms of having stifled a yawn in the process!

While he was still cogitating and investigating, a slight but ever-increasing sound of snoring was distinctly heard—but the lady was not asleep *yet*—what could that be?

"Who is snoring here?" suddenly broke out the royal poet, in indignant pride.

"That's Mops again, the stupid animal," cried the *danseuse*, and flew to the door of communication, placing herself before it, as if to guard the entrance.

But the King had also started up, and following the young lady, looked inquisitively over her shoulder. He saw, with astonishment, a handsome young man lying fast asleep on a sofa, and giving unmistakable evidence of sweet repose by audible snoring.

"Is that you, Mops?" inquired the King, angrily.

"Ach, it is my husband; I implore your Majesty's grace and pardon!" cried the *danseuse*, sinking on her knees.

"How, Herr von Cocceji, the son of my prime minister? But he is not the husband of the court ballet-dancer?" continued the King to the sleeper, who, in his first fright, had thrown himself down beside Barbarina.

"If it please your Majesty, I was married to her privately three days ago. As my hard father would not consent to our union, we were joined by a Catholic clergyman on the Austrian frontier."

"Secret marriages are not valid in my dominions."

"If your Majesty sanctions, then is our marriage no longer private. I was about to sue for this grace."

"And for this he had the impudence to come here, and watch me—and to fall asleep during my poem."

"Your Majesty—I came because I dared not leave my wife alone with a poet; women are always enthusiastic for poets."

"Ah, bah, your wife is a very intelligent, virtuous person, but not poetical."

"I only slept a moment."

"The poor man has never closed an eye for three nights, on account of the journey, which had to be hurried through day and night," said the young wife, looking imploringly at the King.

"I listened well at the beginning, your Majesty, and shall never forget the fine lines:

'Pourquoi l'amour est-il le poison de la vie?'"

quoted Herr von Cocceji.

"Well, well," interrupted the flattered poet, visibly pacified, "I will have him exchanged to Glogau till his father becomes reconciled to his mad marriage."

With these words the King wrapped himself in his cloak, and, without looking at the *danseuse*, hurried through the quiet Behrenstrasse back to the palace.

Barbarina Campanini became a very happy, highly-esteemed woman as the wife of the government president von Cocceji, and did a great deal of good in Glogau. On this account she was raised to the rank of Countess by Frederick's successor. Her charming portrait adorns the Hohenzollern palaces, and her memory as the friend of the greatest Prussian King is held in high honor.

"ONE CALLED AT THE FARM LAST WEEK—WHEN HE SAW ME HE WOULDN'T WAIT."
SEE POEM ON PAGE 270.

THERE is certainly no greater happiness than to be able to look back on a life usefully and virtuously employed—to trace our own progress in existence by such tokens as excite neither shame nor sorrow.

FOUND IN A COFFIN.—"BENDING OVER THE OPEN PART, SHE BEGAN TO TAKE OUT OF ITS DEPTHS BOOKS, PAPERS, INDIA SHAWLS, JEWEL-CASES, AND SIMILAR CASES, LAYING THEM CARELESSLY UPON THE FLOOR."— SEE NEXT PAGE.

KEITH OF RAVELSTON.

By Sydney Dobell.

The murmur of the mourning ghost
That keeps the shadowy kine,
"Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line!"

Ravelston, Ravelston,
The merry path that leads
Down the golden morning hill
And through the silver meads;

Ravelston, Revelston,
The stile beneath the tree,
The maid that kept her mother's kine,
The song that sang she.

She sang her song, she kept her kine,
She sat beneath the thorn,
When Andrew Keith, of Ravelston,
Rode through the Monday morn.

His henchmen sing, his hawkbells ring,
His belted jewels shine!
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line!

Year after year, where Andrew came,
Comes evening down the glade;
And still there sits a moonshine ghost,
Where sat the sunshine maid.

Her misty hair is faint and fair,
She keeps the shadowy kine;
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line!

I lay my hand upon the stile,
The stile is lone and cold,
The burnie that goes babbling by
Says naught that can be told.

Yet, stranger, here from year to year,
She keeps her shadowy kine;
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line!

Step out three steps, where Andrew stood—
Why blanch thy cheeks for fear?
The ancient stile is not alone,
'Tis not the burn I hear!

She makes her immemorial moan,
She keeps her shadowy kine;
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line!

FOUND IN A COFFIN.

By M. C. Hungerford.

As I had only two days to spend in New York before the sailing of the steamer in which I had taken passage, it mattered little that the St. Nicholas was so crowded that I had to take a miserable little room, which, with one exception, was plainer in its furnishing and fitting up than I had supposed could be found in a hotel of such pretensions.

The exception was a large *armoire*, or wardrobe, with a glass door, which stood exactly opposite, and, the room being very narrow, quite near to the small bed. A shabby washstand and one very unreliable-looking chair composed the rest of the furniture, and the *armoire* was probably only occupying its position temporarily.

I was tired enough with the long journey from Chicago to throw myself on the little bed and fall into a dreamless sleep, which lasted till nine o'clock in the morning.

The next evening, which was my last before embarking, I went to the theatre, but, feeling wakeful after coming back to my room, turned up the gas, and threw myself down, without undressing, to finish "Put Yourself in His Place," which I had bought in the cars. I soon became so intent upon the story that I took no thought of the time till the noise of the streets died down, and in the comparative quiet I heard the distant sound of a bell striking two.

Throwing down my book, I sat upon the side of my bed to wind my watch preparatory to putting it under my pillow. Suddenly my attention was arrested by a scene apparently reflected in the large mirror in front of me, but which seemed to me, forgetting for a moment that I was looking in the glass, like an actual and strange reality.

I had not through the whole scene, the slightest sensation of fear, or even the most distant idea that I was looking upon anything unreal or supernatural. I only gazed with intense interest at what seemed to be a very extraordinary scene.

I seemed to be looking—I say *seemed*, but I actually *was* looking (I can never think otherwise)—into a lofty room, with groined ceiling and carved woodwork black with age. The hangings at the two high windows were made of a rich fabric, then quite unknown to the fashion of this country, although later years have brought such stuffs into vogue as well as the style, then strange to me, of supporting these draperies by golden rings slipped over a rod with heavily carved pines on either end. As much of the furniture as I could see was of the heavy, not altogether graceful, kind that it is common to impute to Queen Anne's period.

In one corner was a massive piece of furniture, very curious in carving and strange in design. A flat cushion or cover of faded velvet thrown over the rounding top suggested its possible use to be a seat; but its height, and the uncomfortably high relief of the carvings, seemed to forbid that hypothesis and intimate its use as a chest or receptacle of some kind.

The room into which I looked was occupied—if the frame from which the soul, which is its life, has fled, can be called an occupant—by a woman, whose face, if it had ever worn looks of kindness or tenderness, had lost them all in the hard lines of age and the stern rigidity of death.

I was so thoroughly calm and engrossed in the interest of the scene that I rose to my feet and took a step nearer that I might better see the gaunt white face that lay in the coffin, the length of which denoted that the form reposing in it was beyond the height of ordinary women.

With the natural habit of observation which belongs to a medical man, I observed that the death had been sudden and not preceded by a wasting sickness. The casket, which rested upon two trestles, such as are reserved for such uses, I also noticed was far more modern than anything else in view, being, in fact, precisely the same as those in present use.

While I was becoming conscious of these details, a lady

in a wrapper or dressing-gown of white flannel, or some other soft material, came into the room, entering apparently through some door which was out of my line of vision, for, as she glided toward the corner which I have described as being occupied by the carved piece of furniture of quaint design, her back was toward me, and I found it impossible to see her face. In front of the carved chest or seat she knelt, and seemed to attempt to fit a key into the lock, to reach which I saw her remove several scrolls in the carving in accordance with some method or plan which she had in her mind, for she hesitated, and seemed to be trying to remember what arrangement to make. At last she seemed to recall what she wanted, and quickly removed the scrolls, which seemed to yield to the pressure of her fingers, into the clearly defined form of a crown, revealing between the centre bars a keyhole of considerable size.

Slipping a key into this and turning it readily, the lady rose to her feet and lifted the lid—if I may so call the heavy upper part of the chest—which moved upon brass semi-circular rods, as I have sometimes seen the sliding covers of heavy writing-cases open. Then, bending over the open part, she began to take out of its depths books; papers, India shawls, jewel-cases and similar treasures, laying them carelessly upon the floor by her side, and continuing her researches until at last her object seemed to be attained, and she threw the things she had laid upon the floor back into the chest in confusion, keeping out only a slim bundle of papers, which looked like legal documents.

Hastily wrapping her handkerchief around the papers, she held them in her hand while she hurriedly put down the cover, turned the key, which she took from the lock, and proceeded to slide the carved ornaments back to their original form, which was, I noticed as she moved away, a large *fleur-de-lis*. Turning to a tall brass candelabrum, in which a group of wax lights were burning, she pushed the key deep into the calyx of one of the lilies which formed the ornamental work.

Still holding the papers, she went to the side of the coffin, and after a moment's hesitation, placed the packet of papers by the side of the corpse, putting them as far down toward the feet as her arm could reach under the lid, of which all save the head-piece was screwed down. Very swiftly, having done this, she turned to a door which was located between the chest and the coffin, and opened it silently.

As she stood for a moment holding the door by the handle, I could see into a small room or hall beyond, where were two men, whom I took to be watchers of the dead. They were sitting upon either side of a small table, upon which were bottles and glasses, and both were asleep.

Closing the door again softly, the lady turned and came toward me, and I saw her face for the first time. It was a sweet, girlish face, serene and placid. No trace of agitation was there, neither disturbance nor excitement from the strange work she had been engaged in at that uncanny hour of the night. Her head was bent and her eyes downcast, so that I could only guess at their color, but there were soft, baby-curves and dimples around the full, red lips that seemed ready to break into a smile.

She seemed about to walk past me, and I, turning quickly to watch her, saw only my small room, with its one uncurtained window, and scant, disreputable furniture. I turned again to the mirror, but it reflected nothing but my own figure, the narrow bed, and the bare, white wall beyond. The lofty room I had seen, with its lifeless tenant and its strange antique furniture, had vanished.

My visit to England was made in accordance with an often expressed wish of my father's that I, his only son, should make the acquaintance of his relatives, whom he had not seen since he left his native country shortly after his marriage to my mother.

The welcome I received from his married sisters and their families was most cordial, and the society of my merry young cousins was so charming that I was by no means eager to tear myself away and journey down to Westmoreland, as I was pledged to do, to the old family seat where my grandfather, now very old, was living with my father's youngest brother. But the duty was not to be neglected, so I heroically tore myself away from my delightful new-found relatives, and dutifully started westward.

The sting was partially taken from the parting and my journey much cheered by the companionship of my pretty cousin Nellie, with whom I had carried on a perpetual flirtation ever since our first meeting. She, too, was about to visit our grandfather, and I persuaded my aunt to intrust her to my care.

She was a frank, warm-hearted girl, and, if a little coquettish sometimes, still very warmly attached to the young clergyman to whom she had been engaged for a year or more.

She told me, on the journey, much about the relatives we were going to visit. Uncle Ralph, she declared, was as good and grand as King Arthur himself; while grandpa, when the gout kept out of his foot, was an old angel.

Rob and Ned, Uncle Ralph's boys, and Aunt Alice, their mother, were all that aunts and cousins ought to be; and Aunt Jane, the widow of one of our grandfather's sons, who lived alone in a cottage on the place was as sad, sweet and unruffled as a lady in a poem. She gave lively sketches of each relative in such a graphic way that I already felt myself acquainted with them.

She loved and admired them all, but she rose to enthusiasm when she spoke of Rita Westneath, her earliest and dearest friend, for whom she felt an affection that was like the rapture of a lover.

"But what relation is she to us?" I inquired.

"None, in reality," was the reply; "but, as Scotch folks say, 'her kin are akin to our kin,' and that is enough, where we are all so fond of her, to make an excuse for claiming relationship."

"Is she pretty?" I asked.

"What a genuine man's question!" answered Nellie; then hesitating. "Yes, I suppose she was very pretty before her troubles came. Everybody was crazy about her, but I don't think any one thought much about her looks, she was so bright and charming."

"Is she so no longer?" I asked, with some curiosity.

"Yes, of course, she is as lovely as ever, but she is in great trouble now, and cannot appear to a stranger like her own bright self. I'll tell you something about her history, since you seem interested. She was brought up by her great-uncle, who fairly worshiped her, and she was just as fond of him. She was an orphan, with not another near relative in the world except one aunt, a widow, who lived in India. Three years ago the old uncle died, leaving all his property, money, estate and everything, to this widow, his daughter, who came on before he died. His will was made without conditions, but he left a letter of instructions, desiring his daughter to place no more restrictions than he had done upon Rita's expenditure, to use her own judgment about settling anything upon her in the event of marriage, and at her death to leave everything to her without conditions."

"It was rather a queer arrangement."

"Yes," said Nellie, "and a bad one, as it turns out, for it seems that the old lady neglected to make a will—or, if she

made one, as people think, it cannot be found—and so the property all goes to the heir-at-law, a miserable, dried-up London attorney, with a soul no bigger than a farthing."

"He is not to blame for inheriting property, is he?" said I, thinking Nellie a little unjust.

"No, not for that," admitted Nellie, "but he is for his treatment of Rita. Why, the brute actually ordered her out of the house. Just think of it, the house where she ruled as sole mistress till the aunt came from India; and even then she had her own way."

"Was the aunt fond of her?" I asked.

"Fond in her way, I think," said Nellie. "She was a strange, unsocial woman, but she never interfered with Rita, and certainly had no other friends or favorites. It is tolerably certain, too, that she executed some kind of an instrument, for my father was calling there one day about two years ago, and was asked to wait a few moments, and then Mrs. Dillon, Rita's aunt, came in, and after apologizing for the delay, asked him if he would oblige her by acting as witness, she didn't say to what. So he went into the library, and he and the steward signed their names to what they both supposed was a will. Papa thought, too, that it was in Rita's favor, because afterward Mrs. Dillon said, in her stately way: 'I am sure my niece may depend upon you to act for her in the future, if it should become necessary.'"

"Was there not a lawyer present?" I asked.

"Yes," said Nellie; "old Mr. Weastneath's family solicitor was there, but he was killed in a railroad accident not very long after. Rita was very fond of him, too."

"When did Mrs. Dillon die?"

"Only three months ago. No one thought of her being sick at all, but she was found dead in her bed one morning. It seems she had heart disease for a long time, but had never allowed any one to be told of it."

"Was there any one," I asked, "who would have benefited by the loss of the will?"

"No one but Brown, the old wretch who has inherited, and, much as I hate him," confessed Nellie, "I cannot suspect him of foul play, because he didn't even know there was a probability of his falling into money, and hasn't been out of London for over twenty years."

"Where is Miss Westneath now?" asked I.

"Just at present," answered Nellie, "she is stopping with our Aunt Jane. She was three weeks with us while you were on the Continent with brother Frank and his wife."

"I am much afraid I am keeping her away from you now!" I exclaimed.

"Oh," said Nellie, with a struggle between truth and politeness, "there's room enough for a dozen extra people at our house always, but Rita, although she was so gay and bright once, is not willing to meet strangers now. Aunt Jane is devoted to her, anyway, and would be glad, like all of us, to keep her always; but she is such an independent girl that she is determined to earn her own living, and has made an engagement to go to a family as governess next month—common people, too, living in the very stuffiest part of Liverpool."

KEITH OF RAVELSTON.—SEE PAGE 274.

"A slavish life," said I, feeling deeply sorry for this girl I had never seen.

"Yes, isn't it?" said Nell, with quick, sympathetic tears flashing in her eyes. "And Rita is so unfitted for it. She has always been the one to confer favors and give orders, and she had such bewitching little imperious ways one minute, and such child-like, lovable caprices the next, and she is, or was, such a nobly generous girl, I can fancy her taking orders and being made to eat at the second table," and Nellie fairly sobbed at the thought of the indignity.

My cousin's fervent affection for her friend was magnetic, and when, upon becoming established at our grandfather's, I found the whole family almost unable to talk about anything else but Rita and her troubles, I became wildly anxious to see her, but every one assured me that it was impossible, for she decidedly refused to meet any but the most intimate friends.

At least I might visit the house where she had been so happy. Even that seemed scarcely approved of; but when I offered to go alone and as a stranger, there could be no objection, as Westneath had always been a show-place, and my connection with any of the neighboring families would not be suspected by the present proprietor, even if I should meet him.

GENERAL PUTNAM'S FEAT AT HORSE NECK.— SEE PAGE 279.

So, during an afternoon drive, my cousins dropped me at the park gate, and I sauntered slowly along the drive, catching occasional glimpses at some of the turns of the house, which was massive and grand without being gloomy. I rang the visitors' bell, and asked permission to view the house.

"In my young lady's time, sir," said the servant who opened the door, "we took a-plenty of people h'over the 'ouse, and I don't know as there'd be any 'arm in it now, and I don't know as there wouldn't be."

A small donation removed his doubts, and he led me to the picture-gallery and several rooms upon the ground floor, passing some doors rather quickly, and indicating by a wave of the hand that they were rooms in which we might encounter the new squire.

My guide was an old servant, and my admiration for the house evidently flattered his pride.

"I should be glad enough to show you the library and dining-room if I thought 'twould be h'all right," he said, pausing a minute in front of a heavy double-door. If you don't mind waiting, I'll go h'ask the 'ousekeeper if there'd be h'any 'arm in it."

He opened the door of a small, dark ante-room, and

asked me to sit there and wait till he returned. He was detained, I suppose, for his return was not immediate. After I had been a moment in the room I noticed the sound of voices, and perceived that a door opposite the one I had entered stood ajar.

I certainly should not have listened to a conversation which was not intended for my ears, but the sound of a woman's voice came to me uttering words which conveyed the idea that she was being insulted.

"How can you be so unmanly? How dare you persecute a helpless girl, from whom you have taken everything?" were the words which arrested my attention, uttered in a clear, passionate young voice.

"I have taken nothing from you. It is you who have robbed me," was the answer, in a dry, disagreeable tone, which was evidently the utterance of a man of small refinement. "And what I sent for you to come here to-day for was to tell you that if you were not willing to fetch out the old lady's jewels that you've stole and hand them over, I shall prosecute."

"That I have stolen!" was the scornful answer.

"Yes, that you have stolen, ma'am," I heard the man say, brutally; "and I give you just one more chance. Hand them out or go to jail; there's your choice."

"I have taken no jewels," said the girl.

"Where are they, then?"

"That I cannot tell you," was the girl's reply, "any more than I can tell what has become of the will that would turn you of this place, and give me my rights very quickly."

"Ha, ha! I don't believe there ever was a will!" said the man, derisively. "The old lady knew better than to leave her money to——"

Here, to my indignation, he used an epithet that made it hard to resist the impulse to rush in and knock the cowardly speaker down.

I went toward the door just as my *cicerone*, followed by the housekeeper, came into the ante-room.

"Who are those people in the other room?" I exclaimed, as soon as they entered.

"They's master and my young lady," said the servant, without questioning my right to ask. "He sent h'over for her this morning."

I am not an inquisitive person, but, impelled by an irresistible feeling which I did not even attempt to control, I went to the door and opened it far enough to look in. For a moment I was almost paralyzed with astonishment at what I saw.

The room I looked upon, with its lofty groined ceiling and high wainscoting, and all its quaint belongings, was the place in which, three months before, I had watched the strange transaction already described.

There was not a momentary doubt in my mind of its being the place; if there had been, it would have vanished when I glanced at the young lady's face. It was the same I had seen upon that night, changed and saddened somewhat, but still the same.

Involuntarily I glanced at the corner of the room where the coffin had stood, but in its place was a large, square writing-table in keeping with the rest of the furniture.

My appearance and manner, as I advanced into the room, must have been startling to the occupants, and I have the impression that some sharp words were addressed to me by the man who sat by the table. The young lady standing in front of him looked at me also in surprise.

"Pardon me, madam," I said, addressing myself to her; "my intrusion, I am aware, seems like unjustifiable impertinence. I may be mistaken, but I feel sure I can help you if you will allow me to try."

The look of surprise with which she listened changed to one of bewilderment as I finished, and her companion gave the servant a sulky order to "put that fellow out!" which order he seemed to hesitate about obeying.

"Who are you, and how can you help me?" said the young lady, very gently.

I was about to announce my name, but remembering what Nellie's annoyance would be, if I were known as a visitor in that house, I answered her question, Yankee-like, by asking another.

"Are you," I said, "Miss Westneath?"

"Yes."

"Tell me, please," I went on, "did a coffin stand across the corner of this room where the table is now, and was there a woman in the coffin, upon the night of July first?"

"Yes," said Miss Westneath, looking at me scrutinizingly. "My aunt laid here a corpse that night the one before her burial. But why do you ask?"

"Don't listen to the man; he's either crazy or a scamp," growled the master of Westneath.

"Have patience with me, Miss Westneath," I said, earnestly; "I hope to help you, but I want to be sure I am right. May I ask you another question?"

"Not another one; clear out of this!" said her companion, roughly.

"Yes," said the young lady; "I wish to hear what you have to say."

"Then," I asked, not noticing any more than she did the disinclination of the ex-notary to retain me for a guest; "do you remember taking the papers that night from this?" and I walked over and placed my hand upon the carved seat or chest.

"The man is stark mad," said the housekeeper, who had followed me into the room and been a close listener to what had passed. "Have no more to say to him, Miss Rita. How is it likely, sir," turning to me, "that my young lady could open that? Why, as long as I have been in this house, and that's upward of forty years, I've never seen it opened, and if so be as there's a way to open it, no one has ever known it. 'Twas brought from Venice, I've heard, more than two hundred years ago."

"But, Mrs. Malcolm," said Rica, contracting her forehead thoughtfully, "that Venetian coffer does open. Years ago, when I was almost a baby, I remember seeing my uncle open it in some strange way, but I cannot remember how."

"Did the lady who died know how it was done?" I asked.

"She may have been told by her father when she was young," said Miss Westneath.

"Please do not think me willfully impertinent," implored I. "I will explain presently, but will you let me ask if you have a habit of walking in your sleep?"

She stared at me for a moment, but answered:

"I used to walk in my sleep when I was little, but never lately that I know of. Have I, Mrs. Malcolm?"

"I think, miss," said the housekeeper, "when there's anything worrisome on your mind you do walk in your sleep yet, sometimes. You came down-stairs one night after Mrs. Dillon was coffined, I know, for one of the housemaids had the toothache, and went down to the pantry for ginger, and got an awful fright by meeting you on the stairs, all in white and dumb-like. She thought it was the dead lady walking, but I knew better, and found you in the hall, and got you to bed without your ever waking up, just as I used to when you was little. I didn't tell you of it afterward for fear you'd be vexed that the habit wasn't stopped."

"Could you remember the secret for opening the coffer,

Miss Westneath, if I recalled it to you?" said I, when the housekeeper finished speaking.

"Perhaps," said she, doubtfully.

"The carved work in the centre of the front represents a *fleur-de-lis*, does it not?" asked I.

"Yes, sir," said the housekeeper, lifting the faded velvet cover. "You can see it."

"Move the carvings," said I, looking steadily at Miss Westneath, "till they take the shape of a crown."

"A crown!" said Miss Westneath, raising her head and looking at some distant point in the ceiling, as if she were slowly recalling something. "Yes, I seem to remember; it was a crown, and then the keyhole was visible. I saw my uncle do it."

She stepped to the coffer, and with my help slid the scrolls into the position I had suggested, exposing the keyhole.

"But the key—where is the key?" she exclaimed, with disappointment.

"Do you remember nothing about it?" I said, watching her keenly.

"Nothing whatever," said she, decidedly, and I saw she spoke honestly.

I stepped to the tall candelabrum, and after an instant's examination discovered the little brass key deep in the heart of one of the brazen lilies.

The master of the house instantly stepped forward to take it, with greed in his foxy little eyes.

"Give it to me!" he exclaimed; "she has no right to it. Perhaps there's jewels in that chest, and she would like to get them the way she got the rest."

"More like the will is in there that will set things to rights," said the housekeeper, who, I learned later, had already given warning to her new master, and did not mind offending him.

He grew pale and seemed to wither at the possibility.

"No," I said, "I do not think the will is there now, but perhaps I can tell you where it is," and I was about to tell the whole strange story of my vision, if that is what it should be called, when it occurred to me that Miss Westneath might not wish it told just there; so I begged to be allowed an interview later in the day at the house where she was staying.

I met her there at my aunt's, and in the presence of Uncle Ralph, Nellie and some others, told the whole strange coincidence of my seeing Miss Westneath's somnambulistic acts in the library upon the identical night when her aunt's body lay in state, and of my recognizing the scene of the occurrence in the house at Westneath to-day.

"If the opening of the coffer to-day had not proved your words, I should almost question your sanity," said my Uncle Ralph.

"I almost question it myself," said I; "but I am persuaded that the will is buried in the coffin with Mrs. Dillon."

"The vault shall be opened and the coffin examined at once," said my uncle; "although I very much wish that no hopes may be excited to be disappointed at the results of a search, which I cannot help feeling myself foolish to authorize, as it is founded only upon the baseless fabric of a dream—if dream it was.

* * * * * *

The search was made, and there, where I knew it had been placed, was the packet of papers. Among the documents was the will, which gave Rita her own again, and a memorandum stating the banking-office where Mrs. Dillon's jewels were stowed.

I have no theory by which to account for my strange experience. It does not seem to me to partake of the supernatural, because the chief actor in it was a living person. As I had never seen the reality of the unreality, it could not have been the action of a dormant memory upon an excited imagination; and it was not a dream, I can swear, for I was awake and active. I tell the story in the hope that some one of clearer psychological vision than I may know of some occult law of magnetism or electro-biology that can even partially account for a revelation so strange.

Years have passed since then, but nothing unaccountable or mysterious has happened to me; not even a dream worth telling of has visited my quiet slumbers. For the largest part of the time Rita has been my dearly-cherished wife, not picked out for me by my happy cousin Nellie alone, but selected, as she and I fondly think, by some fateful power, before I had set sail for England.

GENERAL PUTNAM'S FEAT AT HORSE NECK.

THE many hairbreadth escapes and the remarkable acts of bravery, with which the name of General Israel Putnam is connected, begin to fade from the attention of the present generation, though there are old people among us who still delight in telling over the story of the wolf, the capture by the Indians, and other famous adventures of the sturdy old hero.

One of his bravest acts was in putting out the fire that threatened to blow up the magazine of Fort Edward. On that occasion he was so badly burned that several weeks passed before he recovered.

In 1758, being hard pressed by a band of Indians, he, with a few men, dashed down the dangerous rapids of the Hudson River, near Fort Miller, in a *bateau* that seemed every moment to be going under or breaking in pieces.

The astonished Indians, finding him apparently proof against their bullets, concluded that he was under the especial protection of the Great Spirit, and gave up their pursuit. The same year, while returning to Fort Edward from an expedition to watch the French and Indians near Ticonderoga, Putnam's corps was surprised, and he himself was captured and bound to a tree, where an Indian warrior amused himself by throwing a tomahawk at his head and informing him that when they got to their destination he would have the honor of being roasted alive.

The tree to which old Putnam was bound was between the contending parties, and he was for an hour or more exposed to a hot fire of bullets and arrows. At last the French and Indians were forced to retreat, taking their captive along. He was tied to a tree, and brush and dry bark heaped around him and set on fire.

Putnam was past hope, when a French officer, named Molang, came up and discovered the deviltry of the Indians. He instantly dashed upon the fire, scattering the burning stuff, cut the cords that held Putnam, and set him free from death—but not from captivity. He was taken to Montreal, where he was honorably treated, and subsequently exchanged.

All this was in what is known as the French and Indian War. We know how, when he heard of the battle of Lexington, he left his plow in the field and hastened to Boston, riding sixty-eight miles in one day; and we know how well he behaved in the Battle of Bunker Hill.

When Washington came to take command of the army, he had in his possession commissions for four major-generals; but only that for Putnam was promptly delivered, there being dissatisfaction with the others.

In 1778 Putnam was commanding in Connecticut. The troops immediately under him were much disaffected from lack of pay, and a plan was formed by the most of them to march directly to Hartford, where the General Assembly was in session, and demand relief. Partly by kindness and partly by firmness, General Putnam pacified the malcontents and ended the trouble.

In March, 1779, a body of fifteen hundred English troops, under Governor Tryon, made a foray in Connecticut. Putnam's outpost was at Horse Neck—now West Greenwich—where he was informed of Tryon's coming.

To oppose the strong English force, Putnam had not more than one hundred and fifty men and two iron field-pieces, with neither horses nor drag-ropes. He planted the guns on the high ground near the meeting-house and did what was possible to obstruct the enemy.

FEEDING THE PONY.

When he saw that the British cavalry, supported by the infantry, were about to charge, he ordered his men to seek safety by flying into an adjoining swamp, where the horsemen could not get at them; and then, waving his sword in defiance, General Putnam suddenly wheeled his horse and plunged down an abrupt precipice nearly a

hundred feet in height. The astonished British reined in their horses, not one of them daring to take the fearful risk of such a ride. As Putnam went down he got one English bullet through his hat.

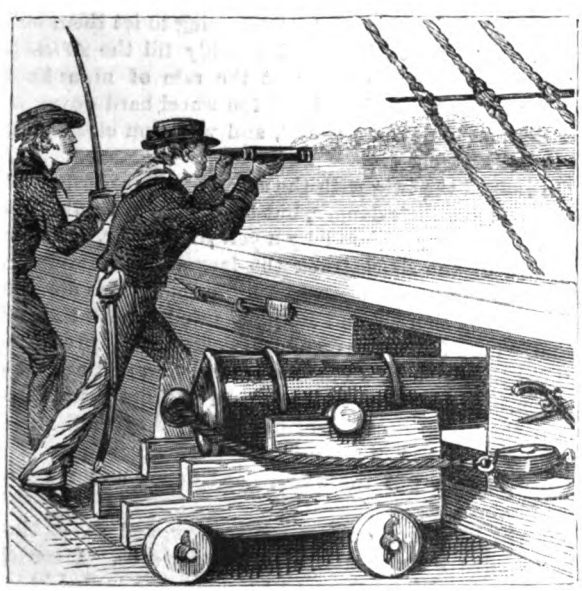
The place down which the daring officer rode was furnished with rude stone steps, by means of which the people could get up to the top of the hill, on which their meeting-house stood. "Putnam's Leap" was long one of the sights of the neighborhood, but it has pretty much passed away.

Putnam rode on to Stamford, roused the available militia, and hung upon Tryon's flanks for a time, capturing fifty prisoners. These he treated with great humanity, and soon after had them exchanged. Governor Tryon was so pleased with Putnam's kindness to the prisoners that he sent him a letter of thanks, in which he alluded to the spoiling of his chapeau when he was riding down the precipice, and sent a promise to send him a suit of clothes in compensation.

This was the last daring feat of a man who did not know what fear was. In the same Summer he had service in Pennsylvania, but in the Winter was taken with paralysis, and returned to his home. The motto on his tombstone is: "He dared to lead where any dared to follow."

SMUGGLING OPIUM.

For five years had I sailed in the ship *Formosa*, in the capacity of first mate. She was an old China trader, and every trip that I made I saw splendid opportunities by which I could make money; so I determined, on this occasion, the third trip of the *Formosa*, to leave her in Shanghai, and try my luck on the coast of China. My cousin, Ralph Hasty, was third mate of the ship, and when I made known my intentions for the future to him, he signified his willingness to leave the old ship also, and link his fortunes to mine. Accordingly, when we dropped anchor in the river, after the sails had been furled, the yards squared, ropes laid up, and the decks swept down, I approached the captain, and told him of my intentions. For a while he tried to dissuade me from leaving, but finding that my mind was fairly made up, he at last consented to let us both go, and within two hours after the



SMUGGLING OPIUM.—"TURNING MY GLASS IN THE DIRECTION POINTED OUT, I SAW TWO OF THE LONG, SHARP, MANDARIN BOATS APPROACHING."

SMUGGLING OPIUM.—"MY MEN FOUGHT WELL, AND KEPT THEIR GROUND, AND THE BATTLE RAGED FIERCELY AROUND THE BOWS AND FORECASTLE OF THE 'ARIEL.'"

arrival of the *Formosa* we found ourselves ashore, and at liberty to go or come at our pleasure.

I was well acquainted with all the principal houses in Shanghai, and after securing accommodations at a good hotel, I proceeded at once to the office of Messrs. Owen & Co.; Ralph, of course, accompanied me. On a former occasion the principal of the firm made a proposition to me to enter into his employ, but not being prepared to leave the ship, I respectfully declined his offer, and he had told me that at any time I wanted a situation to call on him and he would assist me.

I was now about to test the sincerity of his assertions; and entering his office, I was soon in close confab with Mr. Owen. I introduced my cousin to him, and made known my wants; and suffice it to say that in half an hour I found myself in command of a full-rigged clipper brig, with orders to proceed at once to Calcutta, there to take in a cargo of opium, and run to Macao, where a quantity of opium-boats would be on the lookout to receive us. Liberal pay and commissions were offered, and we both accepted Mr. Owen's proposal with many thanks.

We went at once on board the brig, which was called the *Ariel*, and had but lately arrived from England, being built expressly for the trade. With her low black hull, tall rakish masts and immense square yards, she was a perfect model of nautical beauty.

She was well armed, having two guns on a side, and a long brass thirty-two amidships. On the forward part of the after-house boarding-pikes were arranged in racks, their steel points polished bright as gold. The mainmast was encircled by a row of cutlasses, ground sharp as a razor, while in a large armchest on the quarterdeck were several pistols, and cutlasses in any quantity.

It was absolutely necessary for us at the time to be prepared at any moment to resist the attack of a Malay or Chinese pirate, and especially in the trade we were about to engage in, to be able to repel any assault that might be made upon us by the mandarin boats, whose duty it was to prevent the smuggling of opium into the country.

The Emperor of China had issued an edict against bringing the article into the market, and the punishment, if caught, was severe—often death. But the deadly drug was eagerly sought after, and enormous sums paid; and as it grew extensively in India, and could be purchased

reasonably, it gave rise to a large and lucrative trade. The southwest monsoons were blowing fresh at the time, and a long and tedious beat we had of it down the China Sea. It was an excellent opportunity, however, to try the sea qualities, as well as the sailing capacities, of the *Ariel;* and in every respect she proved herself worthy of the name and reputation of being the fastest thing afloat on the China Sea, and would go to windward like a porpoise.

We reached Calcutta in safety, without meeting any adventure worthy of being mentioned; and taking in our opium, the chests were safely stowed, and the hatches secured and battened down. With a light wind we sailed down the river, and making all sail, I headed the *Ariel* for the Straits of Malacca. I have never before or since seen a vessel of the *Ariel's* tonnage that carried the amount of canvas that she did; so that we were prepared to show a clean pair of heels to any craft that might be disposed to make any inquiries.

I had a crew of fifteen men, stout, able fellows, who were not afraid to face any kind of danger. I allowed them to amuse themselves in any way they fancied; all that I required of them was to keep the *Ariel* in order, and make and take in sail when necessary.

After we had beat to the northward of Singapore, it was all plain sailing. Being now fairly in the China Sea, we had the wind nearly aft; and crowding on every stitch of canvas, I made the *Ariel* walk along like a humming-bird.

We were now rapidly nearing the coast of China, and I thought it best to prepare against any attacks that might be made. The pistols were loaded, cutlasses placed ready at hand, and boarding-nettings got up between the rigging, which could be stowed along the rail when not in use.

We sighted the Ladrone Islands, which are but a short distance from Macao; and Frank and myself were congratulating ourselves that our trip would soon be over without meeting a single obstacle. But, alas! we reckoned without our host, for at that instant the man on the lookout reported two boats in sight; and, turning my glass in the direction pointed out, I saw two of the long, sharp mandarin boats approaching.

Among those islands the breeze was light, and there was no opportunity to escape; we had got to fight—it would never do to let those fellows take us. The boats were approaching rapidly, their long oars fairly making them leap from the water.

Loading up the long thirty-two, I trained it upon them, and, as the ball went skipping past them, they laid on their oars and held a consultation.

In the meantime the men were all armed, and willing to defend the *Ariel* to the last gasp. I had loaded up the long gun, this time with musket-balls, also the broadside guns, and awaited the attack. It was not long before they were reinforced by another boat, each one crammed full of men; with long, steady strokes they pulled toward us.

We were now hopelessly becalmed, and our position became desperate. I was certain, if we fell into the hands of the wretches, that they would torture us to death by inches, and I had no more compunction about shooting a Chinaman than I would a mad dog. Many a sailor's body have I seen floating down the river, while lying at anchor in Shanghai, murdered by the rascally Chinese boatmen for the sake of gaining a few coppers.

I did not allow them to engage us at close quarters without speaking a few words of remonstrance through the medium of the long gun, and with so much effect that one boat was sunk and several men killed. The survivors swam to the other boats, and were taken in by their comrades.

Those two other boats now advanced rapidly to the attack, and pulled directly for the bows, where we could not bring a gun to bear upon them. One boat made for the starboard, the other for the port bow, and jumping into our head-gear, the Chinamen tried to force an entrance through our boarding-nettings. But we quickly picked them off with our rifles and pistols, and the long, deadly thrust of the boarding-pikes kept them at bay.

With their sharp knives they endeavored to cut the nettings, but before one of them could get a second cut, he was tumbled back wounded, dying and bleeding, into their boats.

For a moment there was a lull in the conflict, and then, with a fierce rush, they cut and hacked a hole through the nettings, although a dozen fell in the attempt. My men fought well, and kept their ground, and the battle raged fiercely around the bows and top-gallant forecastle of the *Ariel.*

With a boarding-pike in my hand, I skillfully kept the Chinamen at bay. Already I had slain three with my own hand, but they pressed us hard and fought like tigers. My men were getting tired, and the Chinamen in overpowering numbers were clustering on the forecastle; already were my men being forced back inch by inch, and the yelling fiends were following up their advantage, with the mandarin officer in the advance, cheering on his party.

In an instant more we would be overpowered and food for the sharks, when a brilliant idea flashed through my brain. Rushing into the galley, I seized a burning brand from the cook's stove, and in a voice of thunder, that was heard far above the din and roar of the battle, shouted:

"Fall back, *Ariels!* Retreat to the quarterdeck!"

All hands heard it and obeyed, and as the Chinamen were rushing aft in pursuit, I let drive the contents of the long-gun amongst them. The gun was crammed to the muzzle with musket-balls, and it was fired almost into their very faces. The carnage was terrible; their leader had fallen, and they huddled together wavering, and undecided what to do. Drawing my cutlass, I shouted for my men to follow, and with a fierce charge we drove them like frightened sheep before us, and over they went pell-mell from our bows into their boats.

A light breeze now filled our sails, and every rag was set to catch the wind that was stirring. The two mandarin boats dropped rapidly astern, glad to get out of our way; but my blood was up, and I wasn't going to let them off so easily. The breeze increased steadily till the *Ariel* was rushing through the water at the rate of nine knots. Taking in the light kites, I put the wheel hard down, and the *Ariel* came dancing round, and was soon close-hauled on the other tack.

On rushed the brig with the speed of a swordfish. The Chinamen saw their danger, but too late to avoid it. With a terrible crash, followed by a yell of despair, the sharp cutwater of the *Ariel* struck the largest boat amidships, cutting her in two as clean as a knife could have done it.

"Just look there!" and Ralph pointed toward the main island, where four large mandarin boats were approaching.

"Let them come; we have a breeze now, and can laugh at them. If they do not disturb us, *I* will not harm them; but if they injure a hair of our heads, they shall rue it, every mother's son of them!"

Once more I put the wheel hard down, and the *Ariel* hove in stays.

"I will keep her on her course now, and see if those fellows have learned wisdom by experience. I see the other boat has joined them, and the men are probably telling them the fate of their comrades."

"Ah, ha! they intend to try us again, as I live!"

shouted Ralph, and a six-pound ball whistled through the mainsail.

The mandarin boats were flying through the water at a rapid rate. I could have easily up helm, and run away from them all; but my temper was aroused, and just so long as the Chinamen *wanted* to fight, I was bound to satisfy their pugnacious propensities, while my powder and balls lasted.

Every now and then I would luff, allowing them to approach nearer and nearer. They kept pegging away at me with their popguns, trying in vain to bring some of our top-hamper down about our ears; but in this they were disappointed.

They succeeded at last in hitting us on the rail, and a shower of splinters flew around us, followed by a shout and yell from the Chinamen.

"That shall be the last yelp from some of you curs!" And I jumped down on the main deck, walking forward to where the long thirty-two was.

As soon as it was loaded I waved my hand to the man at the wheel to luff, and as the leach of the foretopsail began to lift I turned the gun on them and applied the match.

A yell, mingled with shrieks and groans, followed the report; and as the smoke cleared away two of the four boats had disappeared, and the fragments of oars, boats, arms and men floated on the surface of the sea, while the survivors were taken into the other two boats, which were soon in full retreat for the land.

"There!—in future they will let the *Ariel* alone when she passes this way; the Chinamen appear to have had enough of it, and they will not be apt to trouble us again in a hurry!"

"No," replied Ralph, "I don't believe they will; but hadn't we better put on the kites again? for if the breeze should again die away, and we get becalmed, they might take us yet. You can't place any dependence on the wind here."

"Yes, you may make all sail," I replied; and in a few minutes the *Ariel* was leaving the Ladrone Islands astern.

The decks were washed down, the dead bodies thrown overboard, and I am happy to say that I did not lose a man, but had several wounded. Without further trouble I succeeded in running into Leristin Bay, where the fleet of opium-boats that are continually on the watch soon transferred our cargo to their own capacious holds.

As soon as we were discharged I sailed for Shanghai, where I found that my brush with the Chinamen had made quite a sensation amongst the authorities; but such things were common then, and, altogether, I was very well satisfied with my first attempt to run a cargo of opium.

THREE SNAKE STORIES.

The virgin forests of Yucatan are among the most impenetrable in the world. The daring hunter who ventures to explore their dark depths has to trust to his ax to clear his path, and in some places even this useful tool is no match for the strong creeper-plants that bar his passage.

Needless to remark that a night passed in one of these thick forests is not quite so comfortable as one passed in a New York hotel.

As soon as the sun has disappeared beneath the horizon, the prelude to the nightly concert begins. Terrible and discordant sounds rend the air, and the hurried rush of ferocious animals resounds on every side.

Thousands of dusky shadows cross each other in the dense underwood; and fierce, bright eyes flash like stars across your path.

This going and coming of carniverous animals, tormented by hunger and thirst, seeming to fly from each other in dread, is a spectacle that no European and very few Americans behold without a feeling of apprehension, and even of terror.

For the daring hunter, who has the courage to gaze upon this curious spectable in an unconcerned manner, it has a strange and fascinating attraction.

You are in comparative security as long as panthers, wildcats, coyotes, pumas and hyenas are your only enemies; but as soon as you notice a quiet sliding object advancing in your direction, beware! For you may be certain that the deadly enemy has espied you, and that a boa-constrictor, or cobra, or an anaconda, is upon your trail.

A few months ago a friend of mine happened to find himself in this unenviable position.

In company with a few Indian hunters, he had halted in the midst of one of the Yucatan forests.

The camp had been pitched under the lee of a large rock; a fire had been lighted, supper disposed of, and they were preparing to settle down for the night.

On this particular night, M. de Sauveur—for that was the name of my friend—was totally unable to compose himself to sleep.

But I will give the rest of the account in the traveler's own words:

"After many ineffectual attempts to compose myself to sleep, I at last managed to doze off, and was a victim to a terrible nightmare. I dreamed that an enormous serpent had crawled into the camp, and that it had managed to make its way to my side, and had coiled part of its body across my breast.

"I distinctly felt its cold, slippery body moving upon my body, and thought its weight seemed to crush the breath out of me. I dared not move.

"At last this feeling of suffocation was so great that I awoke with a start. May God protect me from another awakening of that sort!

"*It was not a dream.* The horrible serpent was coiled upon my blanket, and the start I had given when realizing the situation had doubtless awakened the monster as well, for its great head was lifted up on high, seemingly searching for the person who had disturbed its sleep.

"The moon shone full upon its fierce black eyes; and as they were fixed full upon mine, I felt such a sensation of horror that I fairly wished him to kill me and put me out of my misery.

"At last the fearful head dropped silently down upon the rest of the body, though the murderous eyes remained fixed upon mine. How long I remained in that position I never knew, but at daybreak the serpent quietly slid off my breast, and made its way into the forest.

"To spring to my feet, seize my double-barreled gun, fire two shots at his head, was the work of two seconds; the monster gave two convulsive bounds, and fell dead at the same moment that I fell insensible to the ground.

"When I came to my senses I happened to look at myself in my litttle traveling-glass, and thought the Indians had been covering my head with flour, as they generally do when a person is sunstruck; but the bitter truth soon forced itself upon my mind—*my hair had turned completely white!*

"Everything tends to show that this must have been a young boa, or else it would have had the devouring instincts of its parents."

A full-sized boa would simply have crushed M. de Sauveur to pieces and then have devoured him.

A Mexican paper, of August, gives a very interesting

SMUGGLING OPIUM.—"AS THE CHINAMEN WERE RUSHING AFT IN PURSUIT, I LET DRIVE THE CONTENTS OF THE LONG GUN ON THEM."—SEE PAGE 281.

account of the capture of one of these monster serpents. The following is the exact account of the event:

One fine morning, a few days ago, some hunters who were exploring the woods in the neighborhood of Coatzacoalco, came across an enormous serpent quietly reposing in the sun.

It was evident that he had just made a good meal, for his body was greatly swollen, showing that he had lately swallowed some large animal. The hunters immediately tied a young ass to a neighboring tree, giving him rope enough to allow him to move about in perfect freedom. They then set a good dog upon the serpent, so as to awaken it and make it move about.

The ruse succeeded, for, annoyed by the dog's incessant barking, the serpent moved about uneasily, and at last turned its attention to the poor ass. The wretched animal tried in vain to escape, but lowering its head to the ground, the boa swiftly advanced, and with a powerful blow from its tail smashed the ass to the ground, killing it instantly.

The boa then coiled itself around its prey, and looked around as if expecting some intruder. Half an hour later, the boa began to cover the carcass with a kind of stinking saliva, and as soon as this operation was completed, it again took a good look around; for these serpents are unable to do harm until some time after its meal. The boa then coiled itself up and remained motionless for some time—indeed the hunters began to think that it was asleep; but suddenly it recommenced the saliva operation, and then, opening its enormous mouth to its full extent, it began to swallow the carcass, beginning at what had once been the head.

Unluckily for Mr. Boa, one of the poor ass's legs caught against his gullet, and caused him some terrible contortions before it got clear.

As soon as the hunters perceived that the carcass was half-swallowed, they sprang from their hiding-places, and fired a volley at the animal's tail, so as to make sure that it could do no harm.

One of the hunters then placed a pistol to the animal's head and fired. Unluckily the shot had been badly aimed, and the animal, though immovable, was not dead, for when the hunters attempted to handle it, the boa gave such a bound that it knocked them all sprawling upon the ground. It required the contents of four more rifles before the boa was finally quieted.

Their first care was to measure the monster, and they found that it was nearly fifty feet. In spite of its great size, the boa was only a small one in comparison to one that was killed at Tzcuimtha, the latter measuring fifty-six feet.

The third of our snake stories is the one represented in our engraving, and is copied from a French paper.

The men belonging to a French merchant vessel, called the *Republique*, had just finished discharging cargo while in the harbor of Sumatra, and so they resolved to ask the captain for forty-eight hours leave before beginning the work of reloading.

The requisite permission was granted, and the men started away for the shore. One of them happening to have some friends on a plantation a little way from the town, prevailed upon one of his comrades to accompany him upon a visit to the said friends. They reached the plantation in safety, and were grandly received by the planter and his family.

After dinner their host proposed that they should take a stroll in the woods. "But remember," he said, quietly, "we must take some arms with us, for the woods are not very safe. I'll take my rifle, while one of you can take an ax and the other my cutlass, for there is no knowing what may happen."

The three friends then started on their journey, smoking exquisite *negritas*, and admiring all they saw.

The planter first showed them all over his estate, and then led them to a lake entirely surrounded by trees and wild plants.

"What's that?" asked one of the sailors.

"A wild hog, I suppose," replied the planter. "Don't be afraid, they won't hurt you."

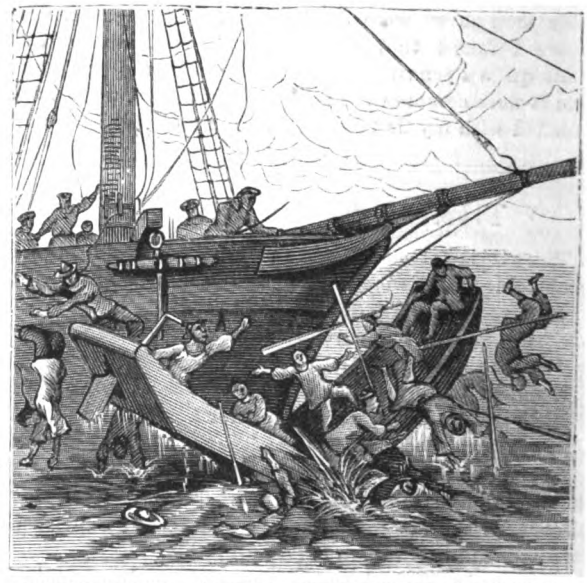
"Seems more like a snake," said the other sailor.

"You're right," exclaimed the planter, quickly; "let's get out of this. I don't like these places, and was foolish to bring you here."

"Right you are!" echoed the two sailors. "'Bout ship."

They had scarcely uttered these words than they were confronted by an enormous boa.

"Run for your lives!" cried the planter; and suiting



SMUGGLING OPIUM.—"WITH A TERRIBLE CRASH, FOLLOWED BY A YELL OF DESPAIR, THE SHARP CUTWATER OF THE 'ARIEL' STRUCK THE LARGEST BOAT AMIDSHIPS."

THREE SNAKE STORIES.—"UNWILLING TO DESERT A COMRADE, THE SECOND SAILOR VIGOROUSLY ATTACKED THE BOA."

the action to the word, the worthy man ran for his life, leaving the sailors to take care of themselves.

In less time than it takes to write it, the boa had seized one of the sailors around the body and hurled him to the ground.

Unwilling to desert a comrade, the second sailor seized the ax and vigorously attacked the boa. Then began a terrible duel, in which, as luck would have it, the man came out victorious.

The boa, terribly cut about the head, soon sank lifeless upon the ground; but in his last agonies he had so terribly crushed his intended victim, that the rescuer had to cut him loose and carry him back to the plantation upon his shoulders.

A doctor was soon sent for, and it was found that three of the man's ribs were broken. The skin of the boa was long carried upon the *Republique*, and was exhibited with great pride to any person who visited the ship.

FEVERISH, anxious, expectant waiting robs the thing desired of half its pleasures, and wears upon the soul.

ABELARD AND HELOISE.

THE story of Heloise and Abelard is one of the saddest on record. It is a true story of man's selfishness and woman's devotion and self-abnegation. If we wished for an allegory which should be useful to exhibit the bitter strife which has to be waged between the earthly and the heavenly, between passion and principle, in the noblest minds, we should find it provided for us in this painful history. We know all the particulars, for Abelard has written his own confessions, without screening himself or concealing his guilt; and several letters which passed between the lovers after they were separated, and devoted to the exclusive service of religion, have come down to posterity.

Not alone the tragic fate of the offenders, but also their exalted worth and distinguished position, helped to make notorious the tale of their fall. Heloise was an orphan girl, eighteen years old, residing with a canon of Nôtre Dame, at Paris, who was her uncle and guardian. This uncle took great pains to educate her, and obtained for her the advantage of Abelard's instructions, who directed her studies at first by letters. Her devotion to study rendered her remarkable among the ladies of Paris, even more than her beauty. "In fact," Abelard himself informs us, "she was not insignificant; in her abundance of learning she was unparalleled; and because this gift is rare in woman, so much the more did it make this girl illustrious through the whole kingdom."

Abelard, though twice the age of Heloise, was a man of great personal attraction, as well as the most famous man of his time, as a rising teacher, philosopher and divine. His fame was then at its highest. Pupils came to him by thousands. He was lifted up to that dangerous height of intellectual arrogance from which the scholar has often to be hurled with violence by a hard but kind fate, that he may not slip the true humility of wisdom. "Where was found," Heloise writes, "the king or the philosopher that had emulated your reputation? Was there a village, a city, a kingdom, that did not ardently wish to see you? When you appeared in public, who did not run to behold you? And when you withdrew, every neck was stretched, every eye sprang forward to follow you. The women, married and unmarried, when Abelard was away, longed for his return!" And, becoming more explicit, she continues: "You possessed, indeed, two qualifications—a tone of voice, and a grace in singing—which gave you the control over every female heart. These powers were peculiarly yours, for I do not know that they ever fell to the share of any other philosopher. To soften by playful instruments the stern labors of philosophy, you composed several sonnets of love, and on similar subjects. These you were often heard to sing, when the harmony of your voice gave new charms to the expression. In all circles nothing was talked of but Abelard; even the most ignorant, who could not judge of harmony, were enchanted by the melody of your voice. Female hearts were unable to resist the impression." So the girl's fancies come back to the woman, and it must have caused a pang in the fallen scholar to see how much his guilt had been greater than hers.

It was a very thoughtless thing for Fulbert to throw together a woman so enthusiastic and a man so dangerously attractive. In his eagerness that his niece's studies should advance as rapidly as possible, he forgot the tendency of human instinct to assert its power over minds the most cultivated, and took Abelard into his house. A passionate attachment grew up between teacher and pupil; reverence for the teacher on the one hand, interest in the pupil on the other, changed into warmer emotions. Evil followed. What to lower natures would have seemed of little moment, brought to them a life of suffering and repentance. In his penitent confessions, no doubt conscientiously enough, Abelard represents his own conduct as a deliberate scheme of a depraved will to accomplish a wicked design; and such a terrible phase of an intellectual mind is real, but the circumstances in which the lovers were placed are enough to account for the unhappy issue.

The world, however, it appears, was pleased to put the worst construction upon what it heard, and even Heloise herself expresses a painful doubt, long afterward, for a moment, at a time when Abelard seemed to have forgotten her. "Account," she says, "for this conduct, if you can, or must I tell you my suspicions, which are also the general suspicions of the world? It was passion, Abelard, and not friendship, that drew you to me; it was not love, but a baser feeling."

The attachment of the lovers had long been publicly known, and made famous by the songs which Abelard himself penned, to the utter neglect of his lectures and his pupils, when the utmost extent of the mischief became clear at last to the unsuspicious Fulbert. Abelard contrived to convey Heloise to the nunnery of Argenteuil. The uncle demanded that a marriage should immediately take place; and to this Abelard agreed, though he knew that his prospects of advancement would be ruined if the marriage was made public. Heloise, on this very account, opposed the marriage; and, even after it had taken place, would not confess the truth. Fulbert at once divulged the whole, and Abelard's worldly prospects were for ever blasted. Not satisfied with this, Fulbert took a most cruel and unnatural revenge upon Abelard, the shame of which decided the wretched man to bury himself as a monk in the Abbey of St. Denis. Out of jealousy and distrust, he requested Heloise to take the vail; and having no wish except to please her husband, she immediately complied, in spite of the opposition of her friends.

Thus, to atone for the error of the past, both devoted themselves wholly to a religious life, and succeeded in adorning it with their piety and many virtues. Abelard underwent many sufferings and persecutions. Heloise first became prioress of Argenteuil; afterward, she removed with her nuns to the Paraclete, an asylum which Abelard had built and then abandoned. But she never subdued her woman's devotion for Abelard. While abbess of the Paraclete, Heloise revealed the undercurrent of earthly passion which flowed beneath the even piety of the bride of heaven, in a letter which she wrote to Abelard, on the occasion of an account of his sufferings, written by himself to a friend, falling into her hands. In a series of lettters which passed between them at this time, she exhibits a pious and Christian endeavor to perform her duties as an abbess, but persists in retaining the devoted attachment of a wife for her husband. Abelard, somewhat coldly, endeavors to direct her mind entirely to heaven; rather affects to treat her as a daughter than a wife; and seems anxious to check those feelings toward himself which he judged it better for the abbess of the Paraclete to discourage than to foster. Heloise survived Abelard twenty-one years.

We have endeavored to state the bare facts of this tragic history, and feel bound, in conclusion, to warn the reader that Pope's far-famed epistle of "Heloise to Abelard" conveys a totally erroneous notion of a woman who died a model of piety and universally beloved. She ever looked up to her husband with veneration, appreciating him as a great scholar and philosopher. She gave up everything on his account; and though once, when a mere girl, she was

weak when she should have been strong, there is none of that sensuality traceable in her passionate devotion which is Pope's pet idea, and which he pursues with such assiduity. Perhaps the best passage in Pope's poem is one in which he represents Heloise as describing the melancholy of her convent's seclusion. We subjoin it as a specimen of the poem, without being very vain of it:

"The darksome pines, that o'er yon rocks reclined,
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind;
The wandering streams that shine between the hills,
The grots that echo to the tinkling rills;
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
No more these scenes my meditation aid;
Or lull to rest the visionary maid.
But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long sounding isles, and intermingling graves,
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence and a dread repose:
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades every flower, and darkens every green;
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And wreaths a browner horror on the woods."

ORIENTAL INDIFFERENCE TO LIFE.

It needs a very long time and much bitter experience to teach a European how lightly an Oriental stakes his life, how quietly he pays forfeit when he loses. Be it a savage foe or a remorseless climate against which he plays, the low caste Hindoo will wager death and torment for a few copper coins. I had a bheestie in that war, who was invalided for frost-bite, and probably lost both his feet, while all the time he was carrying in his knapsack the good English boots and long warm stockings I had given him. These he meant to sell, putting them on only when sure to see me; but he waited to secure a higher price. And he tramped barefoot, he slept in cotton cloths, when the thermometer fell below zero, until he sacrificed his limbs, perhaps his life. Playing the same stakes against a human enemy, the Hindoo is still more reckless.

WARFARE IN "CHIVALROUS" TIMES.

One instance of promiscuous slaughter is remarkable for the high esteem to which it sometimes raised its chief perpetrator. In the famous war between the citizens of Ghent and the Earl of Flanders, there was no worse episode than when the Lord d'Anghien took the town of Grammont by storm one fine Sunday in June, and showed no mercy to man, woman or child. Old people and women were burned in their beds, and the town, being set on fire in more than two hundred places, was reduced to ashes, even the churches included. "Fair son," said the Earl of Flanders, greeting his returning relative, "you are a valiant warrior, and, if it please God, will be a gallant one; for you have made a handsome beginning." History cannot but rejoice that the young duke's first feat of arms was also his last, and that, not many days later, he lost his life in a skirmish.

Of course, all persons found within a town taken by assault were by the rule of war liable, and all the male adults likely, to be killed. Only by a timely surrender could the besieged cherish any hope for their lives or fortunes; and even the offer of a surrender might be refused, and an unconditional submission be insisted on instead.

There is no darker blot on the character of Edward III. than the savage disposition he displayed when, with respect to the brave defenders of Calais, he was only restrained from exercising his strict war right of putting them to death by the representations made to him of the danger he might incur of an equally sanguinary retaliation in the future.

There was in general a strong feeling against making ladies prisoners of war; nor could the French ever forgive England for allowing the soldiers of the Black Prince to take prisoner the Duchess of Bourbon, mother to the King, and to obtain a ransom for her release. To the French appears to have been due whatever advance was made in the more humane treatment of prisoners. Both the Spaniards and Germans were wont to fasten their prisoners with iron chains; but of the French, Froissart says, expressly: "They neither imprison their captives nor put on them shackles and fetters, as the Germans do, in order to obtain a better ransom—curses on them for it! They are without pity or honor, and ought never to receive any quarter. The French entertained their prisoners well and ransomed them courteously, without being too hard with them." In this spirit Bertrand du Guesclin let his English prisoners go at large on their parole for their ransom, a generosity toward their foes which the English on occasion knew how to requite.

Froissart gives one striking illustration of the greater barbarity of the Spaniards toward their prisoners, which should not be forgotten in endeavoring to form a general estimate of the character of the military type of life in the palmiest days of chivalry. In a war between Castile and Portugal, whenever the Castilians took any prisoners they tore out their eyes, tore off their arms and legs, and in such a plight sent them back to Lisbon. It speaks highly for the conduct of the Lisboners that they did not retaliate such treatment, but allowed their prisoners every comfort they could expect in their circumstances.

HOW MARSHAL SOULT OBTAINED HIS MURILLO.

Of the thirteen Murillos which Marshal Soult managed to collect in Spain, one of them, an "Immaculate Conception," at the Marshal's sale in May, 1852, was bought by the French Government for 586,000 francs!

There is an amusing story of the circumstances under which Soult secured his prize. In his pursuit of Sir John Moore he overtook two Capuchin friars, who turned out, as he suspected them to be, spies. On hearing that there were some fine Murillos in the convent to which they belonged, he ordered them to show him the way to it. Here he saw the Murillo in question, and offered to purchase it. All to no purpose, till the prior found that the only way to save the lives of his two brethren was to come to terms.

"But," said the prior, "we have had 100,000 francs offered for it."

"I will give you 200,000 francs," was the reply, and the bargain was concluded.

"You will give me up my two brethren?" asked the prior.

"Oh," said the marshal, very politely, "if you wish to ransom them it will give me the greatest pleasure to meet your wishes. The price is 200,000 francs."

The prior got his friars, but lost his picture.

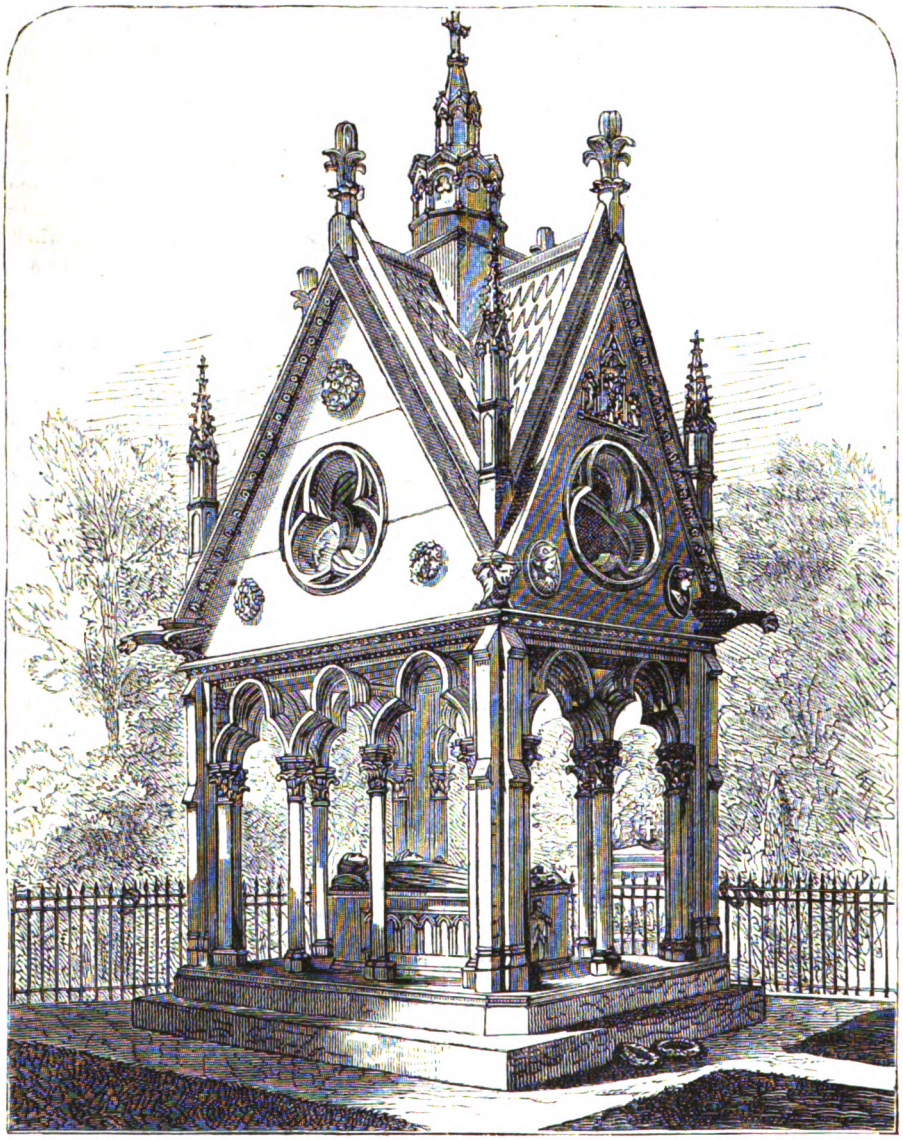
NEWPORT'S WONDERFUL FLOWERS.

Where else do roses grow so near the sea that the salt spray falls upon them, and grow so wondrously as in the Bancroft rose-garden? If "love begets love," it is not at all strange that the great historian calls his own the finest

rose-garden in the land. He will point out and call by name for you a hundred varieties growing in one bed. An interesting fact is that, besides this famous garden, and almost through it, with no fence guarding it, runs a public path, open to all the world; yet never a flower has been molested, never a bit of the fruit, which grows there also, has been touched. You may surprise Mr. Bancroft himself among his treasures almost any hour on a June day; but he keeps no guard, and trusts us all implicitly, and if he sees a wistful look come into your eyes as they wander over his roses, he is very likely to gather an armful and bring them to the path and give them to you, stranger though you are.

To two things Newport owes its floral beauties—to the humidity of the atmosphere and to the care of its florists and gardeners. The Eastern workman lavishes no more time and skill on the textile fabric, which grows under his hands, than did the gardener here last year, who faithfully copied an Oriental carpet and spread it upon a Newport lawn. It was a marvel—this floral "prayer rug," with its artistic, subdued, yet rich coloring of the East. Its hues harmonized to a perfection that was almost incredible, when one reflected that it was made up of thousands of growing plants; and all Summer long it was carefully kept in this state of perfection. Looking down from the height of an upper window, the deception was complete, so closely did it imitate a Turkish carpet.

Last Summer, on another lawn—belonging to a Bostonian—there grew a quotation from Shakespeare, every letter as perfectly outlined as the best draughtsman might do it with pencil or brush. The rarest of plants were employed, and the effect was exceedingly beautiful. Neither of these lawn decorations, though without doubt the finest of the kind ever attempted in America, was as surprising or as effective as a similar embroidery in flowers which I once saw in France. This was in the form of a lady's necklace, of course, greatly exaggerated in size, so that it covered a large piece of lawn. A slender chain of golden blossoms lay upon the grass, fastened with a clasp of amethyst. From this chain depended pendants, each representing some precious stone set round with other stones, or in a filigree of yellow leaves. It was copied from a veritable necklace in a famous collection of jewels. All the plants used in this feature of landscape gardening are low-growing, so that the surface is compact and smooth, and but little raised above the closely cut grass.



RESTORED TOMB OF ABELARD AND HELOISE AT PÈRE LACHAISE, FRANCE.—SEE PAGE 286.

The words "Ocean House" have in this manner lain upon the terrace before the hotel of that name at Newport for two Summers. Soon at Newport we shall see a sight, the like of which I doubt ever has been seen in our country—an acre or more of rare Holland tulips in blossom; such a wealth of blazing, glowing color as one must look upon to appreciate and realize. Nearly half a million bulbs, imported from Haarlem, have been set out close together on this piece of land, lying in the middle of the tract recently purchased by the Boston syndicate. This is an experiment. If successful, and the bulbs can be raised in Newport, it will no longer be necessary to bring them from Holland, which country now supplies the world.

It is more honorable to acknowledge our faults than to boast of our merits.

The first step to self-knowledge is self-trust. Nor can we attain to any knowledge except by a like process.

THE RECTOR.—"SHE SAT AT HIS FEET, LIKE A BABY OF FIVE, AND LOOKED UP, OH! SO EARNESTLY, INTO HIS TRUTHFUL EYES, AND IMPLORED HIM TO HELP HER—MAKE HER BETTER."— SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE GREEN GNOME.*

A MELODY.

RING, sing! ring, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!
Chime, rhyme! chime, rhyme! through the dales and dells!
Rhyme, ring! chime, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!
Chime, sing! rhyme ring! over fields and fells!

And I gallop'd and I gallop'd on my palfrey white as milk;
My robe was of the sea-green woof, my serk was of the silk;
My hair was golden yellow, and it floated to my shoe;
My eyes were like two harebells bathed in little drops of dew
My palfrey, never stopping, made a music sweetly blent
With the leaves of Autumn dropping all around me as I went;
And I heard the bells, grown fainter, far behind me peal and play,
Fainter, fainter, fainter, fainter, till they seemed to die away;
And beside a silver runnel, on a little heap of sand,
I saw the green Gnome sitting, with his cheek upon his hand;
Then he started up to see me, and he ran with cry and bound,
And drew me from my palfrey white, and set me on the ground.
Oh, crimson, crimson were his locks, his face was green to see,
But he cried, "Oh, light-haired lassie, you are bound to marry me!"
He clasped me round the middle small, he kissed me on the cheek,
He kissed me once, he kissed me twice—I could not breathe or speak;
He kissed me twice, he kissed me thrice—but when he kissed again,
I called aloud upon the name of Him who died for men!

Ring, sing! ring, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!
Chime, rhyme! chime, rhyme! through the dales and dells!
Rhyme, ring! chime, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!
Chime, sing! rhyme, ring! over fields and fells!
Oh, faintly, faintly, faintly, calling men and maids to pray,
So faintly, faintly, faintly, rang the bells far away;
And when I named the Blessed Name, as in our need we can,
The ugly green, green Ghome became a tall and comely man!
His hands were white, his beard was gold, his eyes were black as sloes,
His tunic was of scarlet woof, and silken were his hose;
A pensive light from Faëryland still linger'd on his cheek.
His voice was like the running brook when he began to speak:
"Oh, you have cast away the charm my stepdame put on me;
Seven years I dwelt in Faëryland, and you have set me free!
Oh, I will mount the palfrey white, and ride to kirk with thee,
And, by those little dewy eyes, we twain will wedded be!"
Back we gallop'd, never stopping, he before and I behind,
And the Autumn leaves were dropping, red and yellow in the wind,
And the sun was shining clearer, and my heart was high and proud,
As nearer, nearer, nearer, rang the kirk bells sweet and loud,
And we saw the kirk before us, as we trotted down the fells,
And nearer, clearer, o'er us, rang the welcome of the bells!

Ring, sing! ring, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!
Chime, rhyme! chime, rhyme! through the dales and dells!
Rhyme, ring! chime, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!
Chime, sing! rhyme, ring! over fields and fells!

* From "Ballads of Life, Love and Humor." By Robert Buchanan.

THE RECTOR.

BY R. A. LEA.

CHAPTER I.

YES! he was handsome, tall, well-made, and decidedly a fine man. I was obliged to own it, sitting in my pew in church, on the last day of the old year, critically studying our new rector, as he read the prayers in a deep, powerful voice, for the prayers were read, not intoned. The parish had been in a great state of excitement as to the possible changes a young and energetic man might make in our time-honored, old-fashioned service.

I was alone, my mother being too delicate to venture out in the Winter, and although I listened to the rector's voice, my thoughts wandered to the olden days, that seemed so far off, yet it was but a few short months since my dear father's death, when we left London and the luxury of wealth, to economize in Rosedale, and try and live upon little more than the fortune my mother was wont to spend upon dress.

The rector in the pulpit, I noticed with pleasure he had no written sermon; he seemed earnest and slightly pompous, alike large in manner and person. Owing to his north-country speech, his pronunciation of some few words was peculiar.

Watching the firm mouth, noting the straight, thick eyebrows, my verdict was "Uncompromising, ambitious and aggressive." How came he in the Church? Church militant should be for this man armed at all points; and so I sat speculating, until my attention was arrested, and I thought more of what he was saying than of what he was.

The service over, I hastened home.

"How do you like the new rector?" was my mother's first question.

"He is very handsome," I replied, unhesitatingly—"a kind of Pope Hildebrand, sure to be spoiled by the worship of all these silly geese. He's not the sort to be snapped up, as that poor, simple curate was who married Miss Bounce, because he hadn't the pluck enough to say No when she proposed. Mr. Armstrong would have said No very decidedly."

"How you rattle on, Alice, dear! Do you think he will call? I do so dread seeing strangers."

"Never fear, mother mine—he'll only call on the big wigs! Your widow's mite won't buy so much as a brick for his new steeple! He won't trouble us!"

"Does he preach well, and was the church full?"

"Crowded, and blind hero-worship written on every upturned woman's face of the congregation, as they reverentially listened to the oracle. I must allow that he preaches well, and has a magnificent voice."

"You must allow!" my mother repeated. "Dear child——Ah, me! youth is very hard and uncompromising."

"Don't say that, mother mine."

"Yes, dear; because Mr. Armstrong happens to be good-looking, well-off, a bachelor, and all the young ladies in Rosedale are ready to fall in love with him, you are most unreasonably prejudiced against him."

"Oh, dear, no! only I am sick of the praises of our clerical Phœnix."

I left mamsie placidly knitting, her armchair drawn near the fire, yet not too far from the window but that the wintry sunbeams might cover her with a pale glory.

Throwing off my bonnet, I wrapped a shawl around me, and went into the garden to gather the few flowers still in bloom. A bunch of Christmas roses in my hand, and singing "'Tis the Last Rose of Winter," burst into the room, to start back in dismay, seeing a gentleman sitting near my mother. He rose, and bowing, held out his hand. It was the rector.

What with the surprise and the cold air, I blushed.

"Miss Fortescue, I presume? I was explaining to your mother that I have a claim upon your friendship—your father and mine were at Cambridge together. You see, we ought to be friends."

He held my hand in his, and the neat little preface gave me time to recover my composure, the more that mother added:

"'Tis most kind of Mr. Armstrong to call. I am a sad invalid, and can see very few people; friends we have none, for we are newcomers, and almost strangers in your parish."

"How dull you must find a suburb after London! Half-town, half-country, like a Liberal Conservative, meaning neither one thing nor the other. I was hoping that Miss Fortescue would help me in my new duties, by giving me the *carte du pays*, and some slight knowledge of my parishioners."

"Indeed, no!" I hastily replied. "I know no one. I hope you won't wish to make me useful. I hate district visiting and schools and——"

"Alice!" mamsie interrupted, in a warning voice.

"Too ornamental to be useful," Mr. Armstrong remarked, a laugh ill-covering a sneer.

I hated him, and must have turned white with indignation, and the more that I had brought it upon myself.

"Mrs. Wade, the curate's wife, will gladly tell you all and more than you require. She is a walking chronicle of the small sayings and doings of Rosedale."

"Did you help with the church decorations?" he inquired, with an admiring glance at my Winter nosegay.

"No; I have no taste—no call, I mean—for that sort of thing. Shall I ring for tea, mother?"

"Do, dear; and perhaps Mr. Armstrong will take some."

Tea was brought, and I poured out and handed the tea and toast, and meekly waited upon the rector, while he chatted pleasantly with my mother, not again looking at or addressing me, except to ask for more sugar.

I felt grateful for his ready kindness to her, but could not forgive him on my own account.

He left, promising to call again. Mamsie had enjoyed the change; she missed more than she allowed the pleasant circle of genial friends, the sparkling conversation of the clever talkers who gathered round us and formed our London coterie.

Chapter II.

The rector kept his word, and often dropped in to see us. When the twilight shadows were deepening, and mother and I were idly sitting over the fire, we heard his ring and well-known step, and although I was frequently prickly and disagreeable, insensibly I felt drawn to him, and at times was dimly conscious that the sympathy of friendship was ripening into a warmer feeling.

This pleasant life lasted until my cousin, Lady Everest, a young widow, came to stay with us. Fascinating and lovely, delicate and graceful, with an exceedingly small figure, she was a diamond edition of beauty.

She dressed well and fashionably, and where nature failed, unscrupulously called art to her assistance. Her creed was to make the best of everything and everybody.

La blonde Blanche was a dangerous flirt. She voted Rosedale dull, and not a decent man in the place, until Sunday, when she accompanied me to church.

"How deliciously grand-looking the parson is!" was her flippant observation. "Pity he's not in the cavalry. What a swell he'd be on horseback! Does he ride?"

"He dees," I said, curtly.

"Does he visit auntie?"

"He does," I remarked again.

"Oh!"

Blanche was silent during the remainder of the walk, probably organizing plans for the coming assault.

The campaign was short and successful. Blanche Everest was perfectly bewitching, nor could John Armstrong imagine her to be a frivolous, heartless flirt. She sat at his feet—morally and physically—flouncing down on a low stool, like a baby of five, and tossing back her glittering mane ("heavy golden tresses" he called them), looked up, oh! so earnestly into his truthful eyes, and implored him to help her—make her better. What books should she read? How could she help in the parish—teach in the schools, visit the poor old bedridden women—anything to help her neighbor, and, in so doing, help herself to a more useful, broader, more beautiful life? She was heartily weary of the round of empty frivolity and worldly gayety, etc., etc.

Mr. Armstrong fell into the snare, and set to work in earnest to convert my fair and dangerous little cousin.

At last Lady Everest's visit came to an end, and I consented to go with her to London for a few days.

My mother wished me to have change, and I, too, longed to be away.

Chapter III.

Lady Everest's house in town was a tiny, old-fashioned one, opposite Kensington Gardens, and the broad walk bordered by magnificent elms.

The drawing-room, hung with pale-blue satin, was furnished with low couches and lounging-chairs of Amboyna wood and gold; a wealth of knick-knacks recalled the memories of her frequent sojournings abroad, and in every available nook and corner flowering shrubs were placed, and the air was fragrant with the scent of hot-house flowers.

One afternoon Blanche was lounging lazily on a couch, reading a French novel, I plunged in the double enjoyment of a new poem and an easychair, when the Reverend Mr. Armstrong was announced.

"Gracious! the bishop!" Blanche exclaimed—that being the preferment she had bestowed upon him in our confidential talks.

Quietly slipping the French book under the sofa-cushion, she gracefully rose to welcome him.

I started to my feet. I saw his lip curl, as, looking around, he said:

"What a fairy palace you inhabit, Lady Everest! Such a contrast to my den, or to your cozy fireside," he added, turning to me. "Quite a Castle of Indolence! And how many mirrors—one, two——"

"Don't trouble yourself," Blanche interrupted; "there are only six in this room. I like to see pretty things around me, and that is why I like to look into my mirrors—*comprenez vouz?*"

Her smile broke into a ringing laugh at his mystified expression.

"Don't look so black and cross, please; I'd no idea you were in town. When did you come?"

"Yesterday. Only for a few days."

While I was asking about my mother, Blanche consulted her engagement-book, and exclaimed, in an imperative voice:

"You must dine with me on Monday. Don't say no; I'll never forgive you. You see, I'm a backslider since leaving dear Rosedale, and you find me wallowing in luxury; but I can't become a reformed character all at once."

She looked irresistibly pretty, and of course he accepted—indeed, he seemed rather to enjoy the comfortable luxury, and staid until the clock struck seven, when he started up with an apology for his visitation.

"At what hour do you dine on Monday?" he asked.

"Eight o'clock," my cousin replied.

"London hours!" he ejaculated, as he left; whereupon Blanche indulged in a prolonged series of yawns.

"Fortunately, we don't dine out to-night; pastoral visits are nice, but one may have too much of a good thing. Mind, Alice, on Monday we shall have a severe dinner, and make the most of having the cloth. I'll throw in some heavies, and prune the rich fancy running riot in this room and the boudoir."

"What an arch-flirt you are, dear! Would you marry him?" I asked, anxiously.

"Marry him! I should be like *un diable dans un benitier.* Fancy me cutting out flannel petticoats, making shirts, and presiding gracefully over a soup-kitchen. I could never do Goody!"

NORTH ENTRANCE TO ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL.—SEE PAGE 295.

tidy things had vanished; the yellow, paper-covered French novels had given place to Doré's "Dante" and "Gems of Art"; pure white camellias filled the vases, and the exuberant light and coloring was judiciously toned down and lowered.

"She must love him," I reflected, when Blanche remarked:

"Mind, the reverend takes you down to dinner; and don't let him absorb me afterward; I have something else in view. You sit near Captain Lennox."

What a sphinx she was!

"Don't set me the herculean task of retaining and amusing your admirers," I bitterly retorted.

"You ought to be grateful, Alice. I believe you like him yourself. Pin up this curl for me, there's a dear! Félicie has no taste."

I did so in silence, Blanche rattling on the while.

"I bet the parson comes first—oh, don't let me forget to ask him to say grace. It's rather nice having one's chaplain, isn't it?"

Before I could answer her senseless chatter, Lord Maybury was announced; other guests followed quickly. Mr. Armstrong was the last to arrive. Together we went to dinner. He talked

"Then why don't you tell him so?"

"Don't you scald your pretty fingers in my kail," and Blanche left to dress for dinner.

On Monday I was struck with the change in the rooms.

"Chaste and elegant," Blanche said, answering my astonished look.

"So you are, dear," I willfully remarked.

Blanche looked charming in black velvet and lace, bright diamonds glittering in her golden hair.

The room had undergone a change as if by magic. The artistic litter of pretty, un-

SNOW-BARRIER NEAR GIORNICO.

SOUTH APPROACH TO THE ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL NEAR AIROLO—THE ZIGZAGS INDICATE THE OLD CARRIAGE ROAD.

pleasantly, but his thoughts were not with me; he watched every movement, every word, of Blanche, and all my efforts at small-talk hung fire.

I was very angry with him for not seeing how unworthy she was, as she sat in the insolence of her beauty, flirting with the old peer, whose arm she had taken (and whose hand, *on dit*, she might have had), and the handsome young Count di Spina, who sat on her left, and to whom she had assigned a colorless girl of sweet sixteen, too shy to talk any language but her own, and very little of that; still my lady rattled on in fluent, if not in choice, Italian.

My heart ached for John Armstrong. The dinner over, and once more in the drawing-room, I was mindful of my cousin's injunction, and did

my best to attract him, but in vain, until I bethought me of the photograph album. We turned over one, dedicated solely to Blanche—her Book of Beauty. In it she appeared in every variety of attitude and costume.

John silently passed them over, until I pointed to a lovely vignette, recalling one of Greuze's sweet heads. His face softened as he gazed fixedly at it. How I longed to be beautiful!"

"Do sing me an Irish ballad," Lord Maybury was saying, while the count begged for a Neapolitan canzonetta. On her way to the piano, Blanche bent toward Mr. Armstrong. I heard her say, in a very low voice:

"It shall be your favorite, 'I'm Wearin' Awa', Jean.'"

The sad words floated on the air, filling the hushed silence with their plaintive sorrow. Tears rose to my eyes as I listened to the silvery voice dying away in a low, mournful wail.

Suddenly the singer dashed into the brilliant bravura, "*Una voce poco fa*," the birdlike voice reveling in the *fiorituri* and *roulader* of Rossini's masterpiece. All were loud in their praises and thanks when Blanche left the piano; and so the weary evening passed away, the guests retiring at a much earlier hour than was their wont, generally, on such occasions.

A STORM ON MOUNT ST. GOTHARD.

Chapter IV.

Early next morning I was roused from an unrefreshing sleep by a telegram recalling me to Rosedale.

My mother was worse, and the doctors assured me her only chance of life was in leaving England at once for the South. They sent her away to die.

I pass over the months of wearying anxiety until I was left alone and almost penniless in a strange land. I sought for and obtained a situation as governess. We traveled constantly from place to place, and I heard only at rare intervals from my Cousin Blanche.

Sorrow had softened me; and, more charitable than in the days of my uncompromising youth, I found myself clinging to my only relative, and acknowledging the fascination of her quick wit and kindly nature.

Two years had passed, when I received a letter from my solicitor, containing the news that a small sum of money had been left me by an unknown uncle (the scapegrace of the family), a brother of my father's. The fortune was not much, but to me it was everything—independence. As the glorious idea flashed upon me, I determined forthwith to start for England, and wrote to Blanche, asking her to engage rooms for me in Victoria Street.

Oh, to be once more in England, to meet the old friends once more! My day-dreams were full of my new life—how I should gratify my taste in furnishing my nest with comfortable old-fashioned furniture and hangings in *les couleurs dégradées*, and sage-greens.

On my arrival I was affectionately greeted by my charming cousin, and obliged to promise to stay with her while the flat was being put in readiness. Blanche herself looked not a day older. No care had ruffled the smooth surface of her life's calm sea, but the drawing-room struck me as a shade less gorgeous than of yore; its Summer dress of chintz and lace curtains looked airy and cool; from the open windows the fragrant scent of mignonette came, and the light was agreeably tempered by a sunshade. Coming in from the afternoon glare and the dust, the lounging-chair into which I sank seemed a very haven of rest.

"Don't you find me changed, dear?" Blanche inquired.

"Not at all," I replied; "just the same."

"Not altered for the better?"—this in a very demure tone.

"Let me have a good look; perhaps you are a trifle more matronly and severe."

I noticed that the fluffy light hair was banded smoothly from the low forehead, and twisted simply in a great knot.

"Ah!" my cousin said, with a sigh, stroking the folds of her rich gray silk gown; "and my dress, dear; quite Quaker-like simplicity."

"Well done, simplicity!" I quoted, adding, "What have you done with your frisettes and your curls, and your plaits, and your—your—you know? What does it all mean?"

"That I am going into the Church."

"Nonsense! You a Sister of Mercy?"

"Mercy! No! La, dear, I'm going to be married!"

"Married, and to whom?"

"To the bishop."

"Colonial?" I asked, much relieved.

"Why, Alice, don't you remember Brother Armstrong? I used to call him the bishop. He's the Dean of St. Arne. always knew he'd succeed."

All the blood left my cheeks; I felt faint.

"What a fool I am!" she muttered.

I broke down, and, after a violent fit of tears, I kissed Blanche, and, without a word, went off to my room to be alone with my misery.

Chapter V.

Blanche delicately contrived I should not meet John. She did not ask him to dinner, and I managed to be out when he paid his regular visit.

"Once a week, dear, you know, I take him in!" she laughingly remarked to me. "I couldn't stand it oftener; it would interfere with my daily duties."

The most important of these consisted in practicing for a concert to be given by the Duchess of Ardmore, in aid of the funds of the Woman's Rights and Wrongs Co-operative Association, Unlimited—I quote Blanche.

She was to sing a duet with her old admirer, the Count di Spina, and a solo. From early dawn to dewy eve she practiced.

As the eventful day approached, Blanche became more absorbed, going off to the last rehearsal in great excitement.

On her return she found me ready to start (John was expected). Eagerly showing me the programme, she exclaimed:

"Aren't they sweet?" They were embellished with portraits of the performers. "Isn't it a good idea—photographs?

I gazed in astonishment at the cards.

"Tickets, one guinea each, and at St. Mary's Hall! Why, it's a public concert. And your portrait, dear Blanche, and looking like a French actress! Oh! don't let them have your portrait."

"Don't be ridiculous, Alice! You are so *collet monté*."

"Does Mr. Armstrong know it?" I gasped—the old, familiar name coming to my lips.

"Yes—no; I am not sure if I told him."

"Doesn't he object?"

"I should hope not."

Hastily throwing down the programme, she turned to leave the room, pausing momentarily to look at herself in the glass.

"I must take off this delicious bonnet. John can't bear it; he's no taste. Isn't it becoming?"

Chapter VI.

On my return, Blanche called me to her room.

"Such a scene," she began. "I hate men. John positively forbids my singing to-morrow. Isn't it a shame—Puritanical nonsense, to which he expects me to knock under."

"I am so sorry," I gently said, when she paused to take breath.

"Sorry! What for? For him, perhaps. You don't suppose I'm going to give in and give up, and disappoint every one, and myself most? My word is given, my dress is ordered, and I shall sing."

"What will John do?"

"What he evidently wishes—break off the engagement. I believe it's a flimsy pretext. He has long been thinking of it."

"You are angry and unjust," I said, indignantly.

"Of course you stand up for him. Tyrant! I shan't give way, upon principle. Only think of his stalking off, as black as a thunderstorm, exclaiming, with injured majesty, 'If you care for me you will not sing at this public concert.'"

"You do care for him, Blanche," I pleaded; "and you know how he has worshiped you all these years."

Her look softened.

"He's such a temper—oh! so passionate; all his self-control couldn't keep him calm. I was absolutely frightened. I shall never forget his look when I tripped into the room. There he stood, holding in his hand the *acte d'accusation*, those lovely programmes. I was allowed to explain, to justify myself; but the more I talked the blacker he looked, and the end of it was my lord went off with the dagger-and-poison threat: 'Your money or your life'—'your vanity or your love!' That's the way he put it."

Her anger was cooling; love had nearly won the day, when, unluckily the maid entered with her new dress—a triumph of Worth's art.

"What a success—perfect clouds of tulle—I must wear it! Besides, Alice, what excuse can I make for throwing them over at the last minute? The prima donna—*noblesse oblige!* For a charity, too, and I can't say I'm ill. John wouldn't wish me to tell a lie."

"Tell the duchess the truth," I suggested.

"Thanks! to be the laughing-stock of the town. No, no, no!"

"Consider your happiness."

"I do, and I believe we were never suited to each other. As I told John, you are much more like his ideal. He's too superior for me; he makes me feel so small and insignificant, and I have to try so hard to seem better than I am. It's quite a relief to be with an inferior lover like Di Spina, who blindly worships, and swears I am—what John hopes I may be."

And so the discussion ended. Lady Everest never sang more brilliantly, or looked more lovely, than on the morrow.

Chapter VII.

The last day of the old year found me sitting at my lonely fireside, thinking of the past; my happy childhood-life at Rosedale, my foreign experiences, and now, doubly orphaned, my solitary life. Tears blind my sight; I cannot see the writing on the letter I hold in my hand. I open it, a shower of rose-leaves and orange-blossoms fall, scattering their sweetness around. It is from Blanche—Lady Everest no longer; from Nice she sends me a few kind words and good wishes for the coming year. Like

herself, the letter breathes sunshine and perfume. The postscript says :

"I met the Dean of St. Arne a few weeks since, looking very handsome, but sterner and more bilious than ever; he seemed quite to have got over his worthless attachment to me—I mean his attachment to worthless me; inquired affectionately after you, and, I expect, will speedily find his way to the Ideal Woman's fireside—

'He has brown eyes—beware, beware!
He has a temper, pray, take care!'

But I know the caution will be in vain. Your ever-loving cousin,
"BIANCA (sweet!) DI SPINA."

I laughed, with the tears still in my eyes, and, springing up, I determined to sally forth on an errand of mercy, and try by making others happy to make myself so.

It was a bright, frosty day. I managed to walk off my depression, and returned from my poor neighbors with heart and purse both lighter.

At the door I waited, hearing a footstep, and turning round, I found myself face to face with John Armstrong.

How handsome he looked, the glowing light of the setting sun shining upon him, as he stood with raised hat and outstretched hand to greet me.

Involuntarily I glanced at his hair ; it was gray.

He answered the glance.

"White and venerable since we last met. How well you are looking!"

"Through my vail," I said, and blushed ; "but please don't stand upon the doorstep ; come in."

I drew a latch-key from my pocket and led the way to my den. Very cheerful and comfortable it looked, the firelight shining on the books covering the walls.

I drew an armchair forward, and made my guest sit down, and throwing off my sealskin jacket and hat, I rang for tea.

"How pleasant your life must be!" he said ; "no cares, no troubles."

"And no pleasures," I suggested ; adding, "I don't mean that exactly, I have much to be thankful for :

'In books and work and healthful play
My latter years will pass.'"

"If I remember rightly, you like six lumps of sugar in your tea."

"I never touch sugar. I have lost my taste for sweets. That was in the days of my youth."

He sighed.

After a while we talked of Blanche, and he told me how her beauty and sprightliness had fascinated him against his judgment ; and as he talked, it was as if no shadow had ever come between us.

"Do you know," I said, "it is just seven years since you preached your first sermon at Rosedale?"

"I preach at the Abbey to-morrow ; will you come and hear me, and wait, that I may walk back with you."

The twilight deepened, and as I bent to stir the fire into a flame, he continued :

"You do not answer, Alice ; may I—I must speak to you."

"Never put off to the morrow what you can do to-day!" I laughingly replied.

"Amen! So be it," he said.

Something in his voice made me look up ; the firelight flashed upon his face, and, in his eyes I read what he had to say.

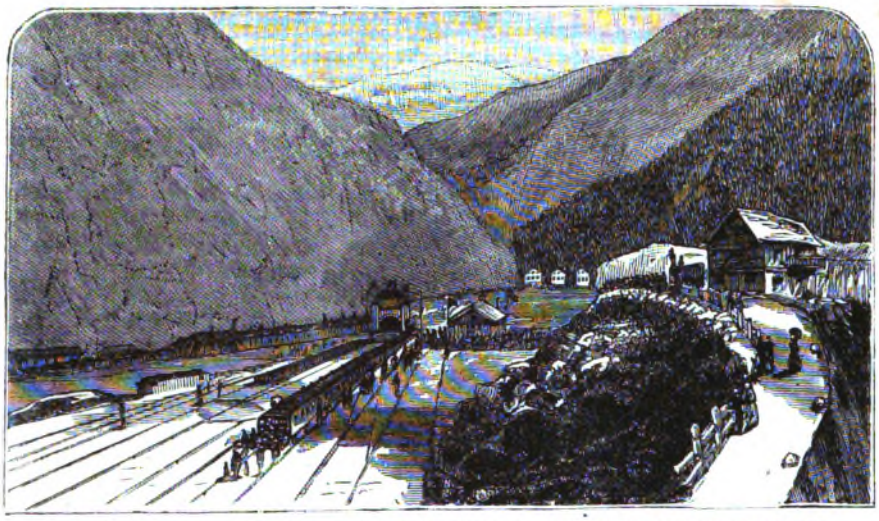
At midnight the bells chimed out, and as I listened to the song, floating on the still air, they brought the sweetest of all messages to me—the song of hope and love, and of a new life dawning in the bright glory of the young year.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT TUNNELS IN GENERAL, AND THE ST. GOTHARD IN PARTICULAR.

MANY curious things might be said about tunnels, old as well as new. For instance, the stupendous work—whose history links modern with ancient engineering—the object of which was to connect Lake Fucinus, now called Celano, with the Liris, now the river Garigliano, was undertaken 42 A. D. It took nearly eleven years to complete, and 30,000 men are said to have been engaged upon it. This subterranean canal was executed by order of the Emperor Claudius. For nearly eighteen centuries it seems to have been forgotten ; but on its discovery, about sixty years ago, the Neapolitan Government resolved to clear it out. This was accordingly done, but not until several years had been spent upon the task. The improved tunnel is four miles long ; the original length was three miles. Prince Torlonia of Rome gradually bought up the shares, and carried on the operations at his expense until his death in 1871.

Modern tunneling—which, by-the-way, is quite a distinct profession—is of three classes : first, tunneling through soft ground, such as clay, loose rock, etc.; second, rock-tunneling without machinery ; third, tunneling through solid rock by the aid of machinery. In piercing a hill or other mass of earth, a large quantity of timber for temporary arching is required, until the brick or stone work has been provided. In some methods of tunnel-making it is judged more secure to brick the timber in. But this is very costly, especially when all the heavy timber has to be conveyed down a shaft or slope. Where the ground is rather yielding, and much water appears, an inverted arch is constructed across the bottom of the tunnel, so as to resist the pressure from beneath. There are now, however, other methods of construction in use. A new system has been devised of employing iron centres as a substitute for timber. Tunneling through loose rock, timbering, and then arching, is a method mostly in use in England and America ; and where the length is comparatively short, hand labor is found cheaper than the employment of machinery. But at the present day, this kind of engineering is conducted on a vast scale with steel and diamond-pointed drills, driven by compressed air (at about forty pounds to the square inch), which latter serves for ventilation purposes. In this way longer holes can be cut, and heavier charges of dynamite employed.

The first sub-aqueous tunnel in England was that under the Thames from Wapping to Rotherhithe, known as the Thames Tunnel. It was begun in 1807 ; the operations were stopped after a time ; but recommenced by Sir M. I. Brunel, in 1825. The work was again interrupted by accidents ; but the causeway was eventually opened for foot-passengers in 1843. In the year 1867 it was purchased by the East London Railway Company. It is 1,200 feet in length. Another subway is planned between the north side of the Thames and South Woolwich ; it will be much deeper below the bed of the Thames than the older subway, and is to be constructed to admit of the transit of troops and war-material from Woolwich to the north side of the river, thus avoiding the circuitous route over London Bridge. Of this class we must also mention the Severn Tunnel, commenced in 1875, and now well on toward completion ; but the bursting of a spring last year caused

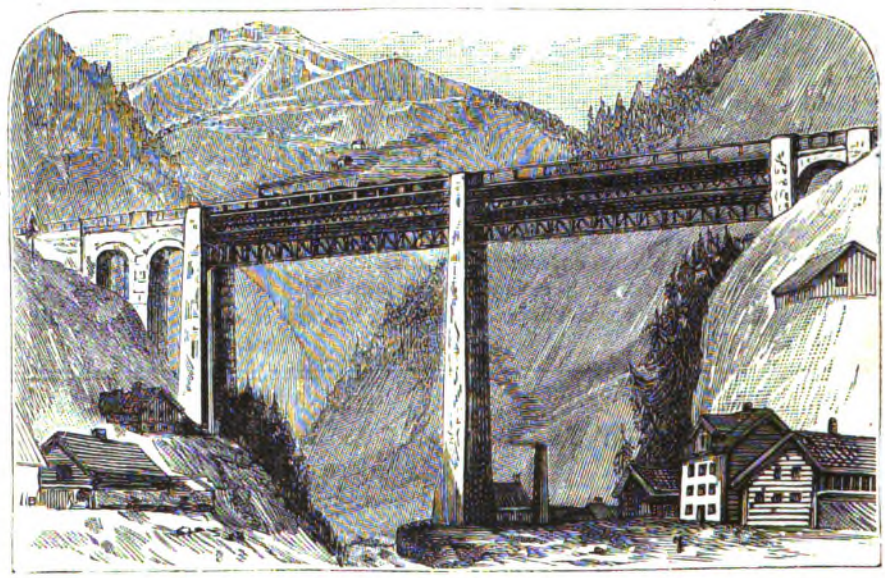


OPENING OF THE ST. GOTHARD RAILWAY—ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST TRAIN AT GOSCHENEN.

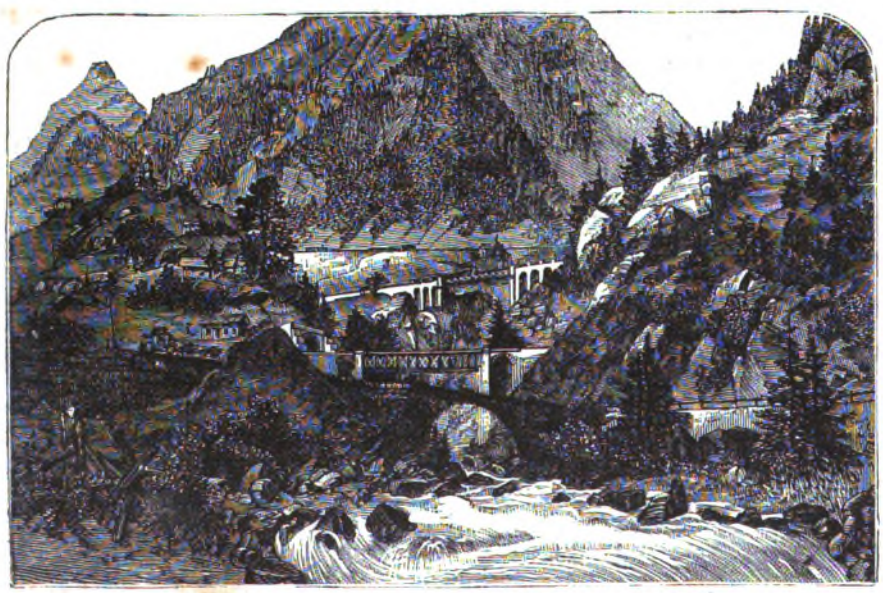
a serious interruption to the operations. The cutting has been mostly through rock, and about 100 yards in the centre of the channel yet remain unpierced.

Among other important works, the son of the eminent engineer above mentioned constructed Box Tunnel, on the Great Western Railway, in the vicinity of Bath; it is nearly four miles long. The Woodhead Tunnel, near Manchester, is three miles in length; a second cutting, of the same dimensions, was afterward made parallel with it, but separated by a longitudinal pier. The Kilsby Tunnel, on the London and Northwestern Railway, was four years in construction; it is 2,400 yards long, and cost £350,000; nearly four times the original estimate. Peculiar difficulties were encountered in making the Sydenham Tunnel (London, Chatham and Dover Railway). It is cut through the London clay, and while the works were in progress the clay commenced swelling and crushing the masonry. This was so serious that over 8,000 cubic yards of work had to be rebuilt.

Considerable progress is just now being made with borings for the tunnel to be cut by the Mersey Railway Company under the bed of the Mersey. The shaft on the Birkenhead side has been sunk to a depth of about 120 feet with most satisfactory results. The boring is through the New Red Sandstone; on the Liverpool side, a depth of 100 feet has been reached. It is scarcely necessary to mention the tunnel which forms the chief feature of the Metropolitan (or Underground) Railway of London, opened January 10th, 1863, and since extended in several directions. A similar work is projected for Paris, at an estimated cost of £6,000,000. There are now over eighty miles of tunneling in England.



VIADUCT IN THE MADERAN VALLEY.



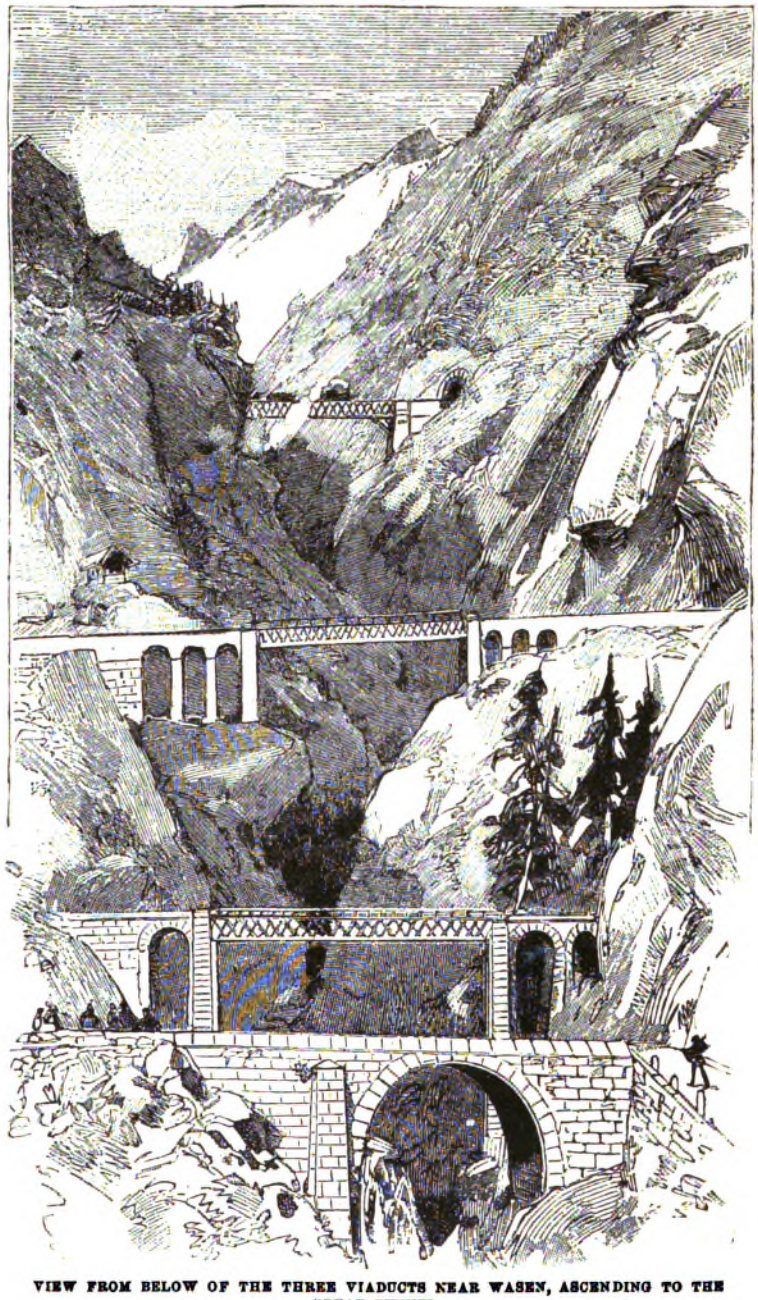
VIADUCTS AT THE END OF THE ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL.

Tunnels for portions of canal in hilly regions are sometimes of great length — such as the Canal de St. Quentin,

more than seven miles long; the Huddersfield, and the Mauvages (Canal du Marne au Rhin), three miles each; Sapperton, Thames and Medway, Dudley, Blisworth, Soussey, Pouilly, ranging from two to four miles.

Transatlantic enterprise of this class has made great advances of late years. We select two or three out of nearly a score which deserve mention. The Hoosac Tunnel was constructed to provide a direct route to the Hudson River. Until the cutting of this one, all rock tunneling in the United States was effected by hand-labor. It was commenced in 1858, and after several delays, arising from pecuniary difficulties and a serious accident in October, 1867, it was finished in 1874. Under Lake Michigan there is a tunnel, or rather aqueduct, constructed to convey pure water to the city of Chicago. This important work was begun in 1864, and completed in 1867; and a tunnel under the Hudson River at New York is progressing rapidly.

In August, 1857, the celebrated Mont Cenis Tunnel — incorrectly so termed, because it is sixteen miles from that mountain, the tunnel actually passing under the Grand Vallon — was commenced by manual labor, and continued so to be worked until 1861, when rock-boring machinery came into use, in consequence of which rapid advances were made. The First Napoleon constructed a magnificent military road over Mont Cenis Pass, and this was used regularly by travelers. At length, when the French railways had crept close to one flank of the range, and Italian railways close to the other, plans for a railway tunnel to connect the two were formed. The French and Italian Governments agreed to share the cost between them. The tunnel is nearly eight miles long, and as much as 5,000 feet above the level of the sea. After working from opposite sides of the mountain, the workmen at length met in the centre, December 26th, 1870. On the 17th of September in the following year the great undertaking was inaugurated in state, the ceremony being graced by the presence of the Empress Eugenie.



VIEW FROM BELOW OF THE THREE VIADUCTS NEAR WASEN, ASCENDING TO THE GREAT TUNNEL.

And now, in spite of the German prophecy, that "a large lake would be met with which would put a sudden end to all the work," we are able to record that on Sunday, 29th February, 1880, the St. Gothard Tunnel, another gigantic effort of engineering, was accomplished. Thus for the second time have the hoary Alps been pierced through their very heart.

The St. Gothard, until the present century, had been one of the least frequented passes, although the hospital of the monks of St. Gothard was founded in 1331. In 1816, however, a regular post between five Swiss cantons and Milan was established; yet up to 1820 the path was only practicable for horses and pedestrians, and until lately the journey from Lucerne to Turin occupied twenty-five hours and a half, whereas the same journey henceforward will occupy but eight hours. The convention for the construction of this railroad was signed by Italy and Switzerland in 1869, and in 1870 the North German Confederation adhered to the convention. Engineer Gelpke and the geometrician, Koppe, were the chief designers. At first seven companies sent in their estimates—one Swiss, one Franco-Swiss, one Italian, one German, two English, one American. Finally L. Favre, of Geneva, and the Italian Society of Public Works in Turin, headed by Grattoni, the constructor of the tunnel through Mont Cenis, were the only competitors, and to Favre the contract was assigned, his offer being considered the most advantageous.

Meanwhile, the administration of the St. Gothard railway had arranged for the commencement of the excavations of the grand tunnel, begun in June, 1872. For the perforation the waters of the Reuss were utilized on the

northern slope; those of Val Tremola on the southern. In 1879, Favre, who directed all the works in person, died suddenly of apoplexy in the tunnel as he was explaining the operations to some foreign visitors; nor was he the only victim, 179 workmen having lost their lives by accidents or suffocation, while hundreds of others have contracted maladies which sooner or later will bring them to the grave.

The work, which was never interrupted day or night, occupied nine years and three months—3,330 days in all. The first estimates of the sum total to be expended amounted to 227,000,000 francs, of which Italy agreed to pay 55,000,000, while various municipalities and provinces made up another 15,000,000; Germany and Switzerland contributed 63,000,000, the remainder of the sum being made up by shares, of which a vast number are held by Italians; so that in fact Italy has contributed far more than half of the sum total, the province and city of Milan alone furnishing 2,500,000.

The gallery of the St. Gothard runs in a straight line from the village of Göschenen to Albinengo, a village to the west of Airolo. The tunnel to be excavated along this line was 14,912 metres long, 2,700 metres longer than the gallery of Mont Cenis. In order to join it with the railroad which comes toward Airolo in an east-to-west direction, another gallery of 150 metres was excavated; in fact, between Göschenen and Brunnen there are twenty-seven galleries. The altitude at the entrance of the tunnel at Göschenen is 1,109 metres above the sea level; in the centre fifty metres higher, at Airolo forty metres higher. The geological formation differs essentially from that of the Cottian Alps. The bore of the gallery after some 2,000 metres of granite or granite-gneiss, entered into crystalline schist, intersected with veins of serpentine, a mass, in short, of the hardest rock, which at first threatened to baffle the perforating machines. The hydraulic works were also extremely tedious, owing to the difficulty of obtaining a sufficiently strong body of water from the Reuss, while, on the Airolo side, during the Winter, avalanches often obstructed the bed of the Tremola, rendering it necessary to excavate a bed under the snow. Signor Favre, in order to overcome the difficulty with the Reuss, constructed an enormous reservoir and a canal, while to baffle the avalanches he caused the water to be conducted by means of a wooden canal into the bed of a minor torrent, the Chiesso, less subject to avalanches. Other difficulties were encountered and overcome by his indomitable will, so that at his death it may be said that only the mechanical portion of the work remained.

This was completed really in 1881, but the inauguration was delayed, owing to various circumstances, until May 21st, 1882. Then Italy, Germany, Switzerland, and we may say all Europe, participated with thorough satisfaction in the ceremonies attendant on the opening of the St. Gothard Tunnel; but, as is usually the case, the promoter, the initiator of that great international work has been almost entirely forgotten in his birthplace, Milan, as in his beloved Lugano, where he spent the last twenty years of his life in study and poverty, dying there in 1869. Carlo Cattaneo, the greatest philosopher and political economist of modern Italy, the guide and inspirer of the Five Days of Milan, in 1848, when the unarmed citizens defeated and drove out from their city the entire Austrian army under Radetsky, as early as 1859 insisted on the tunnel through the St. Gothard, in the interests of Italy and Switzerland alike.

It appears that, fearing injury to their traffic from Paris to Brindisi *via* the Mont Cenis, the French are now, in consequence of this new tunnel, boring through the Simplon—estimated at eleven and one half miles in length—and "already there are rumors of schemes to bore through the Tarentaise and the Col du Mont; and even Mont Blanc is threatened with a tunnel," consequent upon the feverish competition likely to arise among the Swiss, German, French and Italian lines.

Five years ago, *La Nature* reported that in Spain an inter-continental Railway Company had been formed to carry out the scheme of connecting Europe and Africa by a tunnel under the Straits of Gibraltar, but nothing has been done in the matter.

But the bold idea of a tunnel under the British Channel will, if carried out, eclipse all former undertakings of this kind. The present "Channel Company" was formed in 1872; Sir John Hawkshaw, F.R.S., Mr. Brunlees and M. Gamond being appointed engineers. The route finally decided upon places the tunnel on a line extending from a spot between Folkestone and Dover, through the "Old Gray Chalk," to a point between Sangatte and Calais, on the opposite coast. The total length will be thirty-one miles, of which twenty-two will be under the Strait. Shafts are to be sunk on each shore to a depth of about 450 feet below high-water mark; and driftways from the bottom of these, for the draining of the tunnel, which is to begin 200 feet above the driftway. These driftways will be driven from both ends on a down gradient of one in eighty to the junction of the drainage driftway; and then on an up-grade of one in 2,640 to the middle of the Strait. The crown of the tunnel in all parts will be not less than 200 feet below the bed of the Dover Straits. It is hoped that the excavation will be mostly through chalk, in which case comparatively rapid progress will be made.

It has been estimated that the probable cost of this titanic task will be about $20,000,000; but Sir John Hawkshaw considers it best to double this estimate, in anticipation of greater obstacles which may arise. The preliminary works are now being prosecuted with great activity. A shaft has been sunk at Sangatte, to the depth of over 100 metres, and the experimental gallery has been commenced, and is to be continued for a kilometre—that is, 3,250 feet—under the sea. The raising of the capital for the tunnel itself is, however, still a knotty problem; but if this can be accomplished, so much the better for all parties. As the passenger traffic between England and the continent amounts to nearly 400,000 annually, and is yearly on the increase, the opening of this marine subway will be of enormous public advantage.

THE CHAPERON.

Lady Selina Mizzle had many strings to her bow, which was, indeed, sadly in want of them; and perhaps the best of all these strings was that hung on to a wire which pulled the Lord Chamberlain.

It is very likely that his lordship did not know by whom or through whom he was pulled—possibly he had only the very vaguest idea that he was ever pulled at all; but whenever Lady Selina gave a vigorous jerk to her own particular part of the mechanism by which he was set going, the Lord Chamberlain unconsciously went through the stateliest of his paces.

The underlying reason of this edifying behavior was always hidden beneath superfine manners and refreshing compliments. For, if the best strings are kept too dry and pulled too hard, they break. However, several people in good society knew that the secret of Lady Selina's influence lay in the fact that she had a cousin who was

permanent person of great authority in the royal household, and that she held certain documents which placed that permanent person of great authority at her mercy.

She made a very good income out of her social position, though there was a brisk competition in the business to which she had devoted her high birth and vigorous energies, for it it was that of the professional chaperon. Lady Selina, however, had many advantages over her rivals. In the first place, she was a daughter of a peer of the highest rank—Fulke de Were Everard Nortiman, sixth Duke of Nomanswill—which always counts for something; then she had married into a family which had been behind the scenes of public life time out of mind, her defunct husband, Mr. Backstairs Mizzle, having been the useful friend of some of the most important personages of his generation. He would have died rich but for this, and Lady Selina, who had married him for his supposed wealth, might have turned out a very different sort of person; but when his assets were examined, it turned out that he had lent his money to the important personages as fast as he made it—or even faster—and his widow, to her infinite mortification, inherited little but a bundle of bonds and annuity deeds, which were scarcely worth the paper they were written on.

It was then that she was obliged to live by her wits. Fortune, she had next to none; but of intelligence, she had a very fair share indeed. A fine, impressive woman, too, was Lady Selina, with no nonsense about her. Her voice was a clear, shrill, breezy voice, quite invigorating to weak nerves. Her stature was grand, her eyes bright and resolute; her nose had something of the bold arch which distinguished that of the late Duke of Wellington, and which is generally considered a mark of high breeding as well as of firmness in character. She had required that, and more, to keep her place in the world when she was left to do battle with all comers—a noble female pauper, aged forty-three.

Luckily—or as she thought luckily—she had no children of her own, and therefore was tolerably free to do as she liked. In the early part of her widowhood, therefore, she went to Florence, where living is cheap, and queened it over the Anglo-Italian colony there. She dined out every day, and gave letters of introduction in return. She also made a little by signing certificates of cure to some venders of patent medicines, who advertised her as having been miraculously healed by their nostrum; and, though this was but a limited field for her ambition, she liked the Italian people and their climate, and led a convenient life among the Florentines. She also found many wealthy travelers worth her attention constantly moving about in Italy; and she could open the gates of the Vatican as easily as those of St. James's Palace. But when the new regulation came out commanding the personal attendance of every one who made presentations at the Queen's Courts, Lady Selina was, of course, obliged to reside in London during the season.

"I must get my court-dresses out of them now," she said, curtly, to a poor relation who lived with her; "and so shall you. You must see Madame Mauve about it, and say I shall expect a handsome commission on the foolish people I bring to her."

It was a trade which required a good deal of shrewdness, for not even the ducal flag of the great house of Nortiman would have passed people really objectionable into the throne-room of Majesty. Lady Selina had to pick and choose among her customers; and it is due to English loyalty to add that she had an extensive choice. There was no end of people who had acquired property, and who wanted to show it in company where they could never feel for a moment at ease. Even when they were too old, or too fat, or too consciously vulgar to venture themselves into the great world of fashion, they were anxious that their daughters should do so; and those young ladies were invariably all agog to set out on that risky enterprise. Then Lady Selina made her terms.

The highest price she ever got in one lump was from the blooming wife of a great railway speculator, who paid her three thousand pounds in hard money, besides perquisites, for the honor of her escort to a drawing-room. But in this case there was a good deal of negotiation necessary; and it was whispered that Lady Selina had an illustrious coadjutor who had also a large finger in the pie. In ordinary cases her terms were five hundred guineas.

It must not be imagined that so great and brave a lady ever condescended to ask for cash. Her poor relation managed that part of their business. Did Mrs. Loanly, the stock-jobber's wife, who had made that awful pile of money in Egypt, desire to display her own charms or those of her daughters at Court, Lady Selina Mizzle, whose birth gave her access to every society she cared to make a hunting-ground, found means of becoming acquainted with Mrs. Loanly; and when the game was once flushed her ladyship generally bagged it.

Her dresses, her carriage, her footman, took all the breath out of a middle-aged matron, till there was no more spirit left in her; and once under Lady Selina's tuition, their intercourse might have been found recorded step by step in Loanly's banker's books, though not a check bore her ladyship's indorsement. She dealt entirely in cash payments, and it was always politely understood that the cash was a voluntary contribution for the benefit of my lady's poor, which made things more agreeable on all sides.

"It is nice to make a large income out of one's benevolence," she was wont to say on these occasions, when she and her poor relation, to whom she was always very kind and cordial, sat down—as they sometimes did—after a well-spent day, to a private and confidential supper.

A kind-hearted woman was Lady Selina Mizzle when it was possible to get under the triple armor of worldliness, rapacity and pride in which her affections were incased. Her poor relation's lines had fallen in pleasant places, and few dowerless widows of mature age had so many friends. Her clients did not consider their obligations at an end when they had handed over the cost of their entrance into the presence of their sovereign, nor, to do her justice, did Lady Selina. She always took a sincere interest in them ever afterward.

After a proper understanding she would even send out invitations to their balls and parties, filling their fine new houses with company fit to figure in the *Morning Post*. She would supervise their garden-parties and correct the florid exuberance of their taste in banquets and ornaments. She would even choose their carriages, horses, liveries and jewelry. She could get them the first offer of her brother Lord John Nortiman's famous yacht, or of Lord Charles Nortiman's villa at Ascot during the race-week.

Nothing was beyond the reach of her high-born arm if she found good cause to stretch it out. What she could not do herself somebody else could; and whoever that somebody might be, Lady Selina could pull a wire that moved him.

There was another branch of her profession which required very discreet and nice handling, but under her dexterous management it was extremely lucrative. She was the confidential referee of some of the very largest money-lenders in the metropolis. His grace, the Duke of

Nomanswill, chief and head of her noble family, who had at various times in his social and political career entered into relations with every one of them, had dropped a hint that his sister might be consulted with advantage in certain cases of delicacy, and thenceforth her advice was very frequently in request.

THE CHAPERON.—TAKING LESSONS.

No safer guide in pecuniary transactions with the aristocracy than Lady Selina. She knew not only the rent-roll of nearly every man who had a rent-roll, but she also knew what where the charges on it, and what the landed gentleman did with his time. She had news from every club at home or abroad, from every racecourse, from every polo and pigeon-shooting match, from every gambling-house, through one or other of her noble relatives.

She could command precisely that sort of information which is most precious to the fashionable bill-discounter, and he had to pay for it. She used to boast that she had never given so much as a mutton chop to any human being without an equivalent, which left her, upon the whole, a winner, and she was wise in her generation.

She would sail into a ball, or a fancy fair, or a horticultural show, where the flush and the fair meet together, looking like a line-of-battle ship at a regatta. A dozen of the prettiest girls present might be under her splendid convoy, and she had an attentive eye on all their doings; but she never allowed them to embarrass her course. She did not permit them to fluster her, or to whisper at her, or to mob her.

Each girl commanded her own vessel under judicious sailing orders, and seldom, indeed, did one of Lady Selina's gallant fleet come into port without a galleon in tow as lawful prize.

"What do you want, child?" she would say, in a hard, prosaic voice, to any girl who was not fittingly armed for conquest, or who manœuvred awkwardly, while her squadron was under canvas. "You want rank or money, or both, if you can get them, don't you? Well, then, do as you are told!"

THE CHAPERON.—"SHE SITS STOCK STILL, WITH THOSE PALE, LANKY GIRLS ALL IN A ROW."

And they did as they were told, or Lady Selina took the nonsense out of them in mighty quick time.

She was bluff as a man, keen as an attorney in criminal practice, droll, amusing, jolly and good-humored, too. She "trained fine," as they say at Newmarket. She would have no nerves, no faintings, no lackadaisical or melodramatic ways on any pretense whatever. Her nominations for the great prizes of the season were all heroines and martyrs.

Their drill, to an experienced eye, was beautiful. They spoke exactly in the language of the day; they dressed in the loveliest fashions of to-morrow. Not a dowdy was ever seen among Lady Selina's lot; the get-up of every one of them was absolutely perfect. Not a mistake in gloves, ribbons or colors; not an ornament too much from crown to heel. The arrangement of the hair was a study; their walking was among the fine arts; their dancing was grace consummate. Every tone and inflection of their voices, the turn of the head, the trick of the hand, had been rehearsed, and there was no more exquisite piece of acting in London than Lady Selina marshaling her victorious Amazons on a presentation day. The band should have played a triumphal march in honor of them; and hautboys and clarions with a silver sound should have acclaimed her.

The honorable Miss Pettie, who had taken four virgin nieces about to all the pleasure haunts of Europe, hated Lady Selina with all her heart, now nearly full of verjuice.

"Old fool!" snorted her great rival; "does she expect young men are to be caught by prowling about after them? They have to give chase to my girls. The woman is a wall-flower, my dear," Lady Selina would add to her poor relation, long since on the way to be rich. "She sits stock still with those pale lanky girls beside her all of a row, and goes wherever she can get asked in a fly. Her coachman has a cold in his head, my dear. I have seen him with it. My girls only go to the best houses, and are never seen out unattended by powdered footmen and a barouche, with proper match-making horses seventeen hands high. A young man with birth and spirit who has got something in his pockets won't marry a frump. Why should he? He has generally seen enough of them in his low connections. How do you like these ortolans? Drink Johannisberg with them, my dear; not claret cup, as you were going to do; good hock brings out their flavor.

"There is that owl, my brother Frank's widow, too, whose girls will take root at Leamington, I believe. They have thrown themselves, all four—mother included—at the second-rate hunting men who go down there for the season. The fellows dine with them, flirt with them, and morris off to town in Spring for better amusement. Lady Meanwell, too, our prim cousin, has never given her niece a single chance of establishing herself in a proper manner. She never lets the poor girl out of earshot, and is always

leaving her drawing-room door ajar, that she may see what is going on through it. Going on, indeed! Just as if young women did not know their own business best, and how to manage it! Men get scared when they see steel-traps and spring-guns all about people's houses. Look at my conservatory. No better place in Belgravia for morning callers, and morning callers cost nothing. On the contrary, I make them bring round their drags and give us a good dinner. Then, of course, as you have seen fifty times, what they call their 'spooning' in the conservatory, with all those heady exotics, and the Orleans Club champagne afterward, puts them in such a condition that any girl of sense and courage can have her own way with them. Mabel May caught Lord Lightfeatherly by a wild prank which scared us, you remember, a little at first; and I hesitated to give my consent to so bold a venture till she satisfied me she had nerve to go through with it. Now she is a marchioness, with the right sort of settlements, and keeps her husband from making a goose of himself. A chaperon, my dear, means a hood or cape; it is an old word we have kept from the gay times of knight and troubadour. She should be a girl's cloak to mask her merry witcheries, while she tries their effect; she should not be the glumpy jaileress of a prisoner at large."

"Just so," answered the poor relation, for she was always of Lady Selina's way of thinking, and assented agreeably.

It is a nice way of talking to superiors, and makes a dressing-room fireside, in the half hours before going to bed, quite cheerful and cozy, especially after a supper of ortolans or oyster-toast and pineapple salad, which is a diet at once light and nourishing.

ANIMALS IN KENT, ENGLAND, IN ANCIENT TIMES.

Having lately excavated the site of a Roman villa at Wingham, in Kent, says an English archæologist, Mr. George Dowker, part of which has been buried since the time of the Saxons, and now is covered with three or four feet of soil, I think the remains of the animals there met with may interest your readers, as showing what sorts were most common in Kent in those days. Great part of the villa lies buried beneath a pasture, and the first thing that struck me was the great accumulation of earth, which must have been the work of worms during these thirteen hundred years. Beneath the soil so accumulated we find the level of the soil at the Saxon period. I say Saxon period, because there are evidences that the villa, when abandoned by the Romans, had been inhabited by the Saxon invaders, or by the Romano-British, nothing of later date having been found; hence we may conclude that the animal remains fairly represent what was the fauna of that period.

Among the most of the bones found were those of the ox, of which at least two varieties are represented—*Bos longifrons*, and a longer horned variety; bones of the red-deer, the roedeer, the goat, the sheep, the hog, the dog, the horse and the hare; while the birds' remains consisted of the cock, and perhaps the goose. The dog has in two instances left the imprint of his paws on the Roman tiles found, so that we may conclude that he was a companion of the Romans. The impression left on one tile shows that he had squatted on his hind legs, and imprinted his forepaws on the unbaked tile, probably watching his master at work. (There was no dog tax in those days.) These paw marks were about the size that would have been made by the English grayhound. The Romans have depicted on their Samian pottery many scenes of the chase, some representing hunting the stag, and in these the dog seems to have resembled the deerhound of the present day; but we learn from the Romans that the Britons had a larger, fiercer dog, more like the mastiff, which has also been represented on their pottery.

The red deer (now confined to the highlands of Scotland) must have been plentiful in Kent, nearly every Roman station producing evidences of its presence; the roedeer also must have been abundant. The hog, to judge from the remains we met with, must have been very like the animal at present domesticated, not like the short fine pigs that find their way to our cattle shows, but that long-backed animal with narrow jaws, seen in some farmyards, and often in the laborer's pigsty. Small bones, perhaps of the hare or rabbit, were also met with, and the leg-bones of the cock, which, from the size and position of the spur bones, I should liken to those of the old-fashioned gamecock. But I must end this "cock-and-a-bull story," and will only observe in conclusion that I am informed by Mr. Lake Price, the excavator of the Brading Roman Villa, in the Isle of Wight, that almost precisely the same animal bones were found there.

HOW TO PRONOUNCE SOME ENGLISH NAMES.

Cholmondeley, pronounced Chumley; Majoribanks, pronounced Marshbanks; Cockburn, pronounced Coburn; and Cowper, pronounced Cooper. Again, Mainwaring is Mannering. In Elgin and Gillott, the "g" is hard; in Gifford and Nigel it is soft; in Johnstone the "t" should not be sounded. In Molyneux the "x" is sounded, and the name is pronounced Molynoox, with a very slight accent on the last syllable. In Vaux the "x" is sounded, but is mute in Des Vaux, and likewise in Devereux. In Ker, Berkeley and Derby the "e" has the sound of "a" in far. In Waldegrave the second syllable, "de," should be dropped, and so should the "th" in Blyth. Dillwyn is pronounced Dillun. In Conyngham, Monson, Monkton and Ponsonby, the "o" takes the sound of "u," and Blount should be pronounced as Blunt, the "o" being mute. Buchan should be pronounced Buckan, and Beauclerk, or Beauclerc, is Boclare, the accent being on the first syllable. Wemyses should be pronounced Weems. In Hertford, the "t" is elided, and the "e" has the sound of "a" in far. Strachan should be pronounced Strawn; Colquehoun is Koohoon, the accent being on the last syllable; Beauchamp is Beacham, and Coutts is Koots. Another formidable name to the uninitiated is Duchesne, which should be pronounced Dukarn; Bethune should be Beeton; and in Abergavenny, the "av" is not sounded. Menzies is pronounced Mynges; Knollys as Knowls; Sandys as Sands; Gower as Gorr; Milnes as Mills. Finally, Dalziel should be pronounced Dael; Chartres is Charters; Glamis is Glarms; Geoghegan should be pronounced Gaygan; and Ruthven is Riven.

A DISH FIT FOR LUCULLUS.

On the street called Okiyo-koge (High resting-place of the Mikado), in Tokio, is a restaurant "where persons can enjoy the supreme delight of broiled eels." In company with a friend the writer recently visited the eel-house, and was shown by the proprietor into the kitchen. A cook selected a vigorously-squirming fish, struck its head smartly upon a wooden block placed upon the floor, and kneeling by it, grasped the creature's neck, inserted a knife in the left side of the vertebræ and dexterously ran

it down to the tail, then rapidly applied his instrument to the other side of the backbone, and repeated the process, leaving the eel split open. Holding up the head, to which was attached the vertebræ and lateral bones inclosing the intestines, he bowed and said: "There is not a splinter left in the fish." The operator washed down the block, chopped the flattened eel into three-inch lengths and shouted to a cook, who advanced and removed it on a dish. We advanced to a range and saw another cook skewering the pieces of eel on long bamboo splints. Then he placed them on the rods over the glowing coals, and when one side was browned dexterously picked them up with a pair of iron chopsticks and turned them. After they were thoroughly cooked he seized the fish with the same instrument and plunged it into a vessel containing old shoyu, which was as thick and dark as molasses.

I took my chopsticks in my right hand, inserted the points in the fish, broke off a morsel, and ate. Ye gods! It was delicious, rich, tender, delicately flavored and boneless! I drew my box toward me, nodded approvingly at the attendant and enjoyed the delectable food. The smiling girl brought in box after box, the contents of each being nicer than the last. I have partaken of fried oysters at home, broiled fish in all countries and the delicacies of every clime, but have never more thoroughly enjoyed any dish than I did those unagi.

A VERIFIED PREDICTION.

SAINT SIMON relates in his Memoirs that, being in the camp before Namur, in 1692, at a time when he was one of the king's mousquetaires, he had formed a close friendship with one of his companions in arms, the Comte de Cæsquen.

"The poor boy," he says, "did not live long. Having volunteered into the king's regiment, and being on the point of joining his corps the next Spring, he came and related to me that he had had his fortune told by a female, named 'La du Perchois,' who carried on the profession secretly at Paris, and that she had told him he would be drowned, and that soon, too.

"I rallied him upon his foolish and impertinent curiosity, derided the ignorance of such a class of persons, and told him that she had founded her prophecy upon the sorrowful and sinister looks of my friend, who really was disagreeably ugly.

"He started a few days afterward, met with another man of the same trade at Amiens, who predicted the same thing to him; and marching thence with his regiment to join the army, he stopped to water his horse in the Escaut, and was drowned in the sight of the whole regiment, without anyone having it in his power to afford assistance.

"I was extremely grieved at this event, which entailed an irreparable loss upon his family. He had only two sisters, one of whom married the eldest son of M. de Monchevreuil, and the other took the vail in the Convent of the Calvary."

CHATTERTON.

A BRISTOL dealer in curiosities has now on sale an imperfect quarto history of the Bible, printed in the last century, but undated, containing the original family entries of the birth and baptism of Chatterton, and the like of his brother and sister. The book has escaped the collectors, and was lately bought by its present owner from a poor person in Bristol. The title-page of the Old Testament portion is missing, and the work, which is much thumbed, partly no doubt by the young poet himself, begins with "Book II." The new Testament history retains the title, which is as follows: "A Complete History of the Holy Gospel, containing the Incarnation, Birth, Doctrine, Passion, Resurrection and Ascension of our Lord Jesus Christ. Illustrated with Notes, explaining several difficult Passages and reconciling many Texts that are seemingly Contradictory." The inscriptions, which are unquestionably genuine and contain particulars not to be found in the biographies, are on the back of this title, except one at the end of the book, which is crossed through. The firm, round, schoolmaster's style of penmanship shows the hand of the poet's father, who conducted the Pile Street School. It may be inferred that he was a believer in astrology, for he has given the ages of the moon for casting the horoscopes of his children's births. It is curious that the name first appears as "Chadderdon."

"Mary, the Daughter of Thomas and Sarah Chadderdon, was born in Pile Street, Tuesday Morning, about 8 a Clock, the 14th day of February, Anno Domini 1748-9, and Baptized the 13th of March following by the Reverend Wm. Williams in St. Mary Redcliff Church.

George Pew of Temple parish } Godfathers.
John Pipping of Maryport }
Jane Moses } Godmothers.
Jane Arden }

Moon first Quarter 13 day 1 morning.

Giles Malpas, the Son of Thomas Chatterton by Sarah his Wife, was born at the Charity School in Pile Street on a Wednesday Morning between 4 & 5 a clock, 12th Decc. 1750, and was baptised in St. Mary Redcliff Church the first day of January following by the Reverd. Mr. Wm. Williams.

Andrea fuhrer } Godfathers.
J. Fredrick Moser }
Betty at ye Deans } Godmothers.
Ann Andrews }

Moon last Quarter 9 Decem. 3 in ye Afternoon. and died April the 16 Aged 4 months and 4 days.

Thomas, the son of Thomas and Sarah Chatterton, was Born November the 20 in 1752, on a Monday Night between 6 & 7 a Clock, and was baptised in St. Mary Redcliff Church the 1 (?) Day of January following by the Rev. Mr. Giles.

Full Moon the 22 at 3 and 4 Evening.

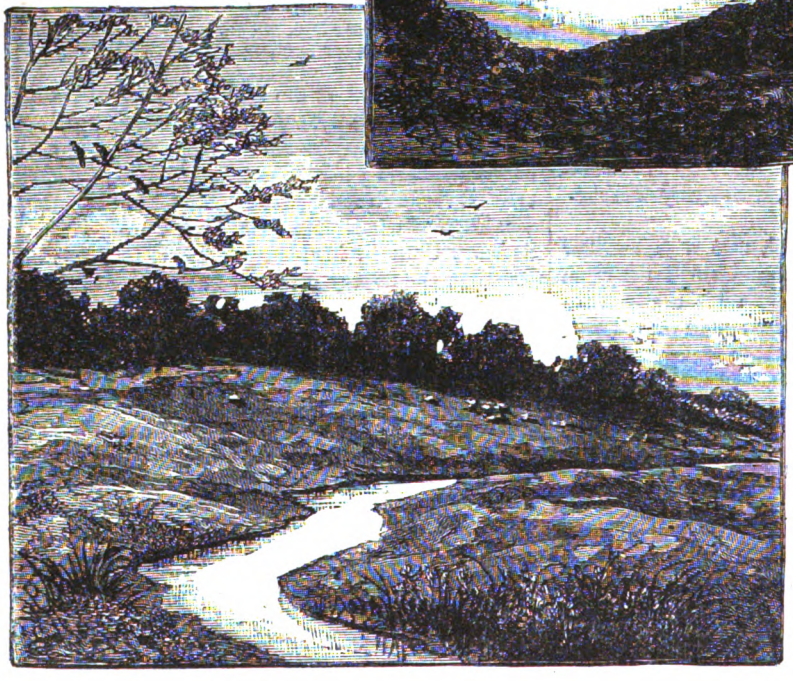
The inscription at the end of the volume was probably canceled as being wrongly placed, and may have been rewritten on the earlier and missing title. It is the record of the marriage of the poet's father and mother. Though crossed through it is quite legible and is as follows:

"Thomas Chatterton and Sarah Young were married at Sodbury Church, in Gloucestershire, by Mr. E. Coats, on Monday, the 25 day of April, in the year 1748."

THE SHADOWS ON THE GRAVES.—In China, ancestors are held in peculiar reverence. The Chinese look upon the casting of a shadow over an ancestor's grave as an insult, and resent it with impetuous rage. Chinese ancestors are buried, not in large cemeteries, but in the family burial-grounds. As China is thickly inhabited, the result is that an ancestor's bones may be found resting beneath every few rods of turf. Hence a novel cause of trouble to a telegraph company in that country. The company erected poles on which to hang the wires. The poles and wires necessarily cast more or less of a shadow. Every Chinaman on whose ancestor's grave a shadow rested forthwith arose in his wrath and cut down the poles. The consequence has been, as a matter of economy and self-protection, the company has placed the wires underground. Reverence for the dead in China has accomplished what regard for the comfort and safety of the living has as yet been unable to accomplish here.

CRADLE SONG.

WHEN sets the sun, and day is done,
And peaceful eve hides all our care,
When screech-owls cry and brown bats fly
Through the flow'r-fragrant evening air;
When the purple hills grow dark
Far over the dusky moor,



And the noisy sheep-dogs bark
By the vine-hung cottage door—
Then tenderly—oh, tenderly,
While the faint lights fade and die,
Mother sitting baby nigh
Softly sings her lullaby.

When black is night, and stars shine bright,
And wolves are howling round the fold,
Where all asleep lie lambs and sheep,
And winds are blowing chill and cold;
When naught in the world is awake
But the little tinkling rill,
Babbling through bush and brake,
Dancing down from the hill—
Then wearily, oh, wearily,
While the lands in slumber lie,
Mother sitting baby nigh
Watches her with sleepless eye.

When darkness dies from all the skies,
And streaks of amber paint the east,
When ripples wake along the lake,
And e'en the cricket's chirp has ceased;
When the white moon fades from view,
And over the hills afar,
In the slowly brightening blue,
Wanes the dim sweet morning star—
Then lovingly—oh, lovingly,
While the dawn breaks o'er the sky,
Mother sitting baby by
Rocks the cradle carefully.

When full day breaks, and earth awakes
And all the birds burst into song,
And deep and clear, past pool and mere,
The little streamlet flows along,
Amber, and crimson, and gold
Flood all the morning sky;
The lambs awake in the fold,
The sparrows chirp and fly;
While happily—oh, happily,
As the morning wind floats by,
Mother watches baby's eye
Open slowly, drowsily.

THE ROMANCE OF A PHOTOGRAPH.—"'WHO DID YOU SAY THIS GENTLEMAN WAS?' ALICE ASKED, TURNING TO HER BROTHER WITH AN EXPRESSION OF UTTER BEWILDERMENT."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE ROMANCE OF A PHOTOGRAPH.

By Burke O'Farrell.

Chapter I.—In the Red Sea.

Two ladies sat on the deck of the Pacific and Oriental steamer *Deccan*, outward bound, as she plowed her way languidly through the glassy waters of the Red Sea, in the hot hush of the afternoon. Time, 4 P. M. One, a plain, unremarkable little woman, no longer young, was industriously working at a strip of crewel embroidery; and the other, coolly clothed in white, with a large straw hat shading her face, was leaning back in a Penang chair, with her arms behind her head, and a ravishingly dainty foot peeping from under her voluminous skirts.

She was a very lovely girl. Tall and exceedingly graceful-looking, with soft, light-brown hair gathered in a shining knot low down on her neck, sleepy blue eyes, half-hidden under long, straight lashes, and the fairest of fair complexions. All the men on board ship raved about her beauty, and the women detested her *par conséquent*.

It was killingly, breathlessly hot. I am quite afraid to say at what the thermometer stood. The sky looked a sickly white instead of blue, and the sea was like molten metal as it curled round the sides of the vessel; while in the distance, dimly defined in an ochre-colored haze of heat, rose the fantastic rocks and depressions of the inhospitable coast—a desert land, smiling eternally beneath the rays of a brazen, pitiless sun; desolate, barren, burning; weird as the mountains in the moon, lonely beyond all power of words to express.

Now and then a huge black porpoise showed his shining back above the water, or a shoal of flying-fish, like silver birds, skimmed the placid surface for a moment or two, to the languid amusement of the children; but nothing else occurred to break the monotony.

A knot of gentlemen, in the lightest possible attire consistent with decency, were playing at whist under the double awning, and on the upper-deck the ladies dozed, worked or read, in drowsy silence, too indolent to talk.

The two ladies I have mentioned sat alone together on the shady side of the main-deck, conversing in low tones.

"And do you really mean to tell me, Miss Bampfylde, that you are going all the way to India—to *India*, to marry a man whom you have never seen, on the strength of a photograph?" asked the elder lady.

"Yes; I really do mean to tell you so, Mrs. Ponsonby," answered the beauty, with a lazy laugh. "Rather a mad thing to do, is it not?"

"Very mad, I should say," answered her companion, quietly, as she held her head a little on one side to look at her work. "Suppose when you get out there you find that you don't like this gentleman, after all? What then?"

"That would certainly be very embarrassing," said Miss Bampfylde. "But I know that I shall like him. I assure you that I am desperately in love with him even now."

"With his likeness, you mean."

"Well, with his likeness, if you will have it so," answered Miss Bampfylde. "But faces don't lie, and his is the best and noblest and handsomest face I ever saw."

"Well, I confess I don't understand it," said the plain little woman, shaking her head.

"Perhaps not; but, if you care to listen, I will tell you all about it, and then you may understand better. Shall I?"

"Yes, do, if it won't make you too hot," answered Mrs. Ponsonby.

The two ladies shared the same cabin, and had drifted into the kind of intimacy that occurs so frequently on board ship. Sometimes these intimacies end as they begin, but sometimes they lead to lifelong friendships.

I don't suppose that Alice Bampfylde cared much for Mrs. Ponsonby, but she liked her well enough; and Mrs. Ponsonby, a seasoned Anglo-Indian, took a certain interest in the beautiful girl who was going out to a strange land on such a romantic wild-goose chase in search of a husband.

"Oh, it would be impossible to be any hotter than I am," returned the beauty, lazily. "Well, then, you must know I am one of those happy creatures whose faces are their fortunes. I have just enough money a year to keep me in gloves, and perhaps a few other trifles, and I have not a relation in the world that I care a straw about, or who cares a straw about me.

"For the last five years I have been living with an old great-aunt of mine in a moldy, mildewed old cathedral town. I wish I could describe my aunt to you, but I really could not do justice to her.

"She is very tall, very thin and very prim; she wears mittens and a black satin gown and a brown front; she never laughs and never leans back in her chair, but sits bolt upright, looking the picture of gloom. She never moves out of the house, except to go in a bathchair to Saint Barabbas on Sunday.

"Saint Barabbas is a fearfully low church, and my aunt goes in for that sort of thing, cultivates cadaverous-looking parsons, has prayer-meetings at her house, and goes up to London every year for the May meetings at Exeter Hall.

"You may guess how lively all this was for me. Theatres, balls and parties were things to be dreamed of; they did not enter into the scheme of my existence at all. I never dared to laugh, for if I did I was immediately told to meditate upon my latter end, and if a man so much as looked at me I was threatened with nothing less than eternal perdition.

"Still she could not always keep me shut up in her dull sitting-room, and I have had some glimpses of the outer world occasionally. I was getting very sick of this sort of life when one day I got a letter from my brother in India—he is only my half-brother, by-the-by, and twenty years older than myself. I have not seen him for ten years.

"Well, as I told you, I got a letter from him—a letter which amused me very much. In it he told me that the magistrate and collector of Muggeratial—that is the name of the station where he lives—had seen my photograph, and fallen desperately in love with it—he had gone quite mad over it, in fact.

"I treated it as a joke, of course; but my brother wrote several letters all in the same strain. Mr. Hammond, the collector, was quite serious, he said; he wished to propose in due form. It would be an excellent match for me in every respect. Would I come out to India and see if I could fancy him? etc., etc. Then my brother inclosed a photograph.

"My dear Mrs. Ponsonby, until I saw that photograph the whole affair struck me as rather absurd, and my brother's proposal that I should go out to him as a thing not to be entertained for a moment. But when I had received Mr. Hammond's likeness, my opinion entirely

altered, and I confess that I fell as much in love with it as he had with mine. Here it is. Judge for yourself whether I am justified in my madness or not."

She took an envelope from her pocket, and, opening it, presented a photograph to her friend.

It was a vignette—merely the head of a strikingly handsome man of about thirty, with finely-cut features, a long dark beard and singularly pleasing dark eyes, though with a slightly melancholy expression.

Mrs. Ponsonby looked at it attentively.

"He is a very good-looking man," she said, after a pause. "But I have seen other men as good-looking before."

"So have I," answered Miss Bampfylde; "but never one whose face appealed to my heart as this man does. It is the expression that makes all the charm in my eyes—there is something so thoroughly good and noble about it."

Then she returned the photograph to its place in her pocket.

CHAPTER II.

IN A "TICCA GARI."

THE days passed on, and at last they neared the end of their long and monotonous voyage.

One morning, early in November, they steamed up the river Hooghly, and soon after were moored alongside the jetty at Calcutta.

But Miss Bampfylde was not destined to see much of the City of Palaces on this occasion, for the *Deccan* was overdue, and her brother, who came on board to meet her, said that he had been in Calcutta two days already, and that they must start early the next morning for Muggeratial, in order that he might not overstay his leave.

Surgeon-Major Bampfylde was a short, thick, fiery-faced little man of forty, with a sharp voice and an imperious manner, especially toward the servants, and altogether his sister was not much prepossessed with him.

They were up at dawn the next day, and sunrise saw them in the train, speeding—though that is altogether a delusive word when applied to the Eastern Bengal Railway—on their way through endless swamps and paddy-fields, past feathery cane-jungles, and across broad rivers, toward Goalundo, where they arrived after an eight hours' journey.

The train drew up alongside the Ganges, and while her brother was gone to see after the luggage, Miss Bampfylde amused herself with watching the crowds of noisy, gesticulating, half-naked natives streaming out of the fourth-class carriages, with their red, blue and yellow umbrellas, and with watching the queer native craft on the river.

A boat was waiting for herself and her brother—a roomy, comfortable budgerow, with bright-green jilmils and two airy cabins, on the roof of which a native cook was squatting on his haunches, superintending the washing of a gaunt fowl, the boiling of a pot of potatoes, and the frying of onions for curry, the whole of his culinary operations being conducted over a fire four inches square.

At last Mr. Bampfylde returned, looking very hot and irate, with his red face glowing under an enormous *sola topee*, like a gigantic mushroom; and soon after that they were off again, gliding smoothly down the current of the mighty Ganges.

It was nearly dark when they arrived, and Miss Bampfylde could distinguish little else than a wide waste of sand, with a few tamarisk-bushes here and there, and a line of tall date-palms, cut out black and distinct against the yellow glow in the west.

A nondescript vehicle, called a *ticca gari*, with two wretched *tals*, or native ponies, harnessed to it with old bits of frayed rope, was waiting at the ghat. Into this they got, and after half an hour spent in endeavoring to induce the *tals* to move, by dint of dragging in front and shoving behind, they got into motion, and shambled off through the deep sand at the rate of three miles an hour.

Alice thought that they would never get to their journey's end, but at last the light of the station gleamed across the plain, and soon after the wretched vehicle came to a standstill (for the twentieth time), and Mr. Bampfylde announced to his sister that they had arrived.

Mrs. Bampfylde was waiting to receive them, and Alice was presented to her sister-in-law, whom she had never before seen.

Mrs. Bampfylde was a thin, pale, washed-out looking woman, who might have been any age. She had been born and bred in India, and her English was very curious; it was like the English spoken by a foreigner, and yet it wasn't. Alice thought her very odd. Her dress, too, limp and ill-made, did not appear to belong to any particular age, country or fashion. Alice looked at her with wonder; this was the first specimen of the *genus* she had seen.

A chill feeling of desolation seemed to steal over her all of a sudden as she glanced round the bare, white, ill-lighted rooms, where there was nothing of English comfort or English cheerfulness, and tried to take to her new relations, who were stranger to her than strangers in her own far-off English home.

Far away, indeed! And the thought of the vastness of the space—all those thousands of miles of watery wilderness that rolled between her and home—seemed to strike a sensation of terror to her heart for the first time. But she was tired and wornout with travel and excitement. To-morrow, she thought, all would be right, and to-morrow she would see *him!*

So she took out the precious photograph, looked at it long and tenderly, and having put it under her pillow, was soon asleep.

CHAPTER III.

THE COLLECTOR OF MUGGERATIAL.

THE next morning she woke early. Nobody can sleep late in India; all nature conspires against it. The early sun shines on the dewy grass; the birds are chirping and calling to each other, and the flowers put forth a thousand mingled scents, inviting you into the garden.

Besides, the minas scream in the verandas in a manner that defies all attempts at sleep, and the gray crows come and perch on the jilmils, and salute you with a loud "caw-caw," in expectation of seeing your *chala-hagiri*—that is, your early tea-and-toast—brought in; for the crows always manage to steal half when your back is turned.

By-and-by Mrs. Bampfylde came into her sister-in-law's bedroom, and told her that Mr. Hammond was waiting to see her, in a state of agitation and impatience not to be described.

Alice felt her heart give a great bound, and now that the eventful moment of her meeting with her lover had arrived, she trembled all over with excitement.

However, she twisted up her shining masses of golden brown hair, and dressed herself in her most dainty morning-dress; and then, blushing like a wild-rose, and with her heart beating fast, she went to meet the man for whose sake she had left home and kindred and people.

For one moment she paused on the threshold of the

door, as the sudden thought struck her: "Will *he* be satisfied with *me?*" Then, summoning up all her courage, she went to meet her fate.

The drawing-room was empty, but on the big veranda leading out into the sunny flower-garden was her brother, talking to a strange gentleman, while a tray with a teapot and a rack of toast stood by.

In his hand was a thick knob-stick; in his mouth was a flower. His hat was on one side, his trowsers were tight, and altogether he was pervaded by a horsey air quite unmistakable.

Alice looked at him, and he looked at Alice, with his face fiery red and an air of agitation that was to her inexplicable.

SUMMER.

The stranger was a short, stout, sturdily-built man, who looked forty, at least. He was clad from head to foot in cool white linen, and wore a huge *sola topee* covered with the same.

His face was round and red and very good-natured looking. He had small, twinkling eyes, and small, red, turn-up nose, and was clean shaven.

"Introduce me, Bampfylde," said he, nudging the surgeon-major with his elbow.

"Oh, it's you, Alice, is it?" said her brother. "Mr. Hammond—Miss Bampfylde."

The collector of Muggeratial bowed low.

"If you only knew how I have longed for this moment!" said he, with amorous fervor.

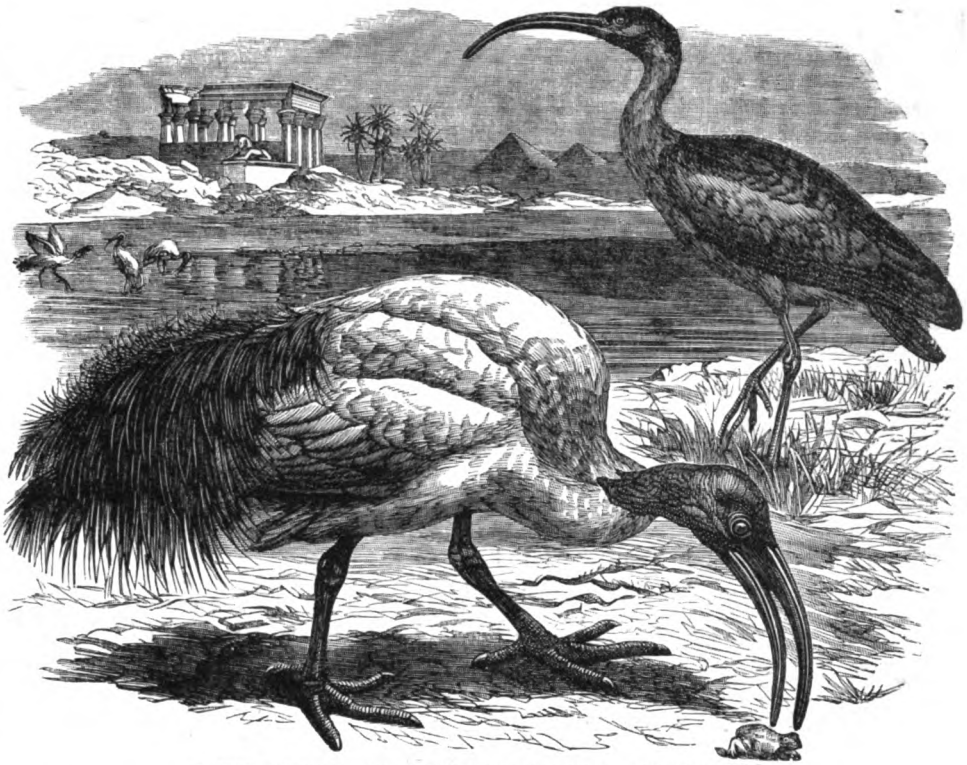
As for Alice, she felt as if she were going out of her senses.

"*Who* did you say this gentleman was?" she asked, turning to her brother with an expression of utter bewilderment.

"Who? Why, Mr. Hammond—Mr. John Hammond, of course," said her brother.

"There must be some mistake. This is not—not——" began Alice, somewhat wildly.

"No mistake at all, I assure you, dear Miss Bampfylde," said the magistrate and collector of Muggeratial, gallantly, as he got hold of her hand and squeezed it again. "I am John Hammond, at your service now and always. There is not—ahem!—a happier man in the world than I am to-day."



SACRED ANIMALS.—THE SACRED IBIS OF EGYPT.—SEE PAGE 315.

"Come, Alice, what have you got to say to that?" asked her brother, with a gruff laugh.

"Nothing; I—I don't feel very well," cried poor Alice, and fled from the veranda.

"Bless my soul! What is the matter with the girl?" said Mr. Bampfylde. "Here, Georgiana" (to his wife), "just go and look after Alice; she says she's not well."

Georgiana found her beautiful sister-in-law pacing up and down her bedroom, with her hands clasped in the wildest way.

"What is the matter, my dear?" said Mrs. Bampfylde.

"Matter! matter! cried Alice, in the greatest excitement. "There is some mistake, some horrible mistake. That is not Mr. Hammond—that man on the veranda."

Just then Mr. Bampfylde appeared in the doorway, and his wife called him in.

"She says that Mr. Hammond is not—not Mr. Hammond," said Georgiana, helplessly. "I'm sure I don't know what's wrong with her."

"What the deuce do you mean, girl?" cried the surgeon-major, irately.

"I mean that you have deceived me!" sobbed Alice. "That—that—that is not the man I came out to India to marry. That—that is not the man whose photograph you sent me!"

"How dare you say I have deceived you?" cried her brother. "That is the man whose photograph I sent you. He went down to Calcutta, and had it done on purpose, and a confounded good likeness it was—a most *speaking* likeness, I call it—one of Bowne & Shepherd's best."

"It is not," persisted Alice, desperately. "I never saw either him or his photograph before, and—and—I don't want to see him ever again. This is the photograph you sent me—this is the man I came—came—all this way to marry." And she took the photograph from her pocket and handed it to her brother.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Bampfylde looked at it.

"This is not John Hammond!" they both cried, spontaneously. "This is Justin O'Dohoghue."

THE DOG-STAR.

MUMMY OF AN APIS, OR SACRED BULL, OF EGYPT.

"And who is Justin O'Donoghue?" cried the beauty, through her tears.

"A great blackguard, for one thing," cried her brother, in a rage.

"That I am sure he is not!" flamed Alice. "No man with such a—a—*heavenly* face as that could be a blackguard."

"Couldn't he? Well, he behaved like one *here*, at least; jilted the nicest girl in the station, after compromising her in every possible way. I'd have horsewhipped him if I *had* been her brother. He was joint magistrate here, and now he has gone home on sick-leave for two years—bad luck go with him! It was fortunate he fell ill just in the nick of time, for he had made India too hot to hold him."

"It will soon be too hot to hold me, I fancy," said Alice. "Anyhow, I have not the slighest intention of marrying Mr. Hammond. He—he looks like a respectable public-house keeper."

"You must marry him, girl. I never heard such nonsense. I tell you I'll—I'll—disown you!" fumed Mr. Bampfylde. "Public-house keeper, indeed! I tell you it's an uncommon good match for you, beauty as you may think yourself. Why, bless my soul! do you think *pucka* magistrates and collectors grow on every bush in the jungle? As for that sallow-faced, hollow-eyed, dark-bearded Irish fellow, I can't imagine what you can see in him to admire. I tell you you are very lucky in the exchange."

"Lucky or not, I will never, never marry Mr. Hammond, the vulgar, red-faced, odious wretch!" cried Miss Bampfylde, bursting into tears. "I will go back to England by the next mail."

The upshot was that Mr. Bampfylde had to go back and tell a polite fib to Mr. Hammond, who had been invited to breakfast, and who sat down with a very melancholy face to the tough fowl cutlets smelling of garlic, the *moorghy Ironishestew*, and savory drawn curry which the *khmutghars* handed round.

His *inamorata* did not appear again—fatigue was pleaded as an excuse; and after breakfast he departed to his *kutchery*, subdued indeed, but more madly in love than ever."

The position of all persons concerned was now embarrassing in the extreme.

Mr. Hammond's enamored state had long been the gossip of the station, and the subject of endless jokes amongst the young men; besides which, it was generally known that the beautiful Miss Bampfylde had come out expressly to marry him, and now, after all, she would not have him!

The extraordinary affair of the wrong photograph soon oozed out and was talked about everywhere, causing endless surmise and conjecture; but the mystery was never solved.

Poor Miss Bamyfylde was subjected to fearful persecution by her brother, the surgeon-major. But she remained firm. Marry Mr. Hammond she would not.

So the sad news had to be broken to the Collector of Muggeratial, who at once shut himself up in his own bedroom with his faithful Bearer and a case of Exshaw No. 1, and emerged no more for a week.

It was reported he was down with a bad attack of that dreadful Rungpore fever, which had stuck to him ever since he was joint magistrate of that delightful station.

At the end of the week a vast number of bullock *garries* were collected round the magisterial abode. Tents, frying-pans, camp-furniture, bedding, bamboo-baskets of fowls, and crockery of all sorts and sizes were brought out and packed on them; and it was announced that the Collector Sahib was going out on his cold-weather tour in the district.

His departure was an infinite relief to poor Alice, who, directly he was gone, received from the hand of a Collectorate Chuprassi a despondent but good-natured letter, telling her that, as far as he was concerned, she should never again be troubled with his unwelcome love, but that he should remember her till death, etc., etc., etc., and that, if ever he could do anything to serve her, he should esteem himself happy.

Alice was deeply touched by this epistle, and sighed, as she put it away in her desk:

"Oh, if he had only been the right man!"

CHAPTER IV.

A REPENTANT SINNER.

MISS BAMPFYLDE did not return by the next steamer, as she had declared she would. It was settled she should spend the cold season with her brother and sister-in-law, and go back to England in the Spring.

Everybody in the station had called upon her, of course, and she had created a great sensation. The young men fell mad madly in love with her, without exception, and the ladies endeavored to copy her fashionable English dresses.

Three nights a week they played badminton at the judge's, and there she met the *élite* of the station—the joint magistrate and his wife, the district engineer and his wife, of doubtful color; the superintendent of police and his wife, whose color was not doubtful, though she talked much of "home" on the strength of a six months' sojourn in England after her marriage.

Then there was a young assistant magistrate, just out from London, and an assistant superintendent of police, named Stockford, a handsome, devil-may-care, happy-go-lucky young fellow, who was soon foremost in the rank of Miss Bampfylde's admirers.

Still, in spite of badminton, admirers and occasional dinner-parties, beautiful Alice fell dreadfully dull in Muggeratial, and often pined for her old home in the delectable cathedral town of Westerham, even.

She did not like India at all—very few ladies do, if any—and an unspeakable weariness seemed to take possession of her—a home-sickness that seemed eating into her soul.

She longed for the time of her return to England, especially as that favored land now held Mr. Justin O'Donoghue, for she could not disguise from herself that she was as madly in love as ever with the handsome original of her cherished photograph. Yes, madly is the word to use, for surely it was the height of madness in her to love a man she had never seen, and of whom she had heard nothing but ill.

About the middle of January Mr. Hammond, who was the soul of jovial good-nature, and who was beginning to recover from the first shock of his grievous disappointment, proposed to give a picnic to all the station.

He was in camp some ten miles down the river, and it was proposed to make a boating-excursion of it.

The police green-boat was furbished up, and another budgerow borrowed, and any amount of eatables and champagne got up from Calcutta, for Mr. Hammond was very free with his money.

At last the day arrived, a splendid day for a picnic; but nobody has to tremble for the weather on these festive occasions in India, where every day the sun rises brilliantly alike.

The picnic was a great success, and Alice Bampfylde, in spite of the suppressed tenderness of the jovial collector, who heaved sentimental sighs that were utterly at variance with his rubicund face, and squeezed her hand upon every possible occasion, enjoyed herself thoroughly.

There was one lady present whom Miss Bampfylde regarded with a curiosity not unmingled with disgust.

This was the fascinating Miss Jones, whom Mr. Justin O'Donoghue was supposed to have jilted so cruelly.

Miss Jones was the daughter of a rich Zemindar, and was consequently an heiress. Three lacs of rupees were to be hers on her wedding-day, and her diamonds were magnificent; but as her father, though rich, was very stingy, the rest of her dress did not correspond. But, in spite of the gilded bait round which various impecunious minnows, in the way of assistant superintendents of police and budding engineers, had nibbled, poor Miss Jones still remained unmarried.

There is no denying the fact she was *very* dark, and she certainly was not as young as she had been. She was very lackadaisical and very melancholy, and so thin that she always reminded one of those touching lines in the "Dream of Fair Women" (not Tennyson's):

> "You might have clothed her sumptuously,
> In half a yard of tape."

She was well known in Muggeratial, having lived there many years with her father, during which time she had angled for every collector and joint magistrate who had ever been sent there; for, after the manner of all ladies of her class, it was the highest ambition of her life to marry a covenanted civilian—an acme of glory to which few attain, unless the man is very verdant and the pill very thickly gilded.

On their return from the picnic, Alice Bampfylde and Jack Stockford paired off together. They sat in two comfortable bamboo chairs on the flat roof of the budgerow, talking confidentially, a little apart from the rest, watching the dark figures of the boatmen wading through the water as they towed the boat with a rope fastened at the top of the mast.

It was a lovely night; the full-moon shone down with cloudless splendor on the glassy surface of the vast river, on which the jungle on the bank was darkly shadowed.

There was a large *chur* in the middle, overgrown with long grass and feathery reeds, which harbored countless flocks of wild fowl, perhaps even a lurking tiger or leopard, and myriads of fire-flies illumined the cane-brakes and bamboo-jungles on the mainland.

The natives were making night horrible, as usual, with their tom-toms; but, softened by the distance, the sound came not unpleasantly across the water, mingled with the mournful howling of the jackals that rose and fell on the night wind.

Wrapped in her warm shawl, Alice sat listening to the calling of the snipe on the reedy sand-bank, and looking out over the tranquil scene which had a weird attraction for her, so different it was from anything she had ever seen.

She and young Jack Stockford had been sitting in silence for some minutes, and through it they heard the noisy talking and laughing going on below in the cabin.

Presently somebody mentioned a name which caught Miss Bampfylde's ears at once.

"I wonder who is taking O'Donoghue's name in vain?" said Jack—"Miss Jones, I suppose, by the voice. I dare-say you have heard that story, Miss Bampfylde?"

"I have heard that Mr. O'Donoghue 'loved and rode away,'" answered Alice, with a smile. "My brother said he behaved very badly to her."

"I know people do say so, but I don't believe it," answered Jack. "O'Donoghue is not the man to behave badly to any girl; he is a most honorable fellow, and thoroughly good-hearted."

"But he—he got her very much talked about, did he not?" asked Alice.

"She got herself very much talked about, more likely," retorted Jack, indignantly. "She was after him morning, noon and night—would not give him a moment's peace. To do her justice, I believe she really imagined herself in love with him at the time—so she had done with about five-and-twenty other men before. Her father asked him his intentions, you know. Poor old chap! he had so often gone through that ceremony it must have come quite easy to him. O'Donoghue said he had none; so then there was a flare up."

"Certainly, Mr. O'Donoghue does not look the man to do that sort of thing," said Alice, meditatively, as she looked out across the broad expanse of moonlit river. "I never saw a more beautiful face than he has."

Then she suddenly remembered that she had only seen his photograph, and blushed deeply.

"Yes, hasn't he?" cried Jack.

Then he, too, caught himself up, and his face grew fiery red in the moonlight.

Presently he said, hesitatingly, and in a very subdued tone:

"Miss Bampfylde, I wonder if I might tell you something?"

"Certainly. Why not?" she asked, inquiringly.

"I have often wanted to do so, but have always funked it," said Jack. "I am afraid you will be awfully angry with me, and no wonder. I deserve it."

"What can it be that you have to tell me, Mr. Stockford?" asked Alice, with a smile.

"Why, about that unlucky photograph of O'Donoghue which you received instead of—of Mr. Hammond's. I—I have heard all about it."

"Indeed, Mr. Stockford!"

"Yes; and—and I am really awfully sorry, but I must plead guilty. Miss Bampfylde, I am the miserable culprit, who, for a foolish joke, which I heartily repent of now, sent you that photograph."

"Oh, Mr. Stockford!"

"Yes," continued Jack, penitently. "I know I am a sinner of the deepest dye, but please listen to my confession, and forgive me, if you can. You must know that everybody in the station had heard the joke about old Hammond being so desperately smitten with your photo, and of the way he went on raving about you. Well, one day I happened to be calling at your place with a fellow named Willett—he's gone up-country now—just as your brother was addressing a letter to you.

"'I am sending off Hammond's likeness to my sister,' he said, in a self-satisfied sort of way, 'and a deuc—an uncommonly good one it is, too—John to the life.'

"Just at that moment he was called away, and left the letter open on the table. Then Satan entered into Willett's heart, and he said, 'I say, Jack, what a lark it would be to send some other fellow's photo instead!' I am sorry to say I agreed.

"There was an album lying near, and we opened it in haste. The first man we came across was O'Donoghue He was always an immense admirer of yours—I mean of your photograph, Miss Bampfylde."

"'Let's put him in," cried Willett. "He's the best-looking man here.'

"So we put him in, and abstracted old Hammond. Your brother never discovered the exchange, and the letter

went. *Voilà tout!* And now, can you ever pardon a repentant sinner, Miss Bampfylde?"

"I will try. But, oh! it was a cruel joke for me!" cried Alice. Then she added, "However, I ought to blame my own folly, not you, I suppose."

So the mystery of the photograph was cleared up at last.

* * * * * *

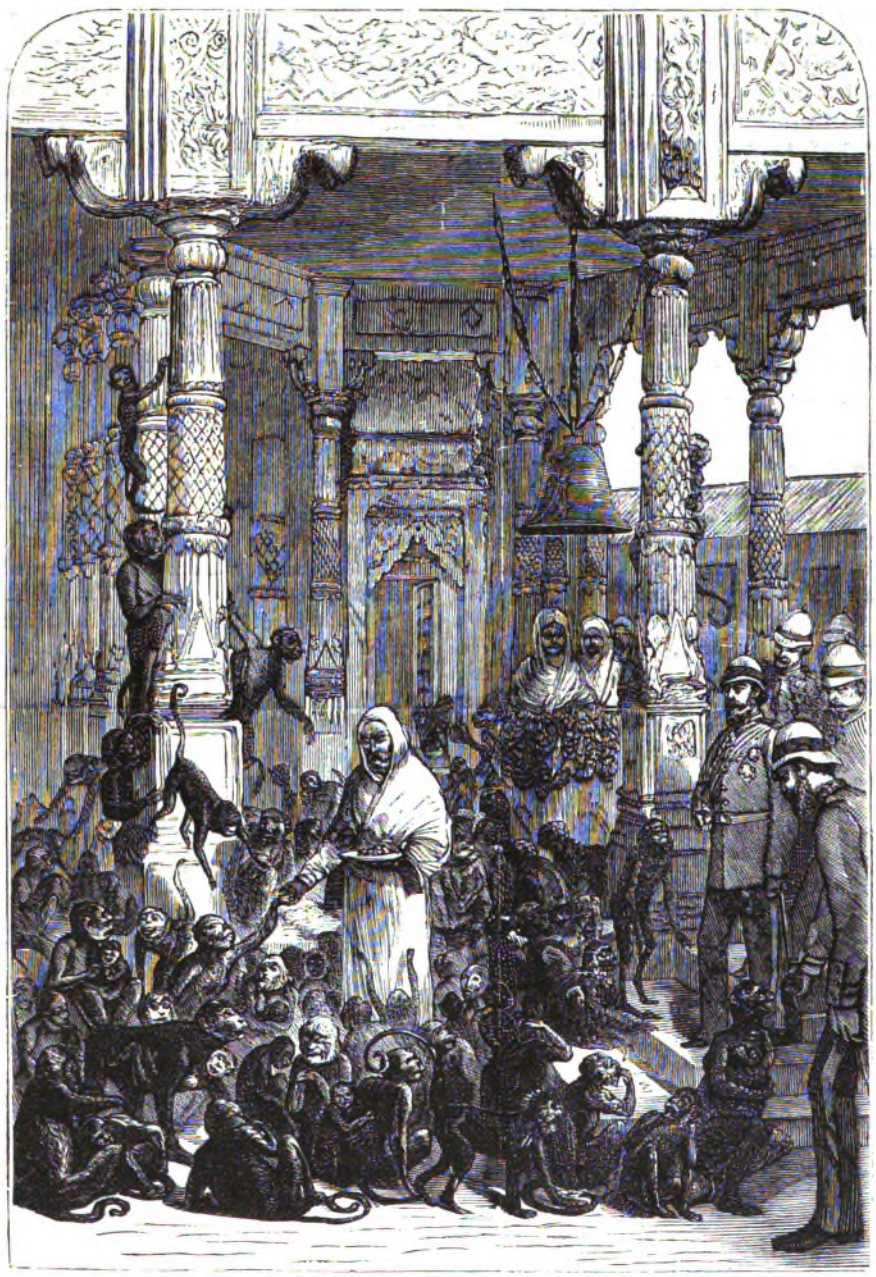
Early in March Miss Bampfylde left Muggeratial. More than one ardent admirer besought her to remain *pour toujours*, but she shook her head. She hated India, she said, and would not live in it for all the riches in the world.

And so she sailed away.

CHAPTER V.

BACK again in the moldy old cathedral city, where so much of her life had been spent. It was changed in reality, but seemed older, blacker and more dead-alive than ever to Alice.

The past Winter had told on her great-aunt considerably. The old lady had aged very much, and scarcely ever left the house now, but remained shut up with her lapdog and her books of devotion in the little room overlooking the cathedral.



SACRED ANIMALS.— THE SACRED MONKEYS OF INDIA IN THE TEMPLE AT BENARES.

Her beautiful niece was kept more than ever a prisoner, therefore, seldom going out and seeing but few people, except the sallow, clerical gentlemen, stiff and starched, who came to visit the old lady, or the acidulated spinsters and matrons of mature years who occasionally looked in to detail the gossip of the town over an afternoon cup of tea.

Months passed on in this dull, monotonous way; day after day, week after week, the same dreary routine, till Alice Bampfylde was almost dead with *ennui*. Sometimes she looked in the glass and asked her own lovely but disconsolate image whether she was always to waste her youth and beauty on the desert air of this melancholy place, or whether a release would ever come.

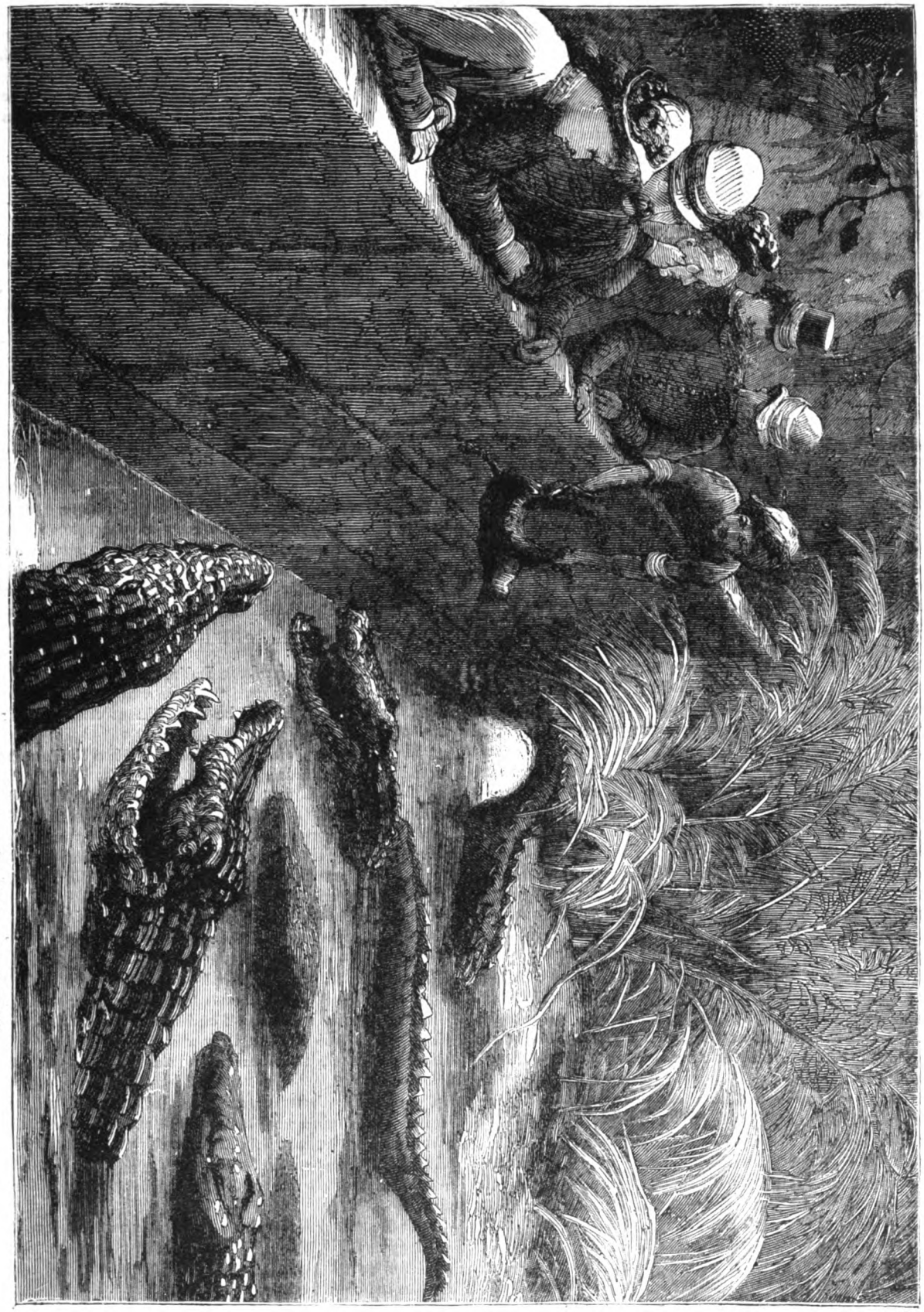
It is true that, as she herself had said, her aunt could not hide her altogether from admiring male eyes, and one minor canon, one evangelical curator, and a widowed physician, not much past fifty, had all laid their hearts at her dainty feet within the last few months; but she had declined to curtail her captivity at the expense of taking either of them.

One dreary day, at the fag end of Autumn, when the last sad yellow leaves were drifting down from the mournful elms in the cathedral close; when the smoke beat down, and the gusty wind swept round the corners of the quaint old streets and alleys, Alice put on her hat, and with a doubtful glance at the dull November sky which hinted at rain, stepped across to the cathedral, where the organ was already pealing forth for service.

Very few people were there, and those few seemed scattered sparely over the rows of crimson-cushioned seats. The vast nave, with its shadowy side-aisles, looked cold and damp, and had a moldy, earthy smell. Somehow or another, Alice felt unusually depressed in spirits.

Service was over at last. The magnificent organ pealed forth again, filling the dim aisles with a flood of sound, and Miss Bampfylde, shivering even in her warm sealskins, passed down the nave after the line of white-robed chorister boys.

It was no uncommon thing for strangers to visit the



SACRED ANIMALS.—FEEDING THE SACRED ALLIGATORS AT THE POOL AT MUGGUR TALAO, INDIA.—SEE PAGE 315.

cathedral, and the assizes were on now, which brought a great many country people to the town. Several parties of visitors were going round with the vergers as Miss Bampfylde left her seat, and more than one person turned and looked admiringly after her tall, elegant figure.

As she passed down the nave to go out by the great south door, she saw a gentleman standing with his back toward her, examining a curious inscription on the wall.

Presently he turned, hat in hand, and came slowly toward her; a tall, distinguished-looking man, with a dark, flowing beard, and grave, penetrating eyes.

Miss Bampfylde's heart gave a great bound, and then stood still, while the blood rushed frantically over her face and neck.

Was it possible? Yes, there could be no mistake—it was the original of that beloved and cherished photograph which had taken her to the other side of the world.

On his side, the stranger looked at her with an intentness that was unmistakable. As his eyes first rested on her, she saw him start slightly, with an expression that she could almost have believed was of recognition, and in passing he looked at her with an earnestness that was almost impolite, or would have been in any one else.

At the door, if it had been to save her life, she could not have helped glancing round, and she saw that he had turned also, and under pretense of looking at the west window, through which a pale ray of sickly sunshine was gleaming, was gazing after her retiring figure. Then the heavy door swung to behind her, and she passed out into the gloomy cathedral yard, hemmed in by the tall red houses.

Down the high-street she walked as if in a dream, her heart beating, her color coming and going, and every nerve in her body tingling with excitement.

Half-way down the high-street she was joined by a jovial, loud voiced lawyer, whose daughter was rather a friend of hers.

"Well, Miss Bampfylde, where are you going?" cried he, shaking hands heartily with her. "If you have nothing better to do, come into the Nisi Prius Court with me—got an awfully amusing breach-of-promise case on—no end of love-letters. Witnesses great fun—I am on the defendant's side. Will you come?"

Miss Bampfylde said she should like it immensely; so the burly lawyer walked into the shire-hall with her, pushed through the knots of barristers, attorneys, magistrates and idlers, and soon found her a seat on the magistrates' bench, where a number of ladies were already sitting.

A stout lady in a shawl, with a very perturbed countenance, was being examined, and gave great sport. Loud was the laughter in court, and frequent were the calls for silence; preoccupied as she was, Alice Bampfylde could not help laughing heartily at the answers elicited from the unfortunate victim.

Presently a handsome though somewhat severe-looking barrister rose up to speak.

"Who is this?" asked Alice.

"Oh, this is the counsel on our side," answered Mr. Dignam. "He is Mr. O'Donoghue, the celebrated Q.C.; most of the ladies are in love with him—an uncommonly good-looking fellow, isn't he?"

"I am glad you think so, for he is my brother, and I am proud of him myself," said a pleasant voice. "You are Mr. Dignam, I presume?"

Miss Bampfylde started, and looked round hastily.

Mr. Justin O'Donoghue had come in so quietly that she had not observed him, and had taken a vacant chair by the worthy lawyer.

"Certainly, sir, at your service," answered Mr. Dignam. "Your brother is a remarkable man, sir, and we are fortunate to have secured his services."

As for Alice Bampfylde, she was redder than a rose; her face was perfectly on fire with blushes, and she trembled from head to foot with agitation.

She dared not look at him, yet she knew that his eyes were fixed upon her, and oh! how handsome he was!—ten thousand times handsomer than his photograph!

She felt as if heaven itself had opened, and as if its celestial radiance illumined this bare, prosaic law-court with its ink-stained tables, its matter-of-fact benches and its hideous jury-box.

Meanwhile, the lawyer and her friend were conversing together on commonplace matters in a low tone; but by-and-by Mr. Dignam was called out, and only an empty chair remained between her and Mr. O'Donoghue.

Another witness was being examined then.

"Are you fond of coming here?" asked he, presently.

"Yes, very; but I don't often get the chance," answered Alice, still not daring to look at him, and trying not to betray her agitation in her voice.

"I think I saw you in the cathedral a little while ago," continued Mr. O'Donoghue, with his dark eyes still fixed on her face.

"Yes."

There was nothing the least impertinent or presuming in his address. He was perfectly respectable and well-bred, and his voice was very pleasant; it sounded like sweetest music in Alice's ear.

By-and-by she found herself talking to him quite naturally, and hoping that Mr. Dignam would not come back for a long while.

Presently he said:

"Have you any friends in India, may I ask?"

"Yes," answered Alice. "I have a brother there."

"I thought so. May I be impertinent enough to ask where in India?"

"He is stationed at Muggeratial. He is a civil engineer there," answered Alice.

"Your brother's name is Bampfylde," said Mr. O'Donoghue, with a sweet smile, that lit up his dark face like sunshine. "I knew it the moment I saw you. I have often seen your likeness in his album, Miss Bampfylde."

"Indeed!" answered Alice, blushing furiously. "How—how very strange that you should recognize me!"

"Not at all strange, Miss Bampfylde. I——"

But just at that moment Mr. Dignam returned, and soon after the court adjourned.

Alice spent the rest of the day in a state of blissful excitement and exaltation impossible to describe; she could do nothing but sit and think of *him*.

But, oh! those assizes, they would be over in two or three days now, and then he would go, and—and what should she do?

The next day, however, she got a letter from her friend, Kate Dignam, asking her to dinner—"to meet Mr. O'Donoghue, the Q.C., and his brother," wrote pretty Kate. "Mind, you *must* come!"

Must come, indeed; as if anything earthly should have prevented her.

Need I say how long she took to dress on that eventful evening, or how lovely she looked as she entered the Dignams' drawing-room to meet the hero of her heart? Heaven came down to earth for her that night. He took her into dinner, he stood by the grand piano while she sang, and he saw her home, when, at a sinfully late hour for Westerham, she returned to her aunt's old-fashioned home in the cathedral close.

Little more remains to be told,

The morning before the judges left Westerham Mr. Justin O'Donoghue called to pay his respects to Miss Bampfylde's venerable aunt. While there he told Alice that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to be allowed to inspect the garden, which, surrounded by ivy-covered walls, was visible from the drawing-room windows—he doted on these quaint, old-fashioned gardens, he said.

Alice was only too delighted to accede to his request; and there, beneath a gnarled old apple-tree, with the cathedral spire pointing up into the pale-blue sky, over the red roof of the ancient houses, and the yellow, pink and crimson chrysanthemums lifting their faces in the wintry sunshine, Justin O'Donoghue told his tale of love, and was accepted.

They had only known each other three days, and for this unseemly haste I have no excuse to make, except that he was to leave the next evening. So they were engaged, and great was the wonder of all their friends.

"I am sorry you hate India so much," said Justin, regretfully, as the two paced the platform of the railway station together.

And Miss Bampfylde answered that a much worse place (never mind where) would be heaven to her if he were there.

However, Mr. Justin O'Donoghue's leave is not up yet, and that successful Q.C., his brother, is endeavoring to persuade him to give up his appointment in the Bengal Civil Service, and practice as a barrister in England, which, as his health completely broke down in India, he feels inclined to do.

SACRED ANIMALS.

The worship of animals commenced at a very early period, and continues to the present moment. Sometimes representations of the animals were made of wood, stone or metal, and these took the places of the living creatures. Such was the molten calf, which the Israelites made shortly after their departure from Egypt, where animal-worship was predominant.

Apis, the sacred bull of Memphis, and Mnevis, the sacred ox of Heliopolis, were pretended by the priests of Egypt to present to their worshipers the material form of their deity Osiris. At Memphis was erected a grand court, ornamented with figures, in which the sacred bull was kept, when exhibited to the public. Attached to it were two stables, also for its use.

The festival in honor of Apis lasted seven days, on which occasion a large concourse of people assembled. The priests then led the sacred bull, preceded by a chorus of children singing hymns in his honor, in solemn procession. All persons crowded to welcome him as he passed. It was thought that children who smelt his breath were thereby gifted with the power of predicting future events. When the Apis died, certain priests, chosen for the duty, went in quest of another, who was known from the signs mentioned in the sacred books. As soon as he was found, they took him to the city of the Nile, preparatory to his removal to Memphis, where he was kept forty days. These days being completed, he was placed in a boat, with a golden cabin prepared expressly for him; and he was conducted in state upon the Nile to Memphis. The Apis was forbidden to live more than twenty-five years. Should he be alive at the end of that period, the priests led him to the sacred fountain, and drowned him with much ceremony. His body was embalmed, and a grand funeral-procession took place. When the Apis died a natural death, his obsequies were celebrated on the most magnificent scale. The burial-place of the sacred bulls was discovered a few years since by Marietti, near Memphis. It consists of an arched gallery hewn in the rock, about twenty feet in height and breadth, and two thousand feet in length, besides a lateral gallery. On each side is a series of recesses, every one containing a large sarcophagus of granite, in which the body of a sacred bull had been deposited.

The only specimens of these mummied bulls in this country are in the Museum of the New York Historical Society. From whatever cause the death of an Apis took place, the people performed in public lamentation; and this mourning lasted until his successor had been found. They then commenced the rejoicings, which were celebrated with an enthusiasm equal to the grief exhibited during the mourning. The people consulted the Apis as an oracle, and drew from his actions good or bad omens.

The Hindoos have, for many centuries, propitiated the bull with divine honors. Their temples are frequently situated, says Forbes, in his "Oriental Memoirs," in the midst of the wildest scenery, surrounded by woods and forests. In these groves, a number of consecrated bulls, after being dedicated with great ceremony by the Brahmins to Siva, and having a distinguishing mark set upon them, are permittted to wander whithersoever they please, everywhere welcomed as the representative of the god. Never was Apis regarded in ancient Egypt with more veneration than is now paid to the bull of Siva in Hindoostan.

Besides the living animals, there is in most temples a representation of one or more of the race, sculptured in marble or stone, reposing under the banian or peepul-tree; for, living or dead, they are supposed to add to the sanctity of the holy retreats. The consecrated bulls are of extraordinary beauty. They are perfectly white, with black horns, a skin delicately soft, and eyes rivaling those of the antelope in brilliant lustre.

Among the Kytch tribe of Africans, located on the banks of the White Nile, to every herd of cattle there is a sacred bull, which is supposed to exert an influence over the prosperity of the flocks; his horns are ornamented with tufts and feathers, and frequently with small bells, and it invariably leads the great herd to pasture. On starting in the early morning from the cattle-kraal, the natives address this bull, telling it to "watch over the herd, to keep the cows from straying, and to lead them to the sweetest pastures, so that they shall give abundance of milk," etc.

The worship of the horse still seems to linger, says Ferguson, in remote parts of India; and he considers the worship of this animal as the counterpart of the worship of the bull by the Sivitas.

The horse does not appear to have been one of the sacred animals of Egypt, as no instance of its embalmed head has hitherto been discovered in any of the repositories for the bodies of the animal divinities. The ass and the camel also have not been found there.

In India the white elephant is greatly venerated. This veneration is in some degree connected with the doctrine of the *metempsychosis*. Xara sustained seventy thousand transmigrations through various animals, and rested in the white elephant.

Among our Indians the moose is a sacred animal, and certain portions of the meat—such as the breast, liver, kidneys and tongue—must be eaten at once, and the whole consumed at a single meal. Women are not allowed to taste the tongue, and all scraps are burned, never given to the dogs. Tidbits are cut off and cast into the fire as offerings

to the Manitou, or Great Spirit, because he had blessed their hunting; the men at the same time chanting, and beating drums and rattles.

In fact, almost every tribe venerated some animal as a special Manitou, and its figure was the token of the nation. The Mohawks revere the bear; the Amikones revere the beaver, etc.

The ancient Egyptians, seeing in the horizon a superb star, which always appeared at the time when the overflow of the Nile began, gave it the name of Sirius, because it seemed to show itself expressly in order to warn the laborer against the inundation. The dog was therefore considered as the genius of that river; they represented this god with the body of a man and the head of a dog, and gave it the name of Anabis. Its image was placed on the gate of all the temples of Egypt. From that country westward the dog, in one way or another, was mingled up with the rites and ceremonies of many nations. Lucan says:

> "We receive in Roman temples, thy Isis,
> And thy half-dog deities."

THE GOD-FOX IN JAPANESE MYTHOLOGY.

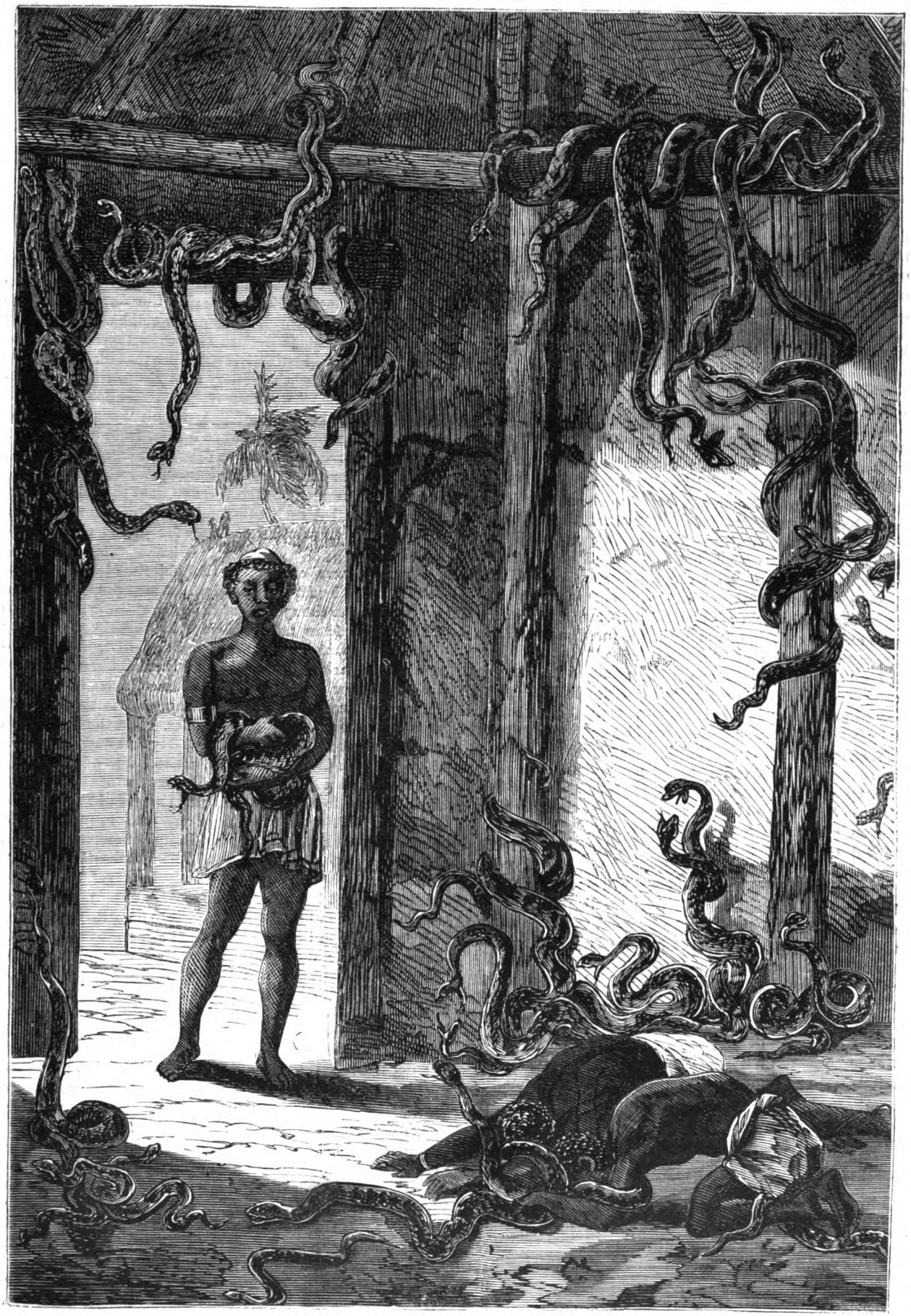
There was a city in Egypt, named Cynopolis (now Samallout), which was built in honor of the dog. There the priests celebrated to it festivals in great pomp. Its statue was of gold; and earthly dogs, of a black-and-white color, were ultimately sacrificed to it. These were embalmed; and now mummies of dogs are found in abundance.

In Japan it is said that the fox still figures as a deity, and enters into a vast number of their legends and beliefs. Formerly the Peruvians adored this animal, and had its statue sculptured in their temples. Both Plutarch and Pliny mention a curious fable respecting a certain tribe in Ethiopia, which not only deified the dog, but had one for their king. In royal vestments, with a crown on its head, his canine majesty, seated on a throne, received the homage of its subjects. It indicated its approbation by wagging its tail; it forbade by barking; it destined to death or punishment by growling; and conferred place and dignity by licking the favorite's hand. Of course, it had its priestly interpreters, who were the persons in whose hands the real power lay.

Diodorus Siculus tells us that every one killing a cat was put to death, and that in Ptolemy's time a cat being killed by a Roman, the natives flew to his dwelling, and that neither the fear of the Romans, who were making a league with Ptolemy, nor the influence of the princes sent to persuade them, could deliver the man from the popular rage.

One of the accusations against the Templars, centuries afterward, was that they worshiped a cat, which sometimes appeared in their chapters. One of the Sicilian Templars, when under examination, said that the cat had not appeared for a long time in the chapters, but that the ancient statutes of Damietta said that it used to appear and be worshiped.

Wolves were the sacred animals of Lycopolis. The tombs in the mountain above Lycopolis (the modern O'Sioob) contain the mummies of these animals. The ichneumon, from its enmity to serpents, was looked upon by the Egyptians with great respect; and those who held the crocodile in abhorrence greatly venerated this little creature, in consequence of its destroying the eggs of the hated animal. Those who lived about Thebes and the Lake Mœris, however, greatly venerated the crocodile. It was treated by them with the most marked respect, and kept at a considerable expense, being fed and attended with the most scrupulous care. They ornamented its



SACRED SERPENTS IN THEIR HOUSE AT WHYDAH, AFRICA.

head, neck, and feet with rings of gold and precious stones, and after its death its body was embalmed in a most sumptuous manner.

In the Tette district of Africa the monkey is a sacred animal, and is never molested or killed, because the people devoutly believe that the souls of their ancestors now occupy these degraded forms, and anticipate that they themselves must sooner or later be transformed in like manner. The entellus, or sacred monkey of the Hindoos, is religiously preserved about their sacred inclosures.

Extraordinary honors were paid to the goose in ancient times, and it is still held in great veneration by some of the Eastern nations. The figure that occurs so frequently on Buddhist monuments is the Brahmanee goose. The ancient Britons, according to Cæsar, held it impious to eat the flesh of geese.

The ibis was another bird held in the highest sanctity by the old Egyptians. There are still numerous pits containing ibis mummies in that country. The largest of them, a little to the westward of the pyramid of Aboutir, is about twenty feet deep. The floor of this pit for probably a depth of many feet is covered with heaps on heaps, and layers on layers of coarse earthen jars, the lids cemented down, containing each the body of an ibis, preserved with bitumen, and inclosed in numerous folds of narrow cloth bandages. "Some of the mummies are found," says Lord Nugent, in his "Lands Classical and Sacred," "in a state of great preservation—black and charred, and incapable of being taken whole out of the bandages, but all the bones, the heads, and all the feathers entire. Whether these animals were thus embalmed and brought to this place of burial whenever found dead, or whether collected here only as objects of worship, is a question of which no ancient authority assists in the solution."

Dr. Shaw states that the Mohammedans have a great veneration and esteem for the stork. It is almost as sacred with them as the ibis was with the Egyptians, and they would look upon a person as profane who should kill, or even harm, one. So precious were these birds held in Thessaly, which country they are said to have cleared of serpents, that the slayer of a stork was punished with death. They were thought much of at Rome, for when a person who from a freak of luxury ordered one to be placed on his dinner-table, he drew upon himself the direful obloquy of the whole city.

The robin is considered in several countries a sacred bird; to kill one is little less than sacrilege, and its eggs are free from the hand of the birdnester. It is asserted that the respect shown to it by man is joined in by the animals of the wood. The weasel and wildcat, it is said, will neither molest it nor eat it when killed. One cause for the veneration in which it is held may be the superstition which represents it as the medium through which mankind are warned of approaching death. Before the decease of a person a robin is believed, in many instances, to tap thrice at the window of the room in which the sick person is lying. Grimm says that the peculiar veneration with which this bird is treated has been shown by the whole German race from remote times; and he refers to the bird's color and its name as evidences that it was sacred to Thor, the god of lightning.

The swallow, too, in Germany, is everywhere deemed a sacred bird. Like the stork, it preserves the house on which it builds its nest from fire and lightning. The Spanish peasants have a tradition that it was a swallow that tried to pluck the thorns out of the crown of Christ as he hung upon the Cross; hence they have a great reverence for this bird, and will never destroy it.

In France, in the Pays de Caux, the wren is a sacred bird. To kill it, or rob its nest, is deemed an atrocity which will bring down the lightning on the culprit's dwelling. Such an act was also regarded with horror in Scotland. Robert Chambers mentions the following popular malediction upon those who rob the nest of the wren:

> "Malisons, malisons mair than ten,
> That harry the lodge of Heaven's hen!"

There is an old English couplet which sings the praises of the wren and the robin:

> "The robin and the wren
> By God A'mighty's cock and hen."

The whydah-bird and the water-wagtail are held sacred by the natives of several parts of Africa. Among the Mandan Indians of North America the dove is held so sacred that neither man, woman nor child will injure it; indeed, the Mandans declare that even their dogs, ferocious as they are, instinctively respect that bird.

In Captain Knight's "Diary of a Pedestrian in Cashmere and Thibet" we find frequent mention of sacred fish. At Vernagh, for instance, a tank "was filled with fine fish, all sacred and as fat as butter, from the plentiful support they receive from the devout among the Hindoos, not to mention the unbelieving travelers, who also supply them for amusement. The fish swarmed in such numbers that they jostled each other fairly out of the water in a dense living mass while striving for grains of rice and bread."

Serpents have ever been the objects of the peculiar hatred and disgust of mankind. Among many nations they have been the symbol of the evil principle; and when their abject fears have led men to worship what they dreaded, serpents have been adored as deities. In Hindoostan, where nearly fifty species of these abhorred reptiles lie in wait for the destruction of man, a coiled serpent forms the couch of the god Vishnu, and is the frequent attendant on others of their deities. But the boa, which sometimes reaches the length of thirty feet and upward, is dignified with divine attributes, consulted as an oracle and worshiped as a god. Colonel Torrens, while traveling in Ladak, came to a spot sacred to all the gods in the Hindoo calendar. After a good deal of prostration, praying and offering up of handsful of flour, lumps of sugar and ghee, by his servants, the divinity at last vouchsafed to make his appearance "in the shape of a little serpent, about two and a half feet long, who wriggled about playfully in the sunshine, which had probably more to do with his leaving his snug hole in the rock than the genuflexions of our followers. Their delight, not unmixed with awe, at the reptile's appearance was unmistakably genuine; their credulity was no feigned feeling." The native servants told the colonel that sometimes as many as twenty or thirty of these snakes appear in this spot to the faithful. The legend runs, that when the gods fled before the might of the Rakis (the Titans of Hindoo mythology) they took refuge, for a time, in the snows of the Himalayas, and the serpents were placed to guard all the roads to their abode. This was one of the principal outposts of the serpent army, and probably from mere force of habit their descendants continue to keep up the routine of mount-guarding, etc. The legend goes on to say that the gods, invigorated by the bracing alpine air, again took the field, utterly routed the Rakis and slew them all. The fossils so plentifully strewed over the Sewalik, or lowest ranges of the Himalayas, are the bones of the slain Titans.

The worship of the serpent was one of the principles of primitive Druidism. Pliny has given us a curious account of the anguinum, or serpent's egg, which was worn as

their distinguishing badge by the Druids. Marvels of all kinds were told of this article. It was said to be formed at first by a great number of serpents twined together, whose hissing at last raised it into the air, when it was to be caught ere it fell to the ground in a clean white cloth, by a person mounted on a swift horse, who had immediately to ride off at full speed; the enraged serpents pursuing him until they were stopped by a running stream. It has been conjectured that the great Druidical temples of Avebury, Stonehenge, Carnac in Brittany, and most of the others which remain both in Britain and Gaul, were dedicated to the united worship of the sun and the serpent.

In Bennett's account of "Ceylon and its Capabilities," there is a passage to the effect that the cobra da capello, every time it expends its poison, loses a joint of its tail, and eventually acquires a head which resembles that of a toad. One of the early races which inhabited Ceylon, the Nagas, worshiped the cobra as an emblem of the destroying power. So numerous were the followers of this gloomy idolatry at that time, that they gave the name of Nagadipo, the Island of Serpents, to the portion of the country which they held; in the same manner that Rhodes and Cyprus severally acquired the ancient designation of Ophiusa, from the fact of their being the residence of the Ophites, who introduced serpent-worship into Greece. In Ceylon, traces of this kind of worship are to the present time perceptible amongst the inhabitants, who, rather than put a cobra to death, inclose the reptile in a wicker-cage, and set it adrift on the nearest stream. In the Island of Nainativoe, to the southwest of Jaffa, there was till recently a little temple, dedicated to the goddess Naya Tambiran, in which consecrated serpents were tenderly reared, and daily fed at the expense of the worshipers.

Serpent-worship is one of the oldest, if not the oldest, forms of idolatry. It preceded Buddhism in India; and we have seen that it is still a reality in some parts of the world. If we desire to see it in all its hideous savagery, we shall discover it at Whydah, in Africa.

The holy scarabæus of the ancient Egyptians was an immense beetle. Of this creature, Sir S. Baker, in his most interesting work, "The Great Basin of the Nile," gives the following particulars:

"It appears shortly after the commencement of the wet season, its labors continuing until the cessation of the rains, at which time it disappears. Was it not worshiped by the ancients as the harbinger of the high Nile? The existence of Lower Egypt depending upon the annual inundation, the rise of the river was observed with general anxiety. The beetle appears at the commencement of the rise in the river level, and from its great size and extraordinary activity in clearing the earth from all kinds of ordure, its presence is remarkable. Approaching at the season of the flood, may not the ancients have imagined some connection between the beetle and the river, and have considered it sacred as the harbinger of the inundation?"

"Thus we see," as Mr. James Ferguson observes, in his "Fire and Serpent Worship," "from bulls to beetles, or from crocodiles to cats, all came alike to a people so essentially religious as the Egyptians seem to have been."

A LAPP LEGEND.

The legend is very familiar throughout Archangel province and among the Lapps. Anika came yearly to take tribute of the fishes. None knew of his coming or going, but he was always seen on the shore when the boats came in from the sea. He periodically challenged the fishermen to fight, but his enormous size frightened them. For many years he was the terror of Ribatschi. One day a young man presented himself and induced the fishermen to take him fishing with them. On landing, the stranger cleaned the fish with incredible rapidity. A fisherman's gloves being wet, the youth in squeezing them between his hands crushed them to dust, while the fishermen marveled at his strength. Anika appeared and the youth spoke boldly to him, and slightingly. "He, he!" laughed the giant, "be careful, or I'll demolish thee." They agreed to fight in this ring on the hill, and in the following fashion: Each combatant was to turn a somersault and strike his enemy in the chest with his feet. Anika took the first turn and struck the youth, who did not budge. A second blow and the young man recoiled a yard; the third time a fathom. It was the stranger's turn now. At the first somersault he drove the Virking back a fathom; at the second three fathoms; at the third he flung the huge sea robber seven fathoms outside the ring—dead. They buried him and erected a stone heap over him. "Thank God each of you," said the youth; "your enemy is no more. Henceforth none shall molest your fishing. God be with you." Then he disappeared.

SUPERSTITIOUS WHALEFISHERS.

Of all men sailors are about the most superstitious, and perhaps whalefishers are the most superstitious of all. For a ship to start on her voyage on a Friday, or for any important work—such as putting the lines on board the boats—to take place on that day, is synonymous with certain failure of the fishing, if not something worse. The captains generally defer to the men's deep-seated prejudice on this subject; but a few of them have dared the evil influence of sailing on Friday, with the result that the voyage, instead of being unsuccessful, has frequently proved unusually fortunate. One notable instance occurred where a ship sailed on a Friday, and every whale that was caught was killed on a Friday.

The men are likewise very particular about the way in which everything is put on board at the equipment of the ship. A boat which had been brought down from the yard stern foremost is known to have been sent back and brought down bow foremost, and nothing will be accepted by a sailor which is handed to him between the shrouds.

On one occasion a ship had been very unfortunate, not a whale having been caught, although the season was well advanced. The want of success was attributed to an Englishman who wore a peculiar high-peaked white hat, and at the solicitation of the crew he allowed his hat to be consumed on a bonfire kindled on the ice with a view of exorcising the spirit of bad luck.

In the days of the old sailing-vessels the burning of the witches was a regular occurrence. The master of the ceremonies had a piece of flat stick, on the end of which a quantity of salt was placed, and his plan of burning out the witches was by pushing the stick through the ring of the anchor, and then setting fire to the salt, muttering the while some doggerel, beginning thus, "Avoid ye Satin, and away with your crooked rumple."

A curious coincidence happened one year on board the old *Advice*. The season had been very unpropitious, and as it was well advanced and the ship still "clean," the ceremony of burning the witches was resorted to. One of the crew—an old man, famed for his success in exorcising the evil genius—acted as high-priest on the occasion, and curiously enough a fish was caught on the following day.

The ceremony was repeated three times, at intervals of a week, and with the like result, a whale having been got the succeeding day. It is creditable to the intelligence of the men to say that this witch-burning is never heard of nowadays, having disappeared along with many of the other superstitious notions which were in vogue in "the good old times."

BEETHOVEN IMPROVISING.

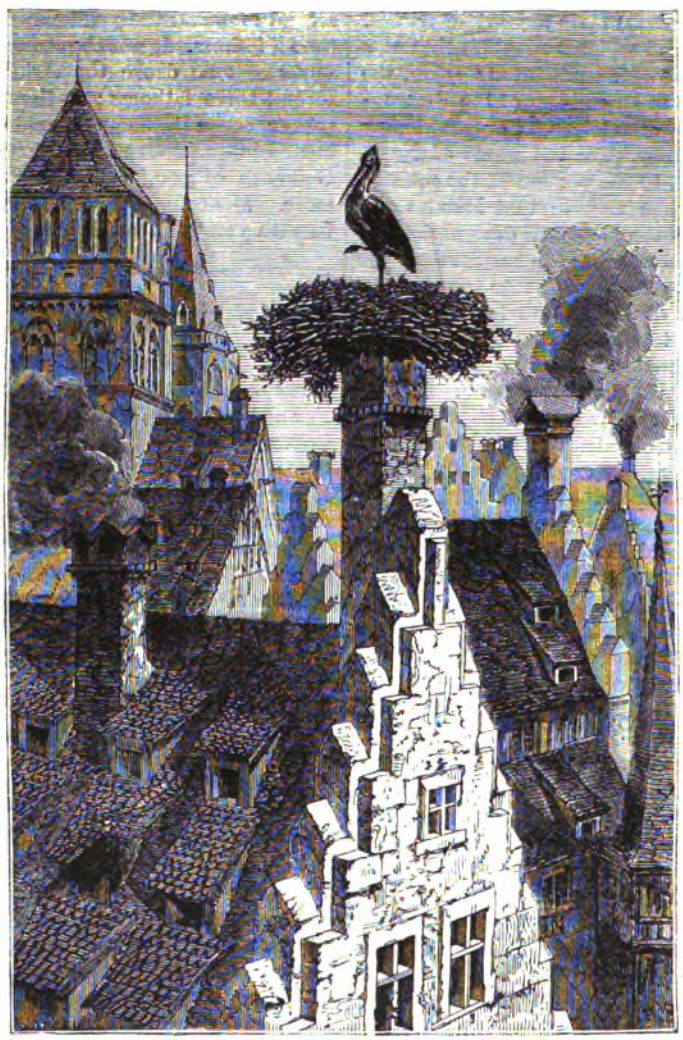
BEETHOVEN used to sit for hours at the piano improvising the thoughts which he afterward jotted down on paper, and subsequently elaborated into the music with which he astonished the world. If he discovered that he had been overheard at such times—as happened once when Cipriani Potter called upon the great composer and was shown into an adjoining room—he was incensed to the highest degree.

In another mood, and especially after he had become deaf, while working out a subject in his mind he would leave his house at night or in the early morning and walk for many hours through the most remote and solitary places, through woods and by lakes and torrents, silent and abstracted. In this way he sometimes made the circuit of Vienna twice in a day, or, if he were at Baden, long excursions across the country. When engaged in his magnificent "Sonata Appassionata" he one day took a long walk with Ferdinand Ries, his pupil. They walked for hours, but during the whole time Beethoven spoke not a word, but kept humming, or rather howling, up and down the scale. It was the process of incubation. On reaching home he seated himself at the piano without taking off his hat, and dashed into the splendid finale of that noble work. Once there, he remained for some time, totally regardless of the darkness or the fact that he and Ries had had nothing to eat for hours.

His appearance became perfectly well known to people of all classes, who exclaimed, "There is Beethoven!" when they saw him; and it is related that once when a troop of charcoal-burners met him on a country path they stood on one side, heavily laden as they were, to let him pass, for fear of troubling the great master's meditations. When composing in his own room at home he would sometimes walk about in a reverie, pouring cold water over his hands alternately from jug after jug till the floor of the room was inundated, and the people came running upstairs to know the cause of the deluge.

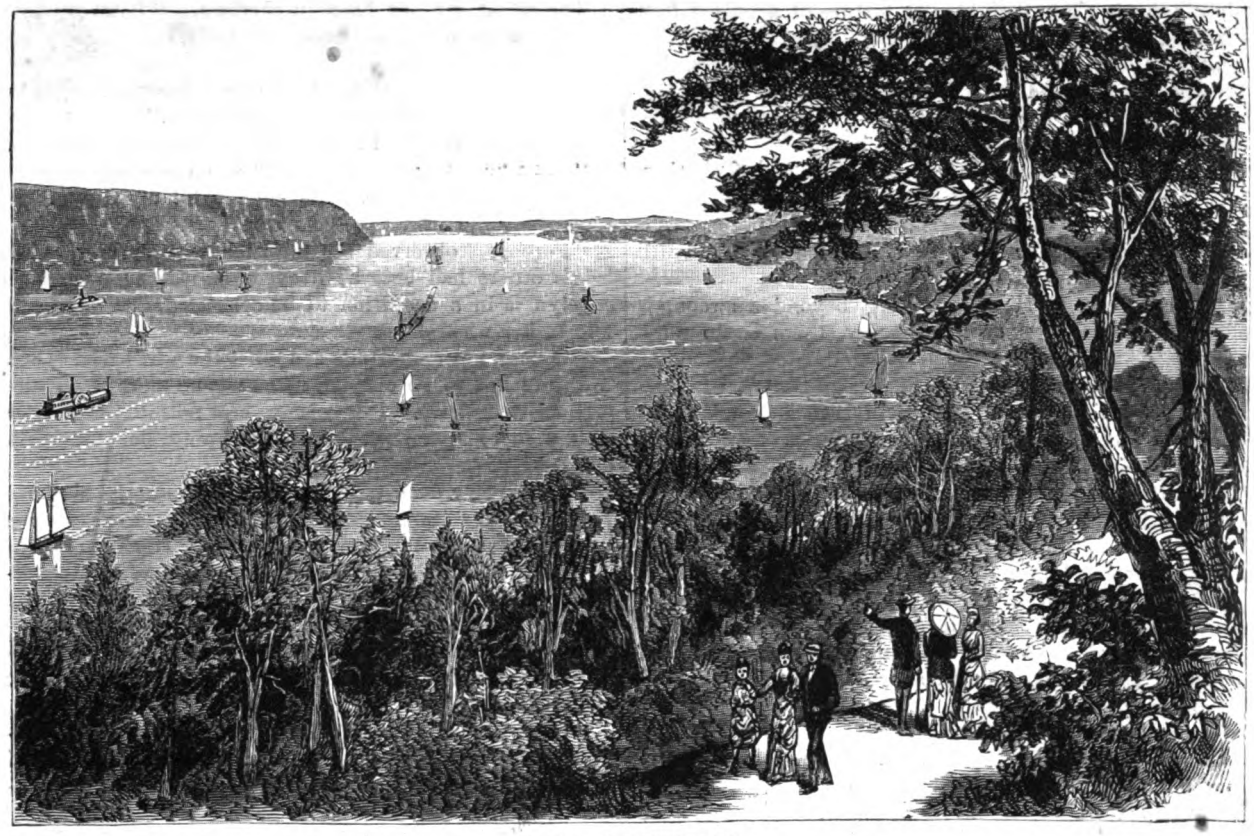
At his death he left, besides his finished works, a quantity of rough sketches, containing, doubtless, the germs of many more works which never passed the stage in which they appear there. The first drafts of his well-known compositions show the successive alterations which their subjects suffered before they pleased him; and these form a most interesting study as exposing his manner of working. One of his sketch-books has been published *in extenso;* and, besides a host of matters of minor interest, it contains three separate drafts, at length, of the finale of one of his symphonies—a striking proof of the patience with which this great and fiery genius perfected his masterpieces.

Even when completely finished and perfected to his own satisfaction, his manuscripts presented many difficulties to the reader, and his copyists and engravers are said to have had a hard time of it. In one of his letters, in which he gives his publishers the corrections of some proofs of a stringed quartette, he concludes by saying that "It is four o'clock. I must post this; and I'm quite hoarse with stamping and swearing."



SACRED ANIMALS.—THE STORK, REVERED AS SACRED IN MANY LANDS. SEE PAGE 315.

A YOUNG Roumanian engineer thinks he has solved the problem of submarine navigation. A few weeks ago this gentleman submitted to the consideration of a technical commission appointed by the Roumanian Government his model of a fish-shaped steel boat, provided with the means of locomotion and stored with air sufficient for the consumption of the crew during a period of submersion not exceeding fifteen hours. The stock of air can also be renewed at will by raising the vessel to a point from six to nine feet beneath the surface of the water, whence by means of pneumatic pumps and a slender iron tube passed through a practical circular trap in its roof, it will be able to take in its atmospheric provision. The interior of the boat is illuminated brilliantly from stem to stern by electric light thrown upon powerful reflectors. With the aid of this light it will be enabled to search for torpedoes at but little risk of itself, and to conduct its own offensive operations against hostile fleets with the utmost precision.



A VIEW UP THE HUDSON.

THE LETTER "S"; Or, THE JOCELYN SIN.

By INDE.

Chapter XIX.—"Ah! My, One Grand Love!"

Everybody has at some time in his life experienced the intense panic of helpless fear occasioned by the gradual increase of bolt after bolt of terrific thunder. The storm had raged and gathered the live-long day of hapless Winifred's evil marriage. The storm had reached its height simultaneously with the consummation of the hideous wrong they were doing the innocent girl. The faces of the servants grouped in the hall were awe-stricken and terrified. The face of Ellen Hardy was full of shocked surprise as the strange wedding-party, guestless and joyless, crossed the hall to the drawing-room, Fulke and Marie Frissae, both triumphant and undismayed by the howling elements and unnatural gloom. General Jocelyn and his daughter, both oppressed by the horrible storm, both impelled to this indecorous persistence, both pallid and ghastly, and shuddering with the sombre augury of this fateful wedding, frowned upon by nature itself. They moved through the lane of servants, the lightning glared upon them menacingly, the thunder roared ceaselessly, the blackness of night enveloped them. Nevertheless, Fulke strode forward and paused before the priest; paused and peered back through the darkness, while a servant strove vainly to light the extinguished wax candles. Winifred and her father crossed the threshold and slowly advanced into the great drawing-room; they, too, meant to defy the tempest; but the tempest sped its bolt. Through the awful blackness came a withering, blazing flame of lightning; through the breathless silence a prolonged, deafening peal of thunder, a swift, stupendous crash, shrill screams and a hush.

"Winifred! Winifred!" called Fulke, through the gloom. His voice shook with a frightful dread. "Winifred! Winifred!" In the darkness he could distinguish whitish heaps of *débris* lying across the room.

"The bolt struck the chimney, I think," interposed the quiet voice of the minister. "You will be able to see in a minute or two. They have escaped, perhaps."

Marie stood by the window, rigidly still, but Fulke sprang forward and groped about the fallen piles.

"Bring a light!" he shouted, all in vain. No one obeyed the order. Some of the servants crouched in the hall, some had fled to the cellars, shrieking and crying with fright. "Bring a light, curse you!" he shouted again.

The Frenchwoman, still calm and cool, stepped to the bracket and lighted a wax-candle thereon, then turned shortly where she stood. She flung her hands up wildly. There were two forms prostrated on the carpet, two faces unmoved by the passion of grief bursting over them. They were General Jocelyn and his daughter. Winifred lay at a distance, evidently stunned by the blow of a flying stone; but Hugh Jocelyn seemed entombed in a mass of fallen masonry. Marie uttered shrill, piercing cries as she knelt down, striving to move the heavy stones.

"Eh, *Dieu, Dieu!* What does it matter about her? She is not dead. Help me, you inhuman wretches—you fiends. He may yet live, you infamous brutes," she screamed, frantically.

Both men were bending over Winifred, Fulke had his fingers on her pulse and his ear to her heart. Not less

ghastly was her face than his. A torture of agonized fear pictured itself in Winifred's exquisite countenance. The whiteness of death overspread the perfect features, but the fall had loosened the golden hair, and one white arm was thrown above her head. Evidently she had raised the arm in an involuntary effort to save herself.

"She is not dead, the pulse is feeble and flickering, but there is a faint pulse," whispered the minister, with his fingers on one delicate wrist.

"Are you sure? Oh, my God, if I lose her now I will go mad!" ejaculated Fulke.

"Her injury, if it be anything beyond a swoon, is slight; but his—heaven have mercy, there is no hope there." The priest, in his robes, indicated that other Jocelyn lying under the terrible mass of stone, with the Frenchwoman wailing, in bursts of rage and grief, and toiling helplessly to remove the great pieces of solid rock.

"What do I care for him," was the brutal retort. "How does it matter to me what becomes of him?" and Fulke, grim and merciless and ghastly, lifted Winifred in his arms and carried her across to the library. "This is no sight for her," he muttered.

The storm had spent itself in that one fatal bolt. The servants obeyed Marie's shrill cries for help. Every soul rushed forward to lift the crushing pile from the fallen general. Every soul stopped short, without essaying to move one atom of the mass. There was no such need for haste, no necessity for precipitation. The Jocelyn servants stood round in confusion. Hugh Jocelyn was dead. The bolt had smitten the handsome, courtly general. There he lay, in his elegant dinner-dress, under the cruel heap of stone and mortar—killed. Evidently the crashing mass had killed him instantly. He was stone-cold, and stiff even then.

"Take those stones away instantly, I say; he may not be dead. You shall help him now. What does it matter about Winifred?" shrieked Marie, catching Winifred's name in the whisper among the servants.

Selfishness was undisguised in this terrible hour. Fulke and Marie threw aside the restraint upon their love and their hate. She resented any aid to the woman she detested. He scorned the lifeless, mangled remains of the man he had persecuted.

The quiet directions of the minister soon systematized the work of removing the *débris*. It was no light task, but tenants and servants crowded into the wreck of the great drawing-room, and worked manfully.

Hugh Jocelyn had found loyal friends in the lower ranks as well as the upper. They were doing all they could for him now when his nephew had turned his back upon him in brutal contempt.

"He had best be carried to the study, had he not, sir?" asked the butler, glancing at the minister, inquiringly.

They had extricated the once splendid form at last. The men were shoveling away carefully and tenderly the plaster from around it.

"I think that would be best; it is quite impossible for Miss Jocelyn to see her father again; but, of course, her wishes alone are to be consulted. I think she would prefer that," replied the minister, slowly.

"I tell you she has nothing to do with it. What a fool you are!" burst out Madame Frissae, facing him, with maniacal intermingling of grief and fury in her aspect.

The hot tears had grooved little lanes through the rouge and pearl-powder, and defaced the penciled veins, until her face looked tawdry and dirty and sharp. Her eyes, red and swollen, blazed and glittered with jealous rage. However much she grieved for the father, her heart hardened stonily against the daughter.

The priest stepped back in surprise. Whatever phase of sorrow he may have seen, he had never exactly encountered this phase.

"Yes, what a simple fool! The girl has nothing to do with it. He shall be carried to the library."

"But Miss Winifred is there," remonstrated the butler.

"Take her out of there, then," was the sharp answer; "and take him in there. Ah, my Hugh! my Hugh!"

The servants hesitated.

"Perhaps," observed the minister, with dignity, "this lady's orders had best be obeyed, and as soon as Miss Jocelyn is in a condition to be consulted, she will make known her wishes."

"It does not matter one sou what the girl's wishes are. They are not to be obeyed. She has no more to do with it than you have. Her wishes are nothing here, you simple fool!" persisted Marie, stamping her foot furiously.

The minister drew on his gloves. Evidently Madame Frissae stood watching him ferociously. Her eyes turned to Hugh Jocelyn and filled with tears. Her eyes turned on the the minister and glittered with fury. Both passions gained the mastery in rapid succession when she glanced at the objects inspiring them.

The Frenchwoman had had her own way when Hugh Jocelyn lived, and she had no mind to abdicate now that he was dead.

"I beg pardon for reminding you that since this dreadful accident removing the head of the house, Miss Jocelyn assumes, of course, that responsibility as soon as her condition permits."

The mild face of the minister became very red and perplexed; he was young and full of clerical dignity. The small, wiry, attenuated creature, with her besmeared face and gaudy, costly dress, respected him just as little as she did one of the servants. She glanced at the prostrate form on the floor, and wrung her hands. She whirled around swiftly, and ran up to the minister.

"I say the girl in the library has no voice in anything here. I say that General Jocelyn shall be carried into the library, and she shall be carried out of it. *Mon Dieu!* you silly-headed parson, you know no more about it than a baby! I tell you that neither now nor hereafter, nor never, will the girl across there in the library assume any responsibility in Jocelyn Hall. She shall not. My day has come at last. I cannot adore him any longer, but I can hate her—to all eternity."

The minister fixed his eyes hard upon her, and she flung back the gaze with angry insolence.

"Permit me to regret your state of mind, madame, and again point out the fact that the young lady is General Jocelyn's only child."

The woman actually laughed, with the mangled remains of the man she professed to adore still at her feet. She laughed wildly.

"*Mon Dieu!* How do you know whose child she is? Were you in the room when she was born?"

The minister buttoned his coat nervously.

"I must acknowledge that I was not——" he began.

"*Tais toi*, then; for I was in the room when she was born, and I know whose child she is; but it don't matter one sou whose child the girl is, my Hugh shall be laid in the library," and Marie Frissae rudely turned her back upon the minister. "Raise him up slowly. Ah, *mon Dieu!* do not jar him—do not hurt him!" she ordered, her voice dropping suddenly into pathetic tenderness, as the men lifted Hugh Jocelyn from his lowly resting-place. "*Dieu! Dieu!* My angel! my adored!" moaned the Frenchwoman, clinging to one crushed hand and covering it with

caresses, while they moved on to the library. "My Hugh—my own grand Hugh! Why did it not kill any one save you? Ah, the ill luck!"

The men glanced up in alarm when the door opened, but the library was vacant. Neither the unconscious Winifred nor the brutal Fulke were there to receive the silent occupant, then outstretched upon the table in the middle of the floor, with the costly bronzes and rare statuary scattered around, not colder nor more lifeless than the man who had gone out from there an hour before to Winifred's wedding. They had carried him back. He would go out once more, where the Frenchwoman could not follow. From the *griffes* of merciless Marie or barbaric Fulke the courtly general was for ever free.

"The ill-luck, the ill-luck—when the girl was there and ugly Fulke, and who would have cared a sou if the evil bolt had smitten either? Ah, *mon ami*, my adored!" She sat down at his side, her face pressed against the uncovered but mutilated hand. She was venomously pathetic. "Leave him, all of you. I will stay with him, he shall not be alone—*mon ami*, my own Hugh!" The Frenchwoman had assumed the direction of everything, coarsely pushing aside Winifred, contemptuously ignoring Fulke. The servants and strangers obeyed her reluctantly, and cleared the room, hastened by her impatient gestures. "My darling, my one grand love," she whispered, fluttering around to the dead, reposeful face, whose perilous charm might have wrought her ill in the past. Nobody knew, nobody cared, what link in years agone had held the two lives together. That she had power over him, every soul understood, and that it maddened him, seemed equally plain. "My one grand love!" She kissed the pale lips fiercely, then stood mournfully watching the placid countenance.

Softly opening the door, Fulke came in, shutting it after him carefully, and turning the key in the lock.

"What do you want in here, Monsieur Fulke?" she demanded, without raising her eyes from the contemplation of the unconscious features. He walked around to the opposite side of the improvised bier. He was intent upon some purpose, and regardless of her. "*Mon Dieu!* what do you mean?" He had taken a penknife from his pocket, and was bending down keenly examining the dark kid covering of that one hand concealed from human eyes.

"I mean to see what secret is hidden here," was the brief answer.

"You will see nothing of the kind." Madame Frissae made a swift swoop upon the knife, and snatched it out of his hand. "He refused to let any one see it while he lived, and I refuse to let any one see it after he is dead." Fulke glanced at her sneeringly but without budging an inch. "Your permission was never asked, and now I have no intention of doing so: perhaps you don't remember that your power dies with your Hugh."

The Frenchwoman did not stamp or apparently fly into one of her rages, neither one nor the other. She fixed her eyes upon him meaningly.

"You don't remember that my Hugh had a secret, do you?"

"Yes," was the surly answer, "and it's part of that secret I shall investigate now."

"You shall not investigate any part of that secret now or hereafter, monsieur."

She moved away from the table and sat down.

"How will you prevent me?" he demanded, sulkily. "I shall call for assistance and have you mobbed for outraging the dead."

Her tone evinced determination; and his tone, when he spoke again, gave signs of yielding as he always did, to this reckless, resolute creature.

"Do you know why that hand is hidden, and why he always winced under the smallest allusion to it."

Madame Frissae softly stepped to the table, and tenderly pressed her lips to the brown kid.

"Yes."

"Are you going to tell me Hugh Jocelyn's secret?"

"No, not all of it."

"I am entitled to all of it. I shall be Winifred's husband——"

"Monsieur Fool, you will not be Winifred's husband. Can't you see that the necessity for a marriage with you is gone? You forced her into measures because of him. The necessity no longer exists; your power over her is gone."

Fulke scowled at her darkly, but the woman faced him resolutely.

"Do you think she will dare do that?" he questioned.

"She will do anything to be quit of you. She is rich and beautiful, with no secrets to hold over her; she will wait for the magnificent Bernard."

"If I thought that," burst in Fulke, "I would——"

"What, Monsieur Stupide?" satirically queried Madame Frissae.

"I will have the ceremony performed before she knows of this," he said, viciously. "I can do that if you will help me?"

He watched her anxiously. His last power over Winifred lay in this one deception. His sole chance of success rested upon her assistance. The shifting moods of the Frenchwoman had again changed. She dropped her revenge and reverted to her grief.

"My one grand love! my own adored Hugh! Why could not the ill-luck have taken the others and spared you, my adored!" fell from her lips in mournful whispers, while her eyes filled with tears, and the lace handkerchief, pink with rouge from her wet cheeks, was brushed slowly across her eyes.

"I can manage Winifred until the ceremony is performed, if you will help me," repeated Fulke, mildly.

She shifted from her grief to her hatred.

"Yes, monsieur, you are so fool blind and stupid, you cannot do it without me. I hold mam'selle in my hand. She is to be what I choose she shall be; her future is my will. I can help you, Sieur Fulke, and for her mother's sake, I say that I will help you; but I have my terms."

"What are they? Anything you may demand."

Madame Frissae smiled sneeringly.

"I will meditate. She is in my hands, and so are you. There is no such haste: No matter what they tell her. If she is conscious now, she knows what has happened You are safe because I will help you," and she turned away from him. "Go, now: I am tired of you. I will think of no one while he is here, my own grand love."

Fulke hesitated. His evil face became malignant with suppressed rage. He dared not defy her, and yet a sardonic desire was strong upon him to gloat over his dead enemy, and possess himself of whatever part of his secret that covered hand might tell.

"Confound the storm, confound that dead carrion!" he growled, savagely.

Madame Frissae heard, or rather heeded, none of his speeches. They were lost on her. She was tearfully kissing the dark hair of the dead man, and pointedly disdaining the brutal dislike of the living one. She had dismissed him. There was nothing for him to do but to abide her time and go. The butler looked in at that moment and beckoned to Fulke.

"The doctors have arrived, sir," he said, in a subdued tone.

"What the deuce can they do?"

The well-trained Jocelyn servitor stepped silently aside and ushered in the physicians.

"We came as soon as the news reached us, madame, but it is of no avail. General Jocelyn was killed instantly, and perhaps it was all the better," observed Dr. Foster, after a very slight examination, and his colleagues had returned to the hall.

"*Dieu!* what folly to say like that!" exclaimed Marie; "when it would have been no misfortune if the bolt had killed Fulke or the girl Winifred; but to strike the best, the noblest—ah, *mon Dieu!*"

The country doctor looked nettled.

"My dear lady, I can easily explain myself in ten words. My suspicions of foul play toward Mr. Jocelyn were so great, that I determined to trace the matter. I have traced it to New York, and I am bound to say every development confirms my suspicions that Bernard Jocelyn came to his death by foul means, and that Hugh Jocelyn—this unfortunate gentleman—connived at and paid for his mysterious death. John Devèy was a villain, and he has disappeared. Somebody spent money to put Bernard Jocelyn out of the way, and make it worth Devèy's while to disappear. Now, who did it? The evidence is so strong, that it must have resulted in laying the mystery at General Jocelyn's feet. This sad accident has saved him from arrest as *particeps criminis* and instigator of his nephew's death."

Madame Frissae listened to him in petrified silence. Her eyes stared at him in amazement until he paused and peered at her over his glasses. She was pale in spite of the besmeared spots of rouge.

"Did I not tell you that this was a vile calumny?" she questioned, in a low tone.

"So you did, ma'am, so you did, but I happened to have no faith in you, ma'am; you were partial. I tracked every step of Bernard Jocelyn, and Mr. Fulkerson thinks just as I do—we are convinced," obstinately rejoined the doctor.

"Mr. Fulkerson is himself the enemy of Bernard Jocelyn. Mr. Fulkerson solemnly promised upon his oath to contradict this calumny, this base slander, and he dare not play me false."

The Frenchwoman's tone raised menacingly, but not to her usual furious pitch. Some conviction seemed to possess her that the blunt rustic might be speaking truly, and Marie was at least faithful to the dead. She would not have Hugh Jocelyn defamed, now that it could not harm him, any more than when it could harm him.

"That's all very well, ma'am. We don't tell the women everything," answered the doctor, tearing off another quid of tobacco, and searching around reflectively for a spittoon. "Mr. Fulkerson was justly incensed at his uncle's unnatural conduct toward Bernard; and Mr. Fulkerson gave me vast assistance in this matter, but he would not appear in it for Miss Winifred's sake. That was of no moment whatever to me. I judge it right to punish crime in high or low places, and if he had lived a week longer, General Jocelyn must have been in the hands of the law for the murder of Bernard Jocelyn. I shall say no more about it to any one. I am sorry for it, because the general was as fine a gentleman as ever lived, except for that inhuman temper of his; and Mr. Fulkerson deplores it quite as much as I do, only I promised not to take any steps until——"

"Until what, *mon Dieu*—what?" eagerly demanded the Frenchwoman, as the physician, finding no suggestion of a spittoon among the costly bric-a-brac, availed himself of the open window, to relieve his mouth of a torrent of tobacco-juice.

"Until after the marriage so miserably interrupted to-day."

"Do you mean to say that Monsieur Fulkerson aided you to hasten this crime upon General Jocelyn; and that he only postponed the disgrace of an arrest until after his marriage to Winifred?" Madame Frissae inquired, in an even, deliberate voice, almost as monotonous as Fulke's.

"That is precisely the case, madame. I meant to have him arrested for this and some crime twenty years ago, which Mr. Fulkerson said you would be summoned to prove. I have the evidence in my hands. It is of no service to the cause of justice now. I won't speak of it again. I am not hard on a dead man, but I am main glad for Miss Winifred's sake that he went as he did, before she found out his sin."

Marie walked up to the physician, who stood obtusely blind to the deadly anger vailed by her calmness. He stood rolling the huge quid back and forth in his mouth, casting anxious glances at the window through which the aroma of Spring flowers drifted into the room.

"Dr. Foster, he would not have been the person punished for murder?" she said, pointing to the rigid figure on the table. "It would not have been innocent Hugh, but guilty Marie."

"Madame, I don't understand you?" ejaculated the doctor, making a rapid dart at the window in lieu of a spittoon.

"Fulke is the real criminal; but if Fulke had permitted this shame to fall upon his uncle, I meant to have killed him."

The doctor had a startled look, succeeded by an incredulous one.

"Well, ma'am, I reckon you'd have thought twice about it. Women are curious in their ways; they always take to fine, handsome men. Mr. Fulkerson is homely and unpopular, but he is an honest man, and as for being the real criminal, I can show you proof of General Jocelyn's arrangements for his tool Devèy to take charge of Bernard. He deliberately paid Bernard Jocelyn's well-known villainous enemy to go off and make away with his invalid nephew. There was more money spent than Mr. Fulkerson ever saw in his life; that's another damaging proof, but I've dropped it, ma'am, square up and down. Mr. Fulkerson induced me to wait until after the wedding, and I am glad I did it now, since this terrible accident."

The doctor adjusted his hat, which had been removed from his head either in respect to the lady or reverence to the dead. Madame Frissae gazed at him helplessly. Evidently she had a struggle to curb her tongue, and not tell this well-meaning blunderer, in whom she saw Fulke's willing tool, her belief in Bernie's existence.

Marie was wary and skilled in *finesse* when the emergency required it. She declined to shape any future action while Hugh Jocelyn's splendid lifeless form was lying there before her tearful eyes.

"Dr. Foster, be silent and tranquil. I will show you the criminal. Trust me, *mon ami*," she said, pointlessly, but in a coaxing tone.

"Yes, ma'am, certainly. You do very well as far as you go, ma'am; but the truth is, it takes a man—a long-headed, sensible man—to manage such things; but I've had to drop the matter, and, of course, I won't mention it for Miss Winifred's sake. I'm glad it's turned out this way; but Mr. Fulkerson could scarcely wait. We'd have nabbed him to-morrow. Poor gentleman! Good-day, ma'am. I'll go up to Miss Winifred. It's uncommon good of you to stick to him, when he served you so

badly. But women are curious creatures, and these little spitfires sometimes stick tighter than virtuous women, They are all curious, take 'em any way. Good-day, ma'am."

Marie Frissae paid not the slightest attention to his doubtful compliment nor his departure. The moment the door closed she sank into a chair beside the table, and rested her warm, living cheek against the icy cheek of the dead.

"My one grand love!" she muttered, bitterly; "the shame would have killed you, and I could not have saved you. He tricked me—me, shrewd as I am—the brutal monster! *le Diable* fooled me, lied to me! He dared do that; and now which shall I punish, Fulke or Winifred? Fulke meant to defraud me of you, and the girl's mother did defraud me of you; but the brute, the traitor—I'll consider!"

She closed her eyes, and sat still. Fulke unclosed the door, and looked in. The servants lighted the chandelier, and whispered in muffled tones. The doctors made a final visit to the library; still the Frenchwoman sat with her eyes closed, and her cheek against that of the dead. Her tinted lips and flashing jewels seemed a queer, tawdry contrast to the form reposing in the dignity of death.

Hugh Jocelyn had been a courtly gentleman in life, and in death the prestige had not departed. He was superb and handsome always. The charm of his *débonnaire* magnificence had never forsaken him, and neither did this unwelcome devotion. It had circled about and hemmed him in pitilessly to the very last.

Hugh Jocelyn lay dead in his own library, and this woman sat there jealously watching him. However fettered and shackled he may have been by this terrible adoration, he was free now. He had gone from them all, even Winifred, who had been willing to suffer martrydom to save him and give him peace. The butler now and then softly unfastened the door and cast a perplexed, inquiring glance at the tableau under the light of the library chandelier.

"Dem Madame Freeze-ups ain't nebber goin' to give ole marse's own people no chance to so much as brush de dus' off'n him," whispered Mammie Jane, stealing to the door in the rear of the butler. "I tole 'em so. I tole 'em all dat dem Freeze-ups was bringin' de day of judgment down on us; only de pity is, it didn't take de little Jebbebul herself and leave Marse Hugh; and even now 'pears he can't git shet of her. I knowed it all de bressed time. I hearn de dogs howlin' de pitifullest last night, en I seen de curtains hangin' dis mornin' limp-like, en I conceited it was ole marse hissef, dressed in white. Po' Marse Hugh! po' Miss Winifred!"

"What you talkin' about, Jane," sternly rebuked the butler, "when you don't know no more'n Marse Hugh what's befo' you?"

Jane wiped her eyes humbly.

"I know one thing," she muttered, half to herself. "Miss Winifred gwine to git shet of dis furrin French hyeny, Madame Freeze-ups."

"'Pears like she's tuk root here, and mayhap she'll git shet of Miss Winifred," predicted the butler, again glancing into the library. "I'll have to make bold to disturb the lady. There's somewhat to be done before General Jocelyn's friends come in the morning."

Madame Frissae raised her head slowly when the butler made known his desire that she allow them to do the last services in preparing their master to—as the butler phrased it—"see his friends again."

Silently assenting to the request, Marie quitted the room in that noiseless, shadowy way of hers. She ascended the steps, mute and broken-hearted. Her grief was uppermost now; she cared and thought of nothing else. She walked slowly along the upper hall, her long silken train sweeping and rustling heedlessly behind her. Turning suddenly down a side passage, she stopped before Winifred's door and listened, then opened it.

Winifred, with closed eyes, lay on the bed. Even in the dim light Marie could see how pale the girl was. The Frenchwoman turned the night-lamp higher, and bent down to gaze into the beautiful face. Her mood plainly shifted again. Her eyes glittered, her teeth were set hard together in vindictive anger and hatred. Something glistened on Winifred's lashes.

"Tears!" Marie muttered, scornfully. "They have told her; and she can sleep in this way—and he cared for her!"

Perhaps the scrutiny awakened Winifred, perhaps it was only a simulation of sleep.

"Do you want to speak to me?" asked Winifred, her great dusky eyes looking fixedly at Marie, and the same underlying haughtiness and aversion in the tone despite its tremulous accents.

"No. I only wanted to see if the evil had fallen entirely upon him and none on you," was the brusque answer. Winifred sighed, and closed her eyes again. "*Dieu!* if it had been one step more he would have been safe—the wall would have fallen on you," shrilly whispered the Frenchwoman. "Do you hear me? *Mon Dieu!* I could kill you, lying there all so safe, and not care a sou, when he is dead—yes, dead. Do you hear!"

Winifred gasped feebly, but Marie shook her roughly.

"Don't touch me, Madame Frissae," she said, suddenly—"don't dare to touch me!"

"Do you hear what I said?" demanded Marie.

"Did you speak of my father?" was the icy question, while the tears seemed to freeze, in her very loathing of this self-imposed guest.

Evidently it was repugnant to Winifred to hear her father's name mentioned by this woman; evidently she charged to Madame Frissae much of his suffering, and possibly held her accountable in some measure for his untimely death.

In her own heart, Winifred added "murderess" to "adventuress," and shuddered to have the woman described thereby so close to her. She laid the terrible tragedy enacted that day to Fulke and Madame Frissae, and even in the freshness of her distress the girl could not forget it.

"No, I never spoke of your father," retorted Marie. "I spoke of General Jocelyn."

"As you please. Will you be good enough to leave me? I am in no condition to listen to *you*."

Winifred declined as usual to discuss any subject with the Frenchwoman. Her horror was plainly visible in the expression of her countenance, the persistent avoidance of any chance glimpse of Madame Frissae.

"You will listen to me once more, my pretty mademoiselle—only once, and then we will make our adieux. Ah, you are so like, so very like your mother as I saw her last! I shall never forget your mother, mam'selle, or when I saw her last, or what she said to me then. Perhaps I shall tell you when I see you for the last time. She adored your father, too, remember that, mam'selle, and she was insanely jealous. Ah, *Dieu*, I will see you once more, and, well or ill, mam'selle, you will listen to what I have to say! You are so very like your mother! Only once more, mam'selle; but you will listen—yes, you will listen. *Au revoir!*" and Madame Frissae flung out of the room, slamming the door after her, in one of the wild rages Winifred's

unfortunate resemblance to Winifred's mother invariably aroused. "Yes, yes, my pretty mam'selle with the black eyes and golden hair, you will listen then, and shiver under Marie's lash. I avenge myself at last. She took my one grand love, and I—I return my one grand hate. Eh, I will serve Fulke this time, the *gauche*, false brute! but I have decided I can hate nothing as I hate that woman's child. I can owe no grudge so great as the grudge I owe that girl's mother."

Marie Frissae rushed into her own dressing-room, and flung herself on the sofa.

"Marie"—old Madame Frissae, after her usual way, sat crouching over a fire, stretching her bony hands to the blaze—"Marie, I have waited for you. Will we have to go away, and leave the good eating, and the iced wines and pâtes and olios? Will we have no more moyennaise or sherbets? Tell me, Marie. I cannot sleep for the grand suspense."

The daughter raised her face from the pillows and poised her heels on the brazen fender before the fire.

"Maman, you will not go. We will stay here all our days," she answered, deliberately.

The old crone chuckled with imbecile joy.

"Then it was not such a terrible accident? Ah, *Dieu!* It would have been frightful if we would have to leave the grand eating and drinking. Don't be sad, Marie, about that magnificent Hugh Jocelyn; he has left us the eating and drinking—and he was obstinate, *ma petite*," consoled the mother, still laughing to herself rapturously.

"He was my own grand love," reiterated the daughter.

"Eh, *Dieu!* but he worshiped Mathilde. He would not love you. She held him away from you—always, always," returned the other. "You said you would never forgive that—and, Marie, but for her you might have been his wife. Are you sure, quite sure, we will stay here and live *en prince?*"

"Be quiet, imbecile! I have not forgiven Mathilde. I have not, and we will stay here all our days," retorted the other, in her evil tone.

"Ah, *Ciel!* then it was not a bad accident at last. Where are you going, Marie?"

The daughter had risen from the sofa and walked to the door. The mother's question arrested her. She smiled a smile not good to see, and returned to the fire.

"I am going to my Hugh. I will stay with him; he shall not be alone. I will stay there until they carry him away, and then——"

"And then what? How bitter bad you look, Marie. And then we will not give up the heavenly eating, will we? like poor Hugh. How unlucky to die when he could have such dinners every day. We won't go away from that, will we, Marie?" eagerly inquired the elder Madame Frissae.

"And then," pursued Marie, steadily, "we will stay here for ever, and the girl Winifred will go. I will square my account with her mother. I will speak and the girl will listen. *Mon Dieu!* how she will listen. I must go to my love now; the other comes after."

CHAPTER XX.

THE OLD GRUDGE OF TWENTY YEARS.

The balmy sunshine streamed into the wreck of a drawing-room, touching with its soft, warm light the ruined furniture, the shattered mirrors, the ugly piles of *débris* lying aslant the carpet, and telling its own tragic story in terms stronger than mere words. People came and went all day, looking with a curious awe upon the track of the fatal bolt falling upon Jocelyn Hall, and striking the death-stroke of the richest man in the county. The family friends passed into the library, to gaze for a moment compassionately on the stately master of the fine old place, reposing on a bed of white satin, with the Jocelyn coat-of-arms upon the sheeny satin folds. The cold, deadly perfume of exotics seemed to rush out from the shadowy library, draped with black and enveloped in funeral gloom. The sickening fragrance of waxen bloom met the visitor first. The rigid stillness of a figure bowed in the every *abandon* of grief, challenged human pity next.

The Frenchwoman had never moved from her vigil. The dead man was not more silent and statuesque than the watcher at his side. Her face pressed down among the pallid blossoms close to his. He had tolerated her unwillingly in life; he had no voice in according her the place she assumed at his death. He was in the severe beauty of funeral honors; she in gaudy, crushed festal toilet. Still people glanced kindly, but withal in decorous surprise, at the queer little Frenchwoman, whose devotion to the general had been not quite well understood. There she sat, in grim defiance of suggestion or the rights of others. Winifred was ill, and broken with grief. Madame Frissae, if she thought of the matter at all, anticipated no interruption from the daughter while she kept her vigil beside the father. The one was locked in the slumber of death; the other might have been equally lifeless, for aught anybody knew. They were equally motionless and hushed in those long hours in the library. The pale light of the chandelier gleamed down upon the spectacle. The white flowers, with their sickening fragrance, the glittering Jocelyn crest, the handsome form ready for the mausoleum, and the tawdry mourner—there they were.

People came and went, hours began and ended. The day waned, the night came, and another day and another night. There was the fixed spectacle of death. She had said she would stay until the last with him. This time Marie Frissae spoke truly. She never quitted her "one grand love" for an instant. And now the day had come for them to carry Hugh Jocelyn to his narrow compartment in the family vault. With all their beauty and wealth the Jocelyns ended as prince and peasant must end, with only a grave. The hearse and carriages were at the door. Fulke, in deep mourning, and the family solicitor, sat in the little breakfast-room, talking in a desultory way. Each thought of the future, and wished the present had passed. Fulke paced the floor nervously, in very visible ill-humor. The solicitor gazed out the window tranquilly, in very evident satisfaction.

"Quarter of twelve, that's the hour; is it not?"

Fulke consulted his watch.

"Twelve sharp; fifteen minutes yet; soon pass," calmly observed the lawyer.

Fulke took another turn, then sauntered out sulkily to the dining-room, then to the billiard-room. It was hard to be decorous when he longed to curse the servants, because the servants' dead master was so long in making the transit to the tomb. Because "that little French devil," as he termed Madame Frissae, sat there fooling over a man who had cast her off twenty years ago—fooling and making pretense of grief, when he wanted her to manage this affair with Winifred. He cursed under his breath, and moodily scowled at the long line of carriages, stretching down the avenue.

"Hang the whole business," he muttered, brutally turning away.

The side door gently unclosed, and without observing him, Winifred—pale, and feeble, and trembling—crossed the room to the library. Her eyes were blind and misty

with tears. Her thoughts absorbed and intent upon the man he had just anathematized. She was creeping in to behold him once more. Fulke could see how wretchedly ill she must be. He followed her involuntarily. Winifred glided up to the beautiful catafalque, worthy a rich man, and sank on her knees, with a low burst of heart-breaking grief.

"Oh, papa! papa!" she sobbed. "Oh, papa, come back to me—come back, darling. Oh, they have all left me; they have all gone from me—papa and Bernie." The two names were coupled in her heart. Poor Winifred, she had idolized both; and both had gone from her. The two names were the names she loved with her very soul. The two names were the names Fulke hated with the bitternesss of a vindictive jealousy. She knelt at Hugh Jocelyn's side saying her long farewell. Fulke stood behind her, and the Frenchwoman sat opposite her, but neither father nor daughter recked aught of the two enemies then. Winifred's hand passed tenderly over his icy brow, her lips touched his in a life-long adieu; an eternal farewell. "Papa! papa! how could you leave me! my darling—all that was left to me? And now—oh, my own papa, if you had only staid with your little Winifred! —papa! my own papa!"

The mournful music of the heart-broken voice seemed suffocated in the agony of low sobs. The head pressed down among the flowers, raised abruptly. The fierce black eyes glared at Winifred in jealous rage.

"Your own papa?" taunted the Frenchwoman's shrill voice.

"Papa!—papa!—oh, good-by—good-by! Papa!—papa!—I will never see you again—good-by."

Winifred passed her hand once more over the glossy hair. Once again kissed the ashen lips in the intense suffering of one who knows that nevermore will hair or lips be caressed in all the cycles of time to come.

The girl staggered feebly away. At the door she paused, with a last look back into the room.

"Papa!—oh, papa! good-by—good-by!" she murmured, faintly, and hurried back through the billiard-room, as if she dreaded that she might fall before escaping therefrom. Fulke walked close behind her, but Winifred had no consciousness of any presence, save that to which she had just bade adieu. She groped for the door-knob blindly, and Fulke opened it for her.

"Winifred," he began. The girl turned shortly. Her face had a look of such horror, when her eyes encountered his, that he stopped abruptly. Loathing and horror were unmistakable—the loathing and horror sending a shudder through the heart when one meets a murderer. She looked ai him an instant, then fled swiftly, with a cry of distress. Fulke muttered a bitter oath. Nothing infuriated him as the hunted terror and aversion in Winifred's countenance as she fled away from him. He cared nothing for the dead man. He was indifferent to public opinion. He scorned Marie Frissae as a disreputable accessory to his base schemes. But Fulke did care for Winifred. Base in all things, Fulke was base in his love. Winifred grew tenfold more important now, because Winifred represented the Jocelyn wealth; and he loved her, meanly, jealously, barbarously.

"Confound this foolery, and curse the girl!" he ejaculated, in a coarse anger.

"Eh, curse the girl," echoed the Frenchwoman, coming slowly from the library, which he could see was now full of people. "They are taking him away, my own grand love," she added, tremulously. "They have shut down the coffin-lid and screwed it. I tried to peer into the cracks, but there were no cracks. He is gone; I am done with him. I renounce my Hugh—my adored. I renounce my rapture. I will never look upon him again."

"Humph! It's time you came to your senses. It's devilish tiresome for other people, all this nonsense and hypocrisy over a dead scoundrel!" was the angry rejoinder.

"I am done with all that concerns him," the woman asserted, wearily. "You can follow him to the vault. I say that I renounce my one grand passion. I wish it had been you or the girl."

"And I," broke in Fulke, ruthlessly, "am well pleased that it was your Hugh. I want to know when you are going to see me, and make some arrangement about Winifred. I don't like the way she looked at me."

Madame Frissae clasped her hands affectedly.

"Monsieur Fulke, she will look at you differently when I have uttered one little sentence."

He growled, contemptuously:

"That's all very well, but I want something more definite. I want the knot tied as fast as it can be made. I want something besides these tragedy hints of yours. All that will do on the stage; it won't do for me. I am devilish tired of you and your hints, and of all women except Winifred. I wish you would have done with acting. I don't feel dramatic."

"*Fi donc, monsieur!*" she retorted, with an odd, musing smile. "I am done with my heart; I consult my head; I will meditate while you are gone; I will talk when you return."

The Frencnwoman moved away. She was the only woman he dared not hector or badger. He accepted her decisions in surly silence. She gave them in utter unconcern as to how they were received. She had laid away her grief. The alternate passion reigned supreme. There was small chance that it would ever shift to anything softer or more tender.

Life had been a hard fight in fiery extremes for Marie Frissae. As she told Fulke, she was done with her heart. Already her one grand love, her one fierce madness, was a thing of the past. Madame Frissae turned her back upon it, and faced another madness with the same dangerous tenacity.

The carriages rolled down the avenue under the grand old trees. The woman never glanced out to catch a last glimpse of the mournful procession. Whatever she may have felt for Hugh Jocelyn in the past, she had done with him now.

She rang the dressing-room bell furiously, and pouring out a draught of fiery brandy, quaffed it in eager thirst.

"*Mon Dieu!*" she muttered to herself, "it gives one life and spirit, as Maman says; it vivifies. One must have something when one's heart is dead."

Her face had a hard, ferocious, tigerish expression as she held the decanter between the light and refilled the glass with the mellow liquor. The woman might have led the mob in the days of the Commune, with her fierce, reckless courage.

"I have the old grudge now," she says. "He always handicapped me, with his grand seigneur honor, his goodness; but he is gone, and with him my heart. Eh," she added, derisively, "Marie, *ma petite*, you have a clever head—too clever for the fools of these days. You have *finesse* and your harmless cosmetics; you will outwit them all, now that there is no tenderness to handicap you. Yes, yes," and she smiled wickedly at her reflection in the mirror, "how it has lacerated and torn your heart, poor little wretch! and ravaged your beauty! What do you mean by keeping me waiting half the day?" Madame Frissae demanded, sharply, of the trembling maid who

came flying in, quite out of breath. "I won't wait for any one. My orders must be promptly obeyed. Dress me at once. I am a positive fright. Funerals wear and tear one's looks more than a season's dissipation," and Marie Frissae quaffed another glass of the brandy. "Are the rooms darkened like dungeons down-stairs?" inquired the Frenchwoman, as she put the finishing-touches to her toilet.

"Yes, madame; the blinds are all closed."

"Then go down and open every one of them, and let the sunshine in," she ordered in her imperative tone.

"Please, madame, the butler he says dey was to be shet up till Miss Winifred is well enough to come down-stairs," reluctantly suggested the maid, folding up the garments, tossed wherever the whimsical lady chose to cast them.

"*Peste!* Did I ask you what the butler said?"

"No, ma'am."

"Didn't I tell you to open every blind?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then go and do it instantly. Do you suppose it matters to me what your Miss Winifred thinks or wishes? She is nobody. Go and do as I say instantly. Open every one. Do you hear? Every one, or I'll make your ears sting for it."

The Frenchwoman shook out her lace handkerchief and clasped the massive bracelets on her skinny little wrists, then surveyed herself in the mirror. The retouched complexion bloomed out in dazzling tints, the glittering eyes stared in a hard, tearless way, easily blazing into a fiery gleam. They might never again grow humid with tears or mild with tenderness. Her toilet was gaudy with high colors and flashing jewelry. She was showy and vulgar in her tastes. She was reckless and ostentatious in her devotion. Marie looked just as she felt, bitter to all the world—bitter and sneering and vindictive.

The astonished servants had obeyed her orders; they regarded her as something weird and uncanny; they blamed her presence in the house with all its calamities. Possibly they were right. Certainly they were not far wrong. The butler had an air of offended dignity; the house-servants had a look of frightened insult. They muttered and whispered ominously of "dat little French Madame Freeze-up," but they opened the blinds.

The strange guest came tripping down-stairs to find the mansion sunlit and cheerful, as if the master had gone out to his wedding, instead of carried out to his grave. Fulke had returned sometime before, and awaited her in the breakfast-room, with Fulke's usual surly impatience. The people of the neighborhood had left sympathetic messages for Winifred and driven away, a trifle startled at the Frenchwoman's smiling suavity. Hugh Jocelyn was dead and buried, but Hugh Jocelyn's sin, whatever it was, seemed about to envelope Winifred in its sombre folds. Madame Frissae sang a snatch of an aria as she sauntered into the breakfast-room. She meant to cast in with Fulke's schemes, but she meant to take her own time.

"Bress God! I jes' wish ebery bressed ghost, en po' Marse Hugh long wid 'em, would come en skeer dat Madame Freeze-up outen her las' senses, for de brazen way she done act, when our young miss is breakin' her heart up-stairs, en don't know nuffin' about it," commented Jane, scandalized by the loud, lively thrills as Marie entered the breakfast-room.

"I've been here an hour," growled Fulke, pushing a chair toward her, and taking a position opposite, where he could gaze past her to the window beyond. Nothing induced him to look any one squarely in the face. Nothing escaped him, whether great or small.

"Only an hour," she laughed. "I am more punctual than usual. You wanted to talk to me. You have your opportunity. Have you anything to say?"

The Frenchwoman settled herself in the chair, turned her bracelets, and glanced up at him scornfully.

"Yes, I have a great deal to say. First, I mean to marry Winifred——"

"So you said three days ago," was the taunting interpolation.

"Yes, and confound it, I say it again," rudely broke out Fulke. The man's temper gave way before her mockery, the woman's triumphed in his rage. "You promised your assistance. You dropped hints of some knowledge in your possession deciding Winifred's fate. I don't much believe you, but I ask you now whether, shrewd as you are, you are positive that this knowledge is worth fooling after?"

Madame Frissae listened demurely.

"First let me ask—did General Jocelyn leave a will, or is the property entailed?" she inquired.

"What has that to do with it?" was the rough demand, while Fulke glowered upon her savagely. "He left a will, but it's of no consequence. The whole estate goes to his heirs. Failing any heirs, it comes to me. Failing any heirs from me, it goes to Bernard Jocelyn. Yes, he made a will, but the property was devised for him. His will is a useless bit of paper. Winifred is his only child, and Winifred is his sole heiress."

Madame laughed again. Her laugh was gay, but painfully unmirthful. A hard glint of exultation crept into her defiant eyes.

"*Mon Dieu!* how you jump at conclusions, and what a fool you are with all your brute trickery and persistence. All men are *gauche* and bungling, and so stupid. Eh—did you say he left a will? And what did my Hugh say in his will?"

"The lawyer will read it to-morrow," Fulke answered, watching her curiously. For once his astuteness was at fault. Fulke could not understand her drift, and yet he felt certain that Madame Frissae meditated something singularly dangerous to Winifred. He felt equally sure that to vent her malicious dislike to Winifred, she meant to side with him. "But the lawyer also says it is a useless form. Everything to Winifred, with one additional clause—he hopes, for her own sake, she may marry me. The old sinner doubtless wished to silence any scandal. I can't think he was particularly fond of me," and Fulke smiled sardonically.

"Had General Jocelyn any property whatever beyond that he inherited from his half-brother?" again inquired Madame Frissae, in that same concise way.

"Not a penny. The Jocelyn's spent everything they had in the world. Fooled it away, and ought to have died in the almshouse," retorted Fulke, malignantly. "Jocelyn Hall was sold under the hammer, and old John Fulkerson bought it. The whole estate is mine by rights. I am the heir, but Hugh Jocelyn stepped between me and my uncle, and inherited my property."

"Silence, you Monsieur Stupide!" she made an impatient gesture with her claw-like hand. "You are ugly, and savage, and miserly. You would not have lived *en prince*. You would have shut up this fine old chateau, and lived in the attic, and hoarded your gold and sold your wines, and snubbed your visitors. You have no friends. *Mon Dieu*, what a beast you would have been, and what a beast you will be again!"

"It's no good talking about it," began Fulke.

"Monsieur Fool Stupide," interrupted Madame Frissae; "that is what we came here to talk about. If you had

AT THE SEASHORE.— BY PROFESSOR BARTHOLOMEW GUILIANO.

the Jocelyn estate, would you think it worth your sovereign pleasure to insist upon the girl Winifred being your wife?"

Marie's keen, glittering eyes were fixed on him in wary watchfulness. Fulke scowled down upon her angrily.

"If I had the Jocelyn estate, I would compel and harass Winifred into being my wife. She has no right to it, but t gives her an advantage."

"Very true, it gives her an advantage. She is the heiress, and you are the pauper," interpolated Madame Frissae, in the business-like tone she had assumed from the first. "You would insist upon her being your wife. You understand perfectly that she is Bernard Jocelyn's wife. You have imposed upon the world about his death, but you haven't imposed upon me. She has the money; she will not marry you. If she had gone through the farce of a ceremony the other day, you still could have no claim upon her money, because she would only be your mistress."

Fulke's sinister ugliness grew more sinister.

"I have reason to know that by this time Bernard Jocelyn is dead," he said.

"Tut, it don't matter," retorted Marie; "he will return to find the estate yours, and his wife yours. I will give you the estate; can you manage the girl?"

"Keep within the bounds of reason," reminded Fulke, listening breathlessly. "How can you give me the estate?"

"That is my secret," was the slow reply. "She will be a pauper, homeless, friendless, an outcast. You will be a millionaire—*mon Dieu!* You can shut every door to her. How she detests poverty. There is not much mercy for her from a brute like you. You will hound her to death. You will force her into the marriage that is no marriage."

"Ay, I will do that. I don't ofter fail in my plans," was the grim response, a doubtful sort of amazement in Fulke's countenance. "It would be devilish easy if I had the estate; but you are talking nonsense, for the first time in you life, are you not?"

"To-morrow the lawyer reads the will. To-morrow you are to bring a legal paper securing me a home here for life, and an income of five thousand dollars a year while I live. As you told me once before, there are no other Frisseas. When I hold that paper I will speak, not before. If I don't give you the estate, the paper is null and void, for you are a pauper. If I do give you the estate, my secret is cheap at that price. If you bring that paper, legally drawn up, I will tell my secret. If you fail to bring that paper, legally drawn up, I hold my tongue."

"One minute," ejaculated Fulke, catching her arm in his excitement.

She shook off his grasp contemptuously, and moved to the door.

"Monsieur Stupide, you may commit as many sins as you please now, but when you are a rich man you will trip up on some of them," she said, cynically.

"Wait! wait!" urged Fulke; "one word more."

"Not a syllable," she retorted, in defiant coolness. "I am not serving you, I am paying off my grudge—canceling my debt to Winifred's mother. To-morrow I will speak."

CHAPTER XXI.

"OF ALL WOMEN, GOD SAVE ME FROM THIS ONE!"

THE old-fashioned dining-room in which the Jocelyns feasted their friends and drank their wines in princely hospitality was thrown open to admit the sunlight. The handsome faces of past generations looked down from their panels. The group below was a group of strangers; the group above was a group of relations. The faces on the wall were patrician, and oddly alike; the faces in the room were repellant and queerly dissimilar. The Jocelyn crest was emblazoned over the high mantle; the Jocelyn plate was massed on the cumbersome buffet, standing in its self same recess since the day some old Jocelyn, a century before, brought it from England.

Everything bespoke the ancient aristocratic race. Nothing suggested the Fulkersons, with their taint of low blood, their brutal coarseness, their repulsive, saturnine cast of countenance.

The lawyer sat at one end of the table, a significant packet of papers before him. Fulke leaned on the other end of the table, his eyes, as usual, shifted from the people around him. With accustomed rudeness, he drew his hat low over his bushy brows. With experienced sagacity, the legal man perceived the terrible effort to shun observation, and maintained his composure. The lawyer speculated vaguely upon the motive of this strain upon his nerves, when the will itself was only a form.

The steward, an elderly man, whose heritage had been the stewardship, talked in a very desultory way to Dr. Foster and half a dozen friends of the family, who had called to inquire for Miss Jocelyn. Possibly they were surprised at being received by Madame Frissae. Certainly they were amazed at being pressed to stay and hear the "dear general's" will read. They acquiesced to her charming pleadings, and a wellbred curiosity to hear a rich man's last testament. In return they were welcomed almost courteously by Fulke. They sat around the mahogany table in the dining-room, waiting for twelve o'clock and Winifred, supplemented by lunch, as the delightful Madame Frissae had insisted.

Lunch at Jocelyn Hall never meant exactly what lunch elsewhere might mean. Invitations to Jocelyn Hall were never slighted, especially by the *bons vivants* of the neighborhood.

None of the ladies had appeared except the wrinkled old crone, Madame Frissae, the mother. She shivered before a gentle blaze of fire, which was a necessity to her, in even the sultry days of Summer. Her feet, in their black satin slippers, toasted on the brazen rung of the fender. Her black satin dress and brocaded cloak, with the inevitable ivory cane, completed her attire. She was shining and sleek and tranquil. The accident did not disturb her eating. It was not so bad, after all. Hugh Jocelyn was dead, but the dinners were left. The cook had escaped, and the cellars were well stocked with wines.

"It was not so bad, after all," she assured the lawyer, with her imbecile smile.

Fulke fidgetted and watched the clock. He was tied to hours—mechanically regular. Nothing ruffled his temper as an appointment kept a moment too soon or a moment too late.

Half a dozen of the servants came in, and seated themselves in the back part of the room. Mammie Jane glanced in anxiously, then returned up-stairs, grumbling.

"It's a pizen shame, all dem people jes' waitin' to see po' Miss Winnie. Well, thank 'mighty God dey'll know who dis place 'long to—dey don't seem to know it now, sence dem Freeze-ups has took up here. They're waitin' fur you, miss," she added, entering the dressing-room of her young mistress.

Winifred was lying on the sofa; her face, wan and haggard as it was, seemed pathetically lovely.

"When the lawyer sends, I will try to go down—if I can," she replied, in a weak, thrillingly mournful voice. "I will try to listen to papa's wishes, and then"—her voice

quivered and broke for an instant—"and then I will return here and never go out again. This is my refuge now—these dear rooms papa furnished for me. I will stay in them always—all my lonely, wretched life. Stay in them and think of the two I loved. Ah, me! the two who have gone—gone. God pity them, my darlings, and God pity forsaken Winifred!" she moaned, hopelessly, while her hands, thin and wasted, were pressed over her eyes, in a desperate struggle to shut out the dreary prospective, the gray, sombre vista far down the future—always alone.

People envied her even in this passionate grief. So beautiful and so rich. The brilliant, bewitching, light-hearted beauty of days before Bernie had disappeared, before Fulke had fastened his deadly *griffes* upon them, before the Frissae, like a sceptre of the past, haunted and hunted them out; before—ah, yes—before they were rich. Now she was shut up within the four walls of one apartment, only wishing that she might close her eyes for ever, and forget her broken, crushed heart, in the same deadly sleep falling upon Bernie and her father. Nevertheless, people envied her—the heiress and the beauty. In all the world no one was there to comfort Hugh Jocelyn's darling save Mammie Jane; in all the great universe no heart pitied and loved her as this faithful attendant.

"God pity forsaken Winifred," she moaned again. "Don't, miss—don't talk that way, little missie. Who knows but we may hab Marse Bernie agin?" consoled Jane.

Winifred shivered, a suffocating sob seemed to choke her utterance.

"They have left me no hope, no hope of that. God only knows how fully they have proved it—so fully that I would have married the other to save papa. Ah, my papa! Papa, he was all I had left, and now he is gone—gone. All I had left—and now he is gone."

"Honey, Miss Winnie, my bressed chile, dey's callin' fo' you," gently interposed Jane.

Winifred rose with the feeble, exhausted, languid motion of an invalid. Her sable robes fell about her in graceful folds, but despite her exquisite loveliness the girl looked pitiably frail and delicate. The plain gold ring Bernie had placed on her finger was large and painfully loose. Her loving allegiance to her father had removed it for a while, her deathless tenderness for Bernie had replaced it for ever. The plain circlet had reappeared on the slender white finger. The finger had wasted to a shadow, but the ring was there.

The eyes of the little company in the dining-room were full of compassionate admiration when Winifred entered. The mournful beauty of her colorless, delicate face, with its tender, flexile lips and grand dusky eyes, touched all hearts save two. One hardened in barbarous triumph at the fragile appearance of the wan, heart-broken girl. The other gloated over her loveliness and her illness in selfish glee. It meant downfall for Hugh Jocelyn's darling, but it signified success for Hugh Jocelyn's enemy.

Marie Frissae and Fulke exchanged glances of sinister meaning. She tapped her foot on the carpet impatiently. Her chair was drawn close to the lawyer. The gentleman had been charmed and amused by madame's airy mirth and wit, her arch, delightful coquetry. She patted the sedate old lawyer familiarly on the arm with her gay fan. She laughed at him daringly and innocently.

"What a resistless creature," observed Colonel Tremaine to Dr. Foster.

"The general, poor fellow, didn't think so," was the pointed answer, as the doctor went forward to speak to the general's daughter.

The rather free tones became instantly respectful. The Frenchwoman's painted cheeks and false tints suddenly grew tawdry and glaringly sham. Her bold manners seemed disreputably loud contrasted with Winifred's wonderful charm.

"My dear Miss Jocelyn, I would never have intruded upon you at such a time," began the lawyer, in a softened manner, "but for the imperative necessity of reading the last will of your late father, that his bequests and wishes might be carried out."

"Ah, *mon Dieu!*" interpolated Madame Frissae, "as if if we did not know that you are going to read the will of the dear general. I am all impatience to hear it. Why do you not read it?" She looked up wooingly in the face of the legal man, with not the smallest regard for Winifred's presence.

"Shall I read the will now, my dear young lady?"

Winifred assented silently, and folded her thin white hands together.

The lawyer unfolded the document, signed and witnessed in due form. Hugh Jocelyn's name was at the bottom, and it had never been out of the lawyer's possession since the lawyer wrote it. He cleared his throat and read.

Marie leaned back and yawned behind her fan. Old Madame Frissae peered eagerly at the reader, and listened as if her dinner depended upon it.

Fulke, with his hat still pulled down low over his evil countenance, riveted his gaze upon Winifred. Evidently she was ill. Beautiful, but plainly almost unable to bear the fatigue and harrowing pain of sitting there to listen to her father's last message to herself. He perceived in barbarous satisfaction that Jane's solicitude was manifest. She stood at the back of Winifred's chair, fanning her gently, and watching her anxiously. How frail, and lovely, and ill she looked, and how jealously and angrily he loved her, in his own brute way. None the less resolute and relentless than a better way, and he mentally vowed, none the less sure of achievement. When his mind reverted to the will, he found the lawyer reading legacy after legacy devised to friends and servants with princely liberality. From the steward to the insignificant kitchen scullions a share was devised. Even Dr. Foster, who would have "nabbed" him in less than a week, was remembered. Of the treachery meditated against him, Hugh Jocelyn was ignorant, and a legacy solves the most sensitive conscience. Every countenance, white and dusky, wore a pleased smile. Every creature in any way connected with Hugh Jocelyn had been mentioned in his will. The immense bulk went to Winifred. The document gave delighted satisfaction, and the lawyer knew it. He removed his glasses smilingly.

"Of course this will is a mere form, a mere expression of General Jocelyn's wishes toward his friends and servitors," he explained, waving his hand toward the servants. "It is only morally binding, not legally. Miss Jocelyn will, of course, use her pleasure in making good these bequests."

"I wish every desire and command expressed by papa rigidly executed. What he wished, I wish," Winifred said, softly.

"I was sure of that, my dear Miss Winifred," responded the lawyer; "but it is entirely optional with you, because the property is strictly entailed to General Jocelyn's natural heirs, by his half-brother John Fulkerson. Being his only child, you are entitled to it wholly and entirely, with or without a will. He had nothing in his own right; therefore, as I said before, this will is merely an expression of his wishes, not binding upon you. The estates belong to you, at any rate, as his only natural heir."

"*Tais toi, monsieur!*" interrupted Marie Frissae, leaning over and playfully tapping his arm with her scented fan. "I have a charming codicil to add to that will." All eyes turned upon the lively, playful little Frenchwoman, with her glittering, defiant eyes, and wicked laughter. An evil light leaped into Fulke's countenance. An astonishing displeasure shot into the lawyer's questioning glance. Old Madame Frissae chuckled inanely over the fire. Young Madame Frissae's mocking tones echoed through the breathless hush. Her eyes glanced one moment innocently toward the lawyer. Her eyes blazed malignantly the next moment upon Winifred. "I say, monsieur, my friend, that the girl Winifred Jocelyn is not Hugh Jocelyn's legal heir."

A low murmur, almost a growl, broke the stillness.

"Explain yourself, madame," replied the lawyer, severely.

"Miss Jocelyn is the child of General Hugh Jocelyn." She gazed at him fixedly. She laid her elfish, claw-like hand upon the paper in his hand. The intense ferocity of her gaze held them with magnetic power. The Frenchwoman laid down the fan and took up the will. "*Cher ami*, you have just said this charming document, so like my dear, lavish Hugh, was not legally binding; he had nothing to leave; the property would, at any rate, revert to his natural heir. Winifred Jocelyn, as you call her, is not Hugh Jocelyn's legal heir. Winifred Jocelyn's mother was not Hugh Jocelyn's wife. She is no more entitled to the Jocelyn estates than I am. Winifred Jocelyn is not Winifred Jocelyn."

In the terrible silence, as the Frenchwoman paused, a sort of paralysis seemed to have stricken the assemblage. Fulke looked petrified. The lawyer incredulous.

"Such an assertion must be rigidly proved," he said, sharply.

The Frenchwoman's glance darted again at Winifred. Her devilish laughter thrilled again through the intense stillness.

"*Mon Dieu!* I can prove it easily enough. I am not quite a fool. Hugh Jocelyn's wife, Winifred, died childless. She never had any children. Five months after her death the girl Winifred was born. Hugh Jocelyn was married but once; he had no legal heirs; he was aware of that, and in his effort to provide for this emergency, he desired her to marry the rightful heir—Fulke Fulkerson. This was the secret I held over him. This is the secret honor compels me to reveal now. Winifred Jocelyn has no legal right to the Jocelyn name or money. Hugh Jocelyn was never married to her mother."

The woman stopped again. Winifred's eyes were shining and distended. The blood surged hotly to her very brow. She crossed the room in the horrible silence, and confronted Madame Frissae.

"Did you say that I was not papa's child?" she questioned.

"I said your mother was not his wife," was the malicious answer. "I said you were not his legal heir, and I say again that my proof is conclusive."

"Do you know whose child I am?" asked Winifred.

"I know whose child you are," was the deliberate answer.

"Will you tell me whose child I am?" persisted Winifred, in a low, agonized entreaty.

"I will never reveal whose child you are," retorted the Frenchwoman. "I will go to my grave without telling, and you will go to your grave without knowing. You certainly are not the heir of the Jocelyn name or money, but you surely are a fraud and a pauper, without a sou or a shelter, or even a name of your own."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE POISON IN THE TRIUMPH.

The humiliation the Frenchwoman had stored away twenty years before for the mother had been heaped in bitter malice upon the daughter. Winifred stood an instant appalled, looking straight into the stony eyes. Some divination showed her in that one swift glance the hopelessness of any appeal there. She perceived, without any interpreter save her own instinct, that whether or not it was true, the woman had linked her mother's name in base connection with that of Hugh Jocelyn. She comprehended the malignant insinuation conveyed in her omissions as well as admissions. Madame Frissae volunteered the information that Winifred's mother was never married to Hugh Jocelyn. She willfully refused to impart the secret of her birth, knowing that above all knowledge in the world Winifred would desire to possess that. Moreover, she phrased the announcement not only to deprive her of Hugh Jocelyn's estate, but to throw a foul stain upon the girl's origin. To leave her mother's name unconnected with any save that of Hugh Jocelyn. In calumniating one —if, indeed, it was calumny—the Frenchwoman did not spare the other. There was not one to lift the vail of the past and tell Winifred whether or not she slandered them. Not one to clear her mother's reputation and give her a name.

The girl in her sable robes, with her lovely patrician face and haughty little head, stood there branded in the face of Hugh Jocelyn's friends, in the eyes of Hugh Jocelyn's servants, as "a fraud, with neither money nor shelter nor a name of her own." The woman in her flashy dress, with her painted face and false frizettes, sat there secure in the possession of the secret that might confirm the black stain or efface it altogether.

Winifred's glance seemed to pierce her secret thoughts. Madame Frissae's gaze might have smitten her dead. The two measured each other with instinctive sagacity, and then Winifred turned away. The amazed guests separated silently to let her pass. She came in the admired daughter of Hugh Jocelyn and the heiress of Jocelyn Hall. She went out nobody's daughter and a penniless castoff.

A few compassionate eyes followed her tender loveliness. A few hearts throbbed with pity for the blast withering her future. But one living creature was still faithful. Hugh Jocelyn's lawyer and friends turned to Madame Frissae. Mammie Jane gathered up Winifred's fan and light shawl, and went out with Hugh Jocelyn's humiliated darling.

"You have made this assertion, Madame Frissae; will you be so good as to show us your proofs?" the lawyer said, in his business-like voice, grown suddenly sharp now that Winifred had quitted their presence.

Marie Frissae dived into her pocket, and drew out a bunch of yellow papers. One of them, not yellow or old, was the paper signed by Fulke, securing her a home at Jocelyn Hall and five thousand a year. She detached it from the others and returned it to her pocket, conscious that even then Fulke regarded it with angry avarice.

"Here is my proof, and I am ready to make oath to my assertions."

"I will examine these more fully, madame." The lawyer's eye ran over them keenly. He frowned, and spoke with increased asperity. "Was Miss Jocelyn ever aware of this unfortunate truth?"

"No, *mon Dieu!* How could she be aware of it? Hugh Jocelyn never loved his wife. She loved him and he married her, but he adored Winifred's mother. The child was born in New Orleans. Hugh Jocelyn had been com-

THE RABBIT-HUTCH.

pelled to fly the country, and although the child was sent to him in Paris, he never beheld the mother again."

"Do you object to telling us why he was compelled to fly from the country?" questioned the lawyer.

Marie smiled up at him guilelessly.

"I do not object. It won't hurt poor Hugh now. He was so brave, a hero always. He adored Winifred's mother, and he quarreled for her sake. Others adored

her, too," insinuated the woman, with a meaning smile—"others adored her, and he was bitterly jealous of them. Winifred's mother had deluded him with false hopes, and then sold herself to a man with more money than Hugh. He was poor then—poor and handsome. Winifred's mother loved him quite as madly as he loved her, but for the money's sake she favored the other."

"Do you mean," interrupted the lawyer, "that Winifred's mother married another man—richer than General Jocelyn?"

An evil look came into the woman's face. She hesitated, then met his scrutiny in dauntless defiance.

"I said nothing of the kind. I am not telling the history of Winifred's mother. I have no intention of telling it. I said she favored the rich man's overtures. Hugh Jocelyn was maddened with jealousy. The rich man was infuriated with suspicion. They had been warm friends. They became implacable enemies, all for the sake of a treacherous coquette. Their deadly feud culminated in a quarrel. Hugh Jocelyn was the victor. He killed this man. It was never proved that he had killed him. He was crossing the garden to the house of Winifred's mother, when Hugh Jocelyn leaped upon him from among the roses and creepers. The flowers and bushes were torn and covered with blood in the morning. My Hugh was what men call a devil when he was enraged. They fought desperately. In the morning people followed the track of the desperate encounter through the garden to the wall at the edge of the bayou. The wall was splashed with human blood, the shrubbery wrenched and twisted by the furious combatants. There it ended. No trace of the dead man was ever found. Hugh Jocelyn, with his giant strength, must have hurled the murdered man over the wall into the bayou. In the morning both were missing. Hugh Jocelyn was traced to Europe. The other was traced to the water of the bayou. Winifred's mother refused to testify against Hugh Jocelyn. One other witness to the murder refused to utter a word to harm him. Their evidence would have convicted him, their silence saved him. Three days after this the girl Winifred was born, and ah, *mon Dieu!* the mother sent her to Hugh Jocelyn, and he reared her in the belief that she was the child of his wife. To confirm that belief he named her Winifred. My Hugh shrank from the smallest allusion to the past. To have undeceived the girl, Winifred, would have been a full confession of the past. He could not endure that."

The Frenchwoman leaned back wearily. Despite her reckless rage, it cost her a frightful effort to tell the story. Nothing less than the rancor in her breast for Winifred's mother could have forced it from her.

Fulke had listened in intense interest. He sank back now into something of his sullen reserve, still watching the Frenchwoman.

"It is a singular story, madame," commented the lawyer, "but none the less true. I was quite well aware that General Jocelyn had committed the crime of murder, that is, upon circumstantial evidence, in New Orleans. I was also aware that no one appeared against him, that the evidence was not sufficient for conviction. I knew nothing of the motives and nothing of the child. I accepted her as General Jocelyn's daughter. You have certainly refuted the slander that a woman cannot keep a secret."

Madame Frissae glanced at Fulke maliciously. She had the document securing her a maintenance for life safe in her pocket. She had paid off her grudge to the woman she hated, and Marie despised the ugly savage who reaped the benefit of her information.

"Once," she said, wickedly—"once I was reckless and imprudent. Hugh Jocelyn seemed to have forgotten my existence. I dropped a little hint of his past history to one who had never heard it, and one who was and is his enemy. Monsieur Fulke, you remember how you profited by my folly. You seized the little hint, and when he became rich you held it over him to extort money, and there, my dear doctor, is the secret of Monsieur Fulke's mysterious exchequer."

Dr. Foster's heavy, honest countenance grew somewhat perplexed. Indeed, perplexity seemed the predominant expression of every countenance present except Fulke's. He scowled back at the Frenchwoman openly. He had nothing to fear from her now. She had nothing to expect from him in the future. They were at liberty to despise each other as much as they pleased. They availed themselves of the liberty without further procrastination. The lawyer assorted the yellow papers in an absent-minded way. The guests sat still and pondered over the strange turn of events.

"Madame Frissae," began Fulke, replacing the hat which in a moment of transient excitement he had removed from his head, "I presume it is no matter of interest to you to suppress the name of the woman you accredit with being my uncle's mistress?"

Marie Frissae laughed airily.

"I said nothing of the kind, Monsieur Fulke; I merely stated the facts—you draw your own inference."

"Madame is unusually discreet," observed the lawyer, satirically. "Her information places matters in quite a different light—unfortunate for the lovely Miss Winifred, but fortunate for you, Mr. Fulkerson, as you are now the possessor of every penny of the magnificent Jocelyn wealth."

Fulke looked hard at the Frenchwoman as he said, abruptly:

"I hope Miss Winifred will derive some benefit therefrom, seeing that if the accident had occurred an hour later the other day she would have been my wife. Of course I shall make her the same offer again."

"Very generous and kind," sneered Marie, from behind her fan.

"She is lovely enough without any estate," heartily asserted Colonel Tremaine. "Miss Winifred is charmingly beautiful. You are to be envied, Mr. Fulkerson, and congratulated, too."

"Under those circumstances," resumed Fulke, "Madame Frissae will be good enough to answer my question, and give the name of Winifred's mother—if she has no personal reasons for suppressing it."

The Frenchwoman shrugged her shoulders affectedly, and hummed a few notes.

"Monsieur Stupide," she answered, an underlying taunt in the tone, "the name of Winifred's mother has nothing to do with the Jocelyn estate. The name and the fame of Winifred's mother is my affair, and I choose not to tell it. *Au revoir, messieurs.* If there is any further proof necessary I can give it. *Au revoir.*"

Madame Frissae strolled out of the room as she came in, singing the snatch of an aria. She crossed the hall to the library. Every trace of death had been obliterated, except the vases of deadly white exotics. These she snatched from the table and tossed out of the window angrily, then sat down, still trilling the aria, though her hands were clinched, and her eyes glittered as they did upon Winifred. As she expected, Fulke opened the door noisily and walked in. He was the master of Jocelyn Hall now.

"Will you, or will you not, tell me the name of Winifred's mother?" he demanded, without circumlocution.

He had never been decently civil when he was a pauper; it could not be expected of him to become so now, when, by right of his money, he might do as he liked. The gentlemen friends of Hugh Jocelyn had just taken leave, with pressing invitations to him to dine and lunch and hunt or visit them. He had never been thought worthy of notice. He had snubbed the neighboring gentry with sardonic delight. The neighboring gentry had snubbed him with contemptuous dislike. He was living on a paltry three hundred then. He was owner of a million or two now.

"The name of Winifred's mother is not for you, Monsieur Stupide. The girl will give her soul to hear it, but she will never hear it," was the reply.

"No, she will never hear it; because you are Hugh Jocelyn's mistress and Winifred's mother. You dare not tell it. You are the woman who refused her evidence. The woman stepping between him and his wife. You are Winifred's mother, and you were never married to Winifred's father."

He made the assertion boldly. She heard it tranquilly. A faint surprise stole over her countenance, but nothing disconcerted her.

"*Mon Dieu!* what penetration," she ejaculated, in provoking sarcasm. "Monsieur Stupide, you have made a discovery."

"Deny it, if you can," retorted Fulke.

"I do what is better—I hold my tongue. I refuse to give the girl a name. She is nobody's child—she is an outcast, belonging to nobody."

"It don't matter. All the better for me; but deny it or not, you are the woman who was Hugh Jocelyn's mistress," persisted Fulke.

Marie rose from her seat, and again crossed the hall to the dining-room, vacated by all save old Madame Frissae, who dozed over the fire. Fulke still doggedly pursued her.

"I am master here," he snarled, viciously. "You dare not make an enemy of me."

The Frenchwoman laughed mockingly.

"And I am mistress here while I hold this," she asserted, as she drew out the paper signed by Fulke, and shook it in his face. "You thought your name was worth nothing then, Monsieur Fool Stupide, but I knew it was worth millions. Ah, *mon Dieu!* what gall to your miserly soul to have given away a home in this fine old mansion and five thousand a year! You won't spend a sou more than that all your life, but Marie will live *en prince* on your begrudged money. Ah, *mon Dieu!* behold it!"

She held it aloft, and shook it tauntingly. The sinister look crept into Fulke's eyes. The woman enraged him with her obstinacy and mockery. His miserly, avaricious temper was goaded by the sight of his own folly. His face grew still more sinister and evil.

"Behold it! Behold it!"

In an instant he had stretched forth his hand and wrenched the paper out of hers. In an instant it was blazing on the glowing coals of old Madame Frissae's fire. Marie stood in petrified despair, and Fulke in malign exultation. There was nobody to witness it. The bond had burned to ashes, and Fulke was free of that obligation.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MAGNIFICENCE OF NERO.

It was to Nero that Tacitus applied the expression, *incredibilim cupitor*. What he not only desired but achieved in the way of cruelty and vice would be declared incredible, if Roman history had not already shown what revolting atrocities may be conceived by a diseased imagination and executed by irresponsible power. After the burning of the city he gratified his taste, in entire disregard of the proprietors, in rebuilding it. He at once appropriated a number of the sites and a large portion of the public grounds for his new palace. The porticoes, with their ranks of columns, were a mile long. The vestibule was large enough to contain that collossal statue of him, in silver and gold, one hundred and twenty feet high, from which the Colosseum got its name. The interior was gilded throughout and adorned with ivory and mother-of-pearl. The ceilings of the dining-rooms were formed of movable tables of ivory, which shed flowers and perfume on the company; the principal *salon* had a dome which, turning day and night, imitated the movement of the terrestrial bodies. When this palace was finished, he exclaimed, "At last I am lodged like a man!" His diadem was valued at half a million. His dresses, which he never wore twice, were stiff with embroidery and gold. He fished with purple lines and hooks of gold. He never traveled with less than a thousand carriages. The mules were shod with silver, the muleteers clothed with the finest wool, and the attendants wore bracelets and necklaces of gold. Five hundred she asses followed his wife Poppæa in her progresses, to supply milk for her bath. He was fond of figuring in the circus as a charioteer, and in the theatre as a singer and actor. He prided himself on being an artist, and when his possible deposition was hinted to him, he said that artists could never be in want. There was no vice to which he was not given, nor a crime which he did not commit. "Yet the world," exclaims Suetonius, "endured this monster for fourteen years, and he was popular with the multitude, who were dazzled by his magnificence, and mistook his senseless profusion for liberality." On the anniversary of his death, during many years, they crowded to cover his tomb with flowers.

WILD DANCES OF HUNGARY.

The Hungarians dance for their very lives. To them the practice of the terpsichorean art is no mere languid and graceful undulation of the figure, but a perfect wild *abandon* of mirth, and they whirl and spin and gyrate with the velocity of dervishes, until their long black locks stand out straight, and their faces are ablaze with heat and excitement. Watch them as they perform the Csardas—their national dance—to the strange, wild harmony of the cziganok! Watch them as they balance themselves backward and forward while adapting their subtle movements to the measure of the animating strain.

The Csardas is essentially pantomimic, and describes by mute action the "unquiet course of true love." The music is at first slow, and the couples walk up and down the room together in a stately manner, affecting to make each other's acquaintance and to have fallen victims to the tender passion; the music grows more lively, and "the courtship" begins in earnest. The lover advances toward his inamorata, she coyly responds, and they spin round together for a few seconds, when, as if thinking she had given him too much encouragement, the maiden retires pouting, whereupon again he approaches, but this time she turns her back on him and dances off in a contrary direction.

Following her, however, he overtakes and seizes her round her waist, and away they go again, whirling deliciously, until she manages to extricate herself from his grasp. Shy and friendly by turns, now encouraging her

LOVE'S ACRE.

And why all this? Oh, hear the thrush
On yonder oak a-trilling,
He'll tell thee of a darling—hush!
His little throat is swelling:
"'To Luluah' my song is named,
Can ye its wording render?
What, no! They are not to be blamed,
Mine old friend, true and tender.

"They have not watched, as you and I,
A patient time together,
To hear a footstep by-and-by,
And thrill to see a feather;
They know a thousand flowers flame
By lawn and dene and dingle,
But one, the fairest of them, fame
Leaves unobserved and single."

partner and now retreating with offended dignity, the lover at length becomes chagrined at her caprices, turns his back upon her, and they dance dos-a-dos for a while, with indignant gestures, till the maid, with signs of repentance, seeks reconciliation. The music grows faster and faster; the lovers, in the ecstasy of reunion, whirl and twirl madly, nor do they stop until both are quite giddy and out of breath, when, retiring from the scene, another couple take their place and the performance begins again.

THE FAITH OF KILMARNOCK.—"HE RAISED THE CHAPEAU FROM THE RAVEN CURLS, AND THE MOURNFUL EYES OF THE STATELY RIDER WERE FIXED WITH PITY UPON HER OWN." . . . "WITH A PALE FACE THE YOUNG NOBLEMAN RECEIVED THE LETTER."

THE FAITH OF KILMARNOCK.

A LEGEND OF "THE YEAR '45!"

CHAPTER I.

THE night of Christmas, 1745, was wild and stormy throughout that portion of Scotland which borders upon the English county of Cumberland. The icy wind whistled through the narrow streets of the ancient City of Dumfries, howling dismally among its quaint gables and turrets, relics of the architecture of an age long past, and shrieking frightfully as it left them to play fantastic tricks with the sheeted rain and hail that fell in torrents on the plain without the walls.

It was a night on which stern necessity alone could have induced reasonable men to venture forth; but, at about an hour after darkness had set in, two horsemen

were braving its fury, as they issued from the northern gate of the burgh, and took their way along the road leading to Kirkmichael.

The heavy garments in which both were muffled, to protect them from the violence of the storm, prevented any accurate estimate of their age or appearance; but their voices, when a chance lull of wind enabled them to converse, proclaimed that one was quite youthful, and the other, perhaps, in the prime of life. The strife of the elements, however, made it impossible for them to exchange remarks without great difficulty, and after they had emerged from the partial protection of the houses of the city, they pressed forward along the rugged highway in silence.

From time to time, the elder of the twain cast anxious looks upon the slighter form of his companion, and occasionally laid his hand upon the bridle of the other's steed for the purpose of guiding the animal over rough portions of the road. Throughout the journey this obvious solicitude for his comrade's safety was exhibited by the elder traveler, and it was plain that his conduct was influenced by considerations of greater weight than the ordinary circumstances of a perilous situation.

Their course, indeed, was not without its dangers, both from the extreme darkness of the night, which forced them to ride close together, in order to be able to distinguish each other, and from the condition of the road, full of gullies and holes that threatened life or limb at almost every step.

Fortunately, the distance they had proposed to accomplish was not great, and so the elder traveler seemed to think, judging from the exclamation of thankfulness which burst from his lips, as, after turning from the high-road, some two miles from the city, they caught sight of several dim lights shining through a dense grove of trees before them. A few minutes afterward they rode into a stone-paved courtyard in front of a large and gloomy-looking mansion, from the lower windows of which the lights they had seen were gleaming.

Springing from his saddle in an instant, he whom we have called the elder traveler hastened to his companion's side, and assisted that personage to dismount with the same care he would have bestowed upon a female. Then without waiting to see that their steeds were cared for by the servants, who now hurried from the office near, both hurriedly entered the mansion, pausing only to exchange what seemed to be a password with a tall man, fully armed, who stood in the great doorway.

About an hour previous to their arrival, there had assembled in the great dining-hall of the mansion some twenty gentlemen, who, in attire and demeanor, were evidently of rank and consequence. They were, in fact, the flower of the Lowland gentry of that district of Scotland, and the occasion of their meeting, as their anxious looks indicated, was one of great importance.

Five months previous to that very day, Prince Charles Edward, with a handful of followers, had landed at Borodaile, determined to dare all for the recovery of his father's kingdom.

Many of the Highland chiefs, and some of the Lowland gentry, had immediately joined him, and since then until a few weeks before the meeting we are about to describe everything had conspired to give his adherents a delusive hope that they would ultimately succeed in their rash attempt to overthrow the reigning dynasty. The capture of Edinburgh; the victory of Preston Pans; the ease with which they had crossed the border, and marched to Carlisle, meeting scarcely any opposition, and the surrender of that important city, after a defense of only three days from the opening of the trenches, were all taken as prognostics of a glorious triumph for the Young Pretender, especially by those who ardently desired such a result.

But there were many who favored his cause who had no such bright anticipations, and among these the great majority of the Lowland gentry of Scotland might have been reckoned. Few joined him on his first landing, or during his advance into England, and the remainder contented themselves with wishing him well, or, at the most, advancing money for his expenses. A small class, however, fully intended to join him as soon as they could arrange their own affairs, so as to provide for the worst, and in the meantime these prudent individuals associated themselves into what might be called a Committe of Ways and Means, to act in the district where they resided—forwarding supplies and reinforcements as they collected them, and organizing the Jacobite interest throughout the country.

The gentlemen now assembled at Kilmarnock House—for such was the name of the mansion at which our travelers had arrived—constituted the committee just named for the immediate district in which it was situated. They had been called together in consequence of the reception by their chairman of the news of Charles Edward's retreat from Derby, the first check this apparently triumphal progress toward the capital of the kingdom had met.

That the fact was considered disastrous in the extreme might have been read in the countenances of nearly all as they strode moodily to and fro in the great hall, or conversed in eager whispers with their companions. Each one had, in one way or another, compromised himself with the existing Government, and all had the welfare of the Jacobite cause at heart. Their thoughts, therefore, were gloomy enough, and were rendered still more so by the latent fear in the breast of each that any one of the others might be meditating their betrayal in order to secure his individual safety. The most terrible result of unsuccessful conspiracy is the absolute failure of confidence in the faith of his fellow-conspirators, which defeat instantly engenders in the breast of each individual actor in the plot.

It has been said that *nearly* all of those present were thus despondent; but there were some few exceptions who were still confident of the final issue, and one of them, rising from his seat at a table where he had been attentively reading several documents that lay scattered upon it, now attracted the attention of the company to himself.

"Gentlemen," said Sir Andrew Galbraith, the person just indicated, "I have examined all our information carefully, and I find nothing therein which ought to justify the gloomy looks I see about me. True, the prince has fallen back from Derby, but I can recall many campaigns finally successful in which retreats were necessary; true, that the rising in Northumberland on our behalf has not been as general as we could wish; but may not our friends there be actuated by the same reasons which have kept us for the time from our prince's side? In short, I see nothing but a temporary reverse in this movement if we forward the reinforcements demanded, and take our own places in the ranks. We have nearly eight hundred men mustered, and my voice is that we place ourselves at their head, and march to-morrow morning."

Three other young men of the party greeted these bold words with acclamations, and moved to the speaker's side in token of their adhesion to his views. The rest, however, held aloof, and a warm debate arose which lasted some time, and gradually became almost a quarrel in vehemence.

Suddenly, one of the hottest of the disputants paused in the midst of an angry tirade, and turning toward the upper end of the hall, cried:

"What does Kilmarnock say? He is our rightful leader, as the highest in rank among us, and as yet we have not heard his voice."

At this appeal a youth—scarcely more than a boy, indeed—advanced slowly from out the semi-darkness which obscured the upper end of the extensive apartment, and took his place at the extremity of the table around which they had gathered.

Few men of his time displayed in their appearance such distinct evidence of noble birth as Francis, Lord Kilmarnock. His mother was a Frenchwoman, of the house of De Courcy, and his personal characteristics proclaimed his mother's blood. Indeed, there was scarcely any trace of his Scotch descent about him. Long raven ringlets hung down from his haughty brow, and clustered in profusion on his broad shoulders. His eyes were black and piercing in expression; his nose straight and delicately chiseled, while his lips and chin, in their soft and tender curves, were rather those of a beautiful female than of a man. In truth, the sole fault of his eminent beauty was that it was decidedly feminine in character, the graceful proportions of his form bearing out the idea to the full, so that, at first sight, men were apt to deem him weak of purpose as well as delicate of aspect.

Nor were they far wrong who judged him thus, save that they mistook the true cause of his vacillation. Francis of Kilmarnock was an egotist of the first water, and his weakness of will arose entirely from his supreme selfishness. To serve his own ends, to gratify the meanest desire, he would have gone through fire and water undaunted; but to persevere in a dangerous design that militated in the slightest degree against his personal comfort or interests was foreign to his nature, even if the strongest incentives of honor and duty had been brought to bear. It was this phase of his character which dictated the words he now used in reply to the direct appeal of his guests.

"My opinion is that the rash attempt of Prince Charles Edward has resulted in failure," said he, in cold and even accents. "I was not consulted at his landing, for I was not then at the head of my house, or I certainly should not have advised the prosecution of his design. My father thought differently, joined him as soon as he descended from the Highlands, and, as you all know, fell at Preston Pans. Through this misfortune I am become, as you all are, in different degrees, the representative of an ancient name, which I have no desire to see terminated in my person at the hands of the hangman. This unfortunate rebellion cannot possibly succeed, and you must feel this when you recollect how few of our friends in England have joined the prince. My father you all know to have been thoroughly loyal to the cause of our exiled sovereign, and you must conceive how hopeless I deem the present enterprise when his son advises you to disperse your followers and return quietly to your homes, trusting to the forbearance——"

At this point a startling interruption cut short his selfish and craven words, causing all within the hall to turn hastily and in alarm toward the entrance of the apartment.

"Such is not the advice of your father's daughter, Lord Kilmarnock!" cried a clear, ringing, female voice, in tones of indignant remonstrance. "Our dear father's word was pledged for his whole house, and his only son must not belie the faith of Kilmarnock!"

Just within the threshold of the great doorway of the hall stood the two travelers whom we have seen riding through the storm from Dumfries. Their cloaks were now removed, and in the person of the eldest, Lord Francis recognized his late father's steward, an old and valued retainer of the family. But what was his astonishment when he beheld, in the youngest, his twin-sister, the Lady Jessie, whom he thought safe in Edinburgh! and for a moment the extent of the surprise held him dumb.

Nor was this amazement confined to Lord Francis. Each of the spectators experienced it in different degrees, and from a totally different cause. In gazing at the Lady Jessie they saw before them the exact counterpart of young Lord Kilmarnock—in height, features, complexion—even in dress! for the maiden was clad in masculine attire, and this alone was needed to complete the astounding resemblance. Gloriously handsome she looked as she moved with a dignified step toward the group, nor did her strange dress appear to embarrass her. The fact was, that in those troublous days it was a common custom for females to journey in a dress so nearly masculine that the complete habit was scarcely an excess, and the wonder of those who now saw her was not, that she should be thus clad, but that she so perfectly resembled her twin-brother! Scarcely heeding their surprise, she moved to a position facing the youthful lord, and bending on him a mournful glance, thus addressed him:

"I feared this, Francis! I dreaded that at the first reverse your terrible selfishness would prompt you to break the pledge which, with our dead father, you gave to the son of your lawful sovereign! Since the news of the retreat from Derby reached me, I have ridden night and day, that I might be in time to save you from yourself. I thought to find you in Dumfries, and spare you the disgrace of a public exposure of your cowardly weakness, but your haste in assembling these gentlemen, that you might the sooner throw off your allegiance, so lately sworn to your rightful prince, has left me no alternative. Hear me, gentlemen," she added, raising her voice, and turning to the others. "The faith of Kilmarnock is sacred! That house is pledged to support King James with life and means till all hope is gone. That pledge shall not be broken, and if the head of the house will not lead you, I will!"

The shout that shook the arches of the ancient hall was one of enthusiastic admiration. In a moment all selfish considerations were forgotten (save by the dastard Lord Francis, who, enraged with his sister and his friends, lost no time in leaving them), and the heroism of the dauntless maiden inspired every one with a courageous devotion. Hours passed in busy discussion of the means to their end, and when the assembly broke up at midnight it was fully resolved that they should march at daybreak, led by the heroine who had aroused their ardor, and mustering their followers as they went, to join the prince at Stirling.

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The storm had passed away ere the sun rose on the following morning, and the day-god shone in unclouded brightness on the rounded gables and quaint balconies of Fraser House, the mansion of the noble family of that name, in the city of Dumfries. The inhabitants of the good city were early astir on that eventful morning, for the last detachment of the prince's retreating army had passed through the burg on the day previous, and it was understood that the reinforcements, mustered under the young Lord Kilmarnock, in the immediate neighborhood, would follow by the same route before noon. The city, generally, was intensely loyal to the exiled family, and, in consequence, the principal street, on which the Fraser Mansion stood, was thronged at an early hour by those who wished to take a last look at their friends among

PUSSY ASLEEP.

the cavaliers now about to risk life itself in the sacred cause.

On a balcony, raised above the principal entrance of the mansion we have designated, several ladies had assembled soon after sunrise. Among them, and conspicuous for her loveliness and grace, was the Lady Agnes, only daughter of Sir Malcolm Fraser, and the betrothed bride of Francis, Lord Kilmarnock. Her companions were full of mirth and gayety, but a cloud of sadness shaded her fair brow, and her tender eyes, steadfastly fixed upon the entrance of the High Street, where the cavaliers were shortly expected to appear, were full of a mournful anxiety, that betokened a heart ill at ease. Her fair friends, naturally thinking that her gloom was caused by the fact that her lover would soon be in the midst of danger, strove to cheer her by jests, but they fell unheeded on her ear. The sad truth was, that Agnes had seen the Lady Jessie on her way to Kilmarnock House on the previous night, and had learned the latter's fears of her brother's purpose.

It was not, therefore, the certainty that her betrothed husband was rushing into peril that paled her cheek, but the horrible dread that he would prove recreant to his faith, a dastard and a traitor! Better would she have borne to see him dead upon the field of honor than living and false to his oath, and there was little to wonder at in the anxiety she exhibited to solve the awful doubt.

Nor had she long to wait. The exultant shouts of the crowd announced the approach of the cavalcade, and in a few moments a score or more of gentlemen on horseback rode into the High Street. Foremost of all came a jet-black steed, fiery in action, and on its back, proudly emi-

nent, sat a form of noble aspect, the grace of dignified command in every gesture, the clear light of undaunted resolution in the flashing eyes, and the glory of a sacred purpose pervading every look and action! To the shouting throng, eager to bestow their applause on an act of devotion, the performance of which cost them nothing, the noble rider was Francis, Lord Kilmarnock, and to that chief their homage was rendered.

But to sweet Agnes Fraser, heart-sick and weary of the world in one brief instant, the fatal truth was known! As the fiery steed came slowly onward, and reached the space beneath the balcony where she sat, a movement full of dignity raised the chapeau from the raven curls, and the mournful eyes of the stately rider were fixed with tender pity on her own. It was the Lady Jessie that she saw, and hope died out for ever from her broken heart! Her lover was a recreant and a dastard, and the light of her life was quenched as if by the dread hand of inexorable death!

She did not swoon or utter a single cry, but she shrank aghast, as if from the presence of a fearful spectre, and sat, staring fixedly before her, as rigid and cold as a marble statue. The column passed on, and disappeared under the arch of the city gate, their leader riding straightforward, in sublime majesty, calm and impassible as Fate itself! Then Agnes Fraser rose, and slowly entered her dwelling.

No word passed her white lips, no sigh revealed her soul's agony, but down deep in her lacerated heart echoed the mournful knell that marked the burial of Hope and Love!

Chapter II.

Nearly five months had passed since Jessie of Kilmarnock led the cavaliers from the gate of Dumfries. The partial victory of Falkirk had been gained by Prince Charles Edward, and for a little time his cause had seemed to prosper, but the fatal battle of Culloden, on the 16th of April, 1746, extinguished, at one blow, the hopes of himself and his adherents. Broken and dispirited, his army was scattered in every direction, and the story of his wanderings and perils, ere he escaped from the kingdom that had rejected him, is a tale that forcibly conveys the moral of the vanity of human greatness.

The atrocious cruelty of "the Butcher," William, Duke of Cumberland, toward his vanquished foes, is matter of history; and the severity of the English Government toward all suspected of aiding or favoring the rebellion, is equally proverbial. The number of executions for treason was so great that they almost ceased to attract spectators, and the prisons were filled to overflowing with men of all ranks. But we have no space to dwell on the sanguinary picture of the times, and must, perforce, continue our sad tale.

One evening, early in the month of May, 1746, a young man sat writing, in solitude, at a table near the window of a small room in Kilmarnock House, that faced the west. The glory of the setting sun illumined the apartment, and

PORTRAIT OF MURILLO, PAINTED BY HIMSELF.— SEE PAGE 343.

shining on his raven locks and pallid brow, imparted an unearthly expression to his careworn face. The writer was Francis, Lord Kilmarnock, and his entire aspect proved that remorse was busy at his heart-strings.

Despite the sacrifice of honor that he had made in breaking his pledged faith, and deserting his comrades in the Jacobite cause, he had not succeeded in securing that safety for which he had aimed.

He was now aware that the Government believed he had been present with the rebels in more than one engagement, and he felt certain that a warrant had already been issued for his apprehension.

If his sister had been slain, or had escaped, it would be impossible to convince the authorities that she, and not he, had been the leader of the troops mustered in his name. Of the Lady Jessie he had not heard since the fatal battle of Culloden, and the conviction was strong in his heart that she was numbered with the victims on that bloody field. In short, he had cast away his honor without securing his personal safety, and the fearful retrospect rendered him weary of a life that had grown hateful.

At the present moment he was engaged in settling his affairs, preparatory to flight from his native land, and, as he continued to write, the reflection that he had forfeited the right to find friends among the exiles he was forced to join added an additional pang to the bitterness of his remorse.

Suddenly a servant entered, and informed him that a messenger had arrived with letters for his lordship. In a careless tone he ordered him to be admitted, and in a few moments a man, habited in the uniform of a common soldier, ragged, travel-stained, and weary, entered the apartment.

Lord Kilmarnock recognized, in the messenger, one of the troopers who had been led by his sister from Dumfries, and it was with a pale face and throbbing heart that the young nobleman received the letter he bore.

One glance at the superscription informed him that the missive was from the Lady Jessie.

He did not dare to inquire of the messenger where she was; but with hands that trembled so that they could scarce perform their office, he broke the seals. His worst fears were confirmed, for the contents of the letter were as follows:

"THE TOWER, London, April 28th, 1746.

"FRANCIS—I am a prisoner, and the usurper has no mercy. The secret of my identity is still preserved, and my jailers believe that their captive is Francis, Lord Kilmarnock. Be assured that they shall continue in that belief until my head has fallen beneath the ax. The cause of our rightful sovereign is irretrievably lost, and there is now no tie that binds me to earth. None, Francis, for you have forfeited the right to call me sister: and, though I have preserved the faith of our house inviolate, the thought that my only brother is mainsworn and false to all that a noble should hold sacred will enable me to lay my neck upon the block as cheerfully as ever I laid it upon a pillow. Hide your name from men, and seek in exile that safety for which you have periled your soul. Heartily I have forgiven you, but the world will not, and sincere repentance alone will secure your pardon from heaven. Farewell."

There was no signature; but the handwriting was too familiar to allow a doubt to rest upon his mind, and the feelings with which he read the fatal missive may be more easily imagined than described.

Still dreading to question the trooper, he dismissed him, and, sinking back in his chair, fell into a gloomy reverie, prompted both by contrition and the lingering remains of that selfishness which had brought his sister to this fearful pass.

She *was* his sister—he thought—the only being he truly loved, save Agnes Fraser and himself. When she was dead he would have lost both, for by this time he was aware that his conduct had transformed the love of Agnes to bitter scorn.

In his heart he cursed the dastard egotism which had made his life a weary load; but there was still sufficient of the old leaven left to make him hesitate in adopting the only course that honor sanctioned. It was reserved for the self-sacrifice and heroism of an angel in human form to resolve his cowardly doubt, and banish from his breast the last remnant of this mean self-worship.

For some time he continued to brood in silence over the melancholy prospect of his future life, his arms resting on the table, and his forehead buried in his palms. A heavy sigh close at his side suddenly aroused him from this abstraction, and, starting up, he saw before him a white-robed form, that, at the first glance, he deemed a heavenly spirit!

It was, indeed, an angel; but one incarnate! none other than his lost love, Agnes Fraser!

Pale and wasted, as if by a lingering illness, she stood like the embodiment of Fate, bending on him a mournful look, in which grief and love were strangely mingled. Fear and wonder for a moment held him dumb, and, when he could command his voice, his first words were those of inexpressible astonishment.

"Agnes! Is it indeed you?" he cried, staring like one bewildered. "How came you hither? Why are you come?"

"To save you from yourself, Lord Francis!" she answered, solemnly. "To bid you do your duty, and preserve your honor even at the sacrifice of life!"

"What mean you?" he faltered, scarce knowing what he said. "Would you have me kill myself?"

"Is it the truth, then, that no spark of manhood ever warmed the heart of him I loved!" she cried, with scornful vehemence. "Hath not your conscience already told you what you should do? I would have you fly—and at once—to save your noble sister! Her peril is due to your selfishness alone, and I would not willingly think that Francis of Kilmarnock is a coward!"

Egotism, struggling with remorse, even then held him silent. His conscience had, indeed, already whispered that this course alone could save him from disgrace; but it required still another trenchant blow to cut the bonds of self-love which trammeled his naturally noble spirit.

She saw his hesitation, and fearlessly dealt the stroke that clove her lofty heart, while it set him free.

"Think you, Francis, that my soul is not torn with agony while I thus counsel you?" said the noble maiden, in a mournful tone. "I love you yet, and your last sigh will be the signal for my own. But your honor is far dearer to me than your life. I could not love—nay, I should loathe—the man who left his sister to a shameful death, from a coward's fear of the ax! Through you she is in danger. Save her, if you perish yourself, and, having done your duty, be assured that Agnes Fraser will not long remain behind you! In another world we shall know the joy our cruel fate deprives us of in this!"

She had conquered, and she knew it. No other word was uttered, but, clasped in her dear arms, he sealed upon her lips the dauntless resolution that henceforth animated him. A long and lingering embrace, one last look into the depths of her heroic soul, through the windows of her loving eyes, and they parted, she to wait with resignation for the sigh she had said would be her death signal, and he to fly on winged winds to the rescue of his sister—the performance of his duty!

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On the morning of the last day in May of that sad year,

the Lieutenant of the Tower of London was informed by one of his warders that the sister of the rebel Lord Kilmarnock craved permission to see the prisoner. It need scarcely be said that the visitor was Francis himself, arrayed in his sister's apparel. The secret of her identity had been well kept, and no suspicion of the truth had entered the minds of those who held her captive. The visitor bore a warrant of admission from the Secretary of State, enjoining the Lieutenant to allow the prisoner and his sister a private interview. How this had been obtained it is needless to inquire—doubtless some secret favorer of the Jacobitic cause was not without interest, even in that high quarter—but, as it was a genuine document, the Lieutenant complied with it to the letter.

In a small apartment in the White Tower, the massive stone walls of which rendered it doubly gloomy, the Lady Jessie, still clad in her masculine garments, sat, wearily reading. Suddenly she hears footsteps resounding in the vaulted passageway without; the iron door swings open with a sullen clang, and a figure, dressed in female attire, slowly enters. The door closes again with a louder crash, and the two are alone together, gazing, with widely different feelings, into each other's eyes. It was a strange and startling situation—the frowning walls, the dim light struggling through the grated window; the disguised brother and sister, each in garments opposite to those of their sex; the maiden agitated with alarm and horror; the brother trembling with an emotion he vainly strove to master

"Francis!"

"Jessie!"

These monosyllables were all their greeting, and the next moment they were clasped in each other's arms, dissolved in tears, that were the holier for the grief and danger that they witnessed.

"Why are you here, Francis?" was the first question that fell from his sister's quivering lips.

"To save you, Jessie, or to perish with you!" he cried, with impassioned fervor. "She who saved my honor shall never die that I may selfishly live!"

There is no need to prolong the holy scene. Suffice it that the heroic girl was finally convinced that her refusal to profit by her brother's manly resolution would only result in the sacrifice of both. The change of dress was quickly effected, the warden summoned to conduct the lady forth, and the true Lord Kilmarnock was left to dare his fate—a hundred fold happier in the doom he looked forward to than he had been while in safety in his ancestral castle.

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Time passed, and the morning sun of the fatal eighteenth day of August shone upon the scaffold and the ax, standing in horrid majesty on Tower Hall. The vast crowd that surrounded the platform were hushed to deathlike silence, and strained their myriad eyes in flashing eagerness upon a manly form that stood, in almost regal majesty, near the block. Two female figures, robed in black garments, resembling those of a nun, stood, trembling, just in front of the scaffold.

A breathless pause! The manly figure knelt before the block; the keen ax flashed brightly in the morning sun; it fell, and Francis, Lord Kilmarnock, passed to his account—his faith redeemed, his honor brighter than the ax which sealed his pledge.

At the self-same instant, a piercing shriek rang from the lips of the slightest of the two nunlike figures. She tottered and fell headlong to the earth, and the soul of Agnes Fraser followed her lover's to the presence of a merciful Judge!

Beneath a massive stone in the abbey church of Kilmarnock lie the earthly forms of the unfortunate Francis and his betrothed bride. At their feet reposes all that was mortal of the heroic Jessie, and the stone records the awful penalty exacted for the faith of Kilmarnock!

Requiescat in pace!

MURILLO.

By Ellen E. Minor.

The development of Art was retarded in Spain by her struggles for political existence and her incessant contests with the Moors; and until the beginning of the seventeenth century her painters were subject to the varying influences of foreign schools. When, however, through commerce and war, communication was opened up with Italy, all Spaniards who devoted themselves to art rushed to that land where it is most loved, and brought back a taste which they had cultivated under the great masters themselves. Then foreign painters were attracted to Spain by royal reward and encouragement. Schools were formed at Valencia, Toledo and Seville. Each of these in time had its own peculiar style, but the deeply religious tone was common to all. The school of Castile is generally recognized by sombre coloring, cloudy skies and gray backgrounds; the Valencian, by bright violet hues; that of Seville by rich browns, reds and golden tints. Objects of still-life, such as water-jars, baskets of fruit, melons, fish and game abound in the Sevillian paintings, and some of these *bodegones* (or kitchen pieces) as they are called, are works of great merit. In the Valencian school the painters of still-life delighted chiefly in flowers.

In the Seville school the Italian Renaissance found its most noteworthy representatives, and from it came the greatest names in Spanish art. The primitive school in Seville was founded by Juan Sanchez de Castro, about 1450, and next in importance to him comes the name of Luis de Vargas, who, after twenty-eight years spent in Italy, had the honor of introducing into Spain the art of painting in oils and fresco. In 1653 he executed, upon the restoration of the cathedral, the frescoes in the niches. The influence of Ribera, one of his pupils, is seen in the first works of the masters of Spain's golden age of art and splendor, Velazquez and Murillo.

The name of Louis Fernandez has been perpetuated by his scholars Herrera, Pacheco and the Castillos, who were eventually the masters of Velazquez, Cano and Murillo.

Francisco Herrera, the elder, was the first Andalusian artist to adopt that free, bold style which afterward attained to such perfection in Seville. As a teacher, however, his influence was lessened by his hasty temper, which drove his pupils away from him, Velazquez among the number. He was sometimes even left without assistants, and there is a tradition that on such occasions he employed his maid-servant to cover his canvas with colors, to which he afterward gave form and beauty.

Francisco Pacheco was a man of letters as well as a painter. He opened a school of painting in his house, to which, in due time, came Alonso Cano and Velazquez.

Agustin and Juan del Castillo were contemporary with Herrera and Pacheco. Agustin went to reside in Cordova, but Juan remained in Seville, where he spent the greater part of his life. Miguel Cano came to reside in Seville, that his son might study with Juan del Castillo, where he had for fellow-pupils Pedro de Moya and Murillo, the pride of Andalusia.

In Spain the Church was the truest patron and guardian of art, and the purity of conception, which is so

PEASANTS GOING TO THE FERIA OF SEVILLE.

observable in the Spanish painters, was mainly due to the restraining influence of the Inquisition.

Bartolomé Estéban Murillo was born at Seville, probably on the last day of December, 1617, and was baptized on the first day of January, 1618. His father, Gaspar Estéban, was a mechanic, living in a house let to him by a convent at a low rent on condition that he kept it in repair, and this proved to be a heavy tax. In this modest home the man in whom all the glories of Spanish art were one day to be united came into the world. His mother's name was Maria Perez. The name of Murillo, according to a genealogical document found amongst the archives of Seville Cathedral, appears only in his father's family, and was adopted by him.

AN "ECCE HOMO" BY MURILLO.

Very little is known of his early years. Like many other great artists, he showed the bent of his mind when a child by covering his school-books and the school room walls with drawings. His parents died before he was eleven, leaving him to the guardianship of Juan Agustin Legares, who had married his aunt, Doña Anna Murillo. The boy was probably soon afterward apprenticed to Juan del Castillo, his uncle, a pupil of Juan Fernandez. Castillo's school attained great reputation; his style was fresh, and although his coloring was inclined to hardness, he was highly esteemed for his excellent drawing. Under his guidance, however, Murillo made his first steps in the career of an artist. His gentle nature and anxiety to learn soon made him a favorite with his master and fellow-students. Castillo took especial pains with his instruction, but did not allow him to omit any of his tedious and uninteresting details of grinding colors, preparing and cleaning brushes, and other ordinary work of an artist's pupil.

There was no public academy in Seville where art was scientifically taught, but each master of note had his own school, and was assisted by other friendly artists, who, in common with the pupils, shared the expenses of lighting and heating the studio. The master sketched portions of the human figure with chalk, pen or brush for the pupils to copy, or provided fragments of antique sculpture for models, and a rude lay-figure on which drapery was hung. Occasionally, when employed on important work, a living model was engaged, or, to save money, one of the pupils would sit, so that each student had an opportunity of studying from nature. No pupil was allowed to paint from life till he had long worked at the lay-figure, and those who had not talent to rise were obliged to paint fruit, flowers and *bodegones*. It was also the custom for beginners to paint first of all upon coarse linen, or *sarga;* the best productions were used at festivals to decorate the altars, walls and pillars of churches, or were hung in the houses of Andalusian grandees.

Murillo availed himself of all means of improvement, and soon painted as well as hi master. While still in Castillo's school he executed two oil paintings, in strict imitation of his master's hard, dry style, the "Virgin with St. Francis," for the Convent de Regina, and the "Virgin del Rosario with St. Dominic," for the Church of St. Thomas.

In 1640 Castillo went to Cadiz, and Murillo had a two-years' struggle for existence. There were so many artists in Seville that only the works of the most celebrated could be sold at a remunerative price. Murillo was unknown, of a shy, retiring disposition, with no patron to bring him into notice; and his only resource was to paint rough, showy pictures for the *Feria*, a weekly market, held in front of the Church of All Saints, where he took his stand at stalls of eatables and old clothes, among groups of gypies and muleteers. The necessity of working for so inferior a class was not the hard fate of Murillo alone, for many of the famous Sevillian painters in the sixteenth and seventeeth centuries began in the same lowly way. It was while he stood in the market-place, waiting for customers, that Murillo studied the habits and characteristics of the little beggar-boys who appear so often upon his convas.

Pedro de Moya, a fellow-pupil of his, joined the Spanish Infantry in Flanders. His love of painting, however, revived when he saw the works of the Flemish artists; he threw aside his arms and went to London to study under Van Dyck. After that master's death, Moya returned to Seville, vastly improved; he brought with him copies of several of Van Dyck's paintings, and of others he saw in the Netherlands. These, together with his accounts of all he had seen, and his own rapid improvement, so fired the ambition of Murillo that he resolved if possible to visit Rome.

To obtain money he bought a piece of linen, divided it into different sizes, and painted attractive saints, bright landscapes, groups of flowers, fruit, and other subjects which suited the popular taste. He then made suitable provision for his sister by placing her under the care of some relatives, and trudged over the Sierras on foot to Madrid, a long and tedious journey. Arriving without money, friends, anything, in fact, but a stock of indomitable courage—he went first of all to Velazquez, his fellow-townsman, the court painter to Philip IV., to ask advice and letters of introduction to artists in Rome. Valazquez was so taken with Murillo's manners that he offered him an asylum in his own house, an offer which was gratefully accepted.

Philip, a careless monarch, was a patron of literature and art, whose chief glory was to discover and reward rising talent, and he had even attained considerable proficiency in painting. The galleries of Madrid were rich in valuable pictures, for it was Philip's greatest pleasure to acquire works of art; and no money was spared to procure them or copies of old pictures which could not be purchased. His representatives were commanded to buy up all art-treasures which came into market. Velazquez readily obtained for Murillo admission to the Escurial, Buenretiro, and all the royal galleries, where a new world of art was opened to the ambitious youth.

Velazquez was much pleased with some copies which Murillo had made of sone of his paintings, as well as of others by Ribera and Van Dyck, and he advised him to restrict his attention to the works of those artists whom he had selected as models. Velazquez showed the copies to the King, and introduced the young painter to the Count-Duke Olivarez, the Prime Minister.

For about two years Murillo worked with unflagging indurstry in the close study of the masterpieces in the royal galleries. Velazquez, astonished at the progress he had made, advised him to go to Rome, offering him letters to the first masters in that city. But Murillo had no longer the inclination to leave Spain, and he returned to Seville early in 1645, after an absence of three years.

His love for his native town, "the glory of the Spanish realms," is not to be wondered at. In Murillo's time Seville yet retained much of its old grandeur, and still carried on commerce with the whole world. Until Philip II. finally established the court at Madrid, it was the capital, and many families of the ancient nobility, as well as wealthy merchants, resided there. Amongst the clergy were very renowned scholars, who lived on intimate terms with the artists, and who were anxious to promote their interests. In this home of art Murillo saw all that could satisfy his ambition.

Soon after his return to Seville, Murillo commenced a series of pictures with life-size figures for the small Franciscan convent near the Casa del Ayuntamiento. A sum of money had been collected which the friars determined to expend upon eleven paintings for the cloister. The amount was so insignificant that none of the Sevillian masters had considered it worth acceptance. This was just the opportunity which Murillo desired, though the Franciscans at first hesitated to give the commission to an unknown artist. Murillo spent three years upon the paintings, and when they were finished all mistrust in the artist was changed to admiration and joy.

The influence of the three years' study of the works of Ribera, Van Dyck and Velazquez was apparent. He

gradually, however, developed a style peculiarly his own, showing great power of coloring and correctness of design. While his Seville contemporaries still kept to the tame, lifeless style, Murillo boldly struck out another path, with nature as his instructor; and his name soon eclipsed those of Pacheco, Herrera, Valdés Leal and Zurbaran.

The subject of the first painting is "St. Francis" upon an iron pallet, listening to an angel playing. The second represents "St. Diego Blessing a Pot of Broth" before distributing it to some beggars at the convent door. The figures are painted with lifelike accuracy, and form just such a group as may be seen any day in the streets. The names of the third and fourth are forgotten. The fifth, the "Death of St. Clara," is the finest of the series. The sixth and companion picture to the last named shows a Franciscan who fell into a state of ecstasy whilst cooking for the convent, and angels are represented doing his work; it is called "The Angel Kitchen," and bears the signature of the artist and the date, 1646. The tenth, the "Ecstasy of St. Giles," was long in the Aguado collection, and is now in England. The eleventh exhibits a "Franciscan Friar Praying over the dead Body of a Brother." When the French army invaded the country this was the only one of the series which was not carried off by Marshal Soult—because it was too stiff to be rolled up.

These paintings had been the glory of the convent for a hundred and seventy years, and had attracted innumerable artists and visitors. Still, had it not been for this act of spoliation Murillo's works would have perished, for soon afterward the convent was destroyed by fire. These paintings established the artist's reputation, and he was soon overwhelmed with orders. One of his first productions following his sudden renown was the "Flight into Egypt," executed for the Convent la Merced, in Seville, a house rich in works of art.

A number of pictures which belong to the next few years, and may be reckoned amongst his masterpieces, were painted entirely from every-day life. In later years he produced none of these purely genre works, but side by side with many of his large altarpieces and Conceptions stretches a long series of biblical and legendary compositions which have a predominant genre character; those, for instance, in the Prado Museum, "The Holy Family" del Pajarito, or with the bird, and the "Adoration of the Shepherds." The one shows the carpenter's workshop; Mary is spinning, while Joseph rests from his work to watch Jesus, who stands between his knees, holding a bird in his hand, and is playing with a little dog—types of the working-class; the whole is powerfully treated, and has some of the peculiarities of Rembrandt. The "Adoration" also exhibits great power in coloring, and is strictly in accordance with nature, even to the travel-hardened soles of the shepherds' feet. There is also another of the same type in this gallery, "Rebecca and Eliezer" at the well, which belongs to his earlier works.

The charm of his studies from life is seen to perfection in his beggar-boys. What fullness of life and what happy humor are depicted in these little sun-browned vagabonds, who in poverty and half-nakedness crouch comfortably in street-corners, eating grapes and melons, reveling in the warm sunshine, in the enjoyment of perfect health and simple love of life! Some of the best of these characters from life are at Munich. The Prado Museum possesses some in similar style. At the Hermitage, St. Petersburg, are the "Flower-girl," and a "Boy with a Basket and Dog." At the Louvre, one called "El Piojoso," a crop-haired beggar-boy, sitting on the ground, and leaning against the corner of a building.

Now began a new era for our artist. He was fully occupied in decorating the churches of different religious communities, and with work for noble patrons; he was admitted into the highest circle of society, and was worshiped by the people. In 1648 his circumstances enabled him to marry a wealthy and noble wife, Doña Beatriz de Cabrera y Sotomayor, who lived at Pilas, about five leagues from Seville. There is no known portrait of her, but one face appears so frequently in Murillo's paintings that it is not improbable his wife was the model.

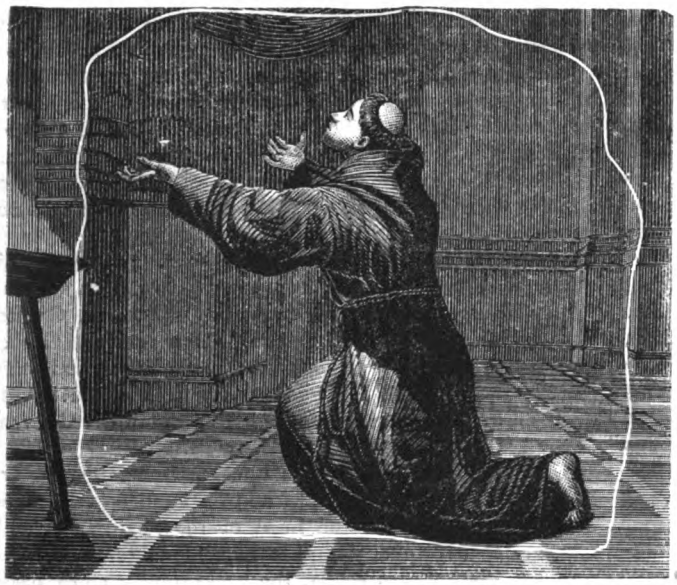
The strict Catholic spirit which is so evident in his works also ruled in his home. His two sons became priests; but very little is known of the elder, Gabriel Estéban, who went to America. The second, Gasper Estéban, who for a time devoted himself to art, imitating his father's style, became eventually a canon in Seville Cathedral. Francisca, the daughter, entered the Convent of the Mother of God, at Seville, in 1676.

After his marriage Murillo's house became the resort of the most distingushed people, and on Pacheco's death he became the acknowledged head of the Sevillian school. His style continually improved, his figures became rounder, his outlines softer, the backgrounds more hazy, and his individuality more pronounced. He became all the fashion, and any artist desirous of notice had to follow in his footsteps.

Murillo had three manners of painting, the "*frio*" (cold), "*cálido*" (warm), and "*vaporoso*" (misty). For his figures of vulgar life he employed the cold; for ecstasies of saints, the warm; for the Annunciations and Conceptions, the misty. His first work in the warm manner is "Our Lady of the Conception," with a friar sitting writing at her feet, painted in 1652, for the brethren of the True Cross. This colossal picture was intended to be viewed only from a great distance, and, consequently, was not painted with minute delicacy. When the friars saw it in their hall, preparatory to being elevated to its destined position, they called it a daub and refused to receive it. Murillo, before it was removed, offered to show them the effect when raised to the dome. The friars, then seeing what perfect harmony there was in every part, repented their harsh judgment, but were allowed to retain the painting only upon payment of double the original price. Three years after, he painted, for the great sacristy in the Cathedral, two pictures representing "St. Isidore" and "St. Leander."

It is said that the licentiate, Juan Lopez de Talaban, sat for the portrait of St. Isidore, and that the mild and venerable countenance of St. Leander is that of Alonso de Herrera, marker of the choir. A painting of the "Nativity of the Virgin," which hung behind the high altar in the Cathedral until carried away by Marshal Soult, was executed the same year. It is the most pleasing example of his second manner.

In 1656 the Chapter gave him a commission for a large painting of "St. Anthony of Padua." It still hangs in the chapel of the Baptistery, the gem of the Cathedral, and one of his most important works. He received 10,000 reals for it. The infant Saviour appears to the saint in a golden gleam from a splendid nimbus which encircles a group of graceful and sprightly cherubs on soft clouds. St. Anthony is in the act of kneeling down, and is stretching out his arms to receive the Divine Child—a most sweet figure. Every stroke in this picture is full of beauty and tenderness. The expression of the saint's face, seen in profile, is one of intense yearning and devotion. On the table is a vase of white lilies, so true to nature that birds are said to have tried to perch upon and peck them. The contrast between the heavenly illumination and the



THE FIGURE OF ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA, CUT OUT FROM MURILLO'S FAMOUS PICTURE AND RECOVERED IN NEW YORK.

perfectly natural daylight, which shines into the cell through an opening looking into the convent yard, is given with the consummate art peculiarly Murillo's own. It is in these supernatural scenes that he is unique and shows himself deserving of his title, "*El pintor del cielo.*" In 1874 the figure of St. Anthony was cut out and stolen. The thief was discovered the following year in New York when attempting to dispose of his prize; it was sent back to Seville, unfortunately much damaged.

The same year (1656) Murillo's great friend and patron, Canon Justino Neve y Yevenes, commissioned him to paint four large semicircular pictures for the Church of Santa Maria la Blanca; two were intended to illustrate the charming legend of Our Lady of the Snow, which tells how a good and pious senator and his wife, living at Rome in the time of Pope Liberius, being childless, determined to make the Virgin their heir. They had considerable wealth, and requested her graciously to intimate to them in what manner it should be invested to be most pleasing to her. Mary appeared to each of them in a dream, and accepted their offering on condition that they erected a church to her honor upon a certain spot on the Esquiline, which they would find covered with snow. After obtaining the Pope's blessing, they went with a great train of priests and people to the Esquiline, and upon the spot indicated by the miraculous snow in Summer, marked out the site of the church.

MURILLO'S HOUSE IN SEVILLE.

About this time Murillo finished the "Mater Dolorosa" and "St. John the Evangelist," which adorned the sanctuary until the time of the French invasion. The only one remaining to the church is a "Last Supper," painted in the artist's early style.

The need of a public academy had been much felt by Murillo in his early days, and he determined to supply it for the benefit of a younger generation. He set to work unaided, with his habitual quiet perseverance, regardless of coldness and indifference. By patiently enduring the decided opposition of his rivals, Herrera the younger and Valdés Leal, he at length succeeded in opening the academy at Seville on the 1st of January, 1660. On the 11th of the month there was a meeting of the members, twenty-three in number, consisting of the principal artists in the city, to draw up a constitution. Murillo and Herrera were chosen presidents, the secretary being Ignacio Iriàrte, the celebrated landscape painter, and his deputy was Juan de Valdés Leal. The expenses were to be divided amongst the members, the scholars to pay what they could. Upon admission each pupil had to make the following profession of faith: "Praised be the most Holy Sacrament and the pure Conception of our Lady." Fines were imposed for swearing and misbehavior; no conversation unconnected with the school was allowed. The instruction was intended for those who had attained some knowledge of painting, so that the studies were made from the living model and lay-figure.

SEBASTIAN GOMEZ, MURILLO'S SLAVE, ASKING FOR HIS FATHER'S FREEDOM.

Toward the end of the first year Herrera went to Madrid; the following year Murillo withdrew almost entirely, probably tired out by the arrogance of Valdés, who was then appointed president. In 1666 Valdés removed Murillo's name from the list of members, seemingly from jealousy.

The Seville Academy cannot be said to have had any great influence upon Spanish art, and never produced any first-rate artist; nor did it long survive Murillo—a man who had fewer followers after his death than rivals during his life.

After retiring from the academy, Murillo confined his instructions to those pupils who assembled in his own studio. By his gentle teaching he knew how to attach them to himself, and he retained the warm friendship of many even to the end of his life. His mulatto slave, Sebastian Gomez, who was employed upon the menial work of the studio, proved that he, too, had so far profited by

the lessons which were given to others in his presence that he one day finished a head of the Virgin which his master had left on his easel. Murillo, seeing his talent, granted him his freedom and gave him better work to do. There are several paintings by Gomez in Seville after his master's rich style of coloring, but they are faulty in composition.

In 1668 Murillo was employed to restore some allegorical paintings by Cespedes in the Cathedral chapter-room, and to execute a full-length "Virgin of the Conception," together with eight oval half-length pictures of saints still in the Cathedral.

Palomino says that in 1670, at the feast of Corpus Christi in Madrid, a painting by Murillo of the Conception which was exhibited attracted great notice, and that Charles II. expressed a desire that the artist should enter his service. But Murillo excused himself on the plea of old age; but this could scarcely have been a justifiable excuse if the invitation really was sent. It is probable that it happened a few years later.

The greatest religious festival ever held in Seville took place in 1671 in honor of the canonization of King Ferdinand III., whose body was the most valued relic in the Cathedral. The solemnities lasted several days, and to Murillo was confided the decoration of the All Saints Chapel, which was so successfully carried out as to win general admiration.

A MADONNA AND CHILD, BY MURILLO.

Murillo was now at his zenith. In 1671 he commenced a series of paintings for the brotherhood of the Holy Charity, in Seville, to which he himself had belonged since 1665. To the brethren belonged the Church of St. Jorge, which, about the middle of the seventeenth century, had fallen into utter ruin and decay.

The church was restored at this time, chiefly by the zeal of Don Miguel Mañara Vicentelo.

The interior is one of the most beautiful in Seville, and Mañara provided it with plate, candelabra and other ornaments of fitting splendor. His friend, Murillo, painted eleven pictures for it, which occupied him four years, and are among his most celebrated works. Three were destined for the side-altars, where they still hang, the "Annunciation," the "Infant Saviour," and the "Infant St. John." The remaining eight, five of which were carried off by Soult, were for either side of the church; the subjects had reference to the principal object of the institution. On the left side was "Moses Striking the Rock," the "Prodigal's Return," "Abraham Receiving the Three Angels," and the "Charity of San Juan de Dios." On the right side the "Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes," "Our Lord Healing the Paralytic at the Pool of Bethesda," "St. Peter Released from Prison by the Angel,"

and "St. Elizabeth of Hungary, Tending the Sick." The colossal pictures of "Moses" and the "Loaves and Fishes" still hang as originally placed; they are painted with less brilliancy of coloring than was usual with Murillo, and are light and sketchy. In the first, which is familiarly and appropriately called *la Sed*, the great brown rock forms the central object, and divides the canvas in two unequal parts. The figure of the great leader is the most prominent in the picture. He stands in front of the rock with uplifted rod, wearing upon his face a look of gratitude. Behind him is Aaron, looking on with astonishment at the miracle. The water has gushed out and has formed a little pool, around which the thirsty animals are crowding along with the men, some of whom are filling bottles, and some on their knees are taking water from the hollow of the hand. Around Moses and Aaron is a group of fifteen figures, one woman, "forgetful of her sucking child" in the agony of thirst, is drinking with averted face, to avoid the little one's outstretched hand. On the other side is a smaller group of nine, and a more pleasing and natural representation of a mother. Dogs, sheep, a camel, a white mule laden with jars and with his nose to a freshly-filled iron-pot, give variety to the picture. Many of the figures in the foreground are simple types of the lower classes in Seville, only not in ordinary costume. The boy on the mule, and a girl near him waiting for her pitcher to be filled, are said to be portraits of the artist's son and daughter. This painting is the most striking of all those which combine religious and genre characters.

Where all are beautiful it is difficult to decide which shall have the palm. Cean Bermudez, who had the advantage, which is impossible for critics in these days, of seeing them all together and in the positions for which they were intended, gives preference to the "St. Elizabeth" and "The Prodigal's Return."

These masterpieces of painting were finished in 1674, as is shown by a receipt given by Murillo for the sum of 78,115 reals. He also made some designs for the front of the church, of Faith, Hope, Charity and the saints James and George. These were carried out in blue-glaze tiles, the gay bands of which give a bright effect to the buildings, a Moorish style of ornament common in Seville.

Murillo's great patrons were the Franciscans, who employed him in his first important works. Now when his reputation was assured, and probably before he had finished the paintings for the Hospital of the Holy Charity, he received an order from another Franciscan body. Their convent lay just outside the city walls, on the spot where the Monastery of St. Leander and the Church of SS. Justa and Rufina formerly stood.

Murillo was employed upon this work from about 1674 to 1680, and he is said to have resided in the convent without leaving it for a single day. The brotherhood possessed a larger number of his pictures than any other religious community, comprehending upward of twenty finished works, exclusive of several smaller ones for the side-altars. To save them from falling into the hands of the French, the friars sent them to Gibraltar, where they remained until 1813. At the time of the dissolution of the convents seventeen of them were transmitted to the Seville Museum. Nine of them formed the "retablo" of the high altar. One of them, a Madonna and Child, is popularly known as the "Madonna of the Napkin." Murillo had so endeared himself to the lay brother who acted as cook in the convent that when the time came for him to leave, the man begged for a small picture as a memento of the painter's visit. Murillo was willing to accede to his request, but had no canvas. "Never mind," said the cook, "take this napkin," and he offered him one which happened to be lying close at hand. The artist took it, and before evening produced, to his friend's delight, a most beautiful representation of the Virgin with the Infant, so natural and full of life that the Child seems as if it would spring from its mother's arms. The coloring of this picture, of which innumerable copies and engravings have been made, was never surpassed even by Murillo himself. It is now in the Seville Museum, together with some others which belonged to the "retablo."

This work has passed through several hands, and suffered greatly from constant repainting.

Of the great pictures which adorned the lateral altars the "St. Francis" is the most striking of all Murillo's devotional pictures. The saint is standing with one foot upon a sphere close to the cross. His left arm is round the half-descending body of the Saviour, who hangs by one hand; he has removed the other to rest it upon his shoulder. The reverence and commiseration in the upraised eyes of St. Francis, his clinging yet tenderly supporting attitude, the loveliness of the figures attended only by two little angels holding an open book, the gloom of the surrounding sky, which is relieved by the light round the hanging body—form together an affecting picture of pain, of pity, and of divine condescension. The noble fidelity to nature in the figure of the Crucified, the beauty of its modeling, and the tone of the coloring make this a creation of the highest rank. It was doubtless meant to commemorate that wonderful interview between the saint and his Master on Mount Alvernus, in which his passionate desire toward Christ was gratified by the reception of the stigmata.

Murillo painted two "Conceptions" for this convent, one far surpassing the other in beauty. Besides these, he also painted a Crucifixion on a wooden cross for the altar, and two pictures, of the archangel "St. Michael" and the "Guardian Angel." The latter has hung in the Cathedral at Seville since 1818, in the chapel which bears its name. It was presented to the Chapter in 1814 by the friars. The angel form is radiant with the reflected glory of the Father's face, and rejoicing in his charge of the "little one."

In 1678 Murillo was again employed by his friend Don Justino upon some paintings for the Hospital de los Venerables at Seville, an asylum for aged priests. Two of the pictures were for the chapel, "St. Peter Weeping," a picture in the style of Ribera, and the "Mystery of the Immaculate Conception," which Bermudez considered to be the best specimen in Seville of Murillo's treatment of the subject. The third hung in the Refectory, and represented the "Virgin and Child Enthroned on Clouds"—an angel holds a basket, out of which Jesus is distributing bread to three venerable priests.

In the same Refectory was also a "Portrait of Neve," in which the artist represents his friend seated on a red velvet chair, and wearing a black cassock. The clear olive face is that of a scholar and a gentleman, the dark eyes full of intelligence. At his feet is a little spaniel, so true to nature that dogs have come up to it snarling and barking. The likeness was painted as a token of gratitude and esteem, and as a reminiscence to the "Venerables" of their kind benefactor.

About the same time the artist was engaged upon some work for the high altar of the conventual church of the Augustines. The subjects of these pictures are chiefly incidents in the life of the saint.

The Seville painters vied with each other in representing Mary under the title of the Immaculate Conception. But

no one treated it with a sentiment more noble, a skill more perfect, or coloring more gorgeous than did Murillo. He is pre-eminently the "Painter of the Conception," of which he executed upward of twenty representations. They belong chiefly to his *vaporoso* manner, the specialties of which are most purely and perfectly worked out in the tone of the aureole, which gradually deepens until it is lost in mysterious darkness. Groups of lovely cherubs sporting in the air or peeping out from behind soft clouds and drapery, sometimes bearing lilies and palm-branches, give life to the statuesque form of the Madonna as she floats upward toward the opened heaven.

No rules could produce that spirit of purity which breathes throughout the creations of Murillo, whose hand has stamped upon them, as far as human hand could do, that perfect nature of the Mother of God, "spotless without and innocent within."

The well-known picture in the Louvre, the most celebrated of his Conceptions, is the one which was painted in 1678 for the Church of the Venerables in Seville. It was bought by the French Government in 1852 for the enormous sum of $120,000. The Virgin—in the flower of her age, with her hands meekly folded across her breast, draped in the simple blue mantle and flowing white robe which covers her feet—floats upward toward the sky, attended by beautiful cherubims in every graceful position. The crescent moon under her foot is a symbol of her triumph over every other being who has been elevated to divine honors by man. Her expression is one of girlish simplicity and devout resignation to her heavenly calling.

His Infant Christ is always a charming child, full of the joy of living. Most beautiful in conception and treatment is the celebrated "Child with the Lamb," in the Prado Museum. But even this is surpassed by "Los Niños de la Concha," in which the little Jesus is holding a shell for His companion, St. John, to drink from. Murillo painted children with especial delight, and his studies from every-day life are charmingly employed in his religious paintings.

Murillo generally represented the boy Christ and John accompanied by a lamb, and must often have found his models in the streets of Seville, where it was, and still is, a custom to bring to market for the paschal feast lambs, which are led about by children.

It was not, however, for convents and churches only that Murillo painted. Bermudez says that there was scarcely a good house in Seville that did not possess some memento of his skill. He excelled as a painter of landscapes, a branch of art rarely practiced in Spain. He was at first mistrustful of his powers, and requested Ignacio Iriarte to execute his backgrounds in a series of incidents in the life of King David, which he was commissioned to paint for the Marquis of Villamanrique. The two artists could not agree as to whether the figures or landscape should be done first, and at length Murillo determined to undertake the whole.

Within the present century there existed, in the Santiago Collection, Madrid, a picture in which the figures were sketched in by Murillo, while Iriarte's landscape about them was finished. The painting is said to owe its unfinished condition to the quarrel.

Murillo changed the subject of the series which he had undertaken to paint from the life of David to that of Jacob, and completed five large paintings. Two of them, "Isaac Blessing Jacob" and "Jacob's Dream," are now in the Hermitage, St. Petersburg; a third, that of "Jacob and Laban's Sheep," formerly in Lord Northwick's collection, is a magnificent production. "Laban Searching for his Gods in the Tent of Rachel" is at Grosvenor House, London.

Murillo's landscapes are pale and gray in color, lacking that warm light which usually glows upon his canvas; but they are pleasingly executed, though wanting in vigor.

Murillo was no exception to the rule that all Spanish artists are good portrait painters. The few which he executed are of the highest merit, and show that he had profited by the time spent under Velazquez.

Drawings by Spanish masters are extremely rare, principally because they were used in the schools in the absence of engravings and models for copies, and were in consequence worn out. The Louvre, however, possesses twenty-three by Murillo, small and neatly finished, chiefly executed in pen-and-ink, washed over with a solution of liquorice.

Murillo only once left his dear native town after his journey to Madrid in his young days. At the beginning of 1680 he went to Cadiz, to paint one large and four small pictures, which he had promised, to fill up the retablo of the high altar in the Church of the Capauchins.

The large one represented the "Marriage of St. Catherine," a large portion of which, namely, the graceful centre-group of the Virgin and Infant Saviour and the bride, was finished when the artist was compelled to relinquish his work, owing to sudden illness caused by a dangerous fall from the scaffold which he was mounting to enable him to reach the upper part of the painting. Tradition says that this accident occurred in the chapel at Cadiz, but whether there or in his own studio, it is certain that the end of his life was passed in Seville.

When too weak any longer to use his brush he would spend hours in prayer in his parish church of Santa Cruz. His favorite position was in front of Campaña's "Descent from the Cross," which he greatly admired. One evening, when lingering longer than usual, the sacristan told him that the Angelus had sounded, and asked for what he was waiting. He replied, "I am waiting until those men have brought the body of our Blessed Lord down the ladder"—the highest praise that could be given to a painting.

The fatal picture was afterward finished by Meneses Osorio, a pupil of Murillo, who left the principal group exactly as it came from the master's hand. It still hangs over the high altar in the Capuchin convent at Cadiz.

When Murillo felt that his end was approaching he sent for his notary, Antonio Guerrero, to make his will; but death came so quickly that he was unable to sign it. He died April 3d, 1682, in the arms of his friend Neve and his pupil Villavicencio. His second son, then a boy, was the only member of his family present; his wife was already dead.

The original will is in the archives of Seville, and is a proof of the clearness of his mind to the last; it tells us that, although not rich, he possessed several houses, besides the property he acquired by marriage, a small sum of money, a number of pictures, finished and unfinished, some plate and furniture. The will begins with an acknowledgment of faith in the Roman Catholic Church, and after committing his soul to God, he orders that his body be buried in the Church of Santa Cruz. He desired that four hundred Masses be said for his soul. Some articles of plate inherited from his cousin, Maria de Murillo, he directed sold, to pay for Masses for her soul. He left fifty reals, "to be delivered as soon as I die," to his servant, Anna Maria de Solcedo, who had attended to his household since his wife's death. He then mentions what is due him, and what he owed to others, with orders to collect and pay the debts. He states how much he had

received upon the Cadiz picture, and gives details about other paintings. His wife's property is mentioned, and he declares that he himself at the time of their marriage possessed neither landed property nor riches, also that his daughter, Francisca, had received her portion when she took the vail. He appointed his sons residuary legatees.

The notary appended the following statement to the document: "Toward five o'clock on the afternoon of 3d of April, 1682, I was sent for to make the will of Bartolomé Murillo, painter and burgher of this town of Seville, and when I had written down as far as the names of his heirs, and was inquiring the name of his son, Don Gaspar Estévan Murillo, and as he was in the act of saying his name and that of his elder son, I observed that he was dying, and when I asked him the formal question whether he had made any other will, he did not reply, and soon after died."

His funeral was celebrated with great pomp, and he was laid to rest by his own desire at the foot of his favorite picture, his grave being covered with a stone slab, on which were carved his name, a skeleton and the two words, "Vive moriturus."

During the French occupation the church was demolished. The Plaza Santa Cruz now occupies the site. A tablet in an adjacent wall records the fact of his burial near the spot. A bronze statue of Murillo has since been erected by the city of Seville, near the Provincial Museum, which contains so many of his works.

Over the iron gate leading from the vestibule to the court of the house which Murillo occupied during the latter part of his life, a tablet has been placed by a dean

THE HOLY FAMILY, BY MURILLO.

THE KING'S DAUGHTER.—"'HERE IS SOMETHING HE WILL GIVE YOU.' HE OPENED HIS COAT, DISPLAYING THE RIBBON OF THE CROSS OF THE GARTER. . . . LUKE DROPPED UPON HIS KNEES."

"SOFTLY KISSING HIS HAND, SHE DREW HIM ALONG TO A SMALL DOOR BEHIND THE ALTAR."

of Seville; upon it are these words, "En esta casa murio, E. B. Murillo.

The portrait of Murillo has been rendered tolerably familiar by engravings. The most popular is that painted by himself in his youth, and left by his will to his sons, of which we give a copy. It is now in the possession of the family of Baron Selliere.

Of a later period there is a portrait showing him with a careworn expression, and wearing a white collar edged with lace, painted at the request of his children, in the possession of Earl Spencer at Althorp, inscribed, "Bart^us Murillo seipsum depingens pro filiorum votis acprecibus explendis."

An engraving by Calamatta of Murillo's portrait, taken from a painting then in the Aguado collection, which was sold in 1843, exactly resembles the Althorp picture, except that it is represented in a plain oval.

There is no record of any stirring event to interrupt the even course of a life spent in the practice of his art, and it seems almost a truism to say that Murillo's character must be estimated by his works. It is manifest that he was a true Catholic, noble-minded, religious and truthful; quick at discerning the good which lies somewhere concealed in the character of every man, and prompt in bringing it to the surface; happy, too, in exhibiting the most pleasing side of human nature, however unpromising it might appear. His quiet influence over others was peculiarly manifested on the foundation of the Academy, and the affection of his pupils is an evidence of his power of attaching others to him. His gentleness and benevolence endeared him to all with whom he came in contact, and his loss was keenly felt not only by his equals, but by the poor, who had learned to regard him as their especial friend.

THE KING'S DAUGHTER.

THE old pew-opener at Chapel Cross had been more than usually busy that day. With two weddings and a funeral, it was no wonder that his blithe, cheerful face was twisted into a hard knot, and that his step was nervous and uncertain.

"There's na gude," he grumbled, in his broad Scotch, "for puir folk to be muttering i' prayer-time, but I'll aye say my say; 'twould be mair Christ-like to save a puir

body's legs like my ain than to be droning the lang prayers, and them Papish ones, too!"

The long rays of the afternoon sun streamed through the rich windows on Luke's head, lighting it up with a sort of glory, in spite of his heresy. Quite out of sight he sat, far from the pews of the country gentry, and little heeding the pompous service that was being held at the altar beyond. He had yet a half hour to wait before the gaping audience would pass out, and he could cover the cushions, shut the pew-doors, and go home to his hot bacon and his mug of ale. And to be kept a half hour from the creature comforts which were his only luxury was no small trial to an old man like Luke Graeme.

It had, indeed, been a busy day. Luke nodded once in a while, and then roused with a start to see some old man, in the poor's row opposite, nodding, too, over the prayer-book in his shaking hands. For what did Luke, or the inmate of the poorhus', whose small living depended on so much attendance at the chapel, care that the choir chanted a grandor Gloria than usual, or that royalty itself sat in the honorable pews in front. The staring country-folk who had turned out to see how royalty would say its prayers, might, indeed, be open-eyed and eager; but for these two—well, Luke's wife and six babies, and the seventh come to-day, filled all his horizon; and for the other, the fact of Sunday roast-beef was more than patriotism and loyalty together.

"I'm glad the king says his prayers maistly i' Lonnon," grumbled Luke; "it do make sae sair wark for puir folk—keepin' the puirhus' bodies twa hours fra supper, and me fra Janet at sic a time. Aweel! 'tis the way o' the warld," and Luke piously drops his eyes on his prayer-book, and tries to be patient till the long service shall end.

Chapel Cross had the unusual honor to-day of witnessing the devotions of the king, whose progress through the country had brought him to this out-of-the-way place. It was a mere village, and yet it was a cathedral town, and as such, boasting itself largely of its importance. Its chief revenues flowed from the church; its chief dignitaries were church dignitaries; and all, even down to honest Luke, obeyed the Scripture injunctions and magnified their office.

I doubt if poor Luke was more fatigued by the service than one who sat in the front pew—the king himself. The long, drooping hair hung over a brow troubled and rigid; and the mouth, always so sweetly mobile—that weak mouth by which, in spite of himself, Charles I. betrayed the indecision of his character—looked now drawn and weary, as if the supplication for rest and quiet which he repeated were a *real* need to his kingly soul.

The last prayers were said, the priestly benediction pronounced, and the courtly retinue swept out on the wings of a grand burst of music. Drooping feather, gilded spurs, the glitter and pomp of a royal retinue, drew the country people as the magnet draws the poor iron filings—only in the one case there is the natural law, which is always beautiful, while in this senseless worship of fellow-men there is a suggestion of mental peonage which may well startle and shock.

Some thought, perhaps, not so well-defined as this, troubled the king's mind to-day, and gave his brow a wrinkle here and there, and his deep eyes a melancholy softness. Charles was not a willful oppressor, and his mistakes came rather from the stubbornness of his race and his jealousy of his royal prerogative than from a bad heart. He had a tender love for the poor and for little children, and a forgiving temper, as his last injunction to his son will attest.

"I have not worshiped aright," murmured the king; "I will go back into the church. Northumberland, ride on to the inn, and say to all it is my royal will and pleasure to be alone for a season."

"Oh, God!" murmured Charles, when he found himself safe in the shadows of the gray old arches, "the whining sycophants are gone—those gaping crowds that love me not—that wait on my steps for greed or curiosity. Now, I can come here, not a king, but Charles Stuart, a poor penitent like the poorhouse inmates that sat on yonder seat. Here, let me kneel where they knelt—let *me* cry out, 'Lord, have mercy upon me!' Why didst thou give me a heart since I must be a king—since I must hunger always for the love of common men?"

The king rested his head on the poor-pew where Luke Graeme had sat a half hour before. Perhaps at that moment he would have given all his possessions to change his name, his person and his fate, and become as humble—as sincerely happy as our poor old pew-opener. Who knows? The secrets of such hours of bitter self-communion are revealed to God alone. Perhaps other angels than the carved ones bending above him from the arches overhead came with tender pity, and vailing from him the dread future, comforted him with the promise of the love the Father has for *all* His children, even for the king. Suddenly Charles felt a sharp grasp on his shoulder.

"Whist, now! ye maun gang!" cried Luke. "I maun be shutting up, an' 'tis time ye were awa', an ye hae no sin on your conscience."

The gentle, refined face lifted itself for an instant, and Luke caught a glimpse of the king, pale with emotion. He drew a long breath, for the face awed him.

"Stranger," he whispered, when the bowed form remained unmoved, "gin ye will gang hence, I'll thank ye kindly. Mayhap ye dinna kin the king's at the inn, an' ye can see him, tho' ye're a braw gentle your ainsel. Hae ye ever seen the king?"

"Yes, my good friend, I have seen him many times."

"Aweel, ye live i' Lonnon, mayhap. For me, I dinna kin what makes him better nor ither folk, and I wadna gie a tuppence to see him."

"I'm quite of your opinion," laughed Charles. "But come, I will not keep you longer. Can you tell me where I can get supper, for I'm weary and faint?"

Luke saw in the closely-buttoned surtout and the thick, spurred walking-boots only a tired traveler. If the face was aristocratic, and the hand white and slender, what did it matter to him? As for Charles, he made the inquiry, hoping to receive from the honest Scot a welcome under his roof. He almost envied such lowly living to-day, and it was a pastime to study the habits of his simple subjects.

"An' t'were not for the king, the 'Lion' would treat ye brawly, but ye wad hae no rest there the night. And it grieves me, sair, I canna ask ye hame, an' Janet sae sick."

"How?" said the king.

"I'll wager my kingly word now," said Charles, forgetting himself, when Luke had told him of his new olive-branch—"I'll wager you have not a hundred a year to feed those seven mouths with."

"A hundred a year," gasped Luke; "that's a fortune. I hae just twenty."

"God in heaven! And on his starveling sum you can feed nine mouths!"

"Ay, your honor; there's always the bit of bacon and oaten cake."

"And with this poor fare you can yet afford to invite a stranger to your board?"

"It's na sae bad fare to the puir man," replied Luke, with some asperity; "but gin ye are proud and rich, the

Lord forgive ye, for there's nae promise to such ; and I'll aye say there's naething like these Papish doings for makin' folks proud ; it was na sae i' the Kirk."

The king smiled as he held out his hand to honest Luke.

"You are a true man, I well believe," he said, "and I did not wish to offend you ; and to prove it, I will go home and sup with you."

"Ye're kindly welcome, an' ye can abide a supper I maun cook myself. It will nae be like my auld wife's."

And Luke shut the great doors with a clang, and jangled the keys with noisy pride of his humble calling.

"Father !" called a sweet, childish voice, as they came out on the porch—"father !"

"You here, Jeannie ! You munna come out in the gloaming." And the old pew-opener swung his child up in his brawny arms.

The king gazed as if a vision of heaven had burst upon him. A little seraph—scarcely to be called a mortal child—was this nine-year-old Scotch girl. Her blonde hair hung over a brow of snowy whiteness, and her blue eyes made the king think of the harebells growing on her own hills. Her bare feet and arms were cast in Nature's happiest mold, and the poor dress could not mar the uncommon beauty that was her birthright.

"What for did ye come out the night, Jeannie ?" asked Luke.

"Dunnie said the king was riding by, an' ye know I maun be seeing him when he comes. 'Tis a braw sight, wi' the gentles' gowd chains and the nags' silver bits ; but I couldna see him ; I'm sair to think o't."

"What is your name, my pretty one, and why do you want to see the king ?"

"Jeannie Graeme, sir ; and, oh, sir, ye're a braw gentle yoursel, and mayhap you hae seen the king. Is he muckle fair, with a great crown on his head, and stars all round him, and a wheen angels on ilka side ?"

"I trow not," said Charles, laughing at the strange description of himself and suite. "Sorry angels my merry lords and gentlemen would make ! Methinks the cloven foot would show under the white robes of more than one of them !"

Then, to the surprised looks of innocent Jeannie, he replied, with some repentant gentleness :

"The king is not like that, my lass. Why do you wish to see him ?"

"Because I am the king's daughter," gravely replied the little maiden

"You munna mind her now," said Luke. "'Tis one o' her fancies—one o' the notions the auld rector is aye puttin' into the callants' pates. It wasna sae in the Kirk, I mind me ! We heard naught o' golden crowns and surplices and sic like heathen pranks, but honest men like mysel' went to heaven without them."

"You're right, no doubt, my good friend," said Charles, who, if he hated Presbyterianism, yet loved a rub at the Established Church. "But tell me now, you pretty one, how is the king your father ? I never heard that the king had such a little daughter ?"

"Oh, yes, he has. The rector himsel' told me sae ; and he putten his hand on my ain head an' called on all to see me, for I was the king's daughter, and he wad come for me some day."

"It's ower true what she says," answered Luke. "The rector's gude enough, but a bit daft about saints and angels, and ower fond of pictures and candles, and sich Papish ways ; an' it pleased him once, when he was telling the bairns the catechism, to put his hands on the wean's head, and to say she was the king's child, an' he would come with pomp and claim her, an' all sic innocents. But I mind me 'twas the Great King he meant, and not an earthly potentate like our gude King Charlie."

A gentle, happy smile broke over the king's face as he looked down on the little Scotch girl who claimed for him such fatherly honors. It seemed no wonder to him that the rector should choose so heavenly a face to illustrate to his little flock the children who were the especial favorites of heaven.

"I doubt not, friend Luke," he said, "the child is much better off in a thatched cot with thee, an honest sire, than if she were, indeed, in the king's palace. But 'tis an odd fancy."

"I doubt not 'tis sae, indeed," said the pew-opener, as he reached the door of his cottage, "for gin ye may allow all that's tauld, the king's house is no a meeting-place for the godly."

A thrill of national pride stirred the monarch's heart as he stepped on the threshold. His heart "warmed to the tartan," as the Scotch say, when he saw the evidences of that love of country in his host which he also felt in his inmost soul. For Luke clung with undying faith to national legends and customs.

On the wall rested an old-fashioned hanger, a tartan cloak and Highland bonnet, a bagpipe also, a relic of Luke's martial ancestry.

With courtly grace the distinguished king partook of the simple hospitality as he might have presided at a royal board, half envying that frugal independence which left nothing but daily bread to be asked of either God or man.

"Come hither," said Charles, to Luke's little daughter. "Come hither, and tell me what shall I ask for thee from the king, for I know him well."

"May I ask *anything ?*" said the child, glancing timidly at her father, who had risen with reverence at mention of his guest's importance.

"Anything."

"Will he gie me a star fra his crown, or one of his white lilies the rector is aye telling about ?"

"The king will give you all in his power, but not these," said Charles, bending gravely over and kissing the child as she sat on his knee. "Look, here is something he will give you."

He then opened his coat, displaying the broad ribbon of the Cross of the Garter—the Orders and insignia of his royal office.

"You are—you are——" gasped the frightened pew-opener.

"I am Charles Stuart, by God's grace King of England."

Down upon his knees dropped Luke, fear being for the moment forgotten in loyal love.

"Oh, my royal master," he cried, "forgive and spare me, who have dared receive my king under my poor roof."

"Rise !" said Charles, extending his hand. "The host should not kneel to the guest ! And I would that *all* my followers were as leal and true as thyself, my honest friend. But pomp and luxury breed deceit. Look !" loosing the broad ribbon from his neck and throwing it round the child's, "this binds you to me henceforth. Will you be my good and faithful daughter, and love me with such true love always that I may have one whose affection is real in the midst of a false and hateful world ?"

With an appreciation beyond her years, Jeannie put her small hand in the king's and looked full in his face. Then, with as much belief in its importance, and much more sincerity than a duke or baron would feel when swearing fealty, Jeannie pronounced herself the king's true vassal for love's sake.

"Will you promise to love me well, my little daughter?"

"Ay; I shall love you always."

"Honest Luke," he said, "I did but amuse myself with the little lass; but what I begun for pastime I am minded to bear out in good trust. It is, therefore, my royal will

JOURNEYING ON THE VOLGA.— A WOMAN OF THE ENVIRONS OF NIJNI NOVGOROD.— SEE PAGE 359.

"And serve me with heart and hand, as a daughter should?"

"With heart and hand."

The playful light went out of the king's eyes as the child swore fealty to him. She was so in earnest.

and pleasure that she henceforth bear our name. I will provide for her education and maintenance—not to withdraw her from her father's house, for I know too much of courts. I will have a fresh harebell, a mountain posy, that I may wear sometimes in my bosom, and know the

joy of other men in simple, honest love." So saying, he drew from his finger a ring with a strange device and curious stone.

"Here, Jeannie, I give you this to remember me by. This ring, if brought to me, will give you all your royal father can bestow. See, the stone is of a warm, deep hue, and a legend says it portrays the heart of its possessor. If it keeps its color, the heart is leal and true; if it fades, the heart is false. Dost understand, little one?"

The child lifted her eyes to the king's face.

"I will pray it may never fade. And, oh! sir," clasping the small hands, "I will be like those father tells of in the long Winter nights—the true hearts of Scotland. I will keep faith even in darkness and in death."

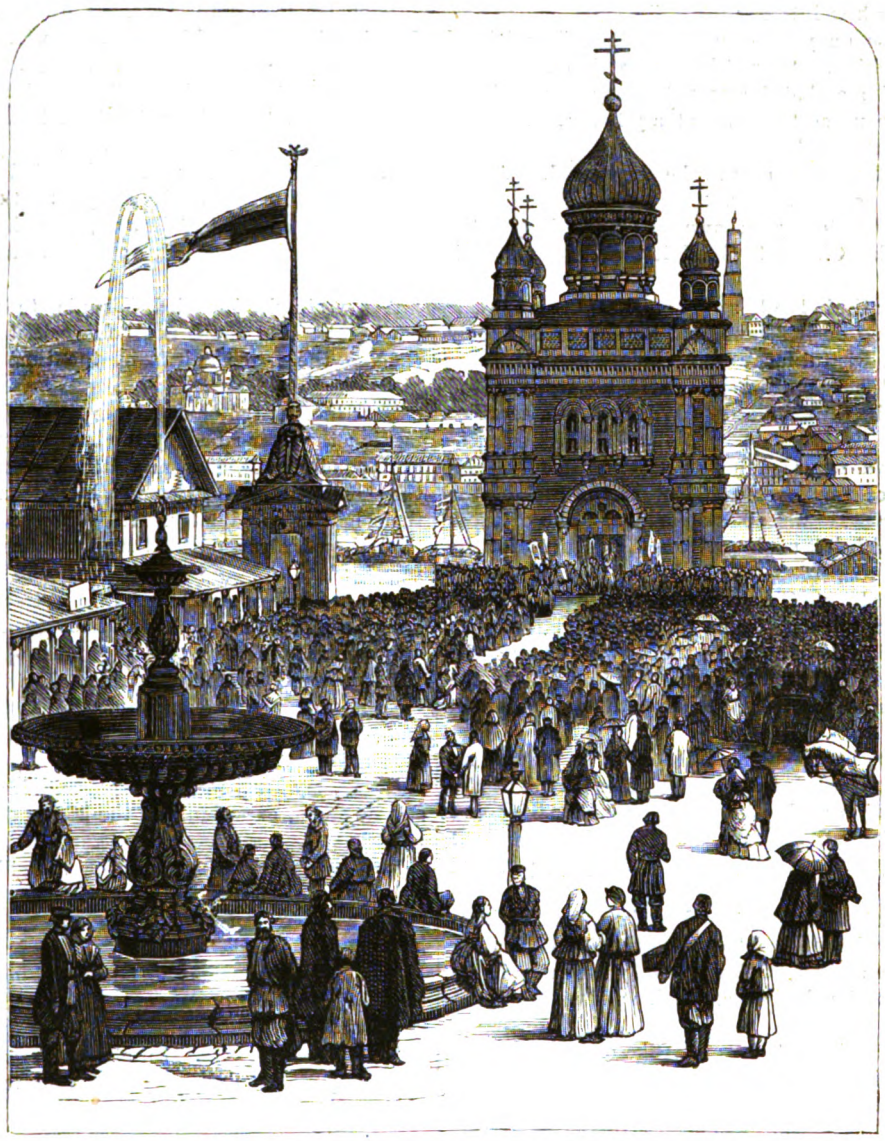
Luke looked in surprise at the child, wondering if this suddenly developed spirit could belong to his own little Jeannie. He counted not on the effects his Winter tales and Scottish songs would have. Charles himself, surprised and awed, turned to her father and said:

"The child has deep eyes, and a deep heart, too. Ah, well, we need all such."

How the king's delicate face, the long flowing hair, and the eyes beaming with kindly light, daguerreotyped themselves on the hearts of these lowly subjects, the future told.

When the Bible had been read in simple faith, and Luke solemnly invoked God's grace on his sovereign's head, Charles arose to go.

"A king is poor in heart-wealth," he said, putting his hand on Jeannie's curls. "Nevertheless, he can spare one blessing for thee, little daughter. May God bless thee, Jeannie Graeme Stuart, and mercifully keep thee from becoming great!" And before old Luke could prostrate himself again on his knees, he had lifted the latch and stepped out into the dark night. . . .



THE HIGH MASS AT THE OPENING OF THE FAIR AT NIJNI NOVGOROD.

YEARS passed and laid their burden down at the door of king and peasant. The quiet hills of England echoed to the tramp of armed men. The nation, sick of a thousand evil passions, groaned from shore to shore.

As may be supposed, the king's liberal bounty made Luke's fortune. Plenty, and even luxury, took the place of the squalid poverty of old. But yet Jeannie had never been up to London, or proffered the ring which was to have unlocked for her the treasures of royalty. The king's favor had been great, and she might have mated nobly, but a happier lot was hers than falls to even those who are indeed royally born. The king, delighted to keep his little harebell fresh, rather encouraged her to keep from London and to mate with her own people.

And so it chanced that Jeannie stood in the lengthening twilight of an English day, a fair, comely maiden, waiting like any other lowly girl the approach of her lover. The promise of childhood was amply fulfilled in the eyes that had lost none of their mysterious depth—in the broad forehead, and the bands of soft blonde hair. There are natures religiously faithful, and Jeannie's was one. She had never forgotten the tender scene of her childhood, or failed to remember her promise to her friend and benefactor, to whom she would ever yield a loyal faith, an affectionate love.

"Nay, Angus, I cannot see as you do," said Jeannie, in a low, soft voice, to the young man at her side. "Dear as you are to me, I would thrice give you up rather than prove false to my solemn promise."

"And I," said the young man, speaking bitterly, "would give you up before I would prove recreant to my father's God, and take a wife that upholds the abominations of Rome! Has he not refused to sign 'the Solemn League and Covenant'?"

"I know not, Angus. I only know I will be true to him, as I said."

"Then you refuse to take the oath?"

"Oh, Angus! Angus!" and the girl broke out into passionate weeping, "why will you rend my heart, and betray my confidence?"

"Why? Because I am a minister of His word who is a King of kings. What boots it if you *do* love the king? Are we not commanded to leave father and mother, yea, even to cut off the right hand? Why should we show mercy to these Amalekites? I tell you the king's hour is come, and it has been revealed to me in a vision that the Lord will deliver him into our hands."

"His blood be on your own heads, then!" exclaimed the girl, with passion. "I will have no stain on my hand. You would bind me that I may not betray you, and put your pitiful love up as the price of my honor. Begone! I can live without you."

Her eyes flashed the scorn she expressed. Angus Learmont took one step nearer.

"Will you, then, lose your own soul? I tell you the king is accursed. Choose! Shall it be Baal, or shall it be God?"

Jeannie's beautiful head sank on her breast. She glanced at the ring on her hand, and the deep melancholy eyes, the tender, wistful face rose up before her."

"My father," she murmured, as if he really stood there, "must it be thus, indeed? Will no less a sacrifice suffice?"

The young man regarded her sternly and fixedly. All the tenderness of the lover was lost in the zeal of the religious devotee. He was an Independent—one of those whose gloomy faith left no hope from their hands for the king.

What the unfortunate Charles had to fear in these dreadful days is plain to every reader of history. His armies totally routed, himself shut up in the city of Oxford, the Parliament triumphant, and the soldiery, as well as the fierce religionists of the time, eager for the possession of his person.

Old Luke, stanch upholder of the Kirk as he was, no doubt would have sided with his enemies had not the king's condescension made him his adherent for life; and had this fever of fanaticism spared Charles, Jeannie might have wedded Angus Learmont, and led a happy, peaceful life.

He was a man of some talent, and easily persuaded himself that he was called of God to preach the Gospel, and by the doctrine of his order, if five or six persons could be found to listen to him, he became their spiritual head and teacher.

He touched Jeannie on the arm. Like one awaking out of a dream, the girl drew a long breath, and said:

"Angus, I have seen the king. He seemed to reproach me; he seemed to say, like the Christ, 'Will ye also go away?' Nay, Angus, I will not take your oath to hunt and persecute your king, but, instead, hear me. I promise to love and serve him as I did when a little child on yonder hearthstone. Though all other hearts be dead, I will be alive to him."

"Be it so, then. Your folly, your apostacy be upon your own head!"

And turning, with swift steps, he struck into the forest to hold converse with those as fierce and implacable as himself.

"Oh, my father! my father!" cried Jannie; "I have looked my last on his face! I have sacrificed him for thee!"

A few tears fell for the love dead and past for ever. Then proudly lifting her head, the girl also turned and ran with quick steps to the cottage which stood dimly visible in the gloaming.

"It must not be, father—it must not be!" she cried, falling on her knees before old Luke's form. "Angus would betray the king to his enemies. In life and in death I promised to serve him for ever. I must fulfill my vow. Let me go, I pray thee, to the king!"

"Nay, Jeannie, bairn, what wouldst thou do? What can the weak arm of a woman do?"

"More than the strong arm with the false heart behind it, father. Come—we must warn the king."

With trembling hands, Luke reached for the lantern. Leaning heavily on his daughter, who suddenly seemed imbued with superhuman strength, they passed out together, and took their way toward the cathedral, whose great towers loomed up in the mist, and whose solemn arches once more sheltered a king.

It was, indeed, so. Charles, buffeted on every side, had determined to make his escape to the Scottish army. With only two trusty followers, he waited for night here in this sanctuary of God, opened to him by Luke's faithful hand.

A too simple love led Jeannie to make Angus her confidant. She could not believe that even now he was rousing the fierce spirits of the time to intercept the king.

Far different the church from that old time! No stately music; the altar rifled by the hands of the soldiery; the cushions torn out, to signify their contempt of luxury, and the statues broken by those ruthless iconoclasts, to signify their hatred of idolatry. All that was bright and beautiful they destroyed; all that was stern and forbidding remained.

A full flood of April moonlight streamed through the arched windows on the king's uncovered head, and on the attendants beside him.

"My liege," said one, "remember that the house of God is no longer a sanctuary against these bloody men, and your sacred person belongs to England. Had we not better be moving?"

"Nay, my lord, we are safe here. Ha! what is that?" and he stood, expectant, as the key grated harshly in the lock.

"It is I, my father and the king!" and a lithe and slender form knelt at the king's feet. "Have you forgotten the grace you were blessed to bestow lang syne on Jeannie Graeme?"

"Methinks the name is familiar, but these troubles of ours have marred our memory," said Charles, passing his hand wearily over his brow.

"But the ring, sire. Surely you remember the ring," and Jeannie placed the curious gem in the hand of the king.

"Ah, yes, I remember this," said Charles, a darker shade passing over his countenance. "Look you here, my lords, and read in this stone the fate of England and her unhappy king! See you not how dim the jewel has grown? It typifies the ruin and misery of the hand that bestowed it."

"Say not so, my royal master," said Jeannie, grasping the king's knees with her outstretched arms. "The jewel is as brilliant as when you put it on my hand lang syne. May God forbid that sorrow should blind your eyes, my father, to the mercies that yet remain to you, and the many hearts that love you."

"At least we will believe in thy love, my little Jeannie. Is it, indeed, then, so fair, so bonny? And we left thee a winsome child! Now, by my faith, who would not be a

peasant, since their vines bear such comely fruitage as this?"

"My father, you told me to bring you this ring when I had a boon to ask. I ask it now. Fly, my royal father, and forgive one who has unwittingly betrayed you!"

"Alas! the king of England is the poorest man in all his realm," exclaimed the king, when Jeannie had recounted the perils that threatened him. "Too poor to find one to whom he may trust."

"Say not so," groaned the unhappy girl, in anguish of spirit. "Trust me once more; I will guide you safely, or die with you."

Softly kissing his hand, she drew him along to a small door behind the altar. Following her, the two attendants descended the mossy steps, and old Luke, holding his lantern above his gray head, hobbled after them with uncertain tread.

Along passages and vaults, whose mossy, gravelike odor clung to their garments, they followed the lead of the heroic girl till the moonlight once more greeted them, and they stood on the border of a park, from which they could already faintly hear the sound of men's voices and the tramp of horses' feet.

"Bless me! oh, my father, before you go!" sobbed Jeannie. "God knows I have paid a heavy price for your safety this night."

"The Lord keep you, my little daughter," Charles pressed his lips to the white forehead of the almost fainting girl, and rode away to his cruel fate—rode to those who would barter his life for money.

"Traitor Scott,
Sold his king for a groat!"

The terrified old man and his child could hear the fierce threats of the multitude, as they crept softly into the shadow of the arches.

Jeannie's soul was full of prayer for the safety of the royal fugitive; she thought not of fear.

"Poor souls!" she cried. "They think they are doing God service!" And then, as indignation swayed her, "How dare they hunt their king!"

A wild burst of angry disappointment announced the discovery of the flight.

"Forward, for God and the Kirk!" came the fierce shout.

"Ha!" cried one, "what is that? They lurk in the shadow, these defiers of God and man! Fire! in the name of the Lord of Hosts!"

"Angus! Angus!" burst from the lips of Jeannie Graeme.

And as the wretched lover tore away the white scarf that had been a target for the cruel shot, Luke, forgetting his terror, stooped to stanch the blood flowing in a lifetide over the grass.

"Jeannie, lass, dinna greet!" he whispered. "Your old father will save ye yet. Ye're not going awa fra me, Jeannie; I canna spare ye," and then the voice died down into a sob.

"Kiss me, Angus! I could not help it. And, oh! the king is safe! I was—faithful—unto—death!"

I HOLD in my hand to-day this curious ring—the same that Jeannie Graeme consecrated with her life. It is an heirloom in our family, having descended to us in a straight line from Margaret, second daughter of Luke Graeme, our godly ancestor.

The device is a serpent having his tail in his mouth, which signifies eternity. Of the stone itself, I cannot speak with certainty. Whatever its color may have been, no trace remains of the deep, warm hue of which Charles spoke. It is now a grayish-white, and if the legend be authentic, the stone has well portrayed the fortunes of its royal owner, for the hearts are dead that loved him, and surely the fortunes of his house are decayed.

IN SUMMER FIELDS.

SOMETIMES, as in the Summer fields
I walk abroad, there comes to me
So strange a sense of mystery,
My heart stands still, my feet must stay,
I am in such strange company.

I look on high—the vasty deep
Of blue outreaches all my mind;
And yet I think beyond to find
Something more vast—and at my feet
The little bryony is twined.

Clouds sailing as to God go by,
Earth, sun and stars are rushing on;
And faster than swift time, more strong
Than rushing of the worlds, I feel
A something Is, of name unknown.

And turning suddenly away,
Grown sick and dizzy with the sense
Of power, and mine own impotence,
I see the gentle cattle feed
In dumb, unthinking innocence.

The great Unknown above; below,
The cawing rooks, the milking-shed;
God's awful silence overhead;
Below, the muddy pool, the path
The thirsty herds of cattle tread.

Sometimes, as in the Summer fields
I walk abroad, there comes to me
So wild a sense of mystery,
My senses reel, my reason fails,
I am in such strange company.

Yet somewhere, dimly, I can feel
The wild confusion dwells in me,
And I, in no strange company,
And the lost link, 'twixt Him and these,
And touch Him through the mystery.

JOURNEYING ON THE VOLGA.

BY A. GALLENGA.

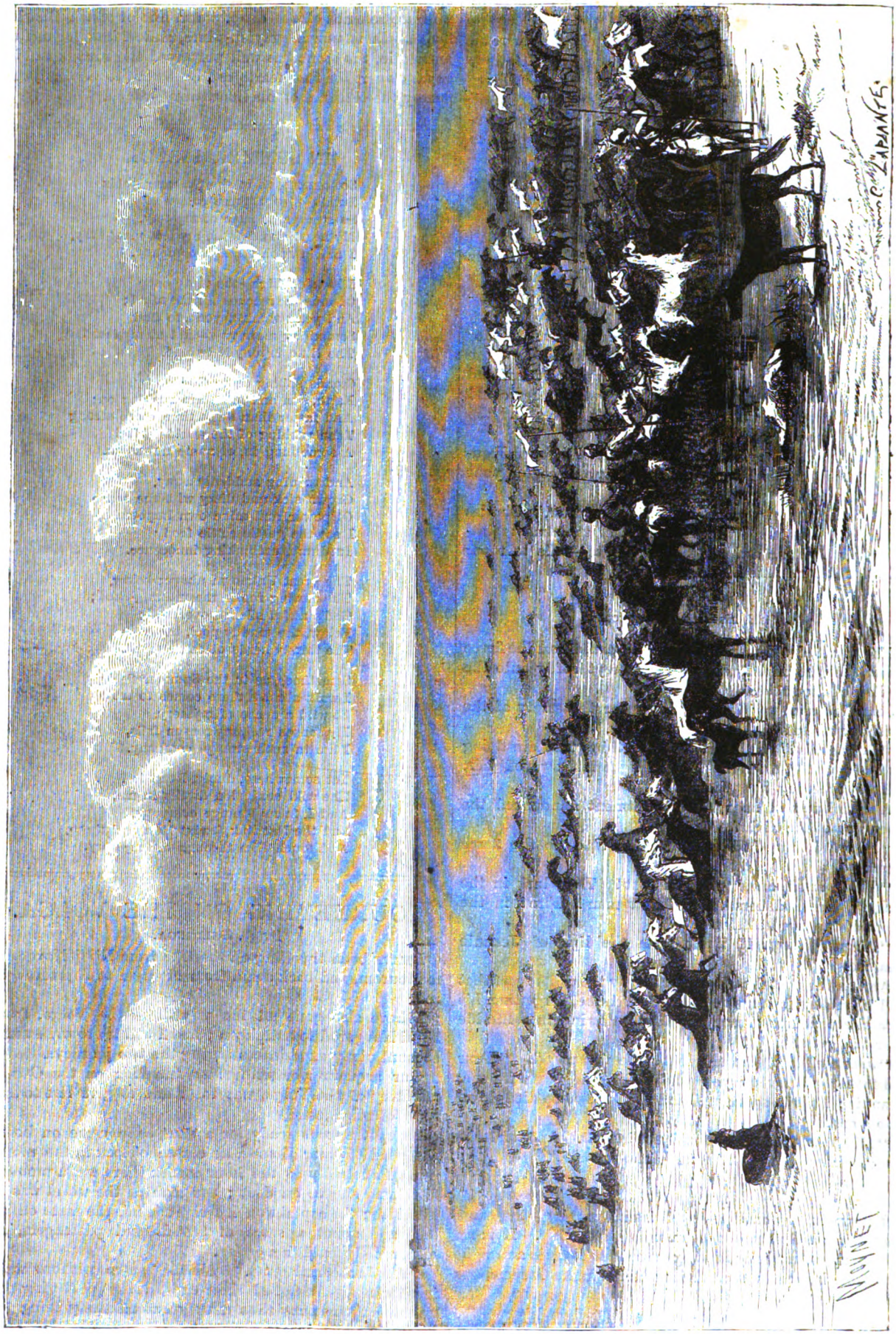
I HAVE been traveling on the Oka from Nijni Novgorod to Mourom, and back again from Mourom to Nijni Novgorod.

I have also gone all the way down the Volgo, from Nijni Novgorod to Astrakhan; and I will try to write some account of my experiences during the two journeys.

Our acquaintance with river traveling on the Oka, a tributary of the Volga, was too short to give rise to any sense of weariness.

Everything was ready for a start as we came on board the good steamer *Vaseletz*, at eleven o'clock in the morning. Punctually as the hour struck there was a moment of solemn silence on deck; the man at the wheel was in his place; the captain on his right hand, the mate on his left, and about a score of best-dressed passengers, all men, stood round in a group.

"Ab Jove principium." All these men, without waiting for a signal, doffed their caps, devoutly bowing and crossing themselves, thus mutely but solemnly suing Heaven's assistance on their voyage.



HERDS OF HORSES CROSSING THE VOLGA.

The religious performance did not detain us two seconds, and we were at once in midstream.

On our left hand was the long, high ridge on which the upper town of Nijni Novgorod is built; on our right spread the marsh on which the Nijni fair wallows; and for many miles, as we proceeded, we had the same hilly range, the same half-drowned plain, on either side.

THE IPATIEFF CONVENT, AT KOSTROMA.

The two banks that wall in the broad stream advance or recede at every turn as the land lies, here towering close on the water, there trending off at a great distance out of sight; and between them — now on one side, now on the other — there lies a vast extent of debatable ground broken up in sand-hills and sand-hollows, where the waters run riot, branching out into many channels, wearing out one side, and filling up the other; perpetually altering their course, perplexing by their endless vagaries, and tasking the experience and skill of the navigator, who now and then runs his vessel aground, where he sticks fast for hours or days, relying rather on his guardian angels and saints than on his own manly endeavor to get him afloat again.

The scenery as we paddled up, hour after hour, was lonely and dreary, as all must admit. For the first few miles indeed we had enough to do threading our way out of the crowd of steamers and barges on their way to the fair, and we needed a sharp lookout and skillful pilotage to avoid a collision; but that pleasurable excitement was over without the shadow of an accident, and we soon had the river almost all to ourselves.

Scarcely anywhere a hut, a tree, a living thing to enliven the view; and one is driven to regret even the absence of the crocodiles of the Nile, and of the alligators of the Parana or the Amazon. Now and then, however, we came to a village, straggling for miles

LADY OF VLADKA.

LADY OF PERM.

along the bank, its log houses, dingy-brown with age, emerging out of the ragged foliage of their gardens, the carrion-crows starting from their perches on the house-tops, and cawing lustily, perhaps to bless, perhaps to curse, our arrival.

There is life there; every cottage in its own plot of ground, with its fair allowance of air and sunlight, with its barns, sheds and shanties facing the river; for land is a mere drug in Russia, and every hind is welcome to as much space as he requires, and the only penalty he may have to pay for it is the necessity of trudging in mud for miles, whenever he has occasion to call on his priest, or his elder, or any of the miscalled neighbors in his far-reaching hamlet.

Further on, at some of the main stations, the village rises to the dignity of a town.

The place may not be larger—it may not be so large as the village; but it stands high on the bank, all crowned with its lofty churches and monasteries (often twenty churches for 2,000 inhabitants), every church glorying in its gilt, silvered, or gaudily-painted dome and belfry, or on its cluster of domes and belfries, surmounted by huge crosses on every ball, balloon and pinnacle; the houses whitewashed; the trees of the gardens and avenues in something like trim; with an aspect of well-being and neatness, and refinement which perhaps might not bear too close a scrutiny.

For Russia works and Russia grows rich, whatever the Government may do; and all is not church-pageantry or monastic indolence in her communities.

Amid the row of church steeples you catch a glimpse of factory chimneys. One place has attained renown for its cutlery; another for its tannery; a third for its saddlery, glass or crockery. And in many of the forsaken estates of the half-ruined nobility you will find, as we shall presently see, iron works, coal mines, and factories of all kinds; the emancipated serf quitting the field for the workshop; an imperfect husbandry being everywhere superseded by a homely but useful industry.

Far more than with the sight of the towns, and of the crowd of passengers landing and embarking, and of the fruit-sellers and hawkers of all manner of goods, haggling, and chaffering, and filling the piers and stations with bustle and clamor and not unamusing hubbub—we are delighted with the enormous barges which we meet or overtake at every two or three miles' interval, slowly and laboriously plying up and down the sluggish stream; heavily-laden barges or strings of barges, deep down in the water; all rough, and uncouth, and mud-stained, yet some of them still retaining, though faded, the colors with which the builder painted them many years now gone—painted them with some of the quaintness, though not with the splendor or style, of the Bucentaur at Venice—the barges all towed by horses, by double files of horses, by double files of ten, in many instances even of twenty and thirty, small but wiry and hardy Tartar-bred nags—the teams now struggling deep in the water like otters, now tugging up the high, steep banks like rats; now tumbling and rolling in the sand like kids; no sooner down than up again, frisking and gamboling, shaking the cheering bells about their ears, and neighing joyously in response to the lusty shouts, or the wild, monotonous notes of the chant of their drivers.

Anon we come to a winding in the river; then to another, and a third; and our will-o'-the-wisp of a town went flittering and shifting its ground, now on our right, now on our left, here and there, and nowhere at all, tantalizing and mocking us, as it were, playing hide and seek, till, more than one hour later, at a sudden turning, the engine roared; the boat was eased and stopped, and there, sure enough, rose Mourom above us on the ravine, and on the same left bank where tradition assures us it has stood these thousand years.

We descended the Oka in the *Dmitry Donskoi*, a boat inconveniently crowded, and in very hot weather. At every station we took up multitudes of the rural population on their way to the Nijni fair; a good and well-behaved kind of people if seen at a distance; but not particulary delightful to the eye, the ear, and the other senses when in too close a contact.

Nijni Novgorod, or Lower New-town, is older than Moscow, and only not so old as Novgorod the Great, which was a contemporary of Venice, and was still new when the semi-fabulous Ruric and his Warangians are supposed to have given their name to Russia.

Nijni Novgorod, which everybody here calls simply "Nijni," dates from 1222; and mention of its fair occurs, we are told, in 1366, since which epoch its celebration has suffered very rare and only violent interruption.

To understand why this venerable spot should have been for so many years, and should be still, so extensively favored by the world's trade, it is scarcely necessary to see it. We only need bear in mind that Nijni lies near the confluence of the Oka and the Volga, two of the greatest rivers of this Russia which alone of all the countries of Europe may be said to have great rivers; the Volga having a course of 2,320 miles, and the Oka, a mere tributary, of 850 miles.

It is the position which the Saône and the Rhone have made for Lyons; the position for which St. Louis is indebted to the Mississippi and Missouri; the position which Corrientes will soon owe to the Parana and the Paraguay.

Nijni lies at the very centre of that water communication which joins the Caspian and the Black Sea to the White Sea and the Baltic, and which, were it always Summer, might almost have enabled Russia to dispense with roads and railroads.

But Nijni is, besides, the terminus of the railway from Moscow. That line places this town and its fair in communication with all the lines of Russia and the Western World, while the Volga, with its tributary, the Kama, leads to Perm and the Pass of the Ural Mountains, and the vast regions of Siberia and Central Asia.

Nijni Novgorod is thus one of the most important links between the two great continents, the point of contact between Asiatic wealth and European industry; and its fair the best meeting-place for the interchange of commodities between the nations that still walk, ride, or row at the rate of three to five miles an hour, and those who fly on the wings of steam at the rate of thirty to fifty.

Nijni Novgorod is a town of 45,000 inhabitants, and, like most Russian towns, it occupies a space which could accommodate 500,000 people. Like many old Russian towns, also, it is laid out on the pattern of Moscow, as far as its situation allowed; and, to keep up the resemblance, it boasts a Kremlin of its own, a grim, struggling citadel with battlemented walls and medieval towers over its gates, with its scores of Byzantine churches, most of them with their five cupolas *de rigueur*, clustering together like a bunch of radishes—one big radish between four little radishes—but not as liberally covered with gilding as those which glisten on the top of sacred buildings in St. Petersburg or Moscow; down the slopes and ravines are woods and gardens, with coffee-houses and eating-houses, and other places of popular entertainment.

From any of those vantage grounds on the hill look down. The town is at your feet: the fair—a city, a

Babylon of shops—stretches beyond the bridge; the plain, a boundless ocean of green field and forest, dotted here and there with church-spires and factory-shafts at prodigious distances; and the two broad rivers, bearing the tribute of remote regions from north and south in numberless boats and lighters, and neat gallant steamers; the two streams meeting here at right angles just below the pontoon bridge where an immense five-domed church of recent construction has been reared to mark the spot.

The fair has its own ground, on its own side of the bridge, its own hotels and lodging-houses, its own churches, chapels, theatres, eating, gambling, and other houses, its long straight streets and boulevards, and pleasure as well as business resorts.

It has its fine Chinese Row, though Chinamen have lately discontinued their attendance; it has rich traders' temporary homes, fitted up with comfort, and even taste and luxury; and it has its charity dormitory, a vast wooden shed, built by Count Ignatieff, and bearing his name, intended to accommodate 250 houseless vagrants, but alas! in a place where there must be 20,000, if not 200,000, persons answering that description.

Of women coming to this market the number is comparatively small—one, I should say, for every 100 men; of ladies not one in 10,000, or 100,000.

Of those who muster sufficiently strong at the evening promenade on the Boulevard, indigenous or resident, for the most part, rather the look than the number is formidable; and it is here in Nijni, as it is generally in Russia, that a Mussulman becomes convinced of the wisdom of his Arabian prophet, who invented the yashmak as man's best protection, and hallowed it; for of the charms of most Russian women, blessed are those who believe without seeing!

In working hours only men and beasts are to be seen—a jumble and scramble of men and beasts; cart-loads of goods; piles of hogsheads, barrels, boxes and bundles, merchandise of all kinds, of every shape, color or smell, all lying in a mass topsy-turvy, higgledy-piggledy; the thoroughfares blocked up, the footpaths encumbered; chaos and noise all-pervading; and yet, by degrees, almost imperceptibly, you will see everything going on its way, finding its own place; for every branch of trade has, or was at least intended to have, here its appointed abode; and there are Tea Rows; Silversmith and Calico Streets; Fur Lanes; Soap, Candle and Caviare Alleys; Photograph, Holy Images and Priestly Vestments Bazaars; Boot, Slop, Tag and Rag Marts and Depositories—all in their compartments, kin with kin, and like with like; and everything is made to clear out of the way, and all is smoothed down; all subsides into order and rule, and not very late at night—quiet.

What astonishes a stranger at first sight is quantity. You may walk for hours along the yards and sheds, the repositories of iron from Siberia. You pass hundreds of shops of malachite and lapis-lazuli, and a variety of gold and silver work and precious stones from the Caucasus, cut with all the minute diligence of Asiatic skill. You will see Turkish carpets, Persian silks, and above all things, the famous Orenburg shawls, so finely knitted, and with such patience that one can (they say, but I have not made the experiment) be made to pass through a lady's ring, though they be so broad on all sides as to wrap the lady all round from head to foot.

One may, besides, have his choice of hundreds and thousands of those delightful curiosities and knickknacks, recommendable less for their quaintness than for the certainty one feels that there is no possible use in the world they may be put to.

To make any purchase at Nijni one should know how to buy, and yet be careful where and of whom you buy.

Though officially opened on the 27th of July, the fair does not begin in good earnest till the 18th of August; and it reaches its height on the 27th, when accounts are settled, and payments ensue; after which, goods are removed, and the grounds cleared; only a portion of the business lingering throughout September.

About half a score of days, out of the two months during which the fair is held, are all that may have attraction for the generality of strangers. And although many come from all parts of Russia, and from foreign countries, I do not think any tarry here for pleasure beyond two or three days.

It would be interesting to anticipate what a change a few weeks will effect in this scene which is now so full of life, bustle and gayety; this stage, where so great a variety of human beings from nearly all regions of the world, with their money or money's worth, with their hopes and fears, their greed and extravagance, all their good and evil instincts and faculties at play.

In a few weeks the flags will be furled, the tents struck; the pontoon bridge removed; the shops closed; hotels, bazaars and churches, all private and public edifices, utterly deserted and silent; every house stripped of the last stick of valuable furniture; every door locked, barred and sealed; the place left to take care of itself.

If you come to Nijni in the dark season, and look down from the hilly ridge where the town stands, you will fancy that the Almighty forgot this part of the world when He was busy on the third day of creation, and never fixed here the limits between land and water; for the great rivers which have here their meeting-place are allowed to range and ravage the place at their pleasure, and the boundless level, which I have described as an ocean of green, but which even in the driest Summer is cut up by channels and dotted with pools, and ponds, and lakelets, becomes in Winter a compact watery or icy surface, spreading as far as mortal ken can stretch; and the ground of the fair, the city of shops, is turned into a shabby kind of uninhabited Venice, with canals instead of streets, and its forsaken, and empty, and half-drowned houses only approachable by boats.

We staid a week at Nijni, where the fair was now at its height, to allow the heat to abate, and in the early days of September we got ready for our southward course down the stream.

We came down from Nijni as far as Kasan in nineteen hours, in the *Putnik*, a boat belonging to the Somolet Company; but at Kasan we found the American boat *Penardaki*, and in it we took our passage to Astrakhan.

It is scarcely possible to travel on the Volga without falling in love with the great river at first sight.

The range of low hills which we had on our right as we descended the Oka continued now on the same side as we came down the Volga. The Volga, however, has nothing of the wild, erratic instincts of its tributary. It is a grand, calm, dignified stream, keeping to its course as a respectable matron, and gliding down in placid loveliness, without weir or leap, fall or rapids, or break of any kind—a fine, broad, almost unrippled sheet of water, with an even, steady and grandly monotonous flow.

The travelers bound to that bourne embark here on steamers that go down the Volga as far as its confluence with the Kama, a tributary stream, and thence ascend the Kama, which is navigable all the way to Perm. From Perm a railway runs up to the Pass of the Ural Mountains to Ekaterinenburg, probably to be in course of time continued to Tiumen, Tobolsk, Tomsk, Irkutsk, the

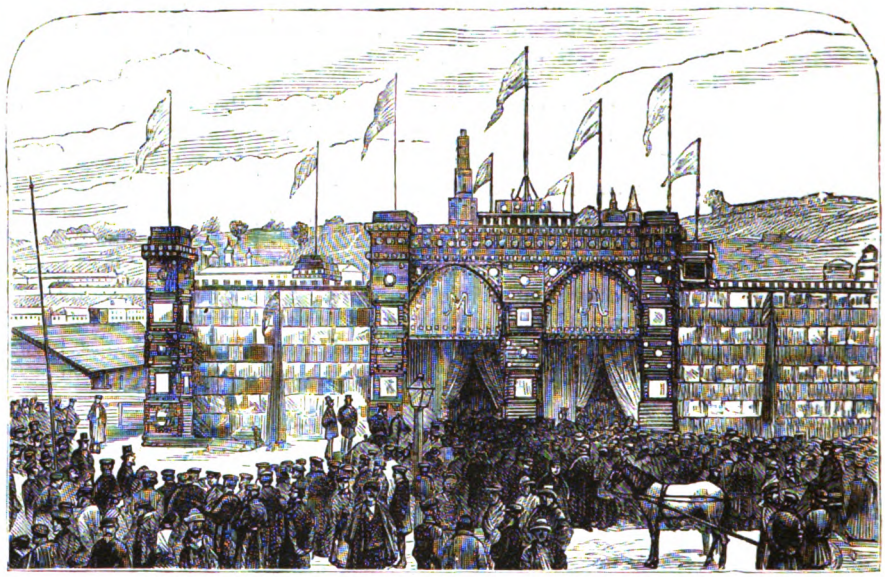
GENERAL VIEW OF NIJNI NOVGOROD.

Baikal Lake, the Chinese frontier at Kiatkha, the banks of the Amoor, and the shores of the Pacific Ocean.

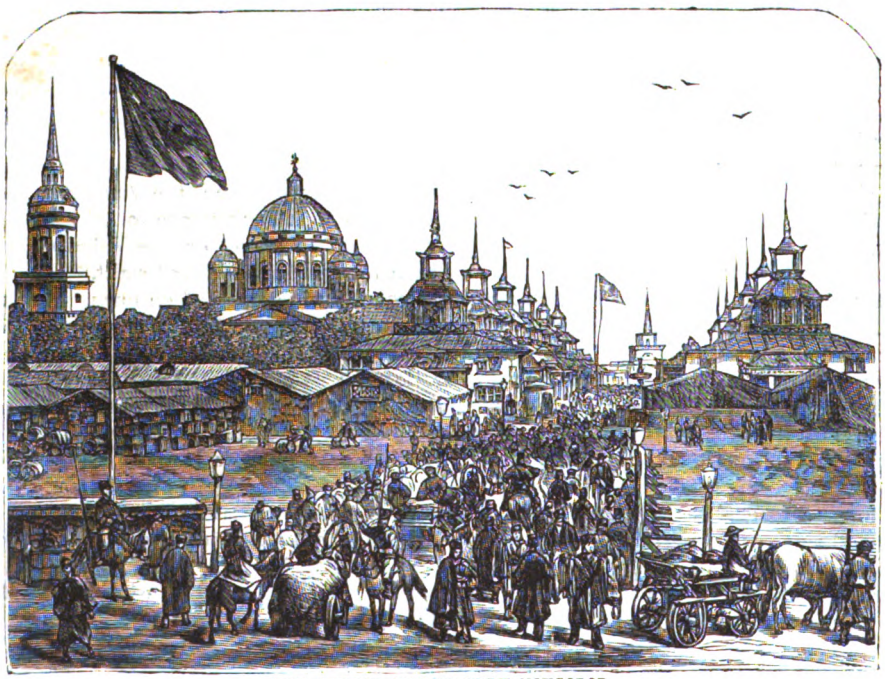
The Kasam Tartars of the upper classes are among the best educated and polished of the Mohammedans. The Russian civil law does not, in any manner, interfere with their domestic arrangements. It allows them to take and divorce as many wives as they please; and their pleasure generally is to have a span of them, few venturing on the equally lawful but less manageable four-in-hand. Most of the Tartars also stick to their first and second choice for better, for worse.

Their ladies have almost altogether discarded, if they ever adopted, the Eastern yashmak. They only wear a shawl on their heads, which they now and then prudishly or coquettishly draw before their faces when they fancy that a Giaour gazes at them with unbecoming intensity.

The Tartar houses at Kasan are small, plain, uniform tenements, with three windows on an upper floor in front, surmounted by a low and squat triangular gable, with door and ground-floor windows all facing and opening into the street, with narrow strips of garden on either side and behind, liberally visible and easily accessible to the passer-by. The windows have flowers and leafy plants doing duty instead of *jalousies*, curtains or blinds.



THE FAIR OF NIJNI NOVGOROD IN 1875.



THE CHURCH SQUARE, NIJNI NOVGOROD.

We were only in Kasan for a day, and made but one acquaintance; and that, however flattering, was not as satisfactory as it might have been.

Kasan has several public edifices of some pretension; the Admiralty; the University—one of the seven of the Empire, etc. But we had enough of it all after two or three hours, and were glad to shun the heat of the rest of the day in the cool sitting-room of Commonen's Hotel, which alone may be taken as a voucher for the high degree of civilization reached by Kasan.

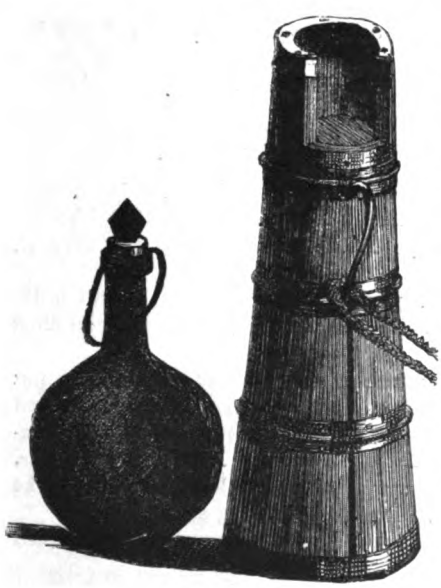
We gave even less time to

the other cities of the Volga, not thinking it always worth while to alight at all the stations, though the steamer stopped at some of these for many a long and weary hour.

With the exception of Kasan, Samara, and Astrakhan, the most important cities are, as I said, on the right or Russian bank of the river; and three of them, Syzran, Saratof, and Tzaritzin, are connected by various railways with Moscow and all the other important centres of life in the Empire.

TARTARS OF KAZAN.

The Volga, which between Nijni Novgorod and Kasan flows in an almost straight easterly direction, takes a turn to the southward after leaving Kasan and the confluence of the Kama; but it makes a loop below Simbirsk, turning eastward to Samara, and again west to Syzran, after which it resumes its southerly course to Saratof, Tzaritzin and Astrakhan.



TARTAR UTENSILS.

The railway from Moscow to Syzran, upon reaching Syzran, crosses the Volga on an iron bridge, one verst and a half, or one mile, in length, and high enough to allow the largest steamer to pass without lowering its funnel—a masterpiece of engineering, greatly admired by the people here, who describe it as the longest bridge in Russia and in the world.

We went under it at midnight by a dim moonlight which barely allowed us to see it looming in the distance not much bigger than a telegraph-wire drawn all across the valley, the gossamer line of the bridge and all the landscape round striking us as dreamlike and unreal.

Beyond Syzran and Samara the river scenery, which has hitherto been verdant, assumes a southerly aspect; the hill-sides sloping to the river have a parched and faded brown look; the hill-tops are bare and seamed with chalky ravines; every trace of the forests has disappeared, and it is only at rare intervals that the banks are clad with the verdure of the new growth.

These banks of the Lower Volga and the steppes adjoining them on either side are the grounds which the Empress

A TARTAR OF ASTRAKHAN.

Catherine opened to the enterprise of foreign (especially German) colonists. In the Government of Saratof alone, out of a population of 1,700,000 souls, 120,000 are said to be Germans; and it is to them, or to their fathers, that Russia is indebted for such progress as agriculture may be said to have made in these once uncultivated lands.

There is something appalling in the thought that all this busy, and, on the whole, merry life on the banks of the Volga must come to a dead standstill for six or seven months in the year.

I have been vainly taxing my brain to guess what may become of the captains, mates and crews of the 700 steamers, and of the 5,000 heavy barges with which this river is now swarming; of the porters, agents, clerks and other officials at the various stations; of the thousands of women employed to carry all the firewood from the piers to the steamboats. What becomes of all these, and of the men and horses toiling at the steamrow and towboats on the Oka, the Kama, the Don, the Dnieper, and a hundred other rivers during the long season in which the vast plains of Russia are turned into a howling wilderness of snow and ice from end to end?

Tzaritzin is at the head of the Delta of the Volga, and it lies 580 versts above Astrakhan, which is said to be at the river's mouth, but which is still 150 versts from its roadstead or anchorage, called the Nine Feet Station—the spot on the Caspian where sea navigation really begins.

Two more nights and a day down the sluggish waters of the main channel of the Volga landed us, on the tenth day after our departure from Nijni Novgorod, at Astrakhan, where we staid a whole week.

Astrakhan is a modern town, with the usual broad, straight streets, most of them boasting no other pavement than sand, with brick sidewalks, much worn and dilapidated, and, like those of Buenos Ayres and many other American cities, so raised above the roadway as to require great attention from those who do not wish to run the risk of broken shins.

The town has its own Kremlin, apart from the citadel. The Kremlin is a kind of cathedral-close, with the cathedral and the archbishop's palace, and several monasteries and priests' habitations. The whole town, besides, and environs, as usual in Russia, muster more churches than they can number priests or worshipers.

In a walk of two or three miles I took outside the town and as far as the cemeteries, I had a scattered group of at least half a score of churches all around me, but there was scarcely a human habitation within sight.

We had to go down the Volga to the Nine Feet Station below Astrakhan. We left Astrakhan at ten in the evening on board a heavy barge belonging to the Caucasus and Mercury Steam-navigation Company, towed by a tug downstream at the rate of five or six miles an hour.

We were all that afternoon and night, and part of the following day, descending the main channel of the Volga, and it was past noon before we reached the Nine Feet Station, for so they call the roadstead above which vessels of more than nine feet draught dare not venture.

All sight of land, of the seventy larger islands of the Delta, and even of the minor inlets, and of the lowest sandbanks, had been lost for several hours, and we were here in the open sea, though scarcely beyond the boundary that the Creator has elsewhere fixed between land and water; for the Station, a movable one, has to be pushed forward almost day by day as the sands of the Volga silt up far beyond the choked-up lands of the Delta, encroaching with a steady inroad on the depths of the waves; the steppe everywhere widening as the sea dwindles, and suggesting the thought that the whole region that is now steppe must in remote ages have been sea, and that whatever is now sea must in time become steppe.

TO A PIANO.

Oh, friend, whom glad or grave we seek,
  Heav'n-holding shrine!
I ope thee, touch thee, hear thee speak,
  And peace is mine.
No fairy casket full of bliss
  Outvalues thee;
Love only, waken'd with a kiss,
  More sweet may be.

To thee, when our full hearts o'erflow
  In griefs or joys,
Unspeakable emotions owe
  A fitting voice;
Mirth flies to thee, and Love's unrest,
  And Memory dear.
And Sorrow, with his tighten'd breast,
  Comes for a tear.

Oh, since few joys of human mold
  Thus wait us still,
Thrice bless'd be thine, thou gentle fold
  Of peace at will.
No change, no sullenness, no cheat,
  In thee we find;
Thy saddest voice is ever sweet—
  Thine answer kind.

BROUGHT TO CONFESSION.

By Esther Serle Kenneth.

"MMY, will you have time to milk before supper?"

"Yes, mother, if the cows are up. Totty! Totty! come away from sister's work-basket!"

She put the basket on a high shelf, and caught the child up on her arm.

"Come with sister to look for old Cherry."

Away she danced, her curls blown back, the child laughing.

Her mother looked from the window a moment after, and saw her going across the lot, a milk-pail on one arm and Totty in the other.

"She's a good girl," she murmured, going back to the cheese-press. "Emmy's a good girl"—working cheerfully.

The two mild-eyed cows were already in the lot, personifications of comfort and leisure. Totty kicked to get down as Emmy came beside the largest of the animals, and stroked its great shoulder.

"No, no, Totty! you bother around so I can't milk. If you don't sit on the gate until I get through you must go into mother."

Totty appearing tractable to this suggestion, she put him on the gate-post, where he sat, swinging his feet and surveying the prospect. Emmy got the stool and commenced milking. I did not tell you how pretty she was, with her bright brown hair knotted back, her throat like snow, and her red, curved lips singing at her task.

"Men is comin', and horses is comin'," announced Totty.

"Where?" asked Emmy, pausing in her work.

Totty, holding to his perch with the other hand, pointed

up the road. She rose, with her pail, and came to the fence, hearing the galloping in the heavy road. Two well-mounted men instantly rode up.

Emmy knew immediately that they were from across the plains. They were heavily equipped, like old travelers, and looked worn and tired.

"Good-evening, young lady. Can you keep us and our horses to-night?"

The speaker was a blunt, resolute man of thirty, perhaps, with a short, heavy beard, and eyes like steel points. He wore a slouched hat and an old cavalry cloak, and leaned forward eagerly as he spoke, seeming to forget, in his anxiety, that the former should be removed. But, as they rode in, the other doffed his cap with a prompt courtesy, and revealed a gay, dark face, surrounded by masses of curling, uncut black hair. A delicate mustache shaded the red, curved mouth, and two eloquent dark eyes made the girl's lids droop, as she drew back with a little blush, from before his horse.

She glanced up from her milking, and saw them dismount at the door, and then lead away their own horses to the stable.

"Who is the men? Let me get down!" called Totty, burning with curiosity. So she lifted him down and he hied away.

It was a gala day for Totty when travelers stopped at the house. Strangers always noticed a boy of three who stood so sturdy on his legs.

Emmy slipped in at the back door with her pail.

"Are they going to stay, mother?"

"Yes, and they want supper. I'm tired to death."

"I'll get it. You just sit down, mother."

Emmy strained the milk with a swiftness of movement which might have been expected from such round, white arms and deft hands, dashed potatoes into the oven to bake, and laid out bread, pies, butter and cheese with a promptness which bespoke her mistress of the situation. She was laying the cloth, when a man's footsteps made her turn.

"Where is the pump?" asked Morgan, fixing those piercing eyes (and quite as eloquent they were now as his companion's) upon her face, as he made his inquiry. Emmy felt them, but she was eminently of a practical turn.

"At the south side of the house, and you will want a towel; here," producing one, and then making tea with an energy which recommended her, as much as her face, to the man who had just gone out.

It is Western life that I am telling you of, remember, and sylphs and fairies would go a-begging for lovers among Western men. Admiring looks centred upon herself were no new thing for Emmy Roberts to see. Yet she was not spoiled. Never was a more sensible little head than the one Ned Dashford surveyed, as the girl bent to peer into the teapot before she poured out his tea. Such ripples of chestnut hair! The tea almost choked him.

He went out into the porch after supper, and coaxed Totty to his knee.

"What is your sister's name, bub?"

"Emmy," said Totty, promptly.

"Who is she going so marry?"

"She won't marry nobody, 'cos I shan't let her," answered Totty, very earnestly. "She belongs to me."

Dashford laughed.

"But who does she go to ride with?"

"With nobody. She don't have any time. She's making me some pants. When I'm four years old I'm going to wear 'em."

Dashford let the child go, then started at Morgan's laugh, close behind him.

"He's a smart child, but don't bet on him, Ned. *Some* fellow has a sure thing on *her*, be certain."

All unconscious, she came full upon them.

"We go to bed very early here," with a smile and dimple, "so I will show you your room now. You can go to bed when you like, you know."

It was Morgan who followed her, Dashford being a little abashed by her sudden appearance, and affecting indifference.

She went lightly before him carrying a candle, and pointed out the chamber.

"We have not slept under a roof for six weeks," said Morgan.

"You have come across the plains, then?"

"Yes. Will you let me give you that? It came from Colorado."

It was a little brooch of rich quartz, set in rough gold.

"Don't you value it?" asked the girl, with a blush. "It is very pretty. You ought to take it to your sweetheart, Mr. Morgan."

"I have none."

"Haven't you? Are there no young ladies in Colorado?"

"None as pretty as you."

"What a pity!" preparing to retreat.

"Wait a moment. Do you think that I am very ugly? Could you like me?"

This was serious. Emmy turned nervous, said something unimportant, and escaped down-stairs.

She went to her own little room, set the light on the table, and looked in the mirror at the blush burning on her cheek.

"I wish he wouldn't talk to me so," turning away with a little shake of her shoulders. "He's got such sharp eyes he scares me."

She lay wakeful for a moment on her pillow, then with a sigh of healthy weariness turned to the warm, cozy little sleeper beside her, and fell into the sweet slumbers of light-hearted youth.

Bright and early the next morning she was in the barn, hunting for fresh-laid eggs. Rustling through the mows in the loft, she paused suddenly, for some one came in below. It was the two men.

They had come to feed their horses, and she lingered, half shy of appearing, counting her eggs and noiselessly looking for more. Suddenly she bent her head to listen to their words.

"Shall we push on to-day, Ned?"

"I don't know. Shall we?"

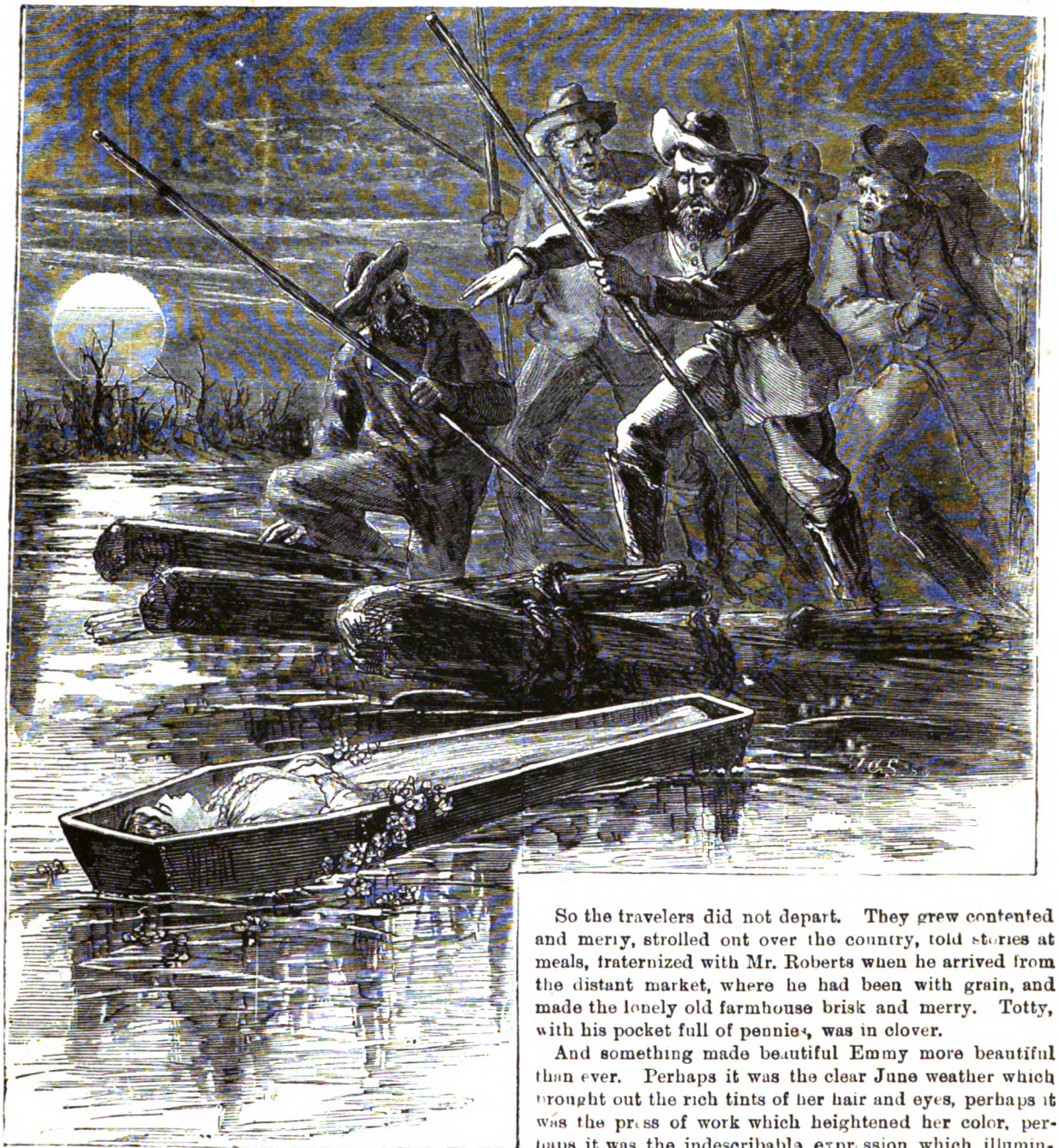
"The quarters are good. Suppose we give the horses a little rest? Charley'll never be the better for this trip. Hold up, old fellow. He's pretty well used up; that's a fact."

"If they'll keep us, we'll stay a day or two."

"All right."

The men went on attending to their horses. Emmy began to grow impatient, more than ever loth to come down. She counted the eggs again, then listened, but the men said nothing more of importance. She whispered a mild anathema, remembering that the coffee was probably boiling over. At last she heard her mother calling her. What was to be done? Thank her stars, they were going! she heard the barn-door shut. Gathering up her eggs in her apron, she slid swiftly down upon the barn-floor and went scampering across the lot to the house; but, if she had looked behind her as she ran she would probably have discovered why hard Phil Morgan

A VILLAGE ON THE BANKS OF THE VOLGA.—SEE PAGE 359.



BROUGHT TO CONFESSION.—"THEY COULD ALL SEE HER THEN—A WOMAN WITH A YOUNG, DEAD FACE, LOOSE HAIR, AND CLASPED HANDS. THEIR LOOKS OF HORROR DID NOT AFFECT HIM. HE STOOD WATCHING THE COFFIN."

was suddenly so merciful to his beast. Such resolute eyes are rare.

After breakfast, when Emmy had paused in her dusting to arrange the little store of ribbons and laces in her bureau-drawer, her mother entered.

"They want to stay a day or two, Emmy."

"Well?"

"I reckon we can keep 'em.

"Just as you like, mother."

"You see, your father's a little behindhand with his crops this season; it will be a little something to help along."

"Yes."

So the travelers did not depart. They grew contented and merry, strolled out over the country, told stories at meals, fraternized with Mr. Roberts when he arrived from the distant market, where he had been with grain, and made the lonely old farmhouse brisk and merry. Totty, with his pocket full of pennies, was in clover.

And something made beautiful Emmy more beautiful than ever. Perhaps it was the clear June weather which brought out the rich tints of her hair and eyes, perhaps it was the press of work which heightened her color, perhaps it was the indescribable expression which illuminated her face when Dashford spoke, or touched her hand or met her eye.

Dashford came out with the wittiest stories, the readiest suggestions, the prettiest compliments.

"He's a smart fellow; look out for your heart, Emmy," her father would say, laughing.

She was very busy one morning. It was washing-day, and the work was done at the spring, at some distance from the house. Emmy was there alone, dipping water, when Dashford came out of the woods with his gun and leaped the creek.

"Now, Mr. Dashford," cried the girl, laughing, "I can't have any idlers here. If you come here you must work."

"What must I do, Blue Eyes?"

"You must dip water or bring fagots; and I'm very busy, and you mustn't talk to me or look at me."

Whereupon she rolled the pink sleeves from two round

arms, tossed back her glittering mass of hair, and commenced washing with an energy which instantly put her in suds, glittering and white, to the very dimples of her elbows. In spite of her express commands Dashford did look at her, and I really don't think he was to be condemned. The heat brought an exquisite pink upon her cheeks, and the steam sent her golden hair into numberless fairy spirals about her forehead and temples.

"Oh, how lazy!" looking over her shoulder. "I thought you had gone for fagots."

"Did you? Emmy, didn't you know I was looking at you?" coming closer and encircling the round waist and the dimpled shoulders with one audacious arm. "Tell me."

"How should I?" asked Emmy, making ineffectual efforts to wring out one of Totty's stockings.

"Don't you know that I never look at anybody else when you are present?"

She shook her head.

"Emmy, don't you know what keeps me here? I ought to have been in New York a week ago."

She looked up at him, and then drooped, turning a little pale.

"I love you, Emmy. Am I such a bad fellow that you can't love me a little?"

Emmy hid her face and began to cry.

"I don't think you are bad at all," she sobbed.

"And do you love me a tittle?"

"A little," murmured Emmy, drooping more than ever.

And the suds grew cold on Totty's little stockings.

They were all going strawberrying the next day. It seemed great nonsense to Morgan, but Emmy, pouring out his tea, said: "You'll go, won't you, Mr. Morgan?" and he instantly assented. There would be a wagon-load of them to go up on the high prairie, for the mother and Totty were of the party. Mr. Roberts had given a good-humored consent to accompany them, and Emmy and Dashford and Morgan combined to fill the little blue spring-wagon. The white fetlocks of the old horse were stained with the crushed fruit when they descended among it and commenced crying out at its abundance.

Emmy was hunting up Totty's little basket in the wagon, when Morgan called:

"Miss Emmy, here are young larks; come and see them."

So she ran down in the hollow where he stood, and he pointed out the nest of little brown birds set in the grass.

"Come under the trees here," he said. "The berries which ripen under the shade are the largest, they say. Let us see what we can find."

The fruit was, indeed, very large. Step by step they went into the woods.

Looking back shyly toward the remainder of the party, to see who might be following, Emmy saw a stir in the grass.

"Mr. Morgan," she said, pausing, "what is that strange noise?"

Morgan heard the well-known rattle of the reptile at the same instant. His eye flashed from the wondering face of the girl to the quivering thing in the grass, just ready for the fatal spring. He waited for no weapon, but was upon it instantly, trampling it to death with his heavy boots. In a moment its head was bruised, and it lay shorn of its power, shuddering and dying.

Emmy was pale and trembling.

"Oh, Mr. Morgan, was it going to bite me?" she cried.

He kicked the snake from beneath his feet and came to her.

"Yes; if that fellow had touched you, you would not live two hours!"

"He had never been so near to her as now, with his hand grasping hers, her beautiful lips parted, and her lovely eyes fixed on him in startled appeal. He could not resist his passion; he clasped her close—kissed her—would not release her.

"Don't, don't!" she begged, distressed. "Oh, Mr. Morgan, you must not!"

"Emmy, I'd die for *you!* Don't, for God's sake, hate me!"

"I don't hate you; but let me go! Oh, please do, Mr. Morgan?"

"Are you afraid of me, Emmy? I'm a big, rough fellow, but I would not hurt a hair of your head. Only be kind to me. I've had a rough life, and I never loved a woman before. I'll do anything in the world to make you happy, if you'll only be my wife."

She trembled violently.

"I'm very sorry; I cannot. You must not ask me," she faltered.

"Why?"

She shook her head.

"You've a heart, I suppose, to give some one?" he said, after a moment. "If you are going to break mine tell me why? Is there any one else?"

Poor Emmy! her little secret was new, and seemed sacred. She could not tell it. She stood there, pale, lovely and helpless in his hands, and he groaned, looking at her.

"You could make me happy, and I never was happy," he pleaded. "Emmy, you look as tender and good as an angel! Oh, love me a little!"

She grew paler and more distressed.

"Some one has won you, and lately!" he exclaimed, gripping her arm until she shrank with pain. You were different from this that first night!"

"You must let me go—they are coming!" she said, relieved.

The others were, indeed, coming up. He almost flung her from him, and crashed through the bushes.

"Where's Morgan?" asked Dashford, approaching.

"He has gone into the woods. See, he killed that snake," pointing to the reptile, in explanation of her agitation, which instantly attracted everybody's attention.

"Sho, now!" muttered her father. "The thing is four foot long. Look at his rattles. He ain't dead yet, neither!"

"Oh, I don't feel safe! It ain't safe to have Totty here, father!" exclaimed Mrs. Roberts. "Let us go home. I shan't take another mite of peace. Oh, goodness! what was that?" with a violent spring to the right.

"Well, if mother's got nervous, good-by to strawberries," said Mr. Roberts. "There'll be no more comfort for any of us."

"The rest can stay, but I don't want to," said Mrs. Roberts, who was already holding Totty in her arms above harm's way.

"I shall go if mother goes," said Emmy.

Emmy's decree having gone forth, Dashford put the horse to the wagon again. As they entered the vehicle, Mr. Roberts said:

"Where is Mr. Morgan?"

Dashford shouted; there came back no answer. They waited a while, but after repeated calls and more lingering, finally set off without him.

"He has gone off hunting," said Dashford; "there is no use in waiting for him."

The joy and glee had gone from Emmy's manner; she

kept silent all the way home. When he lifted her from the wagon Dashford whispered:

"Did you want to stay, Emmy?"

"No, no!" she said.

She was in dread of Morgan's return. But he came in finally, about an hour after supper, without game. He had been following a fat rabbit, he said, but lost him.

But, in dread of some outbreak from him, Emmy grew so quiet and reserved that Dashford was devoured with anxiety, fearful that she was becoming indifferent to him.

"What have I done, Emmy, he asked, following her out upon the porch the next morning. "Don't you want me to speak to you before them?"

"Not before Mr. Morgan," she answered, hurriedly. "I'll tell you when I have a chance. Don't mind if I do act strangely."

Morgan! An angry thought shot through Dashford's mind. Did *he* covet Emmy? Did he dare interfere? What had he said to her?

He was going to town that day. He started up restlessly to saddle his horse. Something must be done. It was time matters were decided, and he would have time to think on his way to town. He would never give Emmy up—no, not if he had to carry her away by force. He was so excited in mind that he fretted his horse with curb and spur, or gave rein and rode in such a headlong way that he was splashed with the mud of creeks and runs.

It would have been a great relief to Emmy if Morgan had shown the least resentment; but while he neither sought nor avoided her, there was a glint in his eye before which she shrank.

After Dashford had gone that day she avoided the doorstep where he was cleaning his pistols, and took her sewing to her own bedroom.

"My goodness, Emmy," said Mrs. Roberts, coming in, "Mr. Dashford has forgotten all about that letter to your Uncle George. It ought to be mailed to-day, or he won't get it until next week."

"Well mother, I'll saddle Kitty and take it in."

"Ain't you too tired, dear?"

"Oh, no!"

It was a chilly, dull day. Emmy was preparing for the ride when her mother put her head in at the door.

"Emmy, Kitty is in the pasture, and Mr. Morgan said he would get her for you."

Unconscious that she had made a very disagreeable instead of a most agreeable announcement, Mrs. Roberts retired. With a shade of trepidation in her manner, Emmy hurried on her neat green habit and went out.

Morgan had brought up Kitty, and was saddling her at the door.

Pity and fear made her dread the very sight of this man. Now she must place herself in his hands. She went forward reluctantly. As he lifted her to the saddle, she felt that he trembled. He looked up into her face and both flushed—he with the strength of his emotions, and she with a painful shame.

She turned her horse's head impatiently, and was gone. He watched her flying away on the little pony, and a look came into his face that she might well have feared.

Emmy met Dashford in town. He stood at the door of a harness-shop, where he was having his saddle repaired, and as she cantered by she gave him a merry little nod and smile.

Elated by the motion, she was in the happiest mood, forgetting all her little cares and perplexities—for youth is elastic and love is sweet—and Dashford gazed after her until she was lost from sight. He would put all dangers at an end immediately—she should be his wife.

Riding still at a brisk pace, she was suddenly thrown from the saddle. What caused the accident she never knew. Probably her pony suddenly paused while running, and she was thrown over her head. Half-stunned, she lay motionless for several moments; then, trying to stir, she only moaned with pain.

But almost immediately she heard a step—a man running, and a voice—Morgan's.

"Emmy, are you hurt?"

She did not know. He raised her and supported her, and her disaster seemed more dreadful than ever, for she was quite in his power again, and, plainer than everything, she could see how he loved her.

While she was moaning with pain and despair, he kissed her pale cheek and trembled.

"Please take me home, Mr. Morgan," she pleaded.

"Yes, in a moment."

But he did not stir. He seemed revolving something in his mind. She felt that it was some desperate measure, and her heart sank with fear.

Her thoughts frightened her more and more. Suddenly she struggled out of his arms. He let her go, and she stood leaning against the wall.

"You are not hurt?" he asked.

"No."

No bones were broken, but she was in pain from the shock. Yet she would willingly have walked home if she might have avoided the man before her. When she looked at him, she faltered and shrank before his face.

"Emmy," he said, in a low voice, "I am desperate—you shall be mine!"

She looked about hopelessly for rescue.

"It is idle in you not to yield; it is time lost, girl. I never was balked."

She looked up, hoping for pity, so powerless she felt before the physical and magnetic strength of this man.

He only said, "I love you," and held her hands. "I love you, Emmy. I don't wish to hurt you, but I never will give you up."

"You must—I don't love you—I never could," she cried, with a beating heart.

His face grew dark, and she frowned, though terrified.

"You dare not hurt me! You shall not talk to me in this way. Let me go, Mr. Morgan!"

But her hands were in a vise.

"Who is it that you love?" he asked.

Her eyes defied the glitter of his for a moment, then she continued, flushing:

"I love Mr. Dashford! I mean to marry him!"

"You do?" he syllabled, with a little laugh.

"Will you let me go?" she asked, wringing her hands passionately in his grasp.

He suddenly released them.

"Yes, you may go now."

She started away from him instantly, and looked around for the pony, which stood grazing close at hand. Emmy gathered up the reins, and leaped upon her back. Morgan seemed quite unconscious of what she was doing. He stood leaning against the wall, his eyes bent upon the ground, nor did he raise them as she rode away.

Emmy flew home. Half an hour later, Morgan was at home. She saw him unsaddling his horse at the barn-door.

"I wish he was dead!" she cried, passionately.

She must tell some one; she would tell Dashford, she thought.

But Dashford did not come. They had supper without him. Morgan talked more than usual, but he did not speak to Emmy; it never had been his custom to talk

much to her. They were rising from the table when Dashford's horse whinnied at the gate.

"There's Mitter Dashford!" cried Totty, struggling out of his high chair. He had been promised, in the early part of the day, candies from town.

But the horse was riderless.

"What does this mean?" cried Mr. Roberts. "Here's the horse, and no master. Like as not he's broken away, and Mr. Dashford will have to walk out."

"He hasn't got thrown, has he, father?" asked Mrs. Roberts, timidly.

"No, I guess not. Mr. Dashford's a powerful good rider."

"Oh," said Morgan, carelessly, "he hasn't been thrown. The gray has broken his halter, probably impatient."

But the halter was not broken.

Morgan suggested then that the animal had been carelessly tied—Ned was very careless.

"Well, I'll harness the grays into the spring wagon, and go in for Mr. Dashford," said Mr. Roberts. "It's a good four miles out. I'd as lieve go in town to-night as not—might pick up a little news."

Morgan turned and re-entered the house; and when Mr. Roberts had driven a mile, he saw Dashford lying by the roadside, his brains beaten out with the butt of a pistol.

It was after dark before they brought the body to the house. It was cold and ghastly. Emmy was very calm until they stood upon the threshold with the stiff, inanimate figure, and then she fainted; she was restored only to fall into fever and delirium.

A crowd came with Dashford's body. The passing to and fro continued. Some came from curiosity, some for legal information regarding the dead man.

Many had seen him in town in the hour of his departure; the next word had been that a jury was required for him. Some came to offer

help to the family. Mrs. Roberts was utterly wild and helpless with the fright.

Who had done it? The country was in arms. Several suspicious characters were arrested, but they proved an alibi.

But Dashford was buried. Morgan, very pale, but more collected than the rest, gave the dead man's history, and undertook to communicate with his friends. They were but recent acquaintances, having met in Denver two months previous, and journeyed across the plains together. He had never known Ned to have an enemy, he said. He had been on the road about the time his friend left town, and the country all about seemed quite deserted.

Dashford had not been robbed. This made the matter more mysterious. More than two hundred dollars and valuable papers were found in his pockets. And there was a diamond ring on his hand, and a fine gold repeater upon his person. It was probable that he had been dragged backward from his horse, by some one springing from the bushes, and his forehead and temples crushed by repeated, well-aimed blows.

The lacerated brow had been bound with folds of fine cambric, the stiffened limbs composed, and the murdered man laid to rest with the gentleness and compassion that almost atoned for the violent death.

Mrs. Roberts hung over Emmy's pillow. Through all her agitation and dread, she remembered to shield her daughter from the gossips' tongues.

"She has not been well for a day or two," she said to them, coming out of the bedroom, and shutting the door carefully behind her, "and I know it was the sight of the bloody state he was brought in that turned her sick, for she never said a word when the news came, only sat down, a little faint; but when they came, bringing the body, she slipped down on the floor deadlike, and she didn't seem to come to her reason right. If it hadn't been for seeing her that way, I should have fainted myself, for there was his poor hand hanging out of the shirt, the ring on it, so natural, and still he was such a sight to be seen!

Trembling and talking continually, she yet attended faithfully on Emmy. And gradually it crept into the minds of the parents that there was a good cause why the girl should be so overwhelmed.

"Ned, Ned!" she would cry, "we will be happy. No, I am not fickle, and I'll be true to you always. Never mind telling me that you have been a little wild; you will be good and happy with me. Tell me about your mother. *She* was good to you. We will go and see her, and, perhaps your father will forgive you now. But I will love you, dear, no matter what the rest do."

"Listen," Mrs. Roberts said to her husband. "People would say that there was something between them."

The girl tossed up her burning hands.

"Ned! Ned!" she called out, piercingly, "be careful. He will most certainly hate you if he returns!"

"Mary," said the father, "I think *that there was* something between them."

For a fortnight the girl hovered between life and death; then the fever passed away, and she seemed partly conscious. She ate and drank, gained strength, and still seemed only partly conscious. A new fear seized upon them. Was her brain affected?

She seemed utterly indifferent to everything, asking nothing, refusing nothing.

MUSIC UNAPPRECIATED

"This state must be broken up," said the doctor, at length.

One day they dressed her, and her father carried her in his arms out into the old sitting-room.

"Emmy," said the mother, drawing the thick hair from the sunken temples, "don't the old room look pleasant? Here is your work-basket. Don't you want to sit and sew with mother?"

The girl's eye fell indifferently upon every object, until suddenly it rested upon Dashford's cap, which hung upon a nail. She pushed her mother aside and started to her feet, looking at it earnestly. They watched her in agony. First, absorbing attention fixed every feature; then, commencing to tremble, she asked: "Mother, where is he?" They hesitated to reply, but, in a moment, with a dreadful cry, she fell in strong convulsions at their feet; and from that shock she never recovered.

It was a beautiful day when they buried her. The girl had been much beloved, and then, it was the season for flowers, so that the room in which she lay became a bower. They broke boughs of blooming shrubs, and arched doors and windows. They looped vines about the pictures; they made a garland for the coffin, and filled the hands of the fair sleeper with lilies, striving to soften this second dreadful death for the prostrated mother and stricken father.

The graveyard was on a hillside, not far from the river—the turgid Missouri River, so baseless and shifting in its course. They hollowed her grave, and laid her to rest with prayers. A large concourse were assembled; among them Morgan stood, with pale, downcast face. His form trembled when he shook hands with the father of Emmy, as they turned from the grave, but he repeated the usual words of condolence steadily; and who was not pale and downcast? Dear Emmy! the happiest, smartest girl in all the country round about was gone.

At the period of Emmy's confirmed illness, Morgan had left the house. It was impossible to entertain guests longer in such a household of distress. After the funeral he remained in town for a day or two, waiting to take passage for St. Louis.

But, though the river was high, and still rising, and it was considered the most favorable season of the year for transportation, no steamers came down. On the third day after a boat was due, word came that the course of the river had changed at a certain point, so that the channel was laid almost bare, and two boats lay above waiting for a pilot. This occasioned much excitement and uneasiness among various travelers. It diverted speculation from the murder case, and knots of people were continually gathered on the shore, speculating upon the state of the river.

The volume of water was very great. The river had not been so high for years, and it was still rising. The cabins on the banks were endangered; some of them were washed away.

"What the deuce am I to do?" exclaimed one man, stamping about the levee. "I shall lose five thousand dollars if I don't get to St. Joseph this week!"

Everybody knew him. He was a speculator named Darnley.

"You never launch a skiff on these waters, I suppose?" said Morgan.

"Not often—snaggy. We go across sometimes in a skiff, but the Missouri is not good for boating, especially at present," laughing fretfully as he eyed the sullen, raging tide.

"Those fellows up above will have a good time waiting for a pilot," said some one. "How the deuce is a man to know where the channel is now?" pointing to where the roof of a house, evidently lifted by the very water from its resting-place, floated briskly by. Timbers and rafters followed. Now and then cattle, caught by the inundation, would be seen struggling in the turgid current; but everything went down. The tide rose into the streets of the town, occasioning great alarm and discomfort. At last, on the sixth day, it was stated to be at an ebb.

Still, no boats came down. Five were said to be congregated above. Tidebound travelers were still detained. At last some one suggested that a well-steered raft might safely reach St. Joseph. The suggestion was received with favor. Darnley instantly supplied timber, and Morgan and others set to work at construction.

Morgan was not looking well. He seemed in a fever to get away. "This is such a sickly place," he said. He looked very pale, and they told him that he was going to have ague.

"I guess this current will outrun it," he said, as they pushed off.

There were Darnley, Morgan and five others aboard. Two of the men were old river-hands, and to them was entrusted the management of the raft. It was about twenty feet square, of strong oak timbers, spliced together with good cable-rope, and covered with well-secured cottonwood boards. They had rigged an awning upon it, and were well supplied with strong poles.

It was bright moonlight when they set off, Darnley requiring to be at St. Joseph the next day, and no one much in favor of delay. It would take them but about three hours to go down, they calculated.

They were men inured to strange situations; but the passage was a little exciting. The thick, opaque water had such force—the eddies swirled so about the snags—the low banks lay so still, and had such strange features in the moonlight. They felt their danger, and stood watching the sullen glints of the dull current. All were armed with a pole. If an emergency came, it would be sudden. The raft sped free, and every little obstruction showed the force of the tide which bore it.

"If we get aground on a sandbar now, we are about forty times worse off than we were above," said Darnley.

"That's not as bad as striking a rock. If we do that, we'll go swimming as if a whale's tail knocked us up in the air," said an old fellow, who had been a seaman.

"Look ahead for them eddies, Chilton!" sang out Darnley, cheerily. "They mean something like snags. There she rounds—hurrah!"

The men drew in their poles and rested again.

"Have they found out about that murder up in the town?" asked some one.

"No," said Darnley. "It was the dirtiest, bloodiest piece of business I've heard of for a long while. But rogues always go clear in this country."

"Unless a mob takes 'em," laughed the old seaman.

"Well, mobs are not squeamish about hanging a murderer. Most men set a pretty good value on their lives; it stirs up a man to find a good fellow he has known lying on the road with his brains beat out; don't it, Morgan?"

Morgan gave a tense start on being addressed, though he had not the appearance of a nervous man. He had been standing very still, and listening to the conversation with his head bent down.

"Yes," he said, with an apparent effort.

"Well, what's your opinion, sir? A close fellow like you generally does some thinking?"

"I don't know anything about it," said Morgan, with perceptible reluctance.

"Hillo!" called Chilton. "What's that astern?"

They turned quickly, and saw a dark object following them.

"It's a black dog!" cried one.

"It's a box!" exclaimed another.

It seemed to be a long, open box. It floated steadily in their wake. They stood in silence, watching it while it tossed on a wave, or trembled in an eddy, but always escaped detention, and sped after them in a seeming haste.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Darnley, at last, "it's a coffin!"

No one spoke. They all saw that it was so, and that it was not empty. Fortunately, they were in deep, unobstructed water, or in those moments of awe and astonishment they might have met their deaths. Tossing like a toy, yet conquering all delays, the dreadful object sped on, never allowing them to leave it—tossing, trembling in the water, yet following closely, even gaining on them. Once it struck a rock, and some small objects spun out into the water; they looked like withered flowers.

"There's a woman in it!" said Chilton, under his breath.

They could all see her then—a woman, with a young, dead face, loose hair and clasped hands.

"What does it mean?" they whispered.

A strange laugh broke out beside them.

"She is following me," said Morgan. "It's Emily Roberts. I killed Ned Dashford. Put me in charge of the sheriff as soon as we reach St. Joseph, men!"

Their looks of horror did not affect him. He stood watching the coffin or looking toward St. Joseph, as if he were impatient to be hanged.

They reached the town, and forced their raft up to the landing, and disposed of Morgan as he had requested. The coffin was reinterred. It had been washed from its hillside grave by the inundation, and, by a coincident, floated in the wake of the raft.

Some Western laws are stringent. Morgan was hanged.

THE LIBRARY AT QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

No record of the foundation of this library appears to remain. The books for whose safe keeping the earliest statutes of the college provide (A. D. 1340) are the service books of the chapel, and perhaps the item which Gutch quotes from the college accounts of A. D. 1362, "Scribenti Registrarium Librorum," might refer only to these service books. But in a document dated 1372 there are entered, after some pieces of chapel plate, "unam bibliam, Crisostomum sup. Matth., Augustinum de Civitate dei, Sextum, decretall. cum omnibusdo ctoribus, Doctorem subtilem, Polucronica Cestrienc.," and some sixteen other books.

Already, then, the nucleus of a collection for the use of students and teachers had been formed, and a charge for book chains which is quoted by Gutch and Ingram from college accounts of an earlier date, would seem to imply the existence of a special book-room thus early. The benefaction list of the library, first drawn out in 1622, opens with the name of Simon de Bredon, canon of Chichester, who in 1382 bequeathed certain books to various other Oxford colleges, and to the Queen's Hall "Librum Bartholomæi de naturis rerum," a gift, however, which is not to be found in our present manuscript cupboards.

There follows—1382—the bequest made by William Rede, Bishop of Chichester, "x libros et x libras et unum calicem, which proved to be the pattern of many other gifts. In 1422 Roger Whelpdale, Bishop of Carlisle, formerly provost, bequeaths, together with vestments for the chapel, "Omnes libros mss. abductos ab Oxonia ordinatos pro studio."

For the next century and a half the benefaction list is blank, nor do Gutch and Wood supply any facts as to this period. But from about 1580 the gifts seem to have grown frequent. Archbishop Grindal may be quoted first, with his "cast of bowls," his collection—some ninety or one hundred volumes—of patristic theology, biblical commentaries and history, and his £10 "toward the clasping, bossing and chaining of the same." Some other donors are, like him, strangers, but the majority are actual or former members of the college. John Curray, fellow, bequeaths, in 1652, £5 to the college, whereof £3 4s. is spent on a silver cup, the remainder on "Scriptores Historiæ Anglicanæ" Antony Farington, fellow commoner, presents a Plutarch and a loving-cup. Cuthbert Buckle, Alderman of London, presents a king's Bible; John Hill, upper cook of the college, a Geneva Bible; Christopher Potter, provost, gives in his lifetime a set of classical and theological books, and dying, leaves instructions that a certain part of his own library shall be stored in the college archives, not to be readily come at by the younger sort, those authors, namely, who are commonly called Socinians.

The tradition of Provost Potter's caution remains, it may be mentioned, in the college to this day; at least, books on domonology and witchcraft, Sir Walter Scott's among the numbers, are still locked up. The catalogue of 1663 shows a very respectable collection, including those manuscripts which are perhaps our greatest treasures, but of fifteen century printed books very few.

Employment for Women.—The chief cause of the preference of young women for the office and shop is in the fact that domestic service is too often considered in the light of a disgrace, instead of being considered, as it should be, as an accomplishment. The next reason is the incapacity of women generally to comprehend the difference between their future and the future of young men starting out in the same line of business; and last, but not least, in many eyes, the pay is more tempting at the outset. If any woman ever supposed that copying six or seven hours a day, day in and day out, or standing twelve or fifteen hours in a shop is any easier than ordinary domestic labor, she soon unlearns it when she tries it. Copying and adding figures are severe forms of labor, and require the robust constitution of a strong and healthy man if such work is to be continuous. Let those who expect to accomplish anything in life begin at the beginning, man and woman, and keep to it. Of course no reasoning will apply to necessity. It is only to such as have other opportunities that this philosophy is addressed.

The Needle's Eye.—The passage from the New Testament, "It is easier for a camel, etc.," has perplexed many good men who have read it literally. In Oriental cities there are in the large gates small and very low apertures, called, metaphorically, "needles' eyes," just as we talk of windows on shipboard as "bulls' eyes." These entrances are too narrow for a camel to pass through in the ordinary manner, or even if loaded. When a loaded camel has to pass through one of these entrances, it kneels down, its load is removed, and then it shuffles through on its knees. "Yesterday," writes Lady Duff Gordon, from Cairo, "I saw a camel go through the eye of a needle—that is, the low, arched door of an inclosure. He must kneel and bow his head to creep through; and thus the rich man must humble himself."

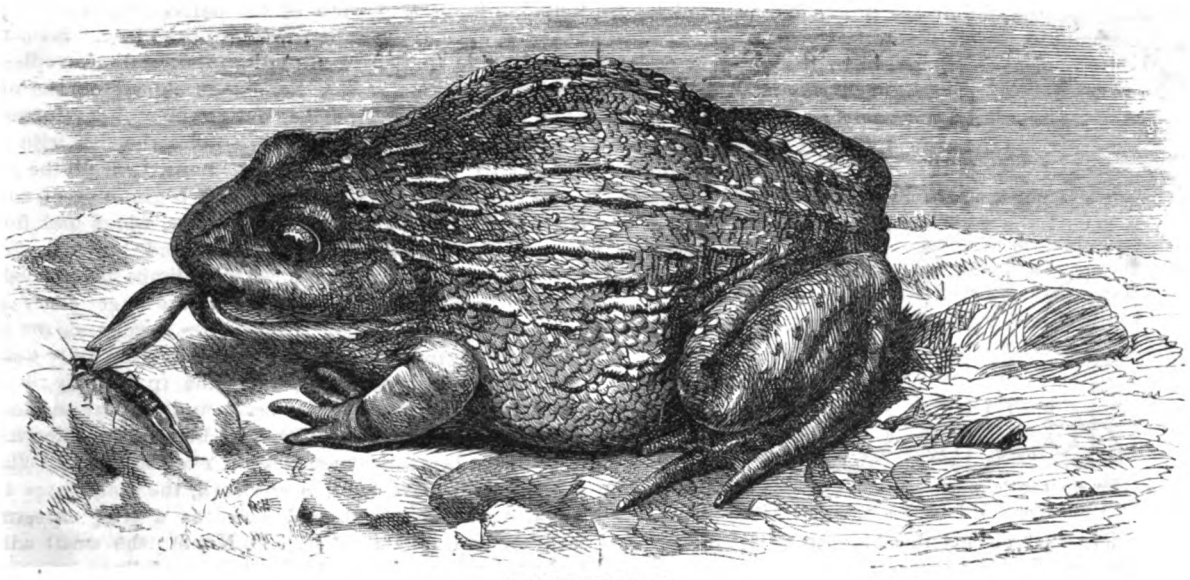
YOUNG FROG CATCHERS.

A FROG.

By Andrew Wilson, Ph.D.

To describe the appearance and every-day aspect of frog-existence would be a superfluous task. The animal "sits" at ease very much as does a cat; and, indeed, exhibits also much of the stolidity of expression which characterizes the familiar denizen of our hearths. In watching a frog in its resting posture we perceive that it possesses characters which readily entitle it to rank as a member of the highest group, or sub-kingdom of the animal world. Its limbs are thus found to be four in number, and to possess, as everybody knows, like the body itself, an inner skeleton. In this respect, the frog agrees with man himself and with all other vertebrate animals; for in that group the limbs never exceed four, and are always in pairs—although, indeed, we may find no limbs at all, as in most snakes; or only one pair, as in whales and some fishes. The frog's hind limbs are seen to be disproportionately long when compared with his fore members. These elongated limbs form very effective swimming-paddles, as might readily be supposed, and their five toes are duly webbed for natatory purposes. The front limbs possess four fingers only, and these fingers are destitute of a web. The frog is entirely unprotected by any hard covering. No scales are present, and in this respect, we may note in passing, it presents a very decided contrast to the reptiles, which—as may be readily illustrated by the case of lizards, serpents and the like—are well provided in the matter of body-covering.

There is no distinct neck in our frog, the broad, flattened head appearing to join the trunk directly and of itself. The eyes are very prominent; and although ears would, at first sight, appear to be wanting, the naturalist would point to a tightly-stretched surface of skin existing just behind the eye, and colored of a dark hue. This is the *tympanum*, and represents the "drum" of the ear in higher forms of life; so that our frog's ear may be roughly compared to our own organ of hearing, *minus* the outer ear, and also the passage leading from that outer ear to the "drum." There is no trace of a tail in the full-grown frog, albeit that in early life it certainly possesses an appendage of that kind, such an observation warning us that in studying an animal form, it is necessary to become acquainted with its early history (or development) as well as with its later existence. The last feature of general interest in the outer aspect of frog-existence consists in a very noticeable prominence which appears in the animal's back, just where the haunch-bones and the spine are joined together. This prominence well-nigh gives the animal the appearance of being "broken-backed"; but if



AFRICAN BULLFROG.

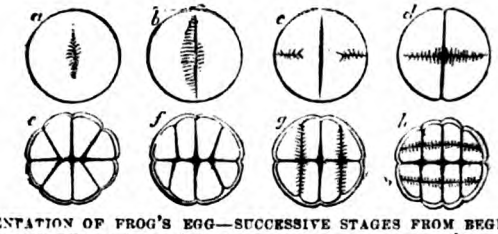
we glanced at the skeleton of the frog, as placed in a sitting posture, we should discern that the prominence in question was a perfectly natural and normal feature of its anatomy, and that it was due to the sharp angle formed by the union of the animal's haunch-bones with its spine.

So much for the external features of the frog. Beyond an occasional "wink" and a "croak"—which may be regarded as musical or not, according to the proclivities and tastes of the hearer—the frog, when at rest, may be looked upon as the apotheosis of placidity. Breathing proceeds slowly and regularly in the animal, and, as we shall hereafter observe, is a process performed differently, in respect to its mechanism, from respiration in ourselves. When touched or irritated, the frog is given to the exhibition of discretion as the better part of valor. It nimbly leaps forward from the source of irritation, and if placed in the water swims with ease and agility. Impelled to eat by the claims of nutrition and the warnings of hunger, the frog captures its insect prey with dexterity. The tongue of the animal is attached, not to the back of the mouth as in higher animals, but to the front of the lower jaw, so that when a frog protrudes his tongue it is the free and forked hinder half of the organ which is seen, and with which the animal seizes the unwary insect—a work much aided by the glutinous secretion with which the tongue is covered.

The answer to the question, "What is a frog?" depends largely on a knowledge and understanding of its "development." About March in each year, as everybody knows, the frog's eggs are deposited in ponds and ditches. They form a jelly-like mass—not unlike a tapioca-pudding in appearance—in which the "yelks" of the eggs are apparent as specks of a black color. The outer, or glutinous envelope of each egg swells to many times its original size, owing to its taking up a large amount of water; and hence a mass of frogs' eggs appear to cover a much larger space than is due to their original and normal size. The early changes noticed in the frog's eggs are highly interesting, not merely because they show us the first beginnings in nature's manufacture of the living form, but

AMERICAN BULLFROG.

because, so far as research has proceeded, these changes appear common to the entire animal world. The beginning of development is ushered in by the egg-yelk undergoing a process of *segmentation* or division. This division proceeds most regularly, and only ends when the yelk has become divided into an immense mass of cells, so closely packed together that they somewhat resemble a mulberry; and hence the concluding stage of egg-segmentation is named the *mulberry stage*, or *morula*. It is up



SEGMENTATION OF FROG'S EGG—SUCCESSIVE STAGES FROM BEGINNING OF THE PROCESS (*a*) TO THE MULBERRY STAGE (*h*).

to this stage that animal development at large appears certainly to coincide and agree.

The next changes consist in the formation of two membranes, by the development of which the young animal, or embryo, is to be formed. A groove, called the "primitive groove," appears in that part of the embryo which is to form the back region; and as this groove becomes a tube, is shut off from the other regions of the body, we see in and its formation the promise and outline of the nervous system of the future frog. Meanwhile, the lower parts of body are also being formed. The walls of the body grow downward, and the organs contained within their compass are developed; and in due course the young frog makes its appearance—not in its adult form, as the four-legged, tailless animal we know it to be, but as the tailed, fish-like, gill-breathing form we name the "tadpole" Frog-development is not, therefore, completed when the tadpole stage is assumed. The natural expectation would be that when an animal is capable of moving about and feeding, and when, so to speak, it has finally left the egg and completed its preliminary stages of development, it should assume the form of the adult. And although this natural expectation is quite in consistence with what occurs in nature, as a rule, there are various exceptions to the rule that an animal assumes the adult form when it leaves the egg as an embryo. Of these exceptions insects form a notable example. Every one knows that usually the egg of an insect gives origin to a free-moving larva, or caterpillar, instead of to a winged insect. And the frogs, and toads, and newts—which are all near relations—are likewise illustrations of exceptional developments, in that they appear on the stage of time first as "larvæ," or tadpoles, and only assume their adult form after a series of changes, which properly belong to development, and which in other animals are usually passed within the egg. These changes, whether occurring in insect or frog, constitute what is known as the "metamorphosis" (p. 380, No. 4) of these animals.

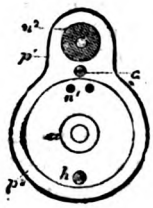
The anatomy and further history of the fish-like tadpole are decidedly instructive. On each side of the tadpole's neck appear two tufts, which we can have no difficulty in recognizing as "gills," or breathing organs. Its tail is fringed by a soft fin, which, however, unlike the fins of fishes, has no hard parts, or "fin-rays," to support it. It possesses horny jaws (B, *j*, p. 380), by which it crops the water-weeds—for although the adult frog is an insect-eater, the youthful frog is a strict vegetarian; and coiled up within its body, we may perceive the spiral and lengthy intestine proper to the plant-eating form. But tadpole-life, as the youth of the animal, knows its own changes, as does the earlier infancy of the frog. Soon the outside gills (p. 380, A, B, *g*) disappear, and are replaced by internal gills (p. 380, No. 5), developed on the gill-arches in the neck; so that in such a stage of development the tadpole more than ever resembles the fish with its inside gills, placed, as everybody knows, beneath the gill-cover in the neck. Next appear the beginnings of adult characters in the sprouting of the limbs, which bud forth from the sides of the body; the hind limbs (p. 380, No. 6) first appearing, and the fore limbs being visible later on (p. 380, No. 7), because they are longer concealed by the gill-cover. When the legs are developed, the tail begins to "grow small by degrees and beautifully less"; and, as the tail decreases, the gills (p. 380, No. 8), as organs of breathing, likewise begin to disappear and to be replaced by the lungs—which have been meanwhile growing—as the breathing organs proper to the adult. When tail and gills have become absorbed, the frog leaves the water, seeks the land, and becomes a true terrestrial breather and inhabitant (p. 380, No. 9); the small adult body growing rapidly, and in its second Summer or so, attaining to full growth, as represented in frog-existence.

We are now prepared to answer fully the question, "What is a frog?" Having discovered that the animal begins life as a fish-like creature, provided with gills and a tail, and that afterward it breathes by lungs, we are at once confirmed in the opinion that it is certainly not a "reptile." For "Reptiles"—of which there are four living orders (lizards, snakes, tortoises, etc., and crocodiles)—never breathe by gills at any period of life, but possess lungs as their sole breathing organs. And again, all reptiles have scales or like body-coverings; but the frogs, and those animals which agree with them in development (toads, newts, etc.), want, as a rule, all traces of hard, external parts. Thus we find that in reality the frog is much more nearly related to the fishes than to reptiles; and when we discover that some fishes, such as the *Lepidosirens* of Africa and America, may actually breathe by lungs as well as by gills, the likeness between frogs and fishes is considerably heightened.

Frogs, toads, newts and all animals allied to them are named *Amphibians*, in allusion to their duplex breathing organs. In some of the amphibian race, such as the *Proteus* of underground caves in Central Europe, the Sirens (p. 381), etc., we find that the gills, which invariably appear in the early life of every amphibian, remain throughout life, and as the proteus or siren (like every other amphibian) develops lungs in its adult state, it follows that there are two chief divisions of amphibian animals. Firstly, there are those in which the gills of early life disappear when the lungs are developed; such is the case with the frogs, toads and newts. Secondly, there are those amphibians in which the gills and lungs co-exist throughout life; such are the proteus, siren, axolotl and many other forms. If, lastly, we endeavor to discover other characters of the amphibian class (in addition to that presented by its members having gills in early life and lungs in adult existence) we shall find such characters to be presently illustrated in the person of our frog. Marks of difference from the reptile race are to be seen in the three-chambered heart; in the skull being joined to the spine by *two* processes, or "condyles," and not, as in reptiles, by one only; and in the occurrence of a series of changes, called the "metamorphoses," which are exhibited in the development of amphibians, and which are not represented either in fishes on the one hand or in reptiles on the other.

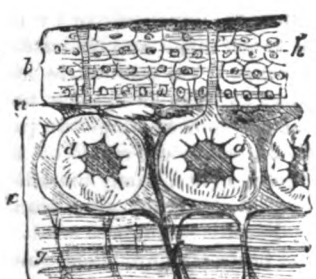
We thus discover our frog to be an amphibian animal,

and as such to be included in the "Vertebrate" group in which fishes, reptiles, birds and quadrupeds (including man) are likewise contained. One feature in the history of the frog may be first alluded to as that with which all vertebrates agree, namely, that the general plan of the body consists of two parallel tubes—one existing in the back region of the animal where we saw the "primitive groove" to be formed, and containing the nervous system (n^2), brain and spinal cord. This first tube (p^1) is formed by the skull and spine. The second tube (p^2) is formed by the walls of the body, and contains the other organs of the frame. These are arranged as follows: The heart below (h), the digestive system in the middle (a), and a second nervous system, called the *sympathetic* (n^1), in front of the spine and above the digestive tract. Thus, even in a cursory examination of the frog, we learn the essential plan on which every vertebrate body, from that of the fish to the human frame, is constructed. The double-tube arrangement seen in our amphibian is characteristic of every vertebrate form, but of no other type of animal structure. And every vertebrate animal (but no other) therefore carries its nervous axis along its back, its "sympathetic" nervous system beneath its spine, its digestive system in the middle of its body, and its heart lowest of all, or on the floor of its body.



TRANSVERSE SECTION (DIAGRAMMATIC) OF A VERTEBRATE BODY.

Commencing our brief history of the frog with its skin layer, we find that membrane like our own skin, to consist of two layers—one an upper or outer, called the *epidermis* (b), the other a sensitive under layer, the *dermis*, or true skin (c). In the frog the skin contains black pigment-cells (a) of a peculiar and irregular shape. Under stimulation, such as light, these cells undergo changes in shape and form, and the alterations in hue or color to which the skin of the frog is subject are due to the movements of these cells. It is noteworthy that very large veins are distributed in the frog's skin, and the skin-glands (d), or those structures analogous to our "sweat-glands," are also highly developed. So that we can understand readily enough how the frog contrives to support life for a lengthened period when its lungs are excised, seeing that the skin in that case, as in the ordinary run of frog existence, largely supplements or entirely performs the work of the lungs in getting rid of the waste matters brought to its glands by the blood-circulation. This work of getting rid of waste matters we name "excretion."

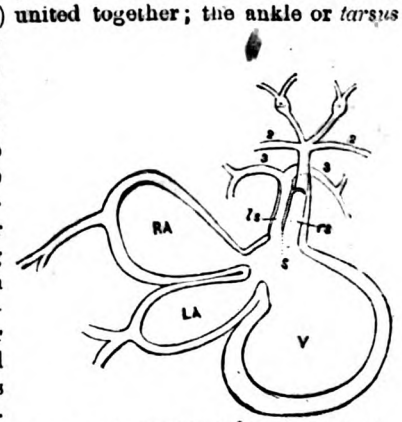


(h) Duct of Skin-gland; (f) Nerve filament.

VERTICAL SECTION OF SKIN OF FROG (MAGNIFIED).

The frog's skeleton is well worth studying from its general type being admirably adapted to convey to us an idea of the bony framework of vertebrate animals at large. The mainstay and support, or centre of the skeleton, is, of course, the *spine*, *backbone* or *vertebral column*, as it is usually named. This spine is continued above into the skull; and, as we have seen, the brain contained in the latter organ becomes continuous with the spinal marrow protected within the backbone. So that when we declare that every vertebrate animal, like the frog, has its nervous system partitioned off from the rest of its body, we declare a real character, and one of extreme importance in the history of the highest type of animal structure. The frog's spine is undoubtedly short; it consists, like man's spine, of separate bones or *vertebræ*, and these in the frog number nine. The tail extremity of the spine is formed by a single piece named the *coccyx*, or *urostyle*, which in itself probably represents several united vertebræ. Above, each vetebra gives off a projection named the *spinous process*, and at each side bears two long pieces, called the *transverse processes*, which are apt to be mistaken for ribs. There are no ribs in the frog; and unquestionably the absence of ribs is an advantage to the animal in its leaping movements. But the want of these bones means also the absence of a *chest*, or *thorax*, and, as we can readily conceive, by a reference to our own movements of breathing, the frog must respire differently from ourselves—as, indeed, we shall presently note. The frog's skull is a complex structure, which need not be described in the present instance, further than to remark that it consists of so much *bone* and so much *cartilage*, or "gristle"; whilst, as already noted, it is joined to the skull by two processes, or "condyles," which fit into hollows in the first vertebra or *atlas*.

The frog has a well-developed *breastbone*, or *sternum*, and in its shoulder are several bony pieces not represented at all, or but feebly developed, in ourselves; although the *collar-bone* or *clavicle*, and the *scapula* or *shoulder-blade*, constituting the two elements in our own shoulders, are represented in the frog. The frog's arm, or foreleg, is strictly comparable with our own in its structure. There is a *humerus*, or bone of the upper arm, as in ourselves; two bones (*radius* and *ulna*), in the apparently single forearm of the frog, as in man; six *wrist* or *carpal* bones, instead of eight, as in man; and but four fingers, instead of five, as in the human subject, the frog's thumb being rudimentary. Similarly, the hind limb and the haunch in the frog are modeled on the type common to all vertebrates. The frog's haunch-bone on each side consists of three pieces—*ilium*, *ischium*, and *pubis*—as in man himself; and these three bones unite to form the deep cup (*acetabulum*) or socket in which the head of the thigh-bone works to form the hip-joint. The thigh-bone or *femur*; the *tibia* or shin, and the *fibula* (forming the "leg,") united together; the ankle or *tarsus* formed in the frog of two chief bones only, the *metatarsus* or instep, formed, as in man, of five bones, and the five toes, represent segments of the lower limb corresponding in type, although differing in number, to the lower limb of man, and to the hinder limbs of all other vertebrate animals.

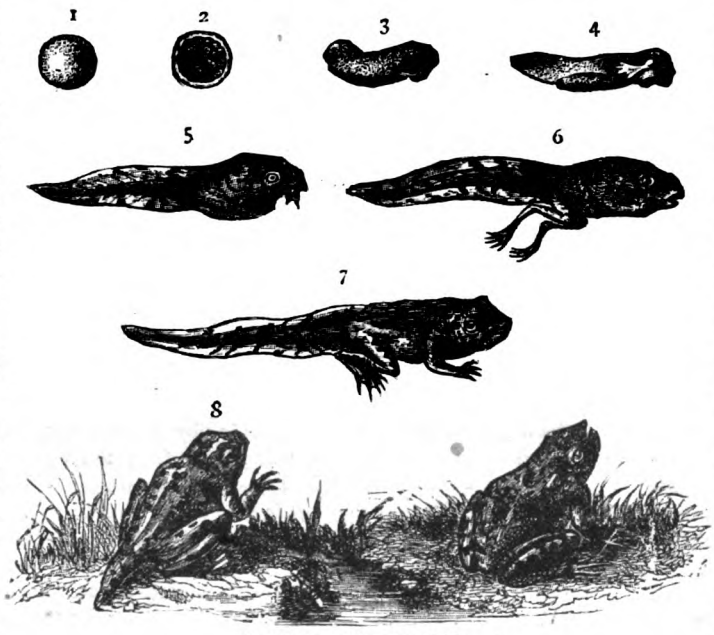


DIAGRAMMATIC (VERTICAL) SECTION OF FROG'S HEART.

There is little need in the present case to say anything about the *muscles* of the frog. "Muscle," as every one must know, forms the flesh of the body. When we eat beef and mutton we devour the muscle of the ox and sheep respectively; and although the flesh of the frog is not a dainty in repute on this side of the Atlantic, yet the

muscular tissue of the amphibian is not to be despised as a culinary dainty. As in ourselves, the muscles of the frog enable the animal to execute the various movements of the body, and act under the direction of the nervous system as the ruling centre of the organism.

Digestion in the frog is performed by a very perfect set of apparatus. The teeth are small and insignificant, and are borne on the upper jaw and palate only; the lower jaw being unarmed. Gullet, stomach, intestine, liver and sweetbread, or pancreas, constitute the furnishings of the frog's alimentary system; and a spleen also exists—this latter organ dealing with the elaboration of the blood. The food being converted into blood through the agency of the digestive organs, we find a *heart* and *blood-vessels*, provided for the circulation of that fluid. In the frog the heart is three-chambered, and circulates red blood, in which, when the microscope is employed, we can discern large red blood-corpuscles, giving color to the blood, as in ourselves. The frog's heart is a peculiar piece of mechanism, and consists of two smaller chambers —*right* (RA) and *left* (LA) *auricles*—and a large chamber, the *ventricle* (V). The right auricle receives impure blood, which, having gone the round of the body, requires purification in the lungs. The left auricle, on the other hand, receives the purified blood from the lungs. Each auricle opens into the ventricle. From the ventricle a passage, called the *aortic bulb*, leads outward to the body, and this passage is divided lengthwise in two by a swing-door or movable partition, called the *septum* (*s*). Last of all, we may note that from this passage two chief sets of blood-vessels, like two roads or lobbies, lead outward (*ls*, *rs*). To pass into the one of these roads we should require to go on the right side of the swing-door, whilst the other and left side allows exit by the second of the two channels.

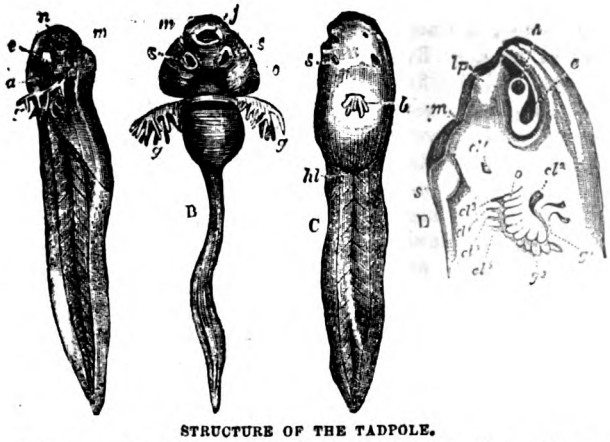


METAMORPHOSES OF FROG.

(1) Egg of Frog; (2) Egg fecundated, and surrounded by its Vesicle; (3) First State of Tadpole; (4) Appearance of Breathing Gills; (5) Stage with Internal Gills; (6) Formation of Hind Feet; (7) Formation of Fore Feet, and Decay of Gills; (8) Development of Lungs and Reduction of Tail; (9) Perfect Frog.

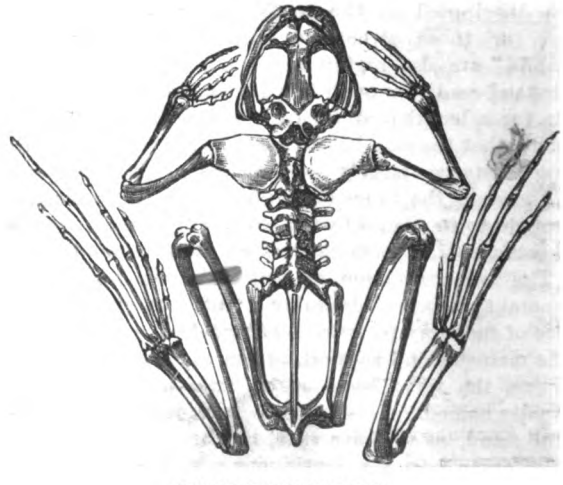
This mechanism is beautifully adjusted to the wants of frog-circulation; for we find that the left auricle throws its pure blood into the ventricle, while the right auricle also empties the impure blood into this cavity. When this common receptacle or ventricle contracts in its turn, whither does the blood pass? The answer is clear if we remember the disposition of the swing-door and the passages in the lobby of the ventricle. The first result of the ventricle's contraction is to send the venous or impure blood out of its cavity by the *left* passage (*ls*) of the lobby, the swing-door falling over toward and closing the right passage (*rs*); and thus the impure blood passes by the only channels (3, 3) open to it to the lungs for purification. A mixture of pure and impure blood has meanwhile been taking place in the ventricle, and as the swing-door now closes the left passage, this mixed blood is allowed to pass out through blood-vessels (2, 2), which convey it to the body—the frog's body thus receiving and being nourished by a mixed blood, and not by an absolutely pure blood, as in birds and quadrupeds. Finally, as the last result of the ventricle's contraction, the perfectly pure blood which has just come from the left auricle is, by an ingenious adjustment of the blood-vessel, sent to the head and brain of the frog, as the most important part of the body.

Thus the circulation of the blood in the frog, performed continually during its lifetime, is found to involve a deli-



STRUCTURE OF THE TADPOLE.

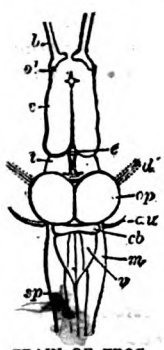
(A) Side View, showing Gills, *g*; Mouth, *m*; Nasal Sac, *n*; Eye, *e*; Ear, *a*; (B) from below, *ss*, Suckers; *o*, Operculum; *f*, Horny Jaws; (C) More Advanced Tadpole, showing growth of Operculum, so as to inclose Gills, save at Opening, *b*, on left side; *hl*, Rudiment of Hind Limbs; *s*, Sucker; (D) Head of Young Tadpole magnified; $g1g^2$, External Gills; *lp*, Upper Lip; cl_1 to cl_6, Visceral Clefts.



SKELETON OF THE FROG.

SIREN LACERTINA, SHOWING EXTERNAL GILLS.

cacy and exactness of mechanism which excites our wonder even when studied in the most superficial fashion. Space will not permit us to do more than notice in passing, that the work of "excretion," or that devoted to the getting rid of waste matters, is performed in the frog by means of two kidneys, by the skin-glands, and lastly, by the lungs—all of which organs, as in man, separate from the blood the waste products which, as the result of bodily work, are inseparable from life and living. The lungs are elastic sacs, into which air is "swallowed" by the frog rather than "breathed." As we have seen, no ribs exist in these animals; hence, when the inhalation of air occurs, the frog first fills its mouth through the nostrils. Next in order, the hinder nostrils are closed by the tongue being applied thereto, and the gullet is also closed by the same action. The only aperture remaining open being that of the wind-pipe, the air is forced into the lungs by the muscular action of the muscles of the sides of the mouth; whilst "expiration" is a work probably effected wholly, or in greater part, by the elasticity of the lungs.



BRAIN OF FROG.
(b) Olfactory Nerves; (e) Pineal Gland; (d) Origin of Optic Nerves; (au) Auditory Nerves; (v) Position of Fourth Ventricle.

That the frog possesses means for maintaining relations with its surroundings is perfectly evident. It captures prey, it sees, it hears, it emits voice, and it regulates its actions, muscular and otherwise, in conformity with the exigencies of its life. The acts of frog-existence, like those of all other animals, are regulated by the chief *nervous system*, consisting of the *brain*, *spinal cord* and *nerves* proceeding therefrom. The *sympathetic system* of nerves, already mentioned, possesses the function of regulating the movements of the heart and other actions of involuntary nature. The brain of the frog exhibits the chief divisions common to all brains. Looking down on the brain from above, we see in front (1) the *olfactory region* (*ol*), or that connected with the sense of smell; (2) the *cerebrum* (*c*), or chief part of the brain; (3) the *optic thalamus* (*t*); (4) the *optic lobes* (*op*), connected with the nerves of sight; (5) the *cerebellum* (*cb*), or lesser brain; and (6) the *medulla oblongata* (*m*), or upper part of the *spinal cord* (*sp*). If we suppose parts 2 (the cerebrum) and 5 (the cerebellum) to become immensely enlarged, and developed over the other parts of the brain, we should represent the chief difference between man's brain and that of the frog. From the frog's brain ten pairs of (*cranial*) nerves, chiefly connected with the organs of sense, are given off, and a like number of nerves originate from the spinal cord and are distributed throughout the body.

The general deductions which may be drawn from this brief study of the frog have been indicated as our history has proceeded. We thus learn from the frog's anatomy not merely the general plan of all vertebrate animals, but a general review of such a history presents us with the salient points of man's own

CATCHING FROGS FOR MARKET.

structure and physiology; for man's body undoubtedly exhibits a type of structure modeled on the broad lines on which that of the frog has been shown to be built up. And it may be added that if we could correctly appreciate and fully understand the true meaning and bearings of even the changes through which a frog passes in the course of its progress to maturity, we should find ourselves thereby enabled to add very largely to our knowledge of animal history at large; and even many obscure points in human development could be shown to be bound up in the answer to the commonplace question—"What is a frog?"

THE EDITOR'S OPERA-GLASS.

THE *Punch* for Midsummer had a very good cartoon of "Lady Midas" inviting a poor German pianist down to her splendid place in the country, "to see her roses."

"Ah!" said he, "I have five, six jiltren, and zey do not *live on roses.*"

It is a suggestive picture, and may well be taken to heart by the rich people of this country, who are too apt to ask poor artists to their houses, to sing and play for nothing, ignoring the six "jiltren" who are to be fed and clothed.

At Newport, and at Saratoga, we may presume that a poor artist comes for his Summer's work, to make his bread. It is a very unhandsome thing for a rich patroness to ask such a person to sing or play at her house without a generous honorarium; and if he should consent to do it as an advertisement, the lady should be sure that he receives the full value of his reading, at a subsequent entertainment for which she sells the tickets.

The sad death of the popular pianist, Alfred Pease, (found dead on a pile of boards in St. Louis, perhaps killed by the heat, or heart disease), reminds us of one who had the kindest heart united to the most graceful genius. Alfred Pease was fond of playing in parlors, and often gave away his talents. His "Memorial Hymn" to his brother and sister, who were killed by a railroad disaster near New Hamburg, will long be remembered and sung in our churches as a most pathetic piece of music.

Still more appalling was the accident near Long Branch, which deprived the world of the valuable life of William H. Garrison. He was a man of singular worth, modesty and acquirement. He was one of the few business men of the day who enjoyed Pope and Addison, and carried his little pocket "Horace" about with him, keeping up his classics. It is touching to see in his will that he directs that his only son receive a collegiate education at Harvard or Yale.

An educated business man in America, one who keeps up his culture, is an important citizen. We are not all of us so many-sided as to be both practical and literary. Would that we were! It makes no less a successful railway king that a man is also a classical scholar, and the American man should aim at being everything.

Oscar Wilde's æsthetic programme issued at the Casino, at Newport, printed on clear transparent yellow paper, like bank-note paper in texture, bore a very fine drawing of his own head and long hair, as beautiful as one of Correggio's cherubs. Although it is more beautiful than he is, it is still very suggestive, and was probably done by Whistler, or by Du Maurier. It is only fair to Mr. Wilde to say that he made a very favorable impression at Newport, and shared the elegant hospitality of the cottagers, receiving and giving pleasure. He appeared in an olive-green velvet dress coat, and left Newport in a velvet cloak and an Alpine hat.

Egyptian heads and sphinxes, *au naturel*, everything *à l'egyptienne*, is now in order for paper, cards, ornaments and dinner ices. It is almost time that the fat and smirking face of Arabi Bey should appear stamped on the sateens, now so fashionable for ladies' morning dresses. It is a strange feature of the profanity and frivolity of the age that so dreadful an event as the bombardment of Alexandria becomes but the fitting text for a joke! It will be no joke to hear that the insane rebels have blown up the Suez Canal. We should have some arrangement in this world by which any one who does the world an infinite mischief should be held accountable for his breakages.

As the gayety of August fades away, and the world retreats from Newport, and Elberon, and Saratoga, to the quiet of a country house, the decorative arts begin to look up, and we have seen some very pretty paintings on marble mantels, by which those cold, ugly, tombstone things have been transformed into beauty. The marble proves to be a good medium to work upon, as it does not require a previous coating, which must be applied to china or terra cotta. The colors are laid on with spirits of turpentine: for black marble fireplaces, the scarlet flowers of early Autumn, the cardinals and the bright field lily, or the splendid gladiolus; for white marble mantels, bluebirds and orchids, or the field-flowers, make lovely groups. Indeed, white marble mantels can be painted in water-color. Figures and groups well drawn may ornament the long slab, while flowers and birds can form a pretty frieze along the top piece. If an artist wishes to correct his work, he has but to wash it off with white sand and water. The light colors should be laid on first, with a dry brush, and dark colors added later. High lights can be scratched with a penknife. Some of this painting on marble has the soft and beautiful effect of Malbone's miniatures. Heads of children, peeping from behind coy, crimson roses and violets, make lovely designs. Common gall will entirely cleanse discolored marble, but soap should never be used. As many country houses, built twenty years ago, are disfigured by marble mantels, we think this a fortunate discovery.

The September pleasure-seekers will, of course, read "In the Saddle," a pretty volume of selections, on horseback-riding. Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller, Bayard Taylor, Byron and Rückert, Bürger and Scott, Bowring, Tennyson and Longfellow, William Morris and Aldrich, and even quaint and funny Dr. Holmes, have been found to have said something in the saddle. Nor did they leave out John Gilpin, that horseman of renown. The romantic stories of "The Dutchess May," "Launcelot and Guinevere," "The Rose of Denmark," and the "Carrying of the News from Ghent to Aix," all testify to the lovely romance of horse and rider.

Perhaps one of the prettiest of these poems, by Gustave Nadand, called "Horse and Rider," has been left out.

A very remarkable book from the pen of a Spanish writer, called "Gloria," has excited much interest at the watering-places, where it proved a much more robust bit of reading than often falls to the lot of Summer wanderers. It is on the old, old story of *creed*, which forms the basis of every modern strong novel, and opens up to us the unusual interest of a Spanish interior. The story is sad, but it is a Shakespearean sadness, a worthy sadness. The style is delightful, new, and most original.

And now, are we to have aerial navigation? From one of our contemporaries we learn that in England the subject has been discussed with such plain mechanical calculations, and by such learned engineers, that it seems immediately probable that the hitherto insuperable objections may be overcome. *Van Nostrand's Engineering Maga-*

zine for July contains a paper read before the institution of Civil Engineers by William Pole, F. R. S., in which a practical application is made of several important recent mechanical improvements to the problem. The first and most important would seem to be the application of a screw propeller to a balloon. Propulsion and steering are now arranged; we must now reduce weight.

News from England *apropos* of the marriage of Miss Isabel Craven to the Earl of March, eldest son of the Duke of Richmond, would seem to indicate that English women are improving as to taste in dress. We read of a "sapphire blue moire with long train, and velvet bodice, a deep crimson brocade picked out with ruby, a terra cotta brocade over cream-color, a velvet brocade with velvet bodice, white moire bodice, and paniers over a skirt of cream-colored lace, and a pale-blue moire, with bonnet of pale-blue crêpe." The bridesmaids, who were tall, looked taller (and we fear *gawky*), in pretty white gowns of silk and muslin. They carried large bouquets of dark-red carnations and maiden-hair, and wore velvet matching the flowers in color, all of which sounds better than the usual dress of the Saxon Queens. But it is true the English girls have given the Parisiennes a few hints. Rubens hats first appeared in England, and are now universally worn in Paris and in the French watering-places, and the lawn-tennis dresses, embroidered with Kate Greenaway's figure drawings, and almost obsolete now in England, are being extensively adopted abroad.

The lawn-tennis tournaments have been as prominent a feature of the Casino as ever. The absence of Mr. Bennett threatened at first to chill this redoubtable strife, but it has not done so.

Is it not time, by-the-way, for a new game? There seems to be a singular dullness hanging over the inventive faculties of the game-makers.

A gentleman at Newport has appeared, driving three white ponies abreast, a very pretty novelty there, although in Bohemia, and in the northern provinces of Austria, nothing is more common.

The dinner parties at Newport have been unusually splendid, and often serving as precursors of an evening party. Those who are asked in after dinner are called "en pastilles de Vichy"— that is, digestive lozenges.

The severe change of weather, the heat at 97 degrees, followed by nights in which frost occurred, has made an unhealthy Summer. It is not so sure that all who have taken the waters at our American Spas have benefited by them. Rheumatism and gout and sciatica seem very much on the increase, and that shapeless and many-armed jellyfish, malaria, is more rampant than ever. These American maladies, and the hay-fever, which is now gaining a cosmopolitan renown, require caution, particularly in the soft sweet September days, which are, without doubt, treacherous as to health, although they are as lovely as the graceful Vivien, whose graces wound themselves round the ancient harpist, as well as about the feet of Launcelot of the Lake.

We could talk much of yachts and their fittings, of the wonderful trips of the *Namouna*, which famous yacht watched the bombardment of Alexandria. We could speak of light winds and calms, and white sails at New London and at Bar Harbor; of racing yachts and pleasure boats—of the *Erycina*, which, over on the other side, won the Queen's Cup. All the world's afloat, in this fine weather, but our space forbids our getting out to sea. It is said that certain influential ladies of New York propose tendering to Clara Morris (Mrs. Herriot), a complimentary benefit, in the early Autumn, after people have returned to town. She amply deserves it, and as we are to welcome Mrs. Langtry and Henry Irving to these shores, we should hasten to indorse and reward American talent before we lose our heads over the imported article.

Clara Morris is a woman of genius, who has fought ill health bravely, and who deserves an ample recognition at the hands of her own countrywomen.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

It will surprise most people to learn from the report published by Herr Fuchs, that during the year 1881 no fewer than 244 earthquakes were known to have occurred. Forty-one of these happened in Summer, fifty-six in Spring, sixty-one in Autumn, and eighty-six in Winter. The great number observed during this latter period is accounted for by the fact that the earth disturbances at Agram, beginning November, 1880, were extended into the following year. With regard to the great earthquakes of the past year, that of Chios, lasting six days, and killing 4,181 persons, besides injuring a great many more, must take the first place. Then came the far smaller catastrophe at Ischia, with its 150 victims. It is notable that the delicate instruments at Vesuvius Observatory gave no indications of these upheavals of the earth's crust, but in Switzerland some interesting seismic phenomena were noted.

A discovery, which would have delighted the heart of the late Mr. Darwin, was lately brought before the Académie des Sciences, by M. Filhol. It consisted of a unique fossil head, found during the study of some Mammalian remains in the phosphorite deposits of Quercy, uniting the character of a pig with that of a monkey. This is the first perfect fossil of the kind which has ever been found, but some years back the portion of an upper jaw was discovered near Apt, in the Upper Eocene strata, having the same characteristics. It is therefore surmised that during the Late Eocene period there existed a class of animals which might be described as *Pachysimians*.

New Insulating Compound.—A new insulating compound has been introduced, which is said to be as efficient as gutta-percha or ebonite, and much cheaper. It has been patented by Dr. Fleming, and has been tested by, amongst others, Sir W. Thomson, Mr. Preece, and Mr. J. F. Moulton. It is understood to be a compound of sawdust, cotton-waste, paper pulp, and other fibrous material, which is so treated that it can be worked into any shape, and be made impervious to moisture or acids. The new compound has been named insulite.

R. Meldola investigates the action of benzyl chloride upon diphenylamine, and the action of oxidizing agents upon the product. The substance thus produced is a green dye, "viridin," which, by the action of strong sulphuric acid, forms sulphonic acids. The alkaline salts of one of these acids dyes woolen fabrics from an alkaline bath. This color is the chloride of a base, which the author has proved to be diphenyl diamidotriphenyl carbinol.

Gaskell's Compendium of Penmanship has been advertised in this magazine for some years. Professor Gaskell is the proprietor of the business colleges in Jersey City and Manchester, N. H., with a reputation, in his specialty, that places him at the head of his profession. One hundred and seventy thousand of his Compendium have been sold.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A young lady attending balls and parties should have a female chaperone until she is able to call some male chap her own.

The ignorant young man, who said he wanted to go to college "so as to study a girl called Belle Lettres," had some natural talent for something, after all.

Neighbor's *Pretty Daughter*: "How much is this a yard?" *Draper's Son*: "Only one kiss." "If it is so cheap, I will take three yards, and grandma will pay you."

"You are as full of airs as a music-box," is what a young man said to a girl, who refused to let him see her home. "That may be," was the reply; "but I don't go with a crank."

The meanest man on record sent through a post-office, presided over by a woman, a postal card, on which was written—"Dear Jack—Here are the details of that scandal." And then the rest was in Greek.

"I want," said the candidate, "so to live that I will ever be embalmed in the hearts of my constituents." "That's just you," shouted a sarcastic man near the door; "embalmed you are—a regular out of date old mummy."

The laziest boy exists in Connecticut. His mother sent him to a neighbor's house after a cup of sour milk. On being told that there was none but sweet milk to be got, he helped himself to a chair, and said, "Well, I'll wait till it sours."

A jailer had received strict orders not to keep any prisoners in solitary confinement. Once, when he had but two in charge, one escaped, and he was obliged, in consequence, to kick the other out of doors, to comply with the regulations.

A MOTHER'S PRIDE.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. XIV.— No. 4. OCTOBER, 1882. $3.00 PER ANNUM.

ENGLAND'S ONLY LIVING GENERAL.

BY ALFRED H. GUERNSEY.

WITH the single exception of the ill-advised and worse-conducted war in the Crimea, England has for more than two generations wisely kept aloof from the great military conflicts which have been waged in Europe, but all the time she has been engaged in an ever-beginning and never-ending series of petty conflicts upon the borders of her possessions in every other quarter of the globe; petty wars, in which little honor was to be gained by victory,

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, K.C.B.

while deep disgrace would be incurred by anything less than entire success. Since 1854 she has, undoubtedly, greatly strengthened herself as a military power, but she has certainly not in this respect kept pace with her great continental rivals. And now when she is suddenly involved in an affair, the result of which no man can safely forecast, she finds herself in a strange position. Her armed intervention in the affairs of Egypt has flung a lighted match into a mass of combustibles and kindled a flame, unless speedily stamped out, that may result in a general conflagration. To bring this Egyptian imbroglio to a speedy close seems to be the one thing to be done. England has looked over her army list, and finds only one man who has given proof that he possesses even the promise of capacity to perform the work in hand. She finds only one man whom his warmest admirers dare to pronounce, not to say a great general, but even to have in him the making of a great general, and his capacities have as yet been put to the test only upon the most limited scale. He has never commanded more than a handful of troops; has never, except as a subaltern in the Crimea, looked upon a great army, or seen anything more than a mere skirmish. The most which can now be said of him is that the unvarying success which has attended the small operations which he has conducted has been of such a character as to give large promise that he will be found competent for the most important tasks which events may devolve upon him. So, at least, judge the English Government and the English people. This man is Sir Garnet Wolseley. To-day he occupies a place not unlike that occupied by Bonaparte at the commencement of his first campaign in Italy.

Garnet Joseph Wolseley, the son of a major of a regiment of infantry, was born at the "Golden Bridge House," near Dublin, Ireland, June 4th, 1833. At the age of nineteen he entered the army as an ensign. England, or rather the East India Company, was then engaged in a petty war with Burmah. Wolseley served in this with so much credit as to gain a medal. He was then sent to the Crimea; was severely wounded at the siege of Sebastopol; was made a captain, presumably for merit, at twenty-three, and received the decoration of the Legion of Honor, and of the fifth class of the Turkish Order of the Medjidie, whatever that may be worth. The Crimean war was scarcely over when the Sepoy mutiny broke out. Wolseley was sent back to India, and we catch faint glimpses of him at the siege and capture of Lucknow, and at the defense of Alumbagh, his name being honorably mentioned in the dispatches of the day; he being also made a lieutenant-colonel by brevet in 1859.

He must have manifested no little executive capacity, for in 1860, when the one-sided war with China broke out, he was placed on the staff of the Quartermaster-General; served through the brief campaign, and gained "a medal and two clasps." Of this Chinese war he wrote a rather interesting "narrative." We lose sight of him until 1867, when he was sent to Canada as Deputy-Quartermaster-General. Two years later he prepared a "Soldier's Pocket-book for Field Service," full of excellent rules and suggestions, in which he developed what seems to be his cardinal idea, that in warfare everything should be sacrificed to success, and that the thing to be aimed at is to make a campaign short and decisive. By this time he has come to be recognized as a man of resource and action, and has risen to the rank of colonel.

Things in the British Provinces of North America had begun to put on a rather questionable aspect. What is now known as the "Dominion of Canada" had been partially organized in 1867. More than 1,000 miles to the northwest of Toronto was the little Red River settlement, with a population of some 15,000 souls, mostly half-breeds, French blood being predominant among them. It was proposed to attach this region to the newly-established Dominion. In the early Autumn of 1869 Mr. McDougall was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of this region, with directions to proceed thither at once, assist in the formal transfer of the Northwest Territories from the Hudson Bay Company, and as soon as this was done to assume the government. The half-breeds of the Red River settlement knew little of that Canada into which they were to be absorbed. They organized a provisional government, of which Louis Riel was made president, having in view an ultimate union with the United States. McDougall, when within sixty miles of Fort Garry, was met by an order from Riel, forbidding him to enter the Northwest Territories without special permission from the Special Committee of the self-constituted authorities of the Red River settlement. The Lieutenant-Governor went on to the fort, but was not allowed to enter, and went back to the American town of Pembina. The half-breeds now had their own way; made prisoners of several bodies of loyalists, tried some of them by court-martial, and ordered one of them to be shot for having been "insolent" to his captors. "It was necessary," said Riel, "to make an example, in order that Canada should respect the people of Red River."

This execution took place early in March, 1870. The tidings of it aroused a deep sensation in the Dominion and England, and it was resolved to send an armed expedition to the Red River country, to restore the Queen's authority there. Colonel Wolseley was directed to draw up a plan of the expedition. It was highly approved, and the execution of it was committed to his hands. It was to number 1,200 fighting men, of whom one-third were British regulars, and the remainder Canadian militia. Besides these, there were from time to time added some 400 *voyageurs*, to manage the canoes, so that in all the expedition numbered not more than 1,800 men, and one woman, the wife of an officer, who was permitted to accompany her husband.

From Toronto, where the expedition was organized, to Fort Garry, its ultimate destination, the distance is about 1,200 miles. The first ninety-four miles was by railway, between Lake Ontario and Lake Huron; then came 534 miles by steamers through Lakes Huron and Superior; beyond this a road of fifty miles had been projected and partly constructed to the little Lake Shebandowan, near the summit of the low watershed of the continent; and thence the party were to go in boats through a wilderness of lakes and rivers never before traversed, except by Indians in their bark canoes. For this long voyage more than 200 boats were constructed at various places in Canada. They were generally from twenty-five to thirty feet long, six or seven feet wide, each calculated to carry fourteen men, and four tons of provisions and other supplies.

The expedition started from Toronto, May 14th, 1870. The voyage through Lakes Huron and Superior presented no difficulties. There was, however, one slight annoyance. The lakes are connected by the St. Mary's River, which here forms the boundary between Canada and the United States. In it is the Sault St. Marie, a series of rapids a mile long, not to be ascended by steamers. Around these, on the American side, a canal has been constructed. The ill-feeling against England engendered by her attitude in the civil war had not wholly died out, and the American Government refused to permit the expedition to pass through this canal; and so everything had to be unloaded from the steamers on Lake

Huron, carried overland for three miles, and re-embarked on other steamers on Lake Superior. At a late period the prohibition was revoked, except for articles declared to be contraband of war.

On the 25th of May the advance of the expedition reached Thunder Bay, at the northern extremity of Lake Superior, where the real labor began. It had been expected that the forty or fifty miles of road to Lake Shebandowan would by this time have been made practicable, and over this it had been intended to haul the boats and supplies for nearly 2,000 men. Before long it was evident that it would not be possible to carry the boats over this road in any reasonable time, and Wolseley cast about for some other means of overcoming the distance between the two lakes.

Lake Shebandowan lies 800 feet above Superior, into which it discharges its waters by the rapid river Kaministiquia, which abounds in rapids, up which it had been supposed that no boats could be dragged. The commander came to the conclusion that this could be done, and set about the laborious task. What between poling and tracking, the boats were at length got up, and the first hard step in the long journey was taken. Fifty miles out of 600 had been accomplished, and on the 16th of July the boat expedition was fairly afloat. At the head of Lake Shebandowan is the Kashaboiwe portage, 1,500 yards long. Over this a broad road was speedily cut through the woods, and heavy rollers were laid down, over which to haul the boats, while all the supplies were to be carried across on the backs of the men by means of "portage straps"—bands of leather twenty-six inches long and three and a quarter inches broad in the middle, tapering down to an inch at the ends, to which long leather bands are sewn.

"The long ends," writes the historian of the expedition, "are tied firmly around the barrel or package to be carried in such a manner as to leave at the broad part of the strap a loop large enough to allow the head to be passed through. The barrel is then hoisted upon the back, the broad part of the strap resting upon the forehead. In this way almost the whole strain bears on the backbone and the vertebræ of the neck. An Indian usually clasps his hands round the back of his head to help the "leverage," and in this way will carry an immense weight. Our men were at first rather awkward at it, but they got into the way of it very quickly, and before long would think nothing of a weight under which at first he would have been unable to stagger. Our barrels of pork were the heaviest packages we had, weighing 200 pounds; flour-barrels, 120 pounds; biscuit-barrels, 100 pounds. An experienced *voyageur* thinks nothing of a barrel of pork. I saw one fellow—a slight and by no means strong-looking half-breed—carry two barrels of pork at the same time, and then he asked for something else to be placed on the top. It took us nearly the whole day to get our one boat and stuff across this portage. We were new to the work, and the great heat rendered the labor all the more severe."

They entered another small lake the next morning. An hour's row brought them to the height of land. Then another portage of two miles, when they entered a narrow creek, shallow and choked with reeds, whose waters ultimately fall into Hudson's Bay instead of the St. Lawrence. In all, before their goal was reached, forty-seven portages were passed between Lake Shebandowan and Fort Garry. The remainder of the journey was made by almost incessant rowing and shooting successive rapids. From the time of the landing at Thunder Bay to the arrival at Fort Garry was ninety-four days, of which forty-five were raining, and every man was wet through for days in succession; but the annoyances inflicted by musquitos and the like were the most severe of all the things endured. We have the following sketch, which may serve as a general picture of the daily proceedings of the expedition:

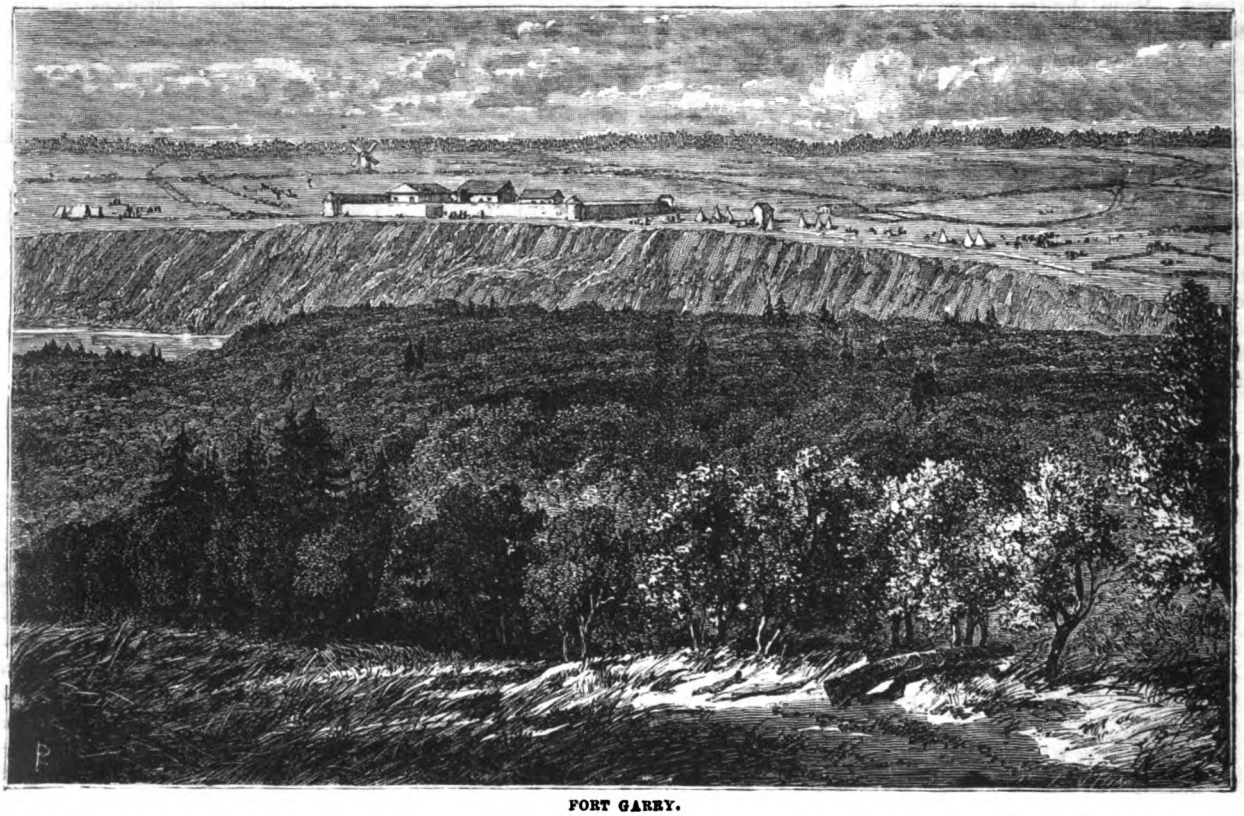
"The scale of daily rations laid down, for the officers and men alike, was as follows: one pound of biscuit, one pound of salt pork, one ounce of tea, two ounces of sugar, one-third of a pint of beans, or one-fourth of a pound of preserved potatoes, and on these the men did as hard work as has been ever done by the men of any army. Tea was the only beverage. No spirit ration was served out on any occasion to officers or men, and to this may be attributed the almost total absence of crime, and the wonderful good health and spirits of the men.

"The way in which all ranks worked—officers and men alike—was beyond all praise. The officers vied with their men in carrying heavy loads, and apart from the respect with which the officers were treated, a stranger could not have told an officer from a private. Their dress was much the same—sleeves rolled up to the elbows; arms, neck, and hands as brown as berries; loose flannel shirts open at the throat, a pair of very dirty duck trousers tucked into moccasins, and a straw hat on red woolen nightcap to crown all; little remnants of uniform were to be seen anywhere, except occasionally an odd forage-cap or two. The men had in most cases patched the seats of their trousers—which soon got worn out by continual rowing—with pieces of canvas from empty biscuit-bags, and presented thereby a most comical appearance. Up early, hard at work all day, rowing or portaging from five A.M. to 8 P.M., with a short interval for breakfast and dinner, nothing to eat but salt pork and biscuit, nothing to drink but tea, they yet looked as healthy as possible, and when, on August 4th, they reached Fort Francis, on the Rainy River, half way between their starting-place and their goal, there was not a sick man among them—they had no time to be sick."

Rainy River—the outlet of Rainy Lake, and the main feeder of the great Lake of the Woods—is a fine stream, 300 or 400 yards broad, broken by rapids at several points, but having generally a deep, smooth current of about two miles an hour. The expedition, now concentrated into one solid body, plied its oars lustily, making five or six miles an hour, between beautiful wooded banks, until it reached the mouth of the river in the Lake of the Woods. Here came a canoe with a messenger from the loyalists of the Red River region, begging that the troops might be hurried as rapidly as possible to the settlement, where grave perils seemed imminent.

It was not easy to decide what should be done. They were at the southern end of the lake. From its northwestern corner to Fort Garry the distance was about 115 miles, over about eighty of which there was a road passable by carts. The remainder was a series of swamps, but Wolseley was told that these were not impassable, and he was urged to make the attempt. The temptation was great, for by taking the route, instead of traversing the whole length of the Lake of the Woods to its outlet, the Winnipeg River, and going down that to Lake Winnipeg, a distance of 150 miles would be saved. But the accounts of this shorter route were so vague that the longer one was chosen.

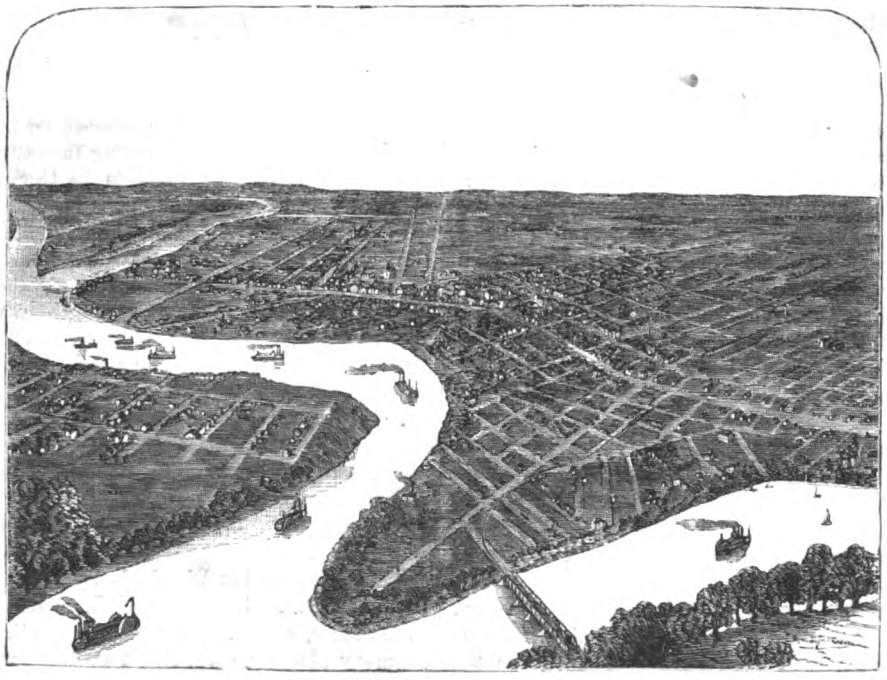
This Lake of the Woods is by no means a delightful body of water. Its most noticeable feature is its peculiar green color, caused by a profuse growth of minute plants, in many places so abundant that the water has the consistence and color of pea-soup, and unless carefully filtered is wholly unfit for human use. The expedition sailed the



FORT GARRY.

whole length of the lake, and, not without much discomfort and some peril of losing the way amid the labyrinth of islands, reached its outlet, the Winnipeg River, in places three miles broad, winding in every possible direction, and in its course of 163 miles descending 350 feet by a succession of magnificent cataracts, tumultuous cascades and foaming rapids. In all, there are about twenty-five portages where the boats had to be unloaded. On two days—August 19th and 20th—there were, within a distance of a few miles, sixteen of these portages, varying in length from 150 to 1,320 yards. But all these natural obstructions were got over or around without loss of life or stores, though not without many very narrow escapes.

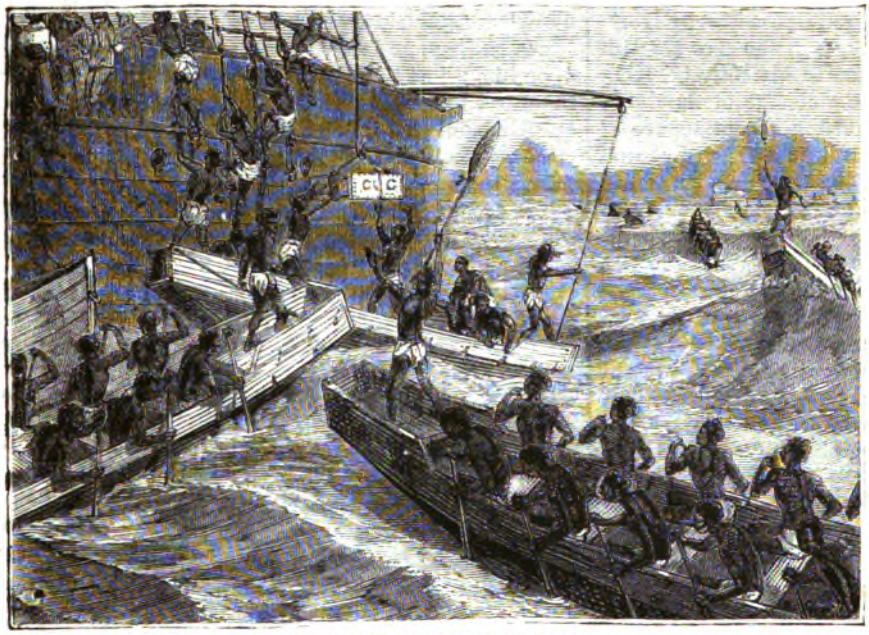
On the 20th they reached Fort Alexander, on Lake Winnipeg, 264 miles long, with an average breadth of thirty-five miles, having an area larger by half than that of Lake Ontario. Here the first definite tidings were received of what had been going on in the Red River region, nearly a hundred miles away. President Riel had called a meeting of the French half-breeds, and endeavored to set on foot an armed resistance to the entry of the English force; but they took council of their fears, and would have no more to do with him. Wolseley, with his 400 regulars, sailed to the southern end of the lake, to the mouth of the Red River, down which they proceeded to the neighborhood of Fort Garry. On the 23d a violent storm sprung up, which delayed the advance; but scouts were sent forward, who reported that the rebel flag, emblazoned with the French fleur-de-lys and the Irish shamrock, still waved over the fort. Early on the next morning the march was resumed through the



WINNIPEG, CAPITAL OF MANITOBA.

mud. Soon the fort came in sight. No flag was visible, but the gates were shut, and guns could be seen mounted on the bastions and over the gateway which commanded the road by which they were approaching. For a few minutes it seemed not unlikely that there might be a fight, after all. But no men were seen at the guns. An officer was sent around to the other side to see whether the gate there was shut. He came back with the report that the gate was wide open, and fugitives were hurrying northward over the bridge across

SURFBOATS LANDING SIR GARNET WOLSELEY'S TROOPS ON THE AFRICAN COAST IN 1873.



LANDING STORES BY NATIVE BOATS.

the Assiniboine River. The English marched in through the driving rain, and took unobstructed possession of the fort. It seems that Riel was unaware that the English were near until he saw them actually within reach of his guns, when he took horse and galloped off toward the American frontier.

Never was there a campaign so peaceful. From first to last not a shot had been fired, and not a drop of blood had been lost, except that drawn by the musquitos and flies. Still it was by no means an unimportant enterprise. The commanding-officer, in his address to his men, thus modestly sums up what had been done: "No force has ever had to endure more continuous labors, and no men on service have ever been more cheerful under the trials arising from exposure to inclement weather, excessive fatigue, and to the annoyance caused by flies. Although you have not had an opportunity of gaining glory, you can carry back with you the conviction that you have done good service to the state, and have proved that no extent of intervening wilderness can enable men with impunity to commit murder, or to rebel against Her Majesty's authority."

In less than a week the entire expedition was on its way back to Canada. Colonel Wolseley was soon recalled to England, where his high merits received ample recognition. He was made a

THE ADVANCE-GUARD MET BY ASHANTEE PRIESTS.

Knight-Commander of the Order of Saints Michael and George; he was appointed Assistant Quartermaster-General at headquarters, and soon grew to be looked upon as the coming man of the army—the one to be called upon in case of a sudden emergency. Such an emergency soon presented itself.

Early in the sixteenth century the Portuguese had established themselves upon the Gold Coast of Africa, where they were dispossessed by the Dutch. They were in time dispossessed by the English, who, as early as 1831, set up a "Protectorate" over the tribes inhabiting a long strip of coast, and extending for an indefinite number of leagues into the interior. The Dutch, however, still retained the strong castle of Elmina, with some adjacent territory. In 1872 this was sold to the English, and became a portion of their Protectorate. The native tribes had formerly acknowledged the sovereignty of the powerful King of Ashantee, whose capital, Coomassie, is about 150 miles from the coast. A rather brisk trade had all along been carried on between Elmina and Coomassie, which were connected by road quite passable by ivory-porters, and the like. Mr. Hennessey, the new English Governor at Elmina, wrote at once to his Majesty, King Coffee, of Ashantee, announcing the change of dominion which had taken place, and desiring a continuance of trade. The sable potentate replied that he was as well pleased with the English as with the Dutch, and was also desirous that peace should be maintained and trade go on as before.

But it happened that, some time previously, an Ashantee chief had seized upon three or four German missionaries, and demanded 1,800 ounces of gold by way of ransom. King Coffee thought that the new masters of Elmina should ransom these white men, suggesting that this might probably be effected by 1,000 ounces—say about $17,000. Much palaver ensued upon this and other matters. The manner of the English Governor was so deferential that King Coffee construed it as an indication of weakness, and began to fancy that he was more than a match for the power of England. At last he sent word that Elmina and the adjacent region had of old belonged to his forefathers, and that he was coming to take possession of his ancient rights. He broke at once into the English Protectorate, ravaging the borders, and putting the colonies on the coast in some peril. The British Government forthwith fitted out an expedition against the Ashantees. The command of this was given to Colonel (now Sir Garnet) Wolseley, who was raised to the local rank of major-general, and was also invested with supreme civil authority in the region where his operations were to be carried on. He was thus clothed with absolute power. He could form his own plans and execute them without trammel; could wage war and make peace.

No time was lost in his departure for Africa, in order to study the situation on the spot. Accompanied only by his staff, he sailed from Liverpool, in September, 1873, leaving his troops to follow him as speedily as possible. Before they arrived his plan of operations had been thoroughly matured. It was, in brief, to march his own immediate force directly northward upon Coomassie, toward which two other columns, made up mainly of native levies, who were already in the field, were to move from the east and the west, with the intent of concentrating near the capital, where it seemed likely that a stand would be made. As it happened, the concentration did not take place. The work had been done by Sir Garnet himself, before the other columns came up.

Whenever there is a prospect of fighting the great newspapers are prompt to dispatch special correspondents to the scene, to observe and describe events as they occur. Foremost among these correspondents on this occasion was Henry Stanley, of the New York *Herald*, who had four years before accompanied Napier's Abyssinian expedition; had afterward led the *Herald* expedition for the discovery of the whereabouts of Livingstone; and was afterward to win a foremost place among African explorers. He was already on the spot when Sir Garnet arrived. His personal description of the man is the earliest which has come under our eyes. He writes:

"Sir Garnet Wolseley is the youngest general in Her Majesty's service—not forty years old as yet—and as he has not risen to his present rank through interest, it may be assumed that he has shown himself an able and energetic officer. But this stately little gentleman, of proud military bearing, quick, bright eyes, broad, high forehead ardent temperament, a sparkling intelligence animating every feature, is the very reverse of my preconceived conception of Sir Garnet Wolseley. If he had not been a soldier by appearance, I should judge him to have made a first-class 'special correspondent'; just the man to have seized an item, and dared a general-in-chief to lay hands upon him; just the man to have been sent to any part of the world to collect news. His eager eyes betray the inquisitive soul and indomitable energy. The British Government could have found no worthier man to whom to intrust the castigation of the Ashantees."

The troops did not arrive until late in December, 1873. They were not detained upon the pestilential coast, for everything was ready for the march into the interior, and the movement began two days after Christmas. The entire force numbered just 2,507 officers and men—a small body to be sent into an almost unknown region and pitted against a monarch who, it was said, could bring 100,000 against them, a number which was afterward found to be greatly exaggerated. Of this little army Stanley writes:

"There is no doubt of the capacity of the British troops to force their way to Coomassie against all odds. They consist of picked regiments—the famous 'Black Watch,' the Forty-second Highlanders, the Royal Welsh Fusileers, the Rifle Brigade, and a naval battalion of picked men. We may confidently back these against any number of Ashantees. The combined tribes of the entire West Coast of Africa could not oppose them successfully—bush or no bush. Their numbers are, indeed, comparatively few, but their discipline is perfect, their pluck traditional, their heroic endurance undoubted. Their chief is a soldier of reputation and great promise; their officers are superb men, individually and collectively. Give them food, look after their health, and they will walk to Coomassie though every tree in the forest became transformed into an armed man."

The transcendent merit of Sir Garnet in this expedition consists in the perfect preparation made for the supply of the troops, and for their comfort on the march. In no single case do we find mention of an hour's unforeseen delay for want of full rations; and as there are in this part of Africa no beasts of burden, everything had to be borne on the backs of men—natives levied for the purpose. The single road by which the advance was made is only fifteen feet wide, cut through the "bush" for many a mile. Of this bush Mr. Stanley writes:

"We had heard a great deal of 'the bush.' Here it was on either side, covering hollows, hills, slopes and summits, overwhelming the earth with its luxuriance and density. Fancy an untrimmed English hedge fifteen or twenty feet high, and scores of miles in depth, where you could see only an innumerable variety of brushwood and plants trying to overgrow each other, and you will form an

approximate idea of the thickness and character of the bush. Within the first few miles there are but few large trees to be seen; the whole is second growth. The native forest had been cut down, showing that in former times this part of the country was pretty extensively cultivated. The road, running through a country gently undulating, was one impervious glade of luxuriant leafage formed by commingling branches overhead, giving perfect shelter from the rays of the sun."

As the expedition approached the borders of Ashantee the enemy began occasionally to show themselves, firing at a distance too great for the short-range muskets, doing little or no harm, and being speedily driven back by a volley from the long-range "Snider" rifles, or a discharge from a "gatling," whose hoarse rumbling struck them with special terror.

The march was necessarily slow, frequent halts having to be be made to allow the supply-bearers to keep up with the troops. It was not until the last day of January, 1874, that the expedition reached Amsaful, twenty-five miles from Coomasie. Here the Ashantees were found strongly posted in the bush; their numbers could only be guessed at, but they were vaguely estimated at from 10,000 to 15,000. The English moved upon them, firing with perceptible effect at long range. The Ashantees replied briskly, burning powder enough, but their bullets fell short of the mark, or were so far spent as to inflict only trifling wounds. They fell back before the steady advance of their disciplined antagonists, stopping over and over again, long enough to receive another volley, to make an ineffectual reply, and then again retreating. This running fight lasted for more than twenty hours—from eight in the morning till long after midnight. The Ashantee loss was vaguely estimated at from 800 to 1,200 killed. Sir Garnet Wolseley says: "Upon the main road alone we buried 150 of their dead, and as they manifested great resolution in carrying off their wounded, their entire loss must have been heavy." The details of the English loss are singular—only four men were killed outright, but there were 193 wounded, most of them very slightly, for only about half a dozen are reported as having subsequently died of their wounds. The brunt of the fight fell upon the Highlanders, who had two killed and about 120 wounded.

On February 2d the army, leaving its baggage behind, pushed rapidly on for Coomassie. A kind of running fight was kept up during the morning, but with little loss on either side. Village after village was passed during the day; all of them were deserted by their inhabitants; but at the entrance to each of them was presented a ghastly spectacle, characteristic of Ashantee superstition. In the middle of the road lay the headless body of a young man or woman. The head was placed erect; the face turned toward the direction from which the enemy were advancing. The naked body was carefully laid out; the feet pointing toward Coomassie. This was explained to be a powerful fetich, implying, "Look at this face, ye who are coming toward our capital, and learn the doom that surely awaits you."

On the 4th a letter was received from King Coffee, begging the English to stay their march, and promising to comply with all the demands made upon him. He would at once get together the 50,000 ounces of gold-dust which had been demanded as an indemnity, and as a security for the fulfillment of his promises he would deliver up the queen-mother and Prince Mensah, the heir to the crown, as hostages. The British commander replied that he would not halt in his march until the gold and hostages were placed in his hands.

King Coffee had all along been busy with his fetiches and human sacrifices. He seems to have been persuaded that the unseen powers would at the last moment intervene and destroy the insolent invaders. The thing specially prayed for was a violent rainstorm, to dampen the ammunition of the English. It seemed now that the prayer had been answered. A violent storm had sprung up during the previous night, by which the march was somewhat delayed. It was scarcely begun on the 4th when the advance fell into an ambuscade, which cost them four killed and forty wounded. The column pressed on, amid slight skirmishing, until it reached the village of Ordahsa, eight miles from Coomassie, where King Coffee had resolved to give battle, he himself taking command in person, and threatening with instant death any chief who should give way without orders. Seated on a golden stool, under a shelter of broad plantain-leaves, he surveyed the field He soon learned, to his cost, that the rain had not impaired the efficiency of the dreaded English rifles. The Ashantees fell back sullenly before the fire poured in upon them. It was not long before a stray bullet whistled close by the royal ear; and he bade his attendants to lift the golden stool upon their shoulders and bear him from the field. The whole army broke into rapid flight. The last battle in this Ashantee campaign had been fought. It had cost the English in all just seventy-one men, killed outright or afterward dying from their wounds. Far more severe was the loss occasioned by the pestilential climate. The whole march to and from Coomassie had been performed in what is denominated the "healthy season"; but in spite of every precaution to secure the health of the troops, more than 500 died from diseases contracted on the march from the coast and back again.

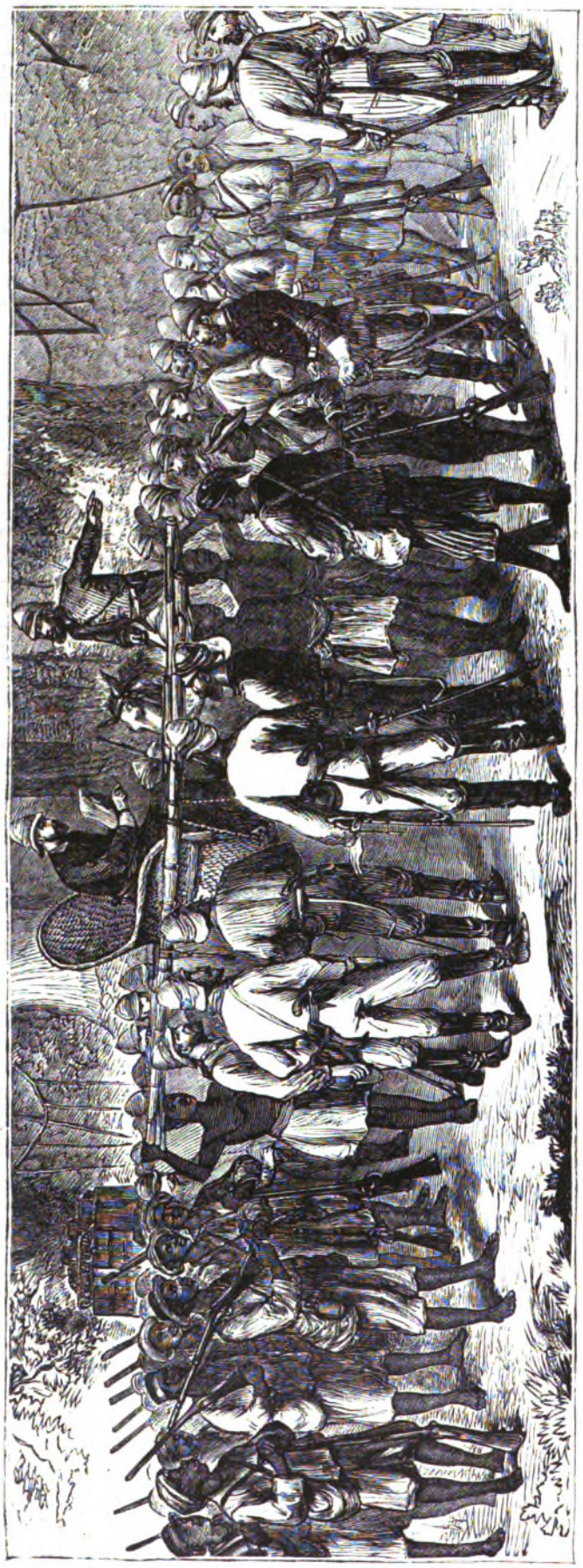
The expedition pressed on its way. Before long a messenger with a white flag appeared, bearing a letter from Mr. Dawson, an English missionary detained at Coomassie, begging that, for the sake of his own life and that of his comrades, the advance upon Coomassie should be staid. The King, he wrote, had not returned to his capital, and the whole army was in retreat, no one knew whither.

The column kept on unobstructed, and as evening was falling crossed a broad swamp, entered a broad street lined with handsome houses, and stood within the Ashantee capital. Coomassie had been described as a great city, with 100,000 inhabitants. It does, indeed, cover a considerable area, but is rather a collection of villages, having an aggregate population of not more than 20,000. The wearied soldiers laid themselves down to rest under the porticos or in the alcoves of the houses in the broad street. Darkness had fallen, when suddenly the light of a great blaze was seen in the direction of the royal palace. Another and another were soon seen in various quarters, but there seemed no danger of a general conflagration in that loosely-built town.

Sir Garnet, in his official dispatch, tells what followed the occupation of Coomassie. He had at once written a letter to King Coffee. "I am," he wrote, "in Coomassie; and my only wish is to make a lasting peace with you. I have shown you the power of England, and now I will be merciful. Send me hostages of rank and I will make peace with you to-morrow on the terms already agreed upon. If either your Royal Majesty, your Royal mother or Prince Mensah will come to see me early to-morrow morning, I will treat you with all the honor due to your royal dignity, and allow you to return in safety."

To this letter no answer was returned. It does not appear certain that it ever reached King Coffee. Sir Garnet proceeds:

"We occupied the town. Mr. Dawson was met at full



SIR GARNET WOLSELEY RECEIVING NEWS FROM THE FRONT.

CAUSE AND DESTRUCTION OF COOMASSIE, KING COFFEE'S CAPITAL.

liberty, walking through the street. I immediately issued stringent orders for the protection of the inhabitants and the safety of the town. But night fell almost immediately after our entrance, and in the darkness it was impossible to prevent some of the numerous camp-followers from pillaging. The Fantee prisoners had been released, and they probably took part. The result was the outbreak of many fires. Captain Baker, the Inspector-General of the Police, and several officers, were engaged nearly all the night in putting out the fires. One native policeman, taken in the act, was hung. . . .

"The whole scheme of Ashantee politics is so based upon treachery that the King does not either understand any other form of negotiations or believe it possible that others can have honest intentions. It became clear to me that a treaty would be as valueless to us as it was difficult to obtain. Nothing remained but to leave such a mark of our power to punish as should deter from future aggression a nation whom treaties do not bind. I had done all in my power to avoid the necessity, but it was forced upon me. I gave orders for the destruction of the palace and the burning of the city. I had at one time also contemplated the destruction of the Bantama, a mile and a half from the capital, where the sacred ashes of former kings are entombed. But this would have involved a delay of some hours. Very heavy rains had fallen, and I feared that the streams might have risen in my rear sufficiently to seriously delay my march. I therefore considered it better not further to risk the health of my troops, the wet weather having already threatened seriously to affect it. . . .

"The destruction of the palace was complete. I believe that the result will be such a diminution of the prestige and military power of the Ashantee monarch as may result in the breaking up of the kingdom altogether. In any case, I believe that the main object of my expedition has been secured. The territories of the Gold Coast will not again be troubled by the warlike ambition of this restless power. The flag of England

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY PROCEEDING TO HIS INSTALLATION AS GOVERNOR OF CYPRUS.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY HAVING A RECEPTION AT NICOSIA, CYPRUS.

from this moment, will be received throughout Western Africa with respectful awe."

The burning of Coomassie took place within less than forty-eight hours after its first occupation, and the English set out on their return to the coast. If King Coffee had been versed in European history he might perhaps have likened this hasty evacuation to the enforced abandonment of Moscow by Napoleon. As the French could not endure the snows of Russia, so the English dared not face the rains of Ashantee. Some such idea seems to have occurred to King Coffee; but if it were so his hopes were put to naught within a day or two by the arrival at Coomassie of a still stronger column from the east, who marched straight through the smoldering ashes of his capital. He therefore opened fresh negotiations for submission.

When well advanced upon his return march, Sir Garnet forwarded another dispatch to the Government at home. A few days previously he had been overtaken by a messenger from King Coffee, bearing assurances that his master was now anxious for peace upon any terms. Sir Garnet returned for reply that the Ashantee kingdom had been so severely punished that he could now afford to be lenient. The indemnity should still be fixed at 50,000 ounces of gold, but if the King would pay down 5,000 ounces, as a first installment, and as an earnest of his sincerity, the rendition of hostages would be waived, and he would be ready to arrange for a treaty; meanwhile, he would halt for three days to await His Majesty's reply. Before the time was up, Ashantee commissioners arrived. They averred that King Coffee could not, on the spur of the moment, collect more than 1,000 ounces. Somehow, Sir Garnet has within less than a week come to have quite new views as to the value of a treaty. "I thought," he says, "that it was exceedingly probable that a little additional pressure might have induced them to produce the larger sum. But I considered that the main point was to obtain the treaty of peace, and that, the money being important chiefly as a proof of complete submission, the sum now actually paid down was a matter of comparatively small consequence."

The form of a treaty was drawn up, and after some haggling on the part of the Ashantee commissioners, it was mutually agreed to. The main difficulty was as to the amount of the promised indemnity. Upon this point Sir Garnet was immovable. It should be 50,000 ounces, and no less, but the first 1,000 ounces having been paid, the remaining 49,000 should lie over, to be paid from time to time in such installments as the Queen should demand. "I fancy," adds Sir Garnet, naively, "that it is very doubtful whether the whole of the money will ever be obtained by Her Majesty's Government. But the payment of a few thousands pounds cannot be relatively of so great importance as the maintenance of peace. I incline to believe that the danger of the breaking up, to which his kingdom is exposed, unless he is on friendly terms with us, will induce him to fulfill, with as much punctuality as he is able, the conditions of the treaty." We do not learn that King Coffee has made default in the payment "on demand" of the remaining installments, and for the very good reason that no such demand appears ever to have been made. The 1,000 ounces actually paid did not go very far toward defraying the expenses of the Ashantee expedition. More than ten times as much was voted by Parliament to Sir Garnet alone as a reward for his services.

Still the treaty gives some not wholly insignificant advantages to England, all of which resolve themselves into an increase of her prestige among the tribes in this part of Africa, with the prospect of some additional trade in that quarter. The main stipulations are to the effect that—"There shall be perpetual peace between his Majesty King Coffee Calcali of Ashantee, and her Majesty Queen Victoria of England, and their respective subjects. The King of Ashantee shall pay an indemnity of 50,000 ounces of gold, in such manner as the Queen of England shall direct. The King renounces all authority over several specified tribes, formerly his subjects, but now the allies of the Queen of England; and also renounces all claim to Elmina, and to tribute from the tribes formerly connected with the Dutch Government. There shall be free trade between Ashantee and Her Majesty's forts on the coast; and the King shall, moreover, maintain a good road, fifteen feet wide, through the bush between Coomassie and the river which forms the boundary of his kingdom." And finally, "King Coffee, in order to prove the sincerity of his friendship for Queen Victoria, promises to use his best endeavors to check the practice of human sacrifices, with a view of hereafter putting an end to it altogether, as this practice is repugnant to the feelings of all the Christian nations."

The remainder of the march back to the coast was rapid and unobstructed. The troops were re-embarked for England before the unhealthy season had fairly commenced. For his conduct in command of the expedition, Sir Garnet received from Parliament a grant of £25,000, "for his courage, energy and perseverance." He was made a Knight Commander of the Bath, and was placed in command of all the "auxilary forces." The City of London presented him with a splendid sword, valued at a hundred guineas, together with the freedom of the city.

Early in 1875 a project was broached for a confederation of Cape Colony and all the other British possessions in South Africa, somewhat after the model of that of the confederate Dominion of Canada. Sir Garnet was sent to Natal, as Governor of that growing colony, and also to advise upon important points connected with the management of native affairs, and the best form of defensive operations; for, what with one thing and another, affairs in that quarter had come to wear an ominous aspect. His views do not appear to have met the approbation of the colonists at the Cape nor those of the Administration at home. At all events, he was soon recalled, only about six months elapsing between the time of his departure from England and his return in October, 1875. He, however, remained in the command of the auxiliary force, with apparently little or nothing to do, until November, 1876, when he was appointed to the merely nominal position of a member of the Council of India. At this period he turned his attention somewhat to literature. We find mention of a novel by him entitled "Marley Castle," which attracted little notice. He also published two clever magazine articles upon military topics: "France as a Military Power," and "England as a Military Power in 1854 and in 1878." The latter article contains some sharp criticism, and many sound suggestions as to the defects in the military administration and the means of remedying them. Thus:

"England has had many warnings and several hairbreadth escapes from calamity, but we have learned experience from none. We can only be saved from the fire of war by our national fire-engines, the army and navy. When danger approaches we realize this, but during a spell of profound peace we laugh at the dangers we have escaped, and we scoff at those which foreseeing men tell us may be in store for us. . . . . When danger is upon us, when an angry country insists upon our Ministry vindicating its insulted honor by force of arms, the soldier is sent for and his opinion requested; but until then his

views are decried as foolish, and the warnings he dares to utter are neglected with undisguised scorn. As individuals, we insure our lives, our ships, our houses, etc. against various risks; but, as a nation, we take no trouble to insure our empire against disasters of the most serious nature. . . . . Our fleet is now propelled by steam, so it cannot keep the sea unless we have coaling-stations in every ocean. But unless these coaling-places are fortified they can be of no use during war. Year after year the vital importance of erecting works to protect those stations has been urged by soldiers upon successive administrations, but they still remain at the mercy of the first enemy's ironclad that reaches them."

When this article was written, early in 1878, England had just escaped from the imminent peril of a war with Russia, growing out of her war with Turkey. But a like peril might again be incurred at any moment. *Apropos* of this, Sir Garnet says:

"To illustrate our present unfortunate position, I have only to tell the following story: When the Czar's army crossed the Pruth last year, his ironclad squadron, which happened to be in European waters, was dispatched to America, evidently, in the first instance, to get it away from our fleet in the event of England's having declared war. Let us consider what that insignificant squadron might have done against us. Being ready, coaled and prepared for sea as soon as the telegraph announced the declaration of war, it would most probably have started for St. Helena, picking up some of our finest steamers *en route*. Upon arrival at St. Helena it would most likely have found there one of the small English wooden war-vessels belonging to our Western Coast of Africa squadron. Such a vessel would have fallen an easy prey to the Russians, who, filling up with coal, burning all they could not carry away, and having taken from Jamestown as much money as it could pay to save it from destruction, would steam for Simon's Bay, where the same performance would be gone through. There we have a small dockyard establishment, and almost always one or two wooden war-vessels. All would be destroyed, as well as every coal-store in Cape Town. Every merchantman in Table Bay —and there is always a large quantity of shipping there—would be captured, and most probably burned. The game would then be repeated at the Mauritius, Aden, Bombay, Point de Galle, Singapore, and Hong Kong, whence the Russian squadron would make its way to Petropolovski, where it would be comparatively safe from our fleet. This is a practicable and feasible scheme, and I have no doubt that had we declared war it would have been attempted. Not only should we have then lost millions of property and several small ships flying Her Majesty's pennant, but the destruction of the coal-stores at these several ports would have completely paralyzed the action of our war-vessels in those seas, and would therefore have secured the Russians against all danger of pursuit. It would have brought our trade almost to a standstill, for merchantmen now depend nearly as much upon coal as our navy does."

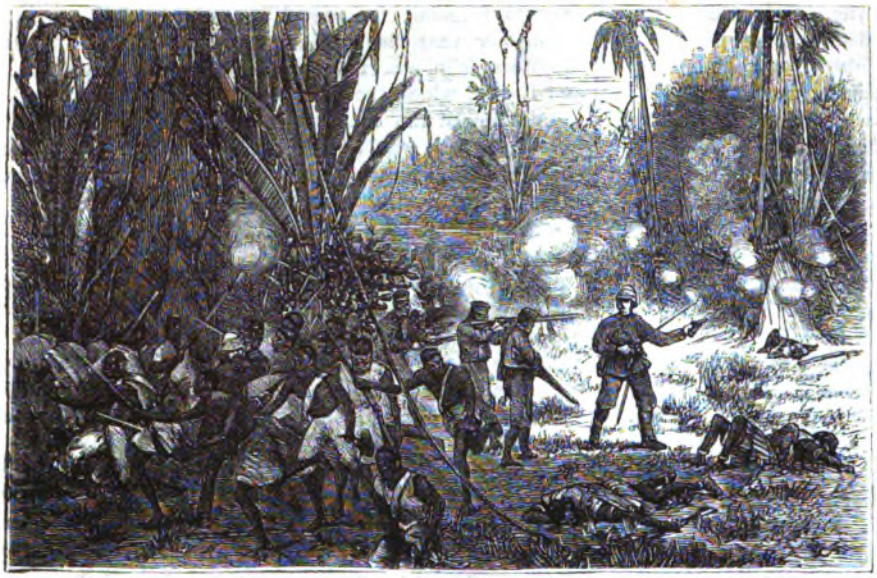
Even after peace had been patched up between Russia and Turkey there was still a warcloud in the sky. It seemed nowise improbable that England would yet, for her own safety, be forced to take up arms for Turkey against Russia. In June, 1878, a treaty was made in virtue of which, should Russia undertake further conquests in Asiatic Turkey, England was to join the Sultan for the defense of the menaced districts, and Lord Napier of Magdala was selected to command the force which might have to be employed. In return for the service thus provisionally promised, in case of need, the Sultan made over to England the actual sovereignty of Cyprus, thus giving her what she had long coveted—a foothold in the Mediterranean, a sort of stepping-stone between Gibraltar and Egypt, which the Suez Canal had rendered an essential portion of the ocean highway to India. Nominally, indeed, Cyprus was to remain a portion of the Ottoman Empire, and any excess of revenue over expenditure was to be turned over into the treasury of the Porte, but no one dreamed that Turkey would receive a para from that source.

In July, 1878, Sir Garnet Wolseley was sent to Cyprus with the sounding title of "Her Majesty's High Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief" in the island. To thinking men it looked as though this was a sort of honorable banishment, intended to keep him from meddling with military affairs. His stay in Cyprus was brief, and we soon find him back in England, where he seems to have been in no good odor with the military authorities, or, perhaps, rather with an influential clique who controlled the "red-tape" department. But events had begun to so shape themselves that the Ministry were compelled by the nowise doubtful voice of the public to call upon him to set to rights things which had been for four years going on from bad to worse in South Africa. The Zulu war broke out in 1879, and was accompanied by disasters the like of which England had never known in that quarter of her wide empire.

It would require a volume to elucidate the long-existing and deeply-rooted causes which led to that war. According to the hitherto accepted English version of the matter—it grew out of the sanguinary ambition of Cetywayo, who in 1872 had succeeded his father as King of Zululand, mainly through the influence of the neighboring British authorities of Natal, who had recognized him out of all the other numerous claimants. He, it is said, burst into the Transvaal territory, over which the British claimed jurisdiction, perpetrating innumerable atrocities. Redress was demanded in vain, and in January, 1879, Lord Chelmsford, who commanded the British army in that region, crossed the border and invaded Zululand. The entire British force amounted to 16,000 men, European and native, against whom Cetywayo could bring at least 40,000 men, most of them fairly armed, not a few having a good breech-loading rifle.

The British moved in three columns, by different roads, into an almost unknown region. The columns were not within supporting distance of each other, and each was, moreover, broken up into detachments, one of which, having in charge a valuable convoy of arms, ammunition, and stores, reached a position known as Isandlana, where it lay waiting for another portion. On the 21st of January this detachment was suddenly set upon—taken fairly by surprise—by a Zulu force estimated at 20,000, and absolutely annihilated, the British loss being fully 600. They also lost the whole of the train and a stand of regimental colors.

When tidings of this slaughter reached England, it was regarded as a great national disaster, not so much from the actual loss as from the character of the enemy by whom it had been inflicted. A gallant British force had been utterly wiped out by a horde of barbarous Africans. We cannot even touch upon the various features of the war now fully inaugurated. Suffice it to say, that within less than three months the whole British force was supposed to be on the very verge of annihilation; and for all this the blame was laid upon the incompetency of its commander, and upon the Ministry who had placed him in command. Men began to ask, in no whispered tones, "Where is the one man in all the army who has proved



A BUSH-FIGHT WITH ZULUS.

himself equal to such an emergency? Where is Sir Garnet Wolseley?" We find the answer thus set down:

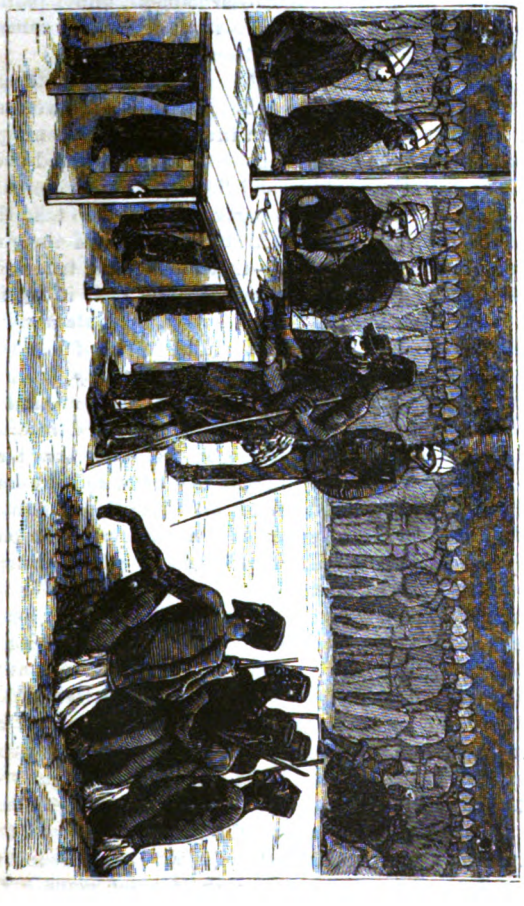
"Jealousy of Sir Garnet's reputation had enabled a cabal in the War Office to keep him at home. But, although he was not heard from, he was busy in studying the minutest movements of the campaign, and knew more of it in London than did the actual commander in the field. Suddenly the Ministry called upon him to take the field. He reported himself ready for duty in a day, explained to a Cabinet Council his proposed plan of operations, and named the time and place at which he expected to win the decisive action of the campaign. To his friends, who bade him good-by at the steamer, he foretold the date of his return, and, as if in bravado, accepted an invitation to a dinner on a day six months later."

Invested with the rank of Lieutenant-General, he was made Commander-in-Chief of all the forces in South Africa, and also chief of the civil administration of Natal and the Transvaal. He reached Cape Town on June 23d, 1879, and proceeded at once to Natal. A forward movement of the troops under Lord Chelmsford had been begun early in June, but the movement was so slow that the force did not reach its objective point for a month. Meanwhile, Cetywayo had made overtures for peace, but nothing came of them. He could not, or would not, comply with the terms demanded of him. He also kept his forces in fighting trim. As late as June 30th, Cetywayo caused a letter to be written to Lord Chelmsford by a Dutch trader, whom he held as prisoner, asking for peace. But the trader, at the risk of his life, had added: "If you come, be strong. Cetywayo has 20,000 men." On the morning of July 4th the English finally moved toward the Zulu kraal of Ulundi, where Cetywayo was posted, and formed themselves into a hollow square on the adjacent

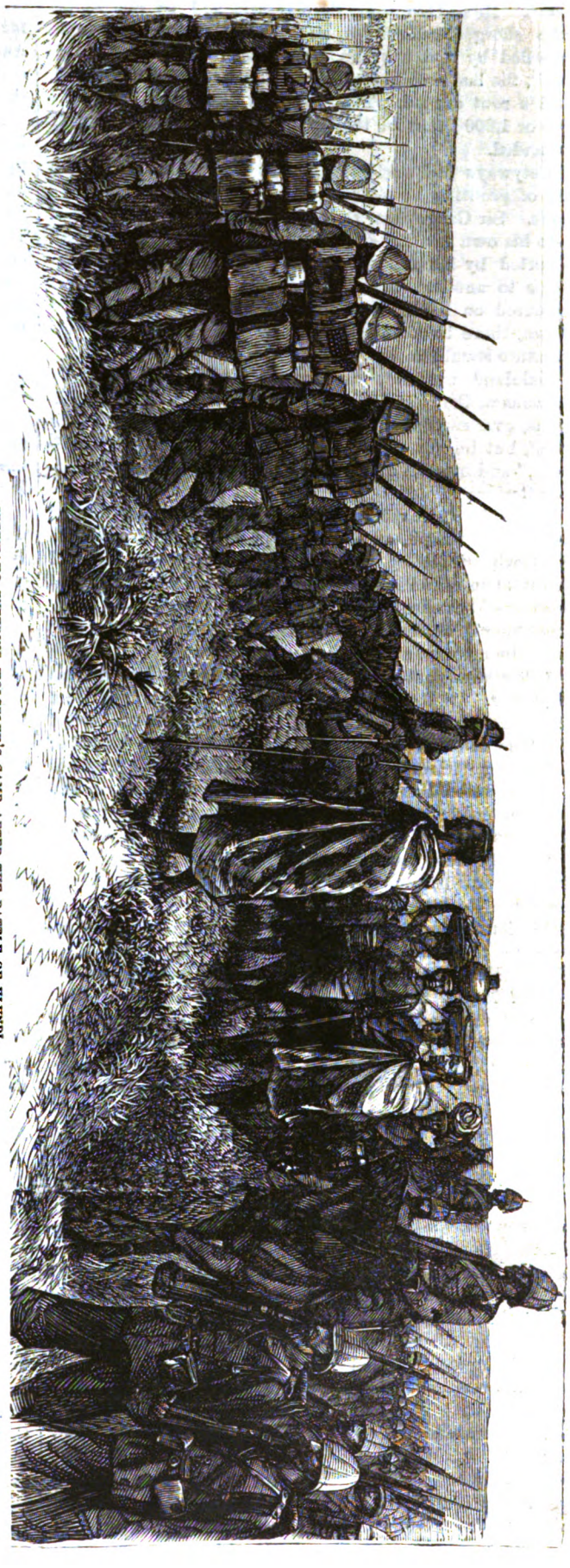
ASSAULT ON MOROSI'S MOUNTAIN.

SURRENDER OF CETEWAYO'S BROTHERS AND THEIR ARMY TO SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, AUG. 14TH, 1879.

WOLSELEY'S CAPTURE OF SEKUKUNI'S STRONGHOLD, IN THE LULU MOUNTAINS, NOV. 28TH, 1879.



ZULU CHIEFS SIGNING PEACE STIPULATIONS.



CETEWAYO ENTERING WOLSELEY'S CAMP AFTER THE BATTLE OF ULUNDI.

plain. Here they were fiercely attacked by the Zulus, who charged gallantly upon them four times, but were repelled by a steady fire, from which they as often fell back, the last time in disorder. The cavalry then charged, and a rout ensued. The Zulu loss was heavy—some say 800 or 1,000; that of the English only ten killed and 53 wounded.

Cetywayo fled northward, while Chelmsford, as incapable of profiting by a victory as of repairing a defeat, fell back. Sir Garnet saw that he must take the whole affair into his own hands. The result was that Cetywayo, now deserted by his followers, was chased from one hiding-place to another, and finally, worn out by fatigue, was captured on the 28th of August. He was sent to Cape Town, there to remain a state prisoner until the Queen's pleasure should be known.

Zululand was now thoroughly conquered. The dominions of Cetywayo were portioned out into thirteen districts, over each of which was nominally placed a native chief, but he was under the control of a British "Resident," and over all of these was placed an English Governor-Resident.

In England the result of this Zulu war was looked upon as a great triumph, all the credit of which was ascribed to Sir Garnet Wolseley, who became the popular hero. Of the wisdom of his subsequent measures we are not in possession of sufficient data to warrant a decisive judgment. One thing in their favor is, that they met with no approval from the colonial authorities at Cape Town and Natal.

It is certain that there are two sides to the story of this Zulu war. Of the one side, we have heard enough from English sources; of the Zulu side, not a word directly. Yet here and there a voice has been lifted up in behalf of these poor Africans. Thus Lady Florence Dixie, who has a wide personal knowledge of the Zulus, writes in the London magazine, the *Nineteenth Century* for the month of August, 1882:

"Barely three years have passed away since the British army returned from its victorious campaign in Zululand. Its errand had been to destroy large numbers of a brave and gallant people, to level to the ground their dwellings, to waste their country, to hunt down and capture their King. Few who fought in that terrible struggle on the side of Might know why or wherefore they were called upon to sacrifice their lives; while those on the side of Right saw only their country attacked, their liberties threatened, and the King of their choice menaced by the invading army of the white man. In its tomb among the Blue Books slept the secret of the Zulu war. Immured from the public gaze lay securely hidden the story of ambition; for who amid that populace who applauded as they heard of British success would be found to unearth the story of British injustice and cruelty? Over the water wondrous tales came speeding to British ears. They proclaimed aloud the savagery and despotic sway of the Zulu King. Men listened, and accepted as truth the inventions of that policy which scrupled not by such means to clothe its actions in the garb of Necessity and Truth. England invaded Zululand, and the old story of Might over Right was repeated—the old drama rehearsed with painful precision. But it was the struggle of the arena where the wild beast had been brought forth to conquer or die. Fierce and desperate was the struggle. The valor of the beast had been under-estimated; terrible were the wounds he inflicted in his gallant efforts for existence, and dearly did Might pay for her ultimate victory over Right."

It seems now indeed that the British Government has in mind to undo all that Sir Garnet Wolseley did in Zululand. The Zulu people have, over and over again, begged for the reinstatement of their captive King, Cetywayo. And now, after his three years of confinement, we are told that the British Government has decided to accede to their request.

But Sir Garnet Wolseley yet remains the popular favorite of the English people; and now that the old Sphinx riddle of Egypt suddenly presents itself in an unexpected aspect, the British Government turns instinctively to him as the only man who can help to solve it. This Egyptian difficulty, which has so suddenly come to an apparent crisis, is no new thing. As far as the Egyptians (or Arabs, as they choose to style themselves) are concerned, it is the inevitable outgrowth of a desire to free themselves from the virtual domination of powers alien to them in race and hateful to them in religion. The army is the only nucleus around which an Egyptian nation can gather itself, and that army has suddenly fallen under the control of Achmet el Ourabi (Achmet the Arab), commonly designated Arabi Pasha—a man of the purest Arab blood, claiming, indeed, to be a lineal descendant of the Prophet.

Outside of his own country no man ever heard his name until eighteen months ago, when he, being a colonel in the Egyptian army, headed a military mutiny, and forced the young and feeble Khédive to accede to several important reforms demanded by the soldiery. Not long after this he was made Minister of War, and became master of the Khédive, who soon began to chafe under his domination. An ardent Mohammedan, the English had come to be the objects of his special detestation. They had stationed a powerful fleet in the harbor of Alexandria. Arabi began to throw up fortifications there. The British Admiral affected to consider these earthworks as a menance to him, and insolently demanded their disarmament, under pain of the bombardment of the city. This was scornfully refused by Arabi, and the bombardment ensued.

So far as we can now judge, Arabi had a twofold purpose in view: First, to tempt the British to some overt act which should throw upon them the odium of opening a war, and thus fire the Mohammedan heart the world over. Second, to test the courage and fidelity of his adherents, the growing Arabic-Egyptian party. Those who take this view of the matter think that Arabi has imbibed the profound conception of Napoleon—that India is the true point at which England should be assailed—and that if he, the descendant of the Prophet, should unfurl the standard of a sacred war against these island infidels, all of the true believers, not only of Egypt, Arabia, and Turkey, but also those of Turkestan and India, would rally around it and drive the hated islanders from the wide dominions which they have overrun. The English have, indeed, what seems to be a powerful army in India, but the bulk is made up of natives, and the lesson of the Sepoy mutiny gives significant indications of how much worth the oath of fealty to the British Empress would be when brought into conflict with the hatred of race and religion.

There are others, however, who give Arabi credit for no such far-reaching aspirations. They look upon him as a mere adventurer, raised by accident to sudden notoriety, and soon to fall back into his former obscurity. What sort of a man he is, is the first problem of which Sir Garnet Wolseley has to seek the solution; and this needs to be quickly done. Every week of delay is fraught with peril to the peace of the world. Such are the jealousies and conflicting interests among the European powers that kindle a war anywhere, and there is no sure forecasting the extent to which it will grow, or in what manner the combatants will range themselves. Should Arabi be

speedily put down, the wheels will most likely be set running a while in their old ruts. Should he hold his own for a time, and, moreover, be upheld by the Sublime Porte, which is casting about for means of resuming in reality its nominal rule over Egypt, stranger things have happened in our own days than to find Russia taking upon herself the position of protector of Turkey against England, and looking toward the Indies rather than the Bosphorus for new conquests.

Most likely before what we now write shall meet the eye of the reader, the question will have been virtually decided whether there is at present to be any real war. If there shall be, England seems to be shut up to the choice of Sir Garnet Wolseley as her commander. In that case the issue only can decide whether "England's only living general" is, indeed, any great general at all.

GONE HOME.

By Hannah Muller.

Oh, go and call my darling, wherever she doth hide,
For I am weary waiting, watching for her every day;
You'll find her gathering wild flowers upon the mountain side,
Or wandering, singing to herself in valleys far away.
Go stand out on the hillside, beneath the hawthorn bloom—
If you hear a wild bird singing, 'tis my darling coming home.

Oh, go and call my darling, for the days are dark and sad,
And all the world seems lonely—to me so long alone—
I'm longing! oh, I'm longing for the voice that made me glad;
My heart keeps beating, out of tune, for all its music's gone.
Go, stand down in the meadow, amidst the flowering broom—
If you see the day grow brighter, then my darling's coming home.

Alas! I am forgetting, an evening calm and still,
I watched within a quiet room, and all I loved was there;
The sun was setting far away behind the western hill,
When suddenly the light was gone, which made my life so dear.
You need not go to seek her, she never more will come,
For I heard the angels singing for my darling going home.

THE GREAT EN DESHABILLE.

Swift relieved his tense and tragic moods by harnessing his servants with cords—on one occasion he insisted on harnessing his learned and respectable friend, Dr. Sheridan—and driving them up and down the stairs and through the rooms of his deanery. Peter the Great sought to unbend himself by being wheeled over the flowerbeds and neat parterres of his host's garden in a wheelbarrow, as poor Sir William Temple found to his cost. That accomplished diplomatist appears to have felt his chagrin at the failure of his Triple Alliance mere child's play to his feelings at beholding the Russian monarch riding roughshod over the priceless tulips of Moor Park.

Cardinal Mazarin is said to have been fond of shutting himself up in a room and jumping over the chairs, arranged in positions varying according to the degrees of difficulty in clearing them. Of this weakness on the part of his eminence, an amusing anecdote is told. On one occasion, while engaged in these athletics, he forgot to lock the door. A young courtier inadvertently entering the room, surprised the great man in his undignified pursuit. It was an embarrassing position, for Mazarin was, he knew, as haughty as he was eccentric. But the young man was equal to the crisis. Assuming the intensest interest in the proceedings, he exclaimed, with well-feigned earnestness, "I will bet your eminence two gold pieces I can beat that jump." He had struck the right cord, and in two minutes he was measuring his leaping powers with the prime minister, whom he took care not to beat. He lost his two gold pieces, but he gained before long a mitre.

Samuel Clarke relieved his theological pursuits in the same way, and on one occasion, seeing a pedantic fellow approaching, said to the pupil who was sharing his amusement: "Now we must stop, for a fool is coming in." Old Burton, the author of the "Anatomie of Melancholy," the only book which got Dr. Johnson out of his bed two hours before he intended to rise, found his chief recreation in going down to Folly Bridge, at Oxford, and listening to the ribaldry of the bargees; "which did cleare away his vapores, and make him laugh as he would die." Innocent III., probably the greatest pontiff who ever sat on the throne of St. Peter, relieved his graver amusement of playing at nine-pins with the potentates of Europe by gossiping familiarly with an old monk on a seat at a fountain in the Vatican. He would listen for hours to the stories and pointless anecdotes with which his humble companion, who had traveled a great deal, regaled him.

The lighter hours of Bishop Corbet have been very graphically described by one who knew him well. His lordship's favorite companion was his chaplain, Dr. Lushington. When the business of the day was over the bishop delighted to descend with this faithful henchman into the cellar of the episcopal palace. Corbet would then doff his hood, saying, "There lies the doctor," he would then divest himself of his gown, adding, "There lies the bishop." The glasses were filled and the toast was drunk, "Here's to thee, Lushington." "Here's to thee, Corbet."

The celebrated Dean Aldrich was the slave of his pipe. There is a story in the biography of John Phillips, the poet, which not only amusingly illustrates this weakness on the part of the dean, but gives us a curious glimpse of the free and easy way in which the dons and undergraduates of those days used to live. A senior student laid a wager with one of his college chums that the dean was at that instant smoking his pipe, that instant being about ten o'clock in the morning. Away, therefore, he went to the deanery, where, having made his way into the dean's study, he explained the reason of his appearance at so early an hour. "Ah," replied the dean, with the utmost coolness, "you have lost your wager, for I am not smoking but filling my pipe."

Of the amusements of Domitian, Suetonius tells a curious anecdote.

"At the beginning of his reign," writes this delightful gossip, "the Emperor used to spend daily an hour by himself in private, during which time he was wholly taken up in catching flies, and sticking them through the body with a bodkin."

Goldsmith, Shelley and Macaulay would idle away whole days in romping with children. Of all the pastimes in which philosophers have unbent themselves, perhaps the most extraordinary was that of Spinoza. He devoted much of his leisure to catching and training spiders. These creatures he would pit against each other in single combat, laughing immoderately at their manœuvres and carefully seeing that they fought fairly.

Godolphin spent all the time he could spare from public business at the cockpit. Nero unbent himself by constructing hydraulic clocks, and Charles II. by conducting chemical experiments. Prince Rupert almost lived in his laboratory, and to his recreations we are indebted for the invention of mezzotinto.

It is curious to notice how men who have been noted for their polish and culture as writers or conversationalists in

their leisure moments found a strange pleasure in associating with their inferiors. Prior, one of the most elegant of our minor poets, the companion of princes and diplomatists, constantly passed whole evenings in chatting with a common soldier and his slattern wife in a low public-house

PORTRAIT OF CETEWAYO, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH JUST TAKEN IN LONDON.

in Long Acre. Thomas Wharton, the historian of English poetry, and a singulary refined scholar, was often to be found in sordid taverns joking and being joked. Porson and Elmsley had similar propensities; so also had Turner, the painter. Machiavelli and Burke delighted to forget politics by sharing the labors of their farm-servants; and even the stately Bolingbroke, as we learn from one of Pope's most delightful letters, was not above shouldering a prong. Byron's principal amusement during his residence at Venice was shooting with a pistol at a coin in a cleft stick, and that pursuit he practiced more methodically than any other thing in his unmethodical life.

HAWK FEIGNING DEATH.

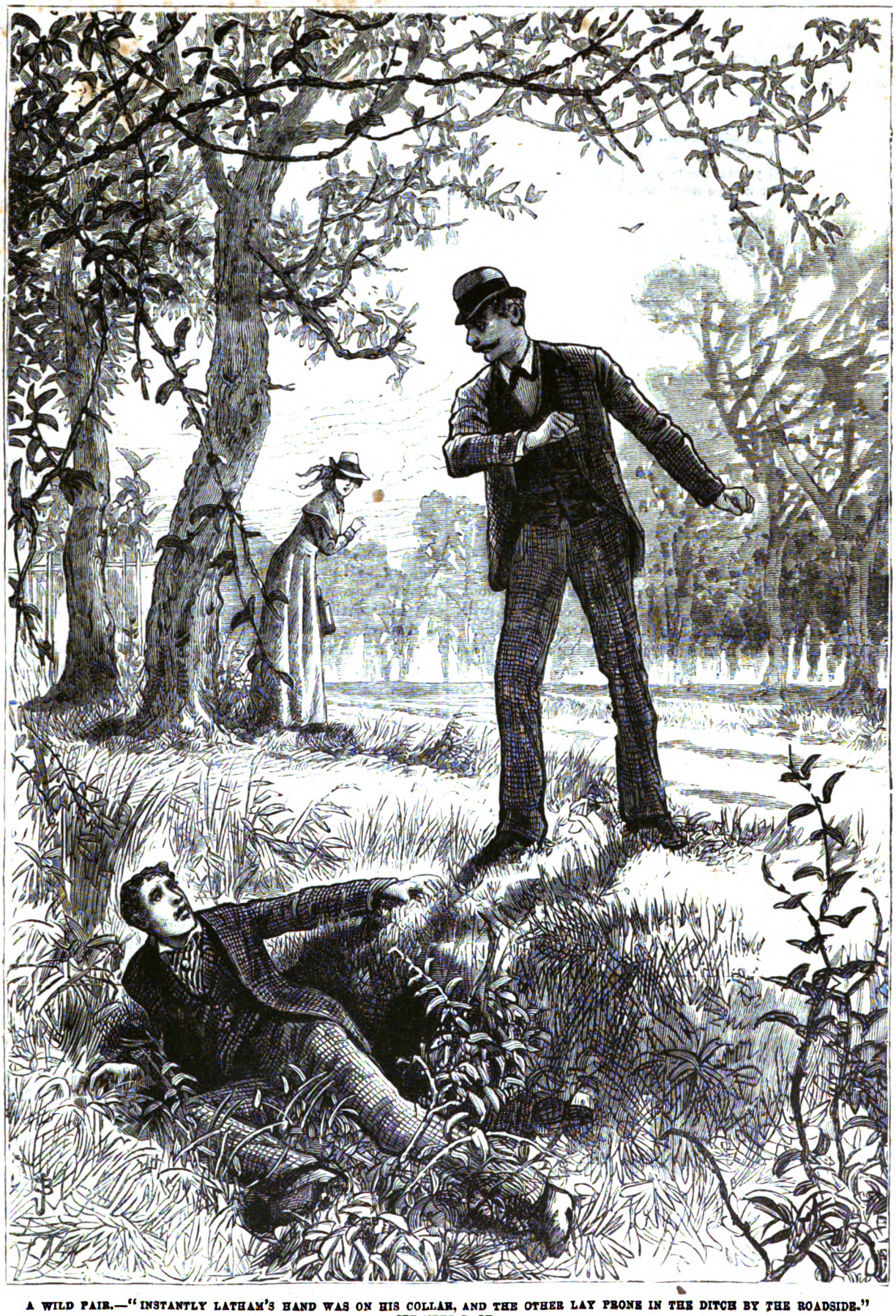
During the first week of this year, whilst a little boy, about four years old, was playing close to the window in the hall of a large shooting lodge near Sheffield, England, a kestrel-hawk dashed right through the glass in to the room. It is difficult to decide whether it intended to strike him or flew at the reflection, on the glass, of a bird passing the window; the latter is the gamekeeper's supposition. The hawk was caught in the room and put into a wire meat-safe, where it refused to eat. The next day, whilst two or three people were watching, it suddenly flew up to the top of the safe and seized the front wires with its claws; after perching there for a short time it gradually allowed itself to slide round until it hung head downward, to all appearance dead. Unfortunately for itself, it did not close its eyes, the brightness of which caused the lookers-on to suspect deceit. They cautiously opened the door and immediately Mr. Hawk "resurrected" and made a dash at the door, but failed to make his escape. Although only a last year's bird it had to be killed, as it continued to refuse food.

FRANKLIN PIERCE'S FIRST CASE.

The first step made by President Franklin Pierce toward distinction is thus related: One man had stabbed another in an affray, the knife entered the left side, below the eleventh rib, and in consequence the injured man had died. The murderer was to be tried, and some tyro could avail himself of the opportunity to defend the doomed man. The task fell to young Pierce, just then entering the profession of law. The case was so clear that most lawyers of even more experience would have been content with a moving appeal to the jury. Not so the embryo executive, who set about in good earnest, despite all evidence, to prove the man innocent. First, he adroitly managed to have the trial postponed three months. He then went to the office of a physician, and asked him if he would take a student, intimating his desire to pursue a course of study in physiology. The practitioner started at the proposition, but responded in the affirmative, and Pierce began to study, and he persevered for the intervening three months, taking care to make himself thoroughly conversant with the human frame, and charging his memory with all technicalities, so that he had every term at his tongue's end. The trial commenced in the usual form. Three surgeons were sworn, who testified that the man thus pounded must have died of the wounds inflicted. At length Pierce was permitted to cross-examine the surgeons. He demanded what tissues and membranes the knife must have passed. The surgeons, who had not supposed it incumbent upon them to "study up," could not explain; they were, of course, positive that the victim was murdered and that the prisoner ought to be punished; but under the close questioning of Pierce they halted and blundered This prepared a way for the defense to make an effective plea. He cautioned the jury against being swayed by men so

GONE HOME.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 399.

ignorant that they could not even tell the names of certain tissues, and thence cunningly argued that the victim did not die of the wound, and that the prisoner was not, therefore, guilty of murder. Thus he won upon the jury, and to the amazement of all the guilty man was acquitted.



A WILD PAIR.—"INSTANTLY LATHAM'S HAND WAS ON HIS COLLAR, AND THE OTHER LAY PRONE IN THE DITCH BY THE ROADSIDE."
SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE DUKE OF ATHOL.

"I AM gaing awa', Jeanie,
I am gaing awa',
I am gaing ayont the saut seas,
I'm gaing sae far awa'."

"Whan will you marry me, Jamie,
Whan will ye marry me?
Will ye tak' me to your countrie—
Or wil ye marry me?"

"How can I marry thee, Jeanie,
How can I marry thee,
When I've a wife and bairns three?—
Twa would na wall agree."

"Wae be to your fause tongue, Jamie,
Wae be to your fause tongue!
Ye promised for to marry me,
And has a wife at hame!"

"If my wife wad dee, Jeanie,
And sae my bairns three,
I wad tak' ye to my ain countrie—
And married we wad be."

"O an your head were sair, Jamie,
O an your head were sair,
I'd tak' the napkin frae my neck
And tie down your yellow hair."

"I ha'e nae wife at a', Jeanie,
I ha'e nae wife at a';
I ha'e neither wife nor bairns three,
I said it to try thee.

"Blair in Athol is mine, Jeanie,
Blair in Athol is mine;
Bonnie Dunkel is where I dwell,
And the boats o' Garry's mine."

A WILD PAIR.

By S. A. Weiss.

Mrs. Pomphret sat erect in her armchair, her thin fingers tightly enlaced, and her hard black eyes fixed expectantly upon the door. Her "companion," Miss Hilliard, stood at a window, with compressed lips and a virtuous expression of countenance, as she industriously knitted at a piece of crotchet-work.

A light step was heard, followed by a tap at the door, and there entered a very pretty and graceful girl, with clear, olive complexion and bright, dark-brown eyes.

"Did you send for me, madame?" she inquired.

"I did, Miss Staffage. Sit down. I want to speak to you."

She obeyed quietly.

"I have heard," said the old lady, solemnly, "something which very much surprised me—something concerning yourself, Miss Staffage."

The young lady looked inquiringly, but said nothing.

"I see that you understand me," resumed Mrs. Pomphret, severely. "And I must say, Miss Staffage, that when I engaged you as my granddaughter's governess, I did not expect—could not have anticipated—that you could be guilty of conduct so very imprudent, to say the least of it, as that of which you are accused."

The old lady was excited. Miss Staffage, on the contrary, was perfectly cool and self-possessed.

"May I inquire, madam, to what act of mine you allude? I may then be able to understand you."

"You know very well to what I allude. A young person cannot be followed about the streets by a man, and have secret interviews and correspondence with him, and not know that it will be talked about."

"Who told you that I had been followed about by a man?" inquired Miss Staffage, with a quick, just perceptible glance at Miss Hilliard, whose eyes dropped demurely upon her work.

"That does not matter. Sufficient that it *has* been noticed and remarked upon."

"Your informant must have been interested in this man and watched him closely, since I was not myself aware of his following me about."

"But this man has been seen walking with you."

"A gentleman did walk with me on one occasion, a day or two since."

"And last evening—only last evening—he threw you a note over the garden-wall."

"He gave the note to Meta, who was looking over the wall, and she, of course, brought it to me."

"Don't mix up my granddaughter's name with this affair, if you please, Miss Staffage. On receiving this note you met the man at the gate, and stood there an hour talking to him, in the twilight, as you thought, unobserved."

"I stood there not quite two minutes. I spoke about a dozen words to the gentleman."

"What business had you to speak to him at all in such a manner? A *gentleman* could have visited you in the house. And now, Miss Staffage, I feel it my duty to demand an explanation of such conduct. I desire to know who and what this person is, and what business he had with you?"

"I do not know who the gentleman is. He is a perfect stranger to me," said the young lady, coolly.

Mrs. Pomphret stared at this avowal, and Miss Hilliard rolled her eyes deprecatingly to heaven.

"And yet you talked to him—walked with him."

"It was in the heavy rain of Thursday. The gentleman overtook me about half way from the town and offered the shelter of his umbrella, which I, of course, accepted."

"I do not see why you should have felt yourself obliged to accept such an attention from a stranger."

"I did not choose to have my new hat spoiled by the rain," she answered, composedly.

"Had you ever before seen this man?"

"Never."

"But he had been following you, and staring at you in church and in all public places. You must have observed it."

"I am so accustomed to being stared at that I don't generally notice it," she said, carelessly.

Miss Hilliard gave a sniff.

"Before *I* would express such an opinion of my own attractions!" said she, compressing her lips and shaking her head.

"You will be spared the necessity," retorted Miss Staffage; and the "companion's" little beadlike eyes snapped venomously.

Mrs. Pomphret interposed.

"You have not explained this man's visit last evening."

"I am quite willing, if it interests you. In the rain on Thursday, the better to hold up my dress, I had drawn off

my wet glove, and with it my ring." She held up her hand, and displayed a ruby ring on her finger. "I missed it almost immediately, and proposed turning back to look for it, but it was raining too heavily. I did search next morning, but in vain. That evening, as I was in the garden with Meta, the gentleman passed and gave her a note for me, without address, as he did *not* know my name, simply informing me that, in returning through the rain, he had searched for and found the ring, and desired to know how he should safely return it to me. The best and easiest way was to go myself to the gate and receive it, and thank him for the trouble he had taken."

Mrs. Pomphret puckered up her lips and looked doubtful.

Miss Hilliard smiled sarcastically, and gave an incredulous sniff.

"Miss Staffage, are you not aware how very imprudent it is to hold such intercourse with a stranger?"

"I know that most people would consider it so; but I have confidence in myself, and don't trouble myself about other people's opinion."

"The man may be a thief—a murderer."

"He impresses me as a gentleman."

"Do you propose, if I may inquire, to keep up this acquaintance?" inquired the old lady, severely.

"Certainly not; I have recovered my ring and am satisfied."

"But *he* may seek to do so."

"Then he must obtain a proper introduction," she answered, carelessly.

A pause ensued. Miss Staffage suppressed a slight yawn as she gazed from the window. Mrs. Pomphret stared at her with a puzzled air.

"Have you anything more to say, madam?" inquired the young lady, at length.

"I have this to say, Miss Staffage: I am willing to overlook your conduct in this instance on one condition only, which is, that it is not repeated. If ever you recognize or speak to this man again, I, of course, shall not consider it proper to have you remain under my roof."

"I do not expect to remain here, madam."

"What?"

"In two weeks my term of engagement will be ended. I shall then leave; and if you will agree to my going before then I shall be very glad."

"But I thought you intended remaining another year?"

"Not, certainly, after the insult to which I have this day been exposed."

"But I understood that you have no home. Where will you go to?"

"That concerns myself only."

"We can guess," said Miss Hilliard, with a sneer.

Miss Staffage took no notice of this speech except by the slightest possible expression of disgust.

"You are welcome to go," broke in Mrs. Pomphret, angrily. "And the sooner the better, perhaps. I should not have thought of keeping you a day longer but from compassion."

"And because of Meta's improvement in French and music, to say nothing of the impossibility of obtaining another governess at so low a salary," said Miss Staffage, with perfect coolness and composure, and she even smiled—a smile of careless contempt—as she quietly walked out of the room, stopping to caress the little dog which fawned on her as she passed.

"That is the strangest, most unmanageable girl that I have ever met with in the course of my life," was Mrs. Pomphret's comment, as the door closed on her, while her companion shook her head slowly, and murmured: "She will never come to any good, depend upon it."

Once in her own room, Miss Staffage seated herself in a rocking-chair, and lapsed into a thoughtful mood. It was curious to observe the various expressions that flitted across her face. First, there was a look of utter disgust and contempt; then came a flush of indignation, succeeded by a thoughtfulness that deepened to sadness; and finally, a slow moisture gathered in her eyes, and two tears trembled on the long lashes.

She felt so utterly alone in the world, this girl of twenty. Her father had been an army officer, and her childhood had been passed in following him about from one station to another, so that she had never known what it was to have a home, or a circle of kindred, or intimate friends.

She had grown to the age of twelve, a romp and a tomboy, petted by some people, neglected by others, and learning to depend upon herself generally. Then her parents died, and her uncle, not knowing what else to do with her, had sent her to an expensive boarding-school, and there kept her, until at nineteen, having learned all that there was to be learned, he was reluctantly compelled to take her to his bachelor home.

It did not suit him to keep her there; in fact, he felt rather afraid of her, from what he had heard of her cleverness and high spirit, and partly for his own sake, and partly for hers. He, like the thorough man of business he was, lost no time in endeavoring to get her well married and off his hands.

In this laudable effort fortune favored him. Being called upon to make the will of an intimate friend, he found the latter in great anxiety regarding an only son, a wild young fellow whom he was about to leave master of himself and a large fortune.

In the father's opinion, the only thing that could save him was a wife, and a good wife. But Philip had a settled aversion to matrimony, and had frequently declared his intention never to hamper himself with a family, but to lead a free-and-easy life with his bachelor friends.

In this the father foresaw his ruin both morally and physically, as also the dissipation of the property which had cost himself a lifetime of labor to accumulate. What was to be done?

Mr. Ralph Chetwood came to the assistance of his friend. He had a niece just nineteen, handsome, clever and a good girl—this last with some hesitation—the daughter of his brother George—surely his friend remembered poor George? She had nothing of her own, it was true, but he meant to leave his own money to her, as his only near of kin.

In short, the two arranged it between themselves, and on his deathbed the father won from the son a promise to marry Genevra Chetwood, provided, of course, he could gain her consent. Should she refuse him, he was to marry, at any rate, before his twenty-fifth birthday, or lose half the fortune which would otherwise be his.

And Genevra? When informed by her uncle that a very handsome and wealthy young gentleman was anxious to marry her, she had laughed a little, shrugged her shoulders, and declared that she would prefer remaining single for some years to come. She wanted to enjoy herself before submitting to the matrimonial yoke.

But Ralph Chetwood was in earnest, and he represented that she would probably never again have so good a chance, and even went so far as to hint that she was very much in his way at present, and that it would be a great relief to him to shift the responsibility of her safe-keeping upon some other hands. This decided the matter, and she

gave an immediate half-bitter consent, on which preparations commenced for the marriage.

Genevra sometimes wondered that this eager lover never came to see her, and never even wrote to her. But her uncle had a plausible excuse for this unlover-like conduct; and so a day came at length when she was to give her hand to the man whose face she had never yet looked upon.

She was thinking it all over now, as she sat there alone in her own room, looking down through the twilight into Mrs. Pomphret's garden. She recalled how she had stood at the mirror, robing herself in her bridal dress, with strange hopes and fears, which for the first time began to tremble at her heart.

Could she love this man whose wife she was to become? Could he love her, whom he had never yet seen? And if so, might they not be happy, after all? What pains she had taken with her dress, and to arrange her hair becomingly!

For hours she had sat and waited, and wondered at the bridegroom's delay, while her uncle walked uneasily about the house, and looked at his watch with an angry frown on his brow. He knew that Philip Kingsley had arrived by a train some hours later than that which had been fixed upon, and that even now he seemed in no hurry to leave his hotel.

At last, however, he did make his appearance, accompanied by a friend. And Genevra, thinking it all over, remembered the strange thrill with which she had caught the sound of his step in the hall. And then it had occurred to her to go to the guest-chamber and take one look at herself in the great, old-fashioned mirror which stood between the windows, and she remembered how, on the very threshold, she had been arrested by the sound of strange voices and her own name uttered.

She remembered every word as though they had been heard but yesterday.

"But suppose you take a fancy to her, after all? She is said to be uncommonly pretty and interesting."

'Pooh! How can a fellow take a fancy to a girl with no more womanly delicacy than to give herself to such a match? She has not even the pride to resent my intentional slight and neglect, as I had hoped she would. It was my only chance of escape, but has failed me, as you see. She has decided to marry me, and I must submit. You see, it is the money she wants."

"With such feelings, you do both her and yourself a wrong in marrying her."

"I promised my poor father on his death-bed. How could I do less? I had not been the comfort to him that I might have been, and I would have made a greater sacrifice than this in order to ease and cheer his last moments."

Yes, she remembered every word, and the terrible shock of that discovery, and the passion of shame and indignation with which she had hurried back to her room, torn off the bridal dress, and, without a word to her uncle, save a few lines of passionate reproach for the deception practiced on her, had fled from the house and out into the great world, homeless and penniless.

She had found a temporary refuge with an old schoolmate and her widowed mother, through whose kind efforts she had obtained the situation of governess to Mrs. Pomphret's little granddaughter.

"How can I marry thee, Jeanie—how can I marry thee?"

THE DUKE OF ATHOL.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 402.

She had even changed her name as a precaution against being traced by her uncle, and her two friends kept her secret.

All this had occurred more than a year past, and she now found herself in precisely the situation in which she had been at first, except that there was now no friend to whom she could turn.

Her schoolmate had married, and, with her mother, gone far away to a distant State. She was alone, with all the wide world before her, and no place that she could call her own. She might still retain her position at Mrs. Pomphret's, but to live on that dreary, lifeless way, exposed to constant intercourse with little and uncongenial minds she felt she could no longer endure.

"I wish I were a man," she thought, bitterly. "What slaves women are, fettered down by conventionalities and proprieties! Were I a man, I could go alone into the world and win my own fortune. I feel that I could do anything, from laying bricks to leading a forlorn hope."

Finally she sat down and wrote an advertisement for a position as governess, or school-teacher, and putting on her hat, started with it to the printing-office.

The hour was late, and it was some distance from the suburban residence of Mrs. Pomphret to the little town. It was a pretty, retired walk—a road, rather than a street—shaded with trees, and with here and there a cottage villa set back amid gardens. Having reached the town, she dropped her letter in the office-box and turned to retrace her steps.

DUCK-SHOOTING.—SEE PAGE 410.

It was just at this moment that she caught sight of a gentleman on the opposite side of the street, who was evidently observing her. As she walked on, she noticed that he kept at the same distance, and when she purposely turned in another direction he did the same.

Her cheek flushed; she lifted her head proudly, and with somewhat of a dangerous light in her eyes. It was true, then, what Mrs. Pomphret had said. This young man, the same who had restored to her the lost ring, was accustomed to follow her about. It was time that a stop should be put to this.

Pausing just where the street merged into the shaded avenue, Miss Staffage (we will call her still by her assumed name) turned about and deliberately faced her pursuer.

"Sir," she said, with a vivid flush on her cheek, but with great dignity of manner, "may I inquire why it is that you follow me?"

He was taken by surprise, but in a moment recovering, courteously lifted his hat.

"I was not aware that my motions were observed. Permit me to apologize."

He should have gone then, but instead he remained, with the air of one respectfully awaiting commands. She, too, paused as if expecting him to leave, and as they thus faced each other, a sense of the ludicrousness of the situation brought a slight smile to her lips, at sight of which the gentleman's eyes instantly brightened. Then she bit her lip, and grew proud and indignant again.

"Sir," she said, haughtily, "if you are a gentleman you will turn back and leave me alone."

"Madam," he answered, with a dignity equal to her own, "I do claim to be a gentleman."

"If I had doubted it I should not have appealed to yourself, but to the police. Only see, sir," she added, abruptly, "to what you are exposing me."

A flashily-dressed young man had slowly passed, and, pausing at a little distance, was looking back at the indignant girl and her companion.

The latter gave one glance.

"Madam," said he, gravely, "you as a lady, and I as a gentleman, must be aware that there is now but one course for us to pursue. Permit me to see you safely home. I have a right to insist upon this."

She hesitated, but observing the attention of the stranger still directed toward them, she turned, and the two walked on quietly without a word.

Miss Staffage was angry. She bit her lip, and her color went and came. At last she broke out:

"I do not know your name, sir, but——"

"Latham is my name——"

"It does not matter; but if I were a man, Mr. Latham, do you know what I should be tempted to do, under present circumstances? I should give you a lesson for forcing a woman into a situation such as this—a lesson which you should remember."

"I assure you I am extremely troubled at having excited your displeasure. You must be aware that I had no intention of anything in the least disrespectful."

There was something so genuinely sincere in his tone and manner that she was softened.

"I don't accuse you of intentional disrespect. But do you know to what your thoughtlessness has already exposed me? To censure and insult, which has forced me to give up my present situation as governess. I tell you this in order that it may be a warning in future how you bring unprotected women into trouble."

"It is not possible!" he said, with genuine trouble in his handsome eyes. "Pray do not tell me this. How can you forgive me? How can I forgive myself?"

"You may spare half your regrets," she answered, less severely than before. "It is not pleasant, certainly, to be exposed to rudeness and suspicion; but for the place itself, I regret nothing in giving it up. I am going far away from here, and neither these people nor yourself will again have it in your power to annoy me."

"But to think that I should really have been the cause of this trouble to you! I would sooner have died than that it should have happened. Will you believe me?"

She looked at him. Their eyes met, and a faint color rose to her cheek. She answered, demurely:

"I won't be rude enough to say that I doubt you."

"And you will forgive me?"

"*Cela depende*," she answered, carelessly.

A slight pause.

"You say you are going away," said the gentleman, presently.

"Yes—as far away from here as I can get."

"It would be very presumptuous in me to say that I am sorry, or to inquire——"

"Very presumptuous, indeed."

"And yet I have been accustomed to seeing you occasionally at church, at the concerts, and it is natural that I should regret to lose that pleasure."

"You are speaking to a stranger, Mr. Latham."

"I have wished a thousand times, Miss Staffage, that we were not strangers. Had we but one mutual acquaintance to properly introduce us——"

"But we haven't. I may be an adventuress, and you an escaped convict, for what either of us knows. And now that we are so near home I may venture to dispense with your escort, and also with returning thanks for the same, seeing that I was forced into accepting it. So good-night and good-by, Mr. Latham."

With a half haughty, half saucy expression she turned away. He stood where she had left him and looked after her. Some one hurried past, and he saw that it was the man who had been watching them. Instantly he followed and laid his hand on the man's arm.

"A word with you. You are not following that lady?"

"What business is it of yours?"

"I shall make it my business to see that she is not annoyed."

"You will?" with a sneer. "You were following her yourself, and if you presume to interfere with me——" And he lifted his hand menacingly.

Instantly Latham's hand was on his collar, and the other lay prone in the ditch by the roadside. He was up in a moment, and with an oath, had clutched his antagonist. There was a struggle, a gleam of steel, and while the stranger made off Latham stood binding up a wound in his wrist. In another moment Miss Staffage was by his side.

"Good heaven, you are wounded! Here, take my handkerchief—do; or, rather, let me bind it up for you."

"It is nothing—only a scratch. He missed his aim, as you see."

"It was the man who was following us. But there are footsteps approaching, and I must go." She went a few steps and returned. "Mr. Latham, will you let me know how you are? You *may* be more seriously hurt than you imagine."

"Shall I call in person?"

"Upon no account whatever. We shall never meet again; but I shall like to know that you have not been seriously hurt in my behalf. You may send me a line through the post-office. Good-by."

She turned away hastily as one or two persons approached.

"I wonder," thought Miss Staffage, as she took off her hat—"I wonder what prudent and proper people would say about me, could they know of this? It doesn't look very proper, I must confess, but why should I care for the opinion of people who care nothing for me?"

Two days passed without bringing an answer to her advertisement. They brought, however, a note from Mr. Latham—a brief and gentlemanly note, just such as was proper to write under the circumstances, and which relieved her mind of any apprehension she might have felt in regard to his wound. A mere scratch, already healing, he said it was; and as she tore it in two and watched it consuming in the gas flame, she thought:

"There, this ends everything between us."

On the third day a visitor was announced to see Miss Staffage—a gentle-looking lady of middle age, who met her in a friendly manner.

She had seen Miss Staffage's advertisement, she said, and having occasion to visit town, had called in person rather than write. She was not in want of a governess, but if the young lady did not object to being a companion—to read and play to her occasionally, and accompany her in her walks and drives, she would be very glad to have her come and reside with her at her place in the country. It was not a gay or lively place, since there was no one but herself and the housekeeper and servants; but there was agreeable neighboring society, and Miss Staffage would have very little to do, and that only when it might suit her to do it.

Miss Staffage was delighted. She accepted the offer at once, and a very few days saw her established at Charnwood, her only regret being in parting with her little pupil and the latter's pet spaniel. Somehow, children and animals always attached themselves to Miss Staffage.

Charnwood was a beautiful country place, a roomy, picturesque, old-fashioned stone mansion, situated in the midst of a sort of park and surrounded by majestic trees. It was the kind of place of which Genevra had read and dreamed, and also written, in little story romances of her own; and she was delighted with the idea of living here. She liked Mrs. Marvin, also—an amiable, easy-tempered lady, who treated her almost as a daughter, and made her feel herself at home.

It was the first time in her life that she had been so happy—so free from trouble and annoyance of any kind, or with so many sources of enjoyment at her command. To explore the abundant treasures of the library, to read and dream in the seclusion of her own pleasant and tastefully arranged apartments, to while away the Summer twilight with music, and, above all, to wander at her will amid the lovely gardens and grounds—these were pleasures of which she never wearied.

There was society, also—social, refined, country-neighborhood society; and on the whole so pleasantly passed the days and weeks, that she wondered at length to see the first autumnal leaves flecking the green foliage with crimson and gold.

One balmy September afternoon she wandered alone down a secluded, winding pathway—a favorite haunt of hers—which led to a spring in the most shadowy depths of the wooded grounds. Seated on a rustic bench, dreaming over the "Idyl of the King," she was roused by approaching footsteps, and looking up, she beheld, to her intense surprise, the form of Mr. Latham approaching through the trees.

She rose to her feet, flushed and bewildered, but the gentleman manifested no surprise or embarrassment. He saluted her with graceful politeness, his handsome face just flushed with a pleasure which he could not repress.

"You did not expect to see me here?" he remarked, with a smile.

"I most certainly did not. How did you come here, if I may inquire?" she said, with dignity.

"To tell the truth, I came over the wall," he replied, with the expression of humor which so often lighted his blue eyes; and he stood and stroked his golden mustache in a subdued manner.

"Over the wall? Do you know, Mr. Latham, that you have committed a serious trespass, which may expose you to the penalty of the law?"

"No, Miss Staffage, I was not aware of that," he said, deprecatingly.

"But it is true, I assure you, and my advice is to instantly retire before you are discovered."

"But, Miss Staffage, I have come a long way to—to——"

"May I inquire, sir, whether you were aware of *my* being here?"

"Certainly."

"And how dared you take the liberty of following me here?" she demanded, indignantly. "It is an outrage, and unless you immediately leave, I will call some one."

"My dear young lady, will you not suffer me to explain my presence here?"

"If you have any explanation to make," she replied haughtily.

"It is a very simple one—merely that I came hither by invitation of my aunt, Mrs. Marvin.

"Mrs. Marvin—your aunt?"

"If you doubt it, allow me to accompany you to the house, and see whether she will acknowledge me as her nephew. And now that we have a mutual friend, one who will vouch for my respectability, and satisfy you that I am not an escaped convict or lunatic, may we not be friends, Miss Staffage?"

He held out his hand, and with most young ladies it would have been hard to resist the frank pleading of the handsome blue eyes. But Genevra drew back.

"When the introduction and the assurance have been given," she said, "then will be time enough. Your making your appearance on a visit over the park wall is scarcely calculated to impress me as a proof of either your respectability or your sanity."

"Not when the dusty stage-road leads a mile around, and I knew this to be a short and pleasant pathway to the house. This used to be a favorite schoolboy haunt of mine, and I am glad to see that you, too, like it. Some time you must let me show you where the mistletoe grows upon an ancient oak, and where the cardinal-flowers grow, unless you have already discovered them."

"Thank you. But at present, had you not better inform your aunt of your arrival? I left her in the morning-room, which you can easily enter by the window, if it suits you."

"I am obliged for the suggestion, though it will not be the first time that I have in that manner afforded her an agreeable surprise."

He lifted his hat and soon disappeared amid the distant shrubbery. Miss Staffage did not again open her book, but sat gazing down at the falling leaves, with the color coming and going in her clear cheek.

One moment a smile would hover about her mouth, and then she would bite her crimson lip—a way that she had when vexed.

So this oddly-formed acquaintance of hers—this Mr. Latham—with his handsome person, his gentlemanly assurance, and the indescribable charm which lay beneath it all, was no other than the nephew of the lady with whom she had found a home, and in running away from him, as

CRITICISING THE OLD LADY'S PICTURE.

she had thought, she had only put herself directly in his way, beyond a chance of avoidance! And then a sudden intelligence flashed upon her mind, and she saw in an instant how the whole matter stood, and how she had simply been led into this situation by Mr. Latham himself.

She felt indignant at having been imposed upon, but her pride resolved her to betray no consciousness of the true state of the case.

That evening, finding the aunt and nephew alone together, she excused herself from her usual playing, and, further, retired almost as soon as tea was over

Next day she also avoided him, and Mrs. Marvin, whatsoever she might have thought of the whole matter, wisely took no notice, but allowed her young lady companion to do as she pleased. On the third day however, she could not so easily escape, for Mr. Latham challenged her to a game of chess, and when that was ended, remarked:

"Miss Staffage, would you not like to ride this fine afternoon?"

"To ride? I was never in my life on horseback."

"The more reason why you should try it now. I have scarcely ever looked at you without fancying you in a riding-habit and plume, mounted on a spirited steed."

"The spirited steed would be likely to run away with me, I fear."

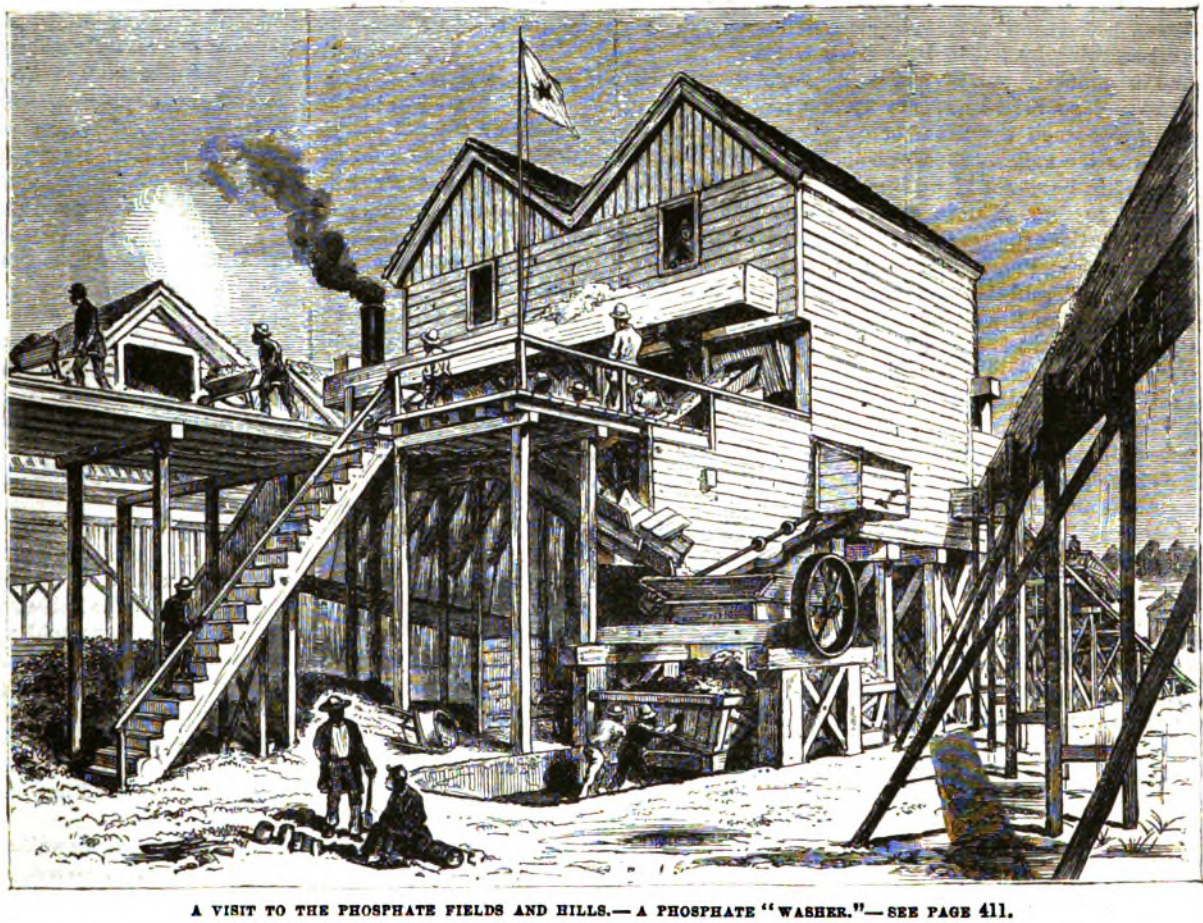
"Not so. Depend upon it, you are a born horsewoman, and will find your proper place in the saddle. Look! Do you think that you and Lightfoot will be likely to agree?"

He drew aside the window-curtain, and her eyes sparkled as she beheld, pawing and champing before the door, a graceful, glossy black steed, equipped with a lady's saddle. How could she resist this temptation?

Mr. Latham had well understood her, and in a short time they were gayly caracoling down the avenue, she flushed, excited and pleased, with all her coldness and restraint forgotten, and he, as he watched her, with all the admiration and warmth of his soul in his eyes.

After this there were daily rides, and Miss Staffage found herself, to her own surprise, much in the society of Mr. Latham, despite her previous resolution of avoiding him. And one evening, when they had been walking up and down the garden alleys, Mr. Latham detained her as she was about to re-enter the house, and told her, in an impulsive, impassionate way, that he loved her, and asked her if she would consent to become his wife.

"Mr. Latham, do you know who it is that you ask to become your wife?" the young girl said.



A VISIT TO THE PHOSPHATE FIELDS AND HILLS.—A PHOSPHATE "WASHER."—SEE PAGE 411.

"Know? Ah, Genevra, did I not know, I should never love you half so well as I do."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I know you better than you do me. I know that you are not Genevra Staffage. I know that you are the niece of Mr. Ralph Chetwood, and that more than a year ago you abandoned his roof and cast yourself alone upon the wide world rather than marry a man whom you thought misunderstood and undervalued you, an idiot who fancied at that time that you were marrying him for money."

"How did you discover this?"

"Look at that ring which I found and returned to you. Did you forget that it bore your name engraven upon it?"

"My mother's name as well as my own. But how came you to know anything about me personally?"

"Shall I tell you, Genevra, and will you forgive me? I was afraid to let you know my real name—but I am Philip

Latham Kingsley." The girl looked at him for an instant, her cheeks alternately red and pale, and then she drew herself up proudly.

"If you are Philip Kingsley," she said, "you should know better than to ask me to become your wife."

"Oh, Genevra, cannot you forget and forgive those senseless, idiotic words which you overheard? Remember that I had not then seen you, had not learned to know you."

"Enough. Do not ask me again. I can never be more to you than I am at this moment."

"You will not forgive me?"

"I forgive you. You cruelly wronged and insulted me, but I forgive you, on condition that you do not again mention this subject."

"So be it. I will not again offend you," said Philip, gravely, and they walked slowly back to the house together.

Next morning he left Charnwood.

And then months passed, and some people thought Miss Staffage not so bright and gay as she had formerly appeared; and when the Summer came round again, there was talk in the neighborhood about Mr. Philip Kingsley and a certain beautiful Maud Kennedy; and Miss Staffage remarked to Mrs. Marvin what an excellent match it would be for both parties if all that she heard of Miss Kennedy's beauty and amiability were true.

"My dear," said Mrs. Marvin, gravely, "Philip will never marry Miss Kennedy."

"I thought she liked him."

"Possibly she does; possibly he might have her for the asking, but that he will not do. *You* ought to know this, Genevra."

"Dear Mrs. Marvin, don't mention it. I can never forget those cruel words. I should feel degraded from my self-respect if I married the man who uttered them."

In August Philip Kingsley dutifully came down for a few days to Charnwood to see his aunt. He and Miss Staffage met with formal courtesy on his side, and graceful indifference on hers. There was an occasional game of chess, but no more riding together, no more rambles in the garden and the grounds.

One day Miss Staffage, as she was still called, prepared for a solitary ride, to which she had become accustomed. Passing through the morning-room, she found Mrs. Marvin seated there, and with a countenance so troubled and depressed that she involuntarily paused.

"Has anything happened to trouble you?" she inquired, with the friendly unreserve which their close intercourse had now assumed.

"I am troubled about Philip, poor boy! To morrow will be his twenty-fifth birthday, upon which so much depended, and it grieves me to think of his loss."

"His loss?"

"The property, you know, which by his father's will he was to inherit only on condition of his marrying before his twenty-fifth birthday."

"Indeed, I did not know of this," said Miss Staffage, with wide-open eyes.

"I thought you knew. I had an idea that you must have heard of it."

"Not a word."

And then Mrs. Marvin explained it all to her.

"He could have married Maud Kennedy, or almost any other girl that he chose, for he is a fine fellow, now that his boyish wildness has worn off; but he chooses to sacrifice the property rather than marry where he does not love. He will have enough to live upon comfortably, of course, but it seems a pity that he should lose so much."

"Where is he now?" inquired Miss Staffage, drawing on her glove.

"In the library, writing to his lawyer."

* * * * * *

Mr. Philip Kingsley, busily writing, looked up as the library-door opened. There stood Miss Staffage, her slender, rounded figure showing almost statue-like in its close-fitting habit, the long, curling plume softly shading her fair face, her eyes fixed upon Mr. Kingsley with a strange, half-shy, half-earnest look.

He rose from his seat.

"Do you wish anything? Can I do anything for you?" he inquired.

"I wish to speak to you. To-morrow is your birthday—your twenty-fifth birthday?"

He assented.

"And you lose a great deal of property by not marrying before that day?"

"Yes; such are the conditions of my father's will."

She glanced up at him with a half-smile and a blush.

"Why don't you marry, Mr. Kingsley?"

"Marry whom?"

"Miss Kennedy, for instance."

"Because I do not love Miss Kennedy."

She looked from the window, then turned gravely to him.

"Mr. Kingsley, may I ask if *I* am in any way the cause of this?"

"Oh, Genevra, can you doubt it? Can you imagine that, loving you as I did—as I do—I could ask any other to be my wife?"

"Then you will allow me to undo this mischief?"

His blue eyes kindled; a wave of light seemed to flush over his face.

"Do you mean, Genevra, that *you* will be my wife?"

"Yes; that is what I mean."

"But you do not love me?" he said, taking both her hands."

"I never said that," she answered, with a shy, sweet, maiden modesty. "But," she added, with the half-sauciness of her lighter moods, "I would not have told you this except to save you from the trouble which *I* had been the cause of bringing upon you."

Mrs. Marvin was presently a little surprised to see her nephew and Miss Staffage ride away together. But this could not equal her astonishment when, three hours thereafter, the couple returning, quietly entered her presence, and Philip said:

"Dear Aunt Mary, let me introduce you to my wife and your niece. We were married an hour ago. And now you need never leave old Charnwood."

"Do you mean, Philip, that we are to live here with—with Aunt Mary?" said the new Mrs. Kingsley, with a well-pleased smile.

"I mean, my dearest, that Aunt Mary is to live here with us. Charnwood is my property, and your home."

When Mr. Ralph Chetwood heard of the marriage he said:

"I never expected any good of such a wild pair, and it is simply wonderful that things have turned out so well. I only hope that they will tame down now and behave themselves like other people."

KIND words produce their own image in men's souls, and a beautiful image it is. They soothe and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use them in such abundance as they ought to be used.

DUCK-SHOOTING.

DUCK-SHOOTING is much the same sport all the world over, though there are some plans which would not so well repay the trouble, where ducks are not to be seen in such immense flocks. Sometimes the shooter, lying at his length in a small canoe, is carefully covered over and concealed by green branches. Having his loaded guns ready pointed over the bows, he either gently paddles himself, or is borne along the stream, unheeded or unobserved, to within the closest requisite range of his unsuspecting victims. In early Winter the stratagem is occasionally varied by the substitution of a white-painted *scow*—which is a flat-bottomed boat, square at both ends—the shooter therein being either covered over with a sheet or dressed in flannel. This plan, when the water is studded with floating masses of ice, answers most admirably. Sometimes by using a white sheet on a frame, to look like a snowbank.

A good shot may often be got at birds circling overhead, as they generally do after the report of a gun, if ignorant of the point whence the alarm proceeds. On many open waters wild-fowl may be got in the tall grass or reeds growing on the edge from a boat, but in places where this is not practicable and they are equally unapproachable in other ways, it is a good plan to send a person round in an opposite direction to drive them toward the shooter, who carefully conceals himself beforehand.

Stalking ducks, however, affords by far the best sport, requiring, as it often does, very great skill, especially when it is necessary to approach a flock some distance out on the open water. The landmarks and bearings being carefully noted, the shooter, after making a sufficient *détour*, on arriving at the point of advance, commences, according to the nature of the intervening ground, to glide stealthily forward, dodging behind every tree and bush; sometimes bent nearly double, or in default of cover crawling on hands and knees through the grass. If the birds are diving or feeding, the moment must be watched when two or three are under water together, or have their tails simultaneously upturned; then dashing rapidly forward he should frighten away the rest, to prevent their giving alarm, and gain the nearest cover before the divers reappear. If this manœuvre be successfully accomplished he may pause a moment to recover his steadiness of hand, for the absence of the other ducks will not be regarded, even if noticed. If, therefore, he finds himself still too far from his objects, he may wait patiently for the moment when they again dive, which they will very soon do, and then gaining the water's edge he will get a splendid right and left, as they return to the surface and when they rise on the wing; which, be it remembered, all wild-fowl do with their heads to the wind.

A VISIT TO THE PHOSPHATE FIELDS AND HILLS.

BY MISS JENNIE HASKELL.

IT is not the object of this article to discuss any theory with regard to the origin of what is known as Phosphate Rock, nor to give any scientific information with regard to its mining or manufacture. Its aim is simply to set before those who have never visited the phosphate fields a sort of picture of what these are, and to give some faint idea of the yet undiscovered wealth of the little Palmetto State.

Come with us, then, not so much in search of knowledge as of pleasant information, and follow the curves of the Ashley, away from the quaint and dusky city streets, westward and southward, to where it flows, shining and quivering, among low-lying fields and tangled thickets. Here, sloping down to the river-banks on either side, you see the grand old plantations, of which such beautiful traditions are preserved. Grand are they still, but with a melancholy grandeur, as of dethroned kings or exiled heroes. Silent they have stood for many years, discrowned and voiceless—their harps hung on the willows, their halls deserted and their coffers empty.

But lo! along the banks of the river runs a thrill of awakening life. Desolation cannot last for ever, and day must surely follow night. The memory of old sorrows must grow faint with time, and from moss-hung ruins stately piles arise. The genius of to-day is not one of sullen retrospection, but of hope and noble vigor. And so along the river-banks, winding in mysterious silence ever toward the sea, once more the devastated fields grow green with the exquisite tinge of growing rice. Once more, amid their dark-green leaves, the cotton-pods expand and hang like flakes of snow. And, besides, new sounds are heard, and the old, whose hearts cling to the ways of the past, turn aside with a little sigh as the great trees fall beneath the ax, and the shriek of the locomotive rends the solemn stillness of the piny woods.

But who would stay the swift-winged feet of beautiful Progress, though they trample, sometimes, even on our graves? For she brings healing in her hands for all the wounds she gives. She scatters bread to the starving, and the clink of the gold she bears is like a sweet bell of promise, for it tells of peace, of plenty and prosperity to those weary of want and care.

And here we have reached the fields. And such fields! Do not picture to yourselves "green fields of England," nor meadows golden and gemmed with the scarlet poppy and the blue cornflower. Properly, these are the "diggings," for the crop is under ground, and the pretty grass and the stately trees must all be sacrificed for the sake of the Phosphate Rock.

The land just here looks as though a whirlwind had passed over it. Giant roots torn up lie scattered here and there. It is a sunny expanse of desolation; a desert with not a green oasis nor a sheltering palm. Little do they care, those dusky laborers, for the beating of the tropic sun! Well seasoned are they to all intensities of heat, and even now and here they must have their dearly-loved fire, where they cook their midday meal of hoecake and bacon, and around which they gather after sunset, when the gnats become troublesome, and exchange their rough and witty sayings, their novel views of men and things.

Now, however, there is no time to talk. Each man is busy digging at his respective "pit." They dig in line, throwing the phosphate on one side, the mud on the other.

Some industrious fellows have dug far forward; some lazy ones are lagging back from the line, but, on the whole, the work progresses with tolerable regularity. The voluble "foreman," filled with the conscious pomp of his "little brief authority," scatters his abuse and his threatenings very much as the rain falls, upon the just and upon the unjust.

Some of the costumes are most uncouth. Here is one, consisting chiefly of a coarse grain-sack. Through two holes in this protrude two brawny, muscular arms, wielding pickax and shovel with what appears Titanic force. One old man wears a crushed silk hat "that has seen better days." Some have red bandanas tied about their forehead, though this usually symbolizes headache. Most are bareheaded, and their tattered, misfitting garments must not be taken as evidences of penury, by any means, being worn generally through motives of economy. For

WORKING IN THE PHOSPHATE DIGGINGS NEAR THE CITY OF CHARLESTON.

the phosphate-diggers are better paid than any other class of negro laborers in South Carolina, many of them making as much as two dollars a day. This sum is laid away in an old stocking, and hidden in some convenient spot. Too often is it expended in drink, and, in the case of the younger generation, a large proportion of these wages goes in Sunday trips to the city, in gorgeous articles of wearing apparel, and in presents to sweethearts. A certain amount of false pride seems to be engendered by these good wages.

For where, in walking through a rice-field filled with busy workers, one may look for respectful salutations from every laborer, man or woman, he may expect, in vain, the least sign of recognition or respect in passing through the phosphate diggings, except from some few "old-time" darkies, who retain the polished manners of their ancient training.

We pause to watch a very industrious digger, who stops to look neither to the right nor to the left, but only at intervals to moisten his horny hands and take a firmer grip of his shovel. He has dug his pit with great skill. The walls are perpendicular, and as smooth as if leveled with a mason's trowel. As he drives his shovel down you hear it strike on the rock. Now and then he takes his pickax and breaks this rock, and loosens it for the entrance of the shovel, and then he raises it in great masses—a dull, dirty stuff, all plastered over with black and slimy mud. In this mud the laborer stands as he works, and sometimes in water up to the ankles. The usual size of a pit dug by one man, during the course of the day, is about fifteen feet long by six feet wide and four feet deep. The diggers are paid about twenty-five cents a foot in depth, and fifty cents for wheeling. The best diggers often dig as deep as six feet per day. The stratum of phosphate varies in thickness, in different fields, from six to fourteen inches, eleven to twelve being, however, a fair average. For every two inches in depth of stratum one can generally calculate on one hundred tons to the acre. For instance, from a twelve-inch stratum six hundred tons is a fair average of production.

Under the rock is seen a whitish substance, and when we ask this industrious digger what he calls it, he answers, promptly, "Self-raising!" Whence this stuff derives its name among the diggers we cannot tell, but to them it marks the bottom of the pit, signifying that the stratum of rock has been dug through.

The Rev. Minus Wright, minister of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, doffs his hat on our approach, and prepares to give us desired information on the subject of the origin of phosphates.

"In de days ob Noah an' de ark," he tells us, in that inimitable patois which we despair of reproducing (Mr. Harris, in "Uncle Remus," being the only successful imitator of this difficult tongue that we have ever met with)—"in de days of Noah, de disobedient ob de Lord was drowned," he says, with pompous gravity. "Sure ye knows 'bout dat. An' w'en de great flood done settle

down, an' de dub done fine de green branch on de mountain, an' Noah an' 'e fambly done come fort', dey fine all de dead t'ing, an' de dead pusson w'at was drownded lodge up on de mountain side, all 'bout whar dey ain't used to was! De big el'phunt, *he* been dey; de big hipperpotamus, *he* been dey; de big w'ale——"

"The mastodon," we murmur, suggestively, as he pauses for breath, but he takes no notice.

"All de odder beasts," he resumes; "and dat mek how you fine dese yer toofs in de groun'," taking up a large shark's tooth and balancing it meditatively on his black thumb.

"But, Minus," we venture, doubtingly, "then we will all turn to phosphate, too, one of these days?"

"Ye ain't do no such t'ing!" he responds, with some impatience at our stupidity. "Enty I bin tell you dese been de disobedient ob God? All w'at die dese days is berry in *ci*metary an' se-*pul*-ter"—it is impossible to give an idea of his pronunciation of this word—"ter wait de jedgement day; but dese, I say, dese was de di*sobed*ient ob God, an' dis how He done punish 'em!"

Impressed by this very original theory, and by the vast number of the "disobedient of God," we move on, leaving Minus still eloquently discoursing to his neighbors, being fairly wound up now. Negro earnestness is the most grotesque in the world, so his words are received with much applause and some laughter, which he takes in very good part.

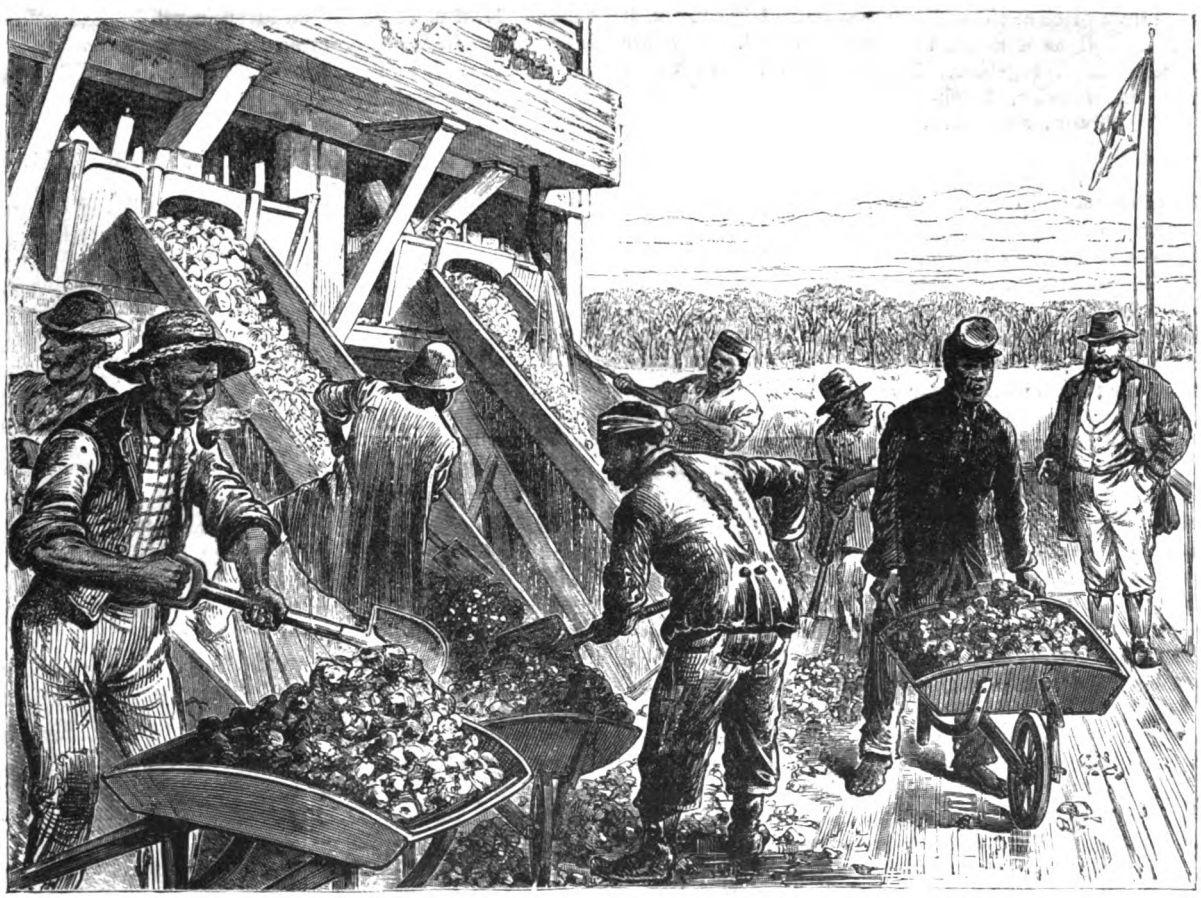
A narrow gauge railway runs through the field, and along this, puffing and blowing, a little locomotive drags a long line of open phosphate cars to the "Washer." The rock is generally conveyed to the cars in wheelbarrows, but often platforms are located along the line of rail on which the rock is thrown, and immediately emptied into the cars, thus saving considerable expense in the handling. The "Washer" may be near at hand, or, as in some cases, as far distant as two or three miles. Like a great serpent, the train winds through the sunny woods, laden with its unsightly burden and with the uncouth diggers. On either side lie fields of giant ferns, uncurling their feathery fronds as fearlessly as in the heart of the primeval forests. Green, leaning fans of palmetto rustle softly against each other as the soft wind stirs them; trailing, thorny Cherokee vines wind backward and forward like a network across the undergrowth, and above spread the sturdy branches of the live-oak, hung with moss, and still higher the spires of the lonely pines cleave the blue sky. There are pools starred with water-lilies, and now and then the sunny bareness of the road is flecked with the gorgeous hues of a sleeping snake, unwound, ribbon-like, in the dust. Listen to the sonorous music that wakes the echoes of the sleeping woods. Were there ever words more strange than these:

"I stepped on the rock and the rock was round,
Oh, Lord, how long?
De love of God come streaming down,
Oh, Lord, how long?

"What kind of shoes are those you wear?
Oh, Lord, how long?
Dat you can walk upon the air!
Oh, Lord, how long?"

It is a melody, however grotesque, and it swells out richly on the Summer air.

On the banks of the river, conveniently for shipping, and not too far from the railroad, stands the "Washer," a



LABORERS WASHING THE PHOSPHATE ROCK.

tall building, more or less roughly put together, but strong enough to stand the wear and tear of storms, and the throbbing of machinery. Perhaps it stands on bare, marshy ground, with a cool breeze always on its summit, and a wide view of river, fields and woods. Perhaps it is embowered in trees and surrounded by winding walks and shady nooks. The rock is here taken in "dumping-carts," which are drawn up an inclined plane by machinery to the top of the "Washer." These cars hold about three tons of mud and rock, which turns out generally one ton of "clean" rock. Here the rock is "dumped" into troughs, in which it is turned round and round, back and forth, by the action of toothed screws, while a strong volume of water is pumped upon it by the engine, and gradually works its way down toward spouts, through which it falls into cars waiting to receive it.

Our cut represents the back of the "Washer." To the extreme right may be seen in perspective the car ascending the inclined plane, conveying the dirty rock to be cleaned. The long trough, also on the right, carries off the refuse. To the left of the cut may be seen laborers wheeling off the cleaned rock. This was formerly done by hand, but in a great many cases cars are used here as well, running on an incline. At the spouts through which the "clean" rock falls men stand, guiding its course into the cars waiting to receive it. So practiced do these men become in detecting imperfectly-cleaned rock, that they secure the smallest piece the instant it appears, and throw it back to be rewashed. The "clean" rock is then conveyed to the wharf or shed, and there piled to await shipment to the purchaser or the mill.

Here they lie, vast piles of rock, representing thousands of dollars, outspread to the eye of the sun, after how many centuries of entombment no man can say!

Take up a piece at random. Here, delicately graven, is a perfect shell, as if molded by an artist-hand. Here are two still hinged together. Mingled with the rock you find small, slender, black-polished shark's teeth, and larger gray ones, sometimes as much as six inches in length. The teeth and bones of other animals may be found in this pile, but the phosphate rock itself is a very different substance, being, indeed, not *bones*, but *rock!*

It is at the Mill that the uninitiated feels, after even the most strenuous efforts to comprehend the details of each successive operation, "Here I leave hope behind." However, some general idea may be imbibed by one visit to the Mill as to the preparation of rock for the market.

These mills have been established in large numbers since the discovery of the Phosphate Basins, for the purpose of grinding the rock and of manufacturing it into fertilizers. Some companies merely pulverize the rock, and present it thus in its "raw" state on the market, leaving it to the agriculturist to use it in this form or to combine it as he pleases. Other companies prepare the costly "superphosphates," subjecting the rock, when powdered, to the action of sulphuric acid, to render it soluble in water, and thus more readily assimilated by the plant. In the "Drying-room," at the mill, the "clean" phosphate rock is piled in great masses over perforated flues, through which heated air is blown into a strong blast from the furnace, and passes through these masses of rock, drying it thoroughly. Thence it is removed to the "Crusher," where, by the action of powerful machinery, the particles of rock are rubbed and ground against each other, over and over, till they are finely pulverized. Indeed, so fine is this phosphate dust, that, were it not for the "fans" in constant motion, one would be able neither to see nor to breathe in the neighborhood of the "Crusher." In the immense "Acid Chambers" sulphuric acid is manufactured on a large scale. Outside, the sun bakes down on flaring piles of yellow sulphur.

In the "Mixing-room"—as represented in our cut—the pulverised rock, subjected to the action of the acid, is "ammoniated" and chemically combined and operated upon in various ways, to suit the varying demands of the agriculturist. You hasten from this room, handkerchief to nose, with all convenient speed, satisfied with a very superficial examination into these processes.

We have still to visit long, dim rooms in which the powdered phosphate is piled in dark, huge piles, which you might almost imagine great subterranean caves of solid rock, did not the sense of touch convince you that this is no longer rock, but dust! And here it is poured into bags and piled in long, neat lines; and here is the "Branding-room," where each peculiar mixture is branded with its own peculiar title. And so out again into the sunny air, with a stronger sense upon you than ever before of man's wisdom and ingenuity, and of the vast and curious treasure stored in Nature's garnering-houses for the enrichment of mankind.

The "Charleston, South Carolina, Mining and Manufacturing Company," organized in 1867, was the first to attempt the development of this long-hidden and wonderful wealth. Since then, like Jack's bean-stalk—springing up in a night, as it were—"phosphate-works" line the banks of both rivers.

Here may be seen the extensive works and busy operations of wealthy corporations, possessed of immense capital, and controlling a vast amount of labor; here, again, the modest efforts of individual miners, "digging on their own account." And however the market-prices may vary, or the phosphate-fever abate, this strangely-garnered treasure, laid up by provident Nature against the time of direst need for her children, must form an unfailing revenue to those children so long as South Carolina has for her market, so to speak, the world.

THE PARRAKEET COCKATOO OF AUSTRALIA.

ALTHOUGH not clothed with the brilliant plumage that decorates so many of the parrot tribe, this bird is a remarkably pretty one, and is worthy of notice not only for the curious crest with which its head is adorned, but for the grace and elegance of its form. With the exception of the head, on which a little crimson and yellow are seen, the plumage of the parrakeet cockatoo is simply tinted with brown, gray, and white; but these colors are so pure, and their arrangement so harmonious, that the eye does not at all look for brighter coloring.

It is mostly seen upon the ground, where it runs with great swiftness, and is very accomplished at winding its way among the grass-stems, upon the seeds of which it subsists. It is by no means a shy bird, and will permit of a close approach, so that its habits can be readily watched. When alarmed, it leaves the ground and flies off to the nearest tree, perching upon the branches and crouching down upon them lengthways so as to be invisible from below.

There is no great difficulty in shooting it, which is a matter of some consequence to the hunter, as its flesh is notable for its tenderness and delicate flavor.

The eggs of this species are pure white, which is the case with parrot-eggs generally, and their number is from four to six.

Mr. Gould gives the following description of the parrakeet cockatoo:

"The interior portion of the vast continent of Australia

may be said to possess a fauna almost peculiar to itself, but of which our present knowledge is extremely limited. New forms, therefore, of great interest may be expected when the difficulties which the explorer has to encounter in his journey toward the centre shall be overcome. This beautiful and elegant bird is one of its denizens. I have, it is true, seen it cross the great mountain ranges, and breed on the flats between them and the sea; still, this is an unusual occurrence, and the few thus found, compared to the thousands observed on the plains stretching from the interior side of the mountains, proves that they have, as it were, overstepped their natural boundary.

"Its range is extended over the whole of the southern portion of Australia, and, being strictly a migratory bird, it makes a simultaneous movement southward to within one hundred miles of the coast in September, arriving in the York district near Swan River in Western Australia precisely at the same time that it appears in the Liverpool plains in the eastern portion of the country.

"After breeding and rearing a numerous progeny, the whole again retire northward in February and March, but to what degree of latitude toward the tropics they wend their way I have not been able to ascertain.

"I have never received it from Port Essington or any other port in the same latitude, which, however, is no proof that it does not visit that part of the continent, since it is merely the country near the coast that has yet been traversed. In all probability it will be found at a littte distance in the interior, wherever there are situations suitable to its habits, but doubtless at approximate periods to those in which it occurs in New South Wales.

"It would appear to be more numerous in the eastern divisions of Australia than in the western. During the Summer of 1839 it was breeding in all the apple-tree (*Angophora*) flats on the Upper Hunter, as well as in similar districts on the Peel and other rivers which flow northward.

"After the breeding season is over it congregates in numerous flocks before taking its departure. I have seen the ground quite covered by them while engaged in procuring food, and it was not an unusual circumstance to see hundreds together in the dead branches of the gum-trees in the neighborhood of the water, a plentiful supply of which would appear to be essential to its existence; hence, we may reasonably suppose that the interior of the country is not so sterile and inhospitable as is ordinarily imagined, and that it yet may be made available for the uses of man. The harlequin-bronzewing and the warbling grass-parrakeet are also denizens of that part of the country, and equally unable to exist without water."

The head and throat of this species are yellow, and there is a patch of crimson on the ears. Upon the head there is a long, slender, painted crest, yellow at the base and gray at the tip, giving the bird so curious an aspect that at first sight it appears either to be a cockatoo or a parrakeet, as the eye is directed to the crest or the general form. The back and under portions of the body are brown, and a large part of the wings is white. The central tail-feathers are brown, and the rest gray. The female is distinguished from her mate by a green tinge, which pervades the yellow of the head and throat, and the numerous bars of yellow and dark blackish brown which cross the tail.

In many persons, grief takes the form of anger. A proud spirit, unwilling to display itself covered with dust and ashes, uplifts its head with unbecoming pride, in order to conceal that temporary humiliation.

JUST FOR TO-NIGHT.

By Sarah Doudney.

Softly the Summer day fades on the sea;
Faintly the vesper-wind murmurs to me,
Murmurs and sighs of the sunsets of old
When we were turning life's "pages of gold";
Then in love's madness we turned them too fast,
Yet there is one golden leaf for the last:
Listen, the ebbing wave gathers and breaks,
How it caresses the strand it forsakes,
Sprinkling the pebbles with flashes of light!—
Leave me to-morrow, love, kiss me to-night.

We were but dreamers and idlers, they say,
In the bright hours that have drifted away;
Well, let them say so;—in sorrow and pain
All the old gladness will come back again:
Just for to-night, while the west is aglow,
Shall we not love as we loved long ago?
Only one blossom is left on the bough,
Shall we not seize on its loveliness now?
Let the last hour be a mournful delight,
Leave me to-morrow, but kiss me to-night.

Ay, we were weak when we should have been brave,
I was a trifler and you were a slave;
Chances slipped by, and we saw them too late,
Friends played us false, and we said it was fate:
Only this moment is ours ere it dies,
What if that setting sun never should rise?
What if this life with its sweetness and fear
Closes for ever, and ends for us here?
Somewhere, far off, in a new world of light
Love has its morrow; then kiss me to-night.

TOM NAVARRO.

By Amelia E. Barr.

"ADAM, I have a theory that the garden of Eden must have been between the Colorado and the Guadalupe."

"Na, na, Master Tom, ye canna prove that. It is dootless a gude land, but it's no to compare wi' the links o' Tay or Clydeside."

"I have never been in Scotland——"

"Mair's the pity; but you're young yet, and there's days afore ye."

"I'm content, Adam. The man who has breathed the airs of Western Texas has been very near in Paradise."

"I'm saying naught again the land. It's a gude land if it was weel divided. There's nae use i' a new warld that doesna sort the wrangs o' the auld ane; an' the ill-dividing was a' that was to blame' wi' bonnie Scotland. I dinna see that the thing is mended here."

"Would you like the world divided over again, Adam?"

"If a' things could be done twice, a' things would be done better; but the warld is o'er big a care for me. I maun e'en look after my cucumber vines."

"Adam, I saw you at the Capitol last night; which side did you take?"

"I shall neither meddle or mak' any mair wi' 'ither folk's quarrels. I'm a puir lad, following an honest trade; an' spades an' plows are mair to my hand than swords an' shooting-irons. But they were braw lads, yon, that stood roun' General Green, an' I'm no saying, if I had been twenty years younger, but what I might hae been beguiled wi' the gran' talk I heard."

"Adam, you knew my father?"

"Deed did I. A likely man he was, an' ye are na that far ahint him. Knew him? Yes, I knew him. I fought

under him at Mier, an' slept i' the same dungeon wi' him at Perote.

"And you would do me a good turn?"

"What is it?" asked Adam, cautiously.

"It is about my cousin Virginia. There are hard days coming, and there will soon be no one to help her."

"There's Maister Mordaunt. He's a nice lad, as far as I can judge, an' wise beyont what's written."

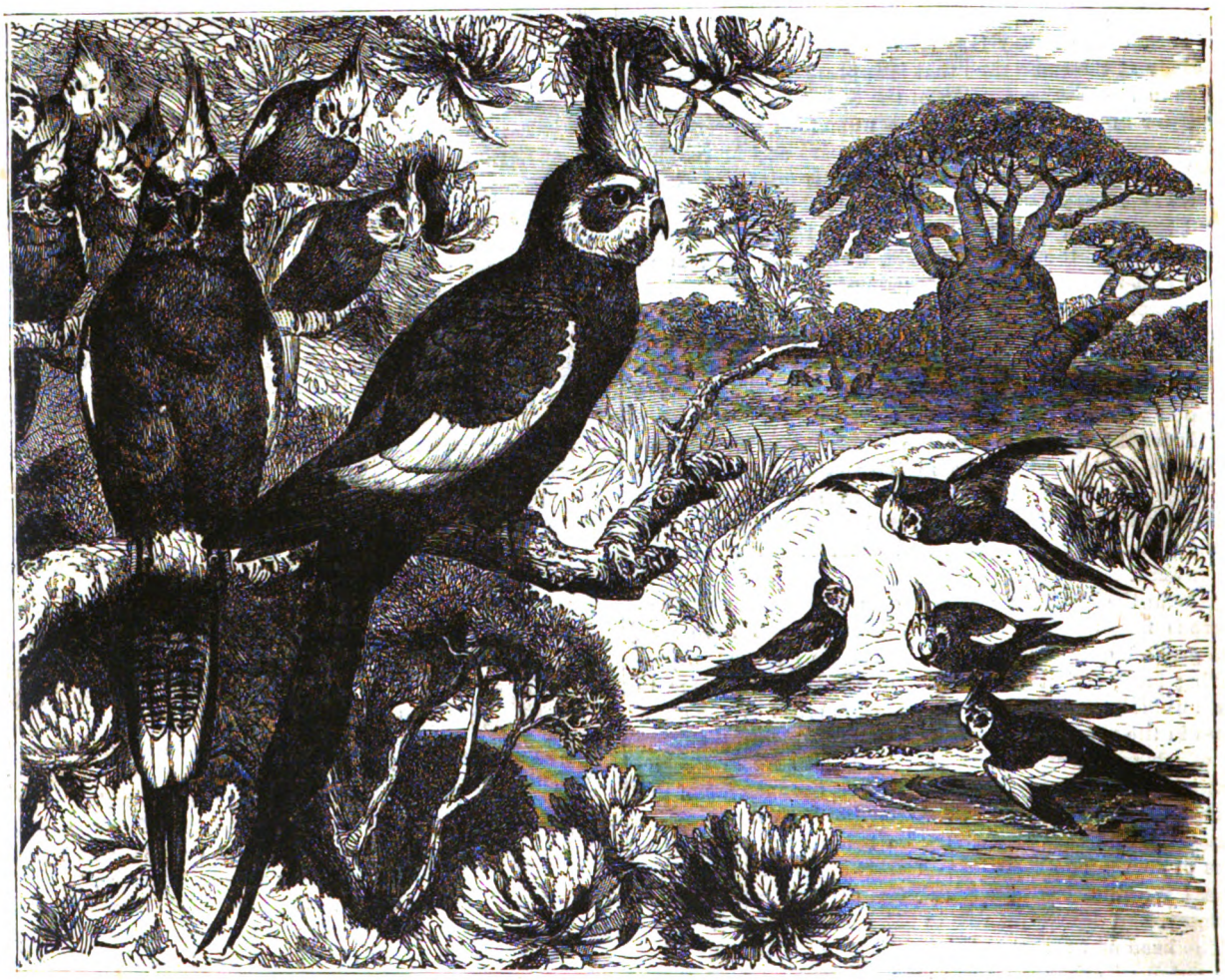
"Why do you say that, Adam? Have Mordaunt and I ever loved each other? And do we not both love Virginia? I shall leave her in your care."

"Deed, Maister Tom, you leave me a hard charge. I ken naught aboot women folk, an' it's easy to mak' a fool o' yoursel' on unkent ground."

escaped with Greene from Perote; and he believed the men of those days to be the demi-gods and heroes of the age. Indeed, his ideas of liberty were of a giantesque character that in no way fitted themselves to the necessities and prudences of modern life and polity.

It is easy to understand how such a man should have pledged himself with an honest enthusiasm to the Southern cause—and yet no nature rings through all its depths—and Tom Navarro found a certain pleasure in the fact that his rival, Mordaunt, was in opposition to him; he was not sorry that a great gulf had arisen between the young lawyer and his lovely cousin, Virginia McKaine.

She was standing now watching him approach—a very lovely woman, with large dark eyes and a white, broad fore-



THE PARRAKEET COCKATOO OF AUSTRALIA.—SEE PAGE 414.

"But you'll do it, Adam—yes, you will," and the young soldier in gray grasped the old gardener's hand, and walked rapidly toward a large white house just visible among the trees and shrubbery.

There was little wonder that this garden-place suggested Eden to his mind; it was an acre of unimaginable sweetness and beauty, and in a dim way Tom Navarro was sensible of it. But it was not beauty of this kind that touched him deepest.

He loved Nature, but he loved her in heroic proportions, and outside of hedges and fences; and this taste indicated his general disposition. He could understand nothing in moderation, and was restive under all restrictions, however imaginary.

His father had fought at Mier and San Jacinto, and

head—a woman that reminded you of those flowers in fairy books, out of whose golden hearts come elfin queens. She stood waiting on the broad steps of the piazza, and the wavy banners of yellow jasmine dropped from the lattice all around her.

Tom comforted himself with that picture of a white-robed woman in a frame of golden flowers through many a starving bivouac, and set it before him on many a weary march.

Her words dropped like soft notes of music on the sweet, warm air.

"Tom, dear Tom, you are to meet father at the ford. He went an hour ago. Have you come to say good-by?"

She touched tenderly his braided sleeve, and lifted his sword and kissed it.

In such a crisis as this love, pride, hope, fear rose suddenly, swiftly, as a flock of doves rise into the upper air. There was no longer any doubt in Tom's heart; the face bending toward him was an open book.

Virginia was the more hopeful of the two. An unsatisfied desire, a disappointed hope, had never yet come to her. The luxury of her life had scarcely yet been touched.

TOM NAVARRO.—"THE NEXT MOMENT TOM'S ARMS WERE AROUND HER, AND SHE WAS WEEPING HAPPY TEARS UPON HIS NECK."

Victory was the birthright of Texans; their traditions were of conquest and desperately-won battles; and what Texas was, she believed the whole South to be.

She allowed nothing for disaffection, for selfishness, for treachery; hers was a blind, passionate allegiance, an unreasonable enthusiasm, whose cost was yet to count.

Tom knew the odds better, and he foresaw for the beautiful, trusting woman at his side a bitter fight. Were the weapons in her armory? General McKaine was a brave soldier, but he had feared to put his wife and daughter face to face with the inevitable deprivations before them.

There was some excuse for this. Mrs. McKaine was a doll in all but the mere accident of material. In the beginning of the trouble, when men were anxious and disputing, and every household feeling the jar of the coming collision, she had only wondered "how people could make her so uncomfortable."

The last shred of her husband's credit had been spent in maintaining this toy-wife in the fool's paradise, where alone she could make her habitation. He hoped that Virginia would rise to emergencies, but, perhaps, emergencies might never come; the war might be over soon; there were more chances than these, and the general was

a man inclined to take chances. Besides, his nephew, Mordaunt, would remain in Austin, and he had promised to look after things. Mordaunt was a prudent young man, and had General McKaine's affairs very much in his hand.

It was a delicate task to tell a beautifully-dressed woman that her muslins and laces would soon wear out, and that they could not be renewed; that gold was all in hiding, and Confederate money of little value; that there were fears of negro insurrections, and that Indians had been seen within twenty miles already.

Many lovers would have shrunk from mingling in the first poetry of their betrothal, details of farming matters, and entreaties as to small economies and petty necessities; but when it was all over, and he stood among the six hundred brave men who that afternoon

> "Put their foot in the stirrup,
> And shook their bridles free,"

he knew that it was well done.

He had told Virginia that his was the easiest part of the struggle, and he was right. When things have taken the step backward it is incredible how easy the descent is.

Tom's warning had come none too soon. It was evident to Virginia that the whole reckless household must be reordered, and this was bitterly resented by the servants.

Fortunately, Mrs. McKaine kept a kind of tearful state in her own room, and did not actively interfere; and as soon as the threatened changes reached Adam's ears he took the first opportunity of strengthening Virginia's hands.

"There's a plenty o' gude garden stuff to spare, my young lady," he said; "an' if so be you're willing, I'll e'en tak it into Austin an' sell it. Every siller bit tells thae days."

It was a great humiliation, but she had neither gold nor silver, and with Confederate bills she could buy neither tea, coffee, sugar, salt nor clothing, etc. Good women generally know by some fine touch where truthfulness is to be found; and Virginia looked in Adam's face and trusted him fully; she had every cause; and, small as were the returns from this venture, they were a very great comfort and relief.

Mordaunt was the first to interfere with this traffic. He met Adam before the hotel one morning, and peremptorily ordered him home.

"You ought to be thrashed, old man, for taking advantage of Miss McKaine's unprotected condition. How dare you sell the produce of her place?"

"Dinna you ask questions you've no right to ask, my lad." And then, dashing down the vegetables he was measuring, he turned to Mordaunt with an expression that amazed him. "Thrash me, indeed! Touch me, if you daur, an' I'll shoot the right hand clear aff you!"

The stern, set face, the flashing eye and the promptly cocked pistol, emphasized the few curt sentences quite sufficiently. A teamster loitering near said, quietly:

"Better make tracks, youngster; that's Adam Moir. If you want to pick a quarrel with him you'll get the best ready-made fight in the State."

After that Adam purposely lingered on the avenue, and did not leave Austin until his last onion was sold.

That simple defiance, and the bare act of cocking his pistol, had been to him like a glass of brandy to a struggling inebriate. It was in vain that he told himself, as he rode rattling home, that he was an elder in the Presbyterian Church, and a man on the shady side of fifty. The old fighting, roving spirit was roused, and he muttered fiercely as he struck the astonished cattle:

"It's God's truth, I ought to be i' the battle-field, if I only kent which side to fight on!"

That evening Mr. Mordaunt rode over to the McKaine place, and told Virginia that Adam Moir must be dismissed.

There had been a time when she would have found it hard to disobey that suave, authoritative manner. But she had been measuring lately her own strength very often with refractory servants and unjust contractors, and she positively told her cousin that she could not run the farm without Adam's help.

Mr. Mordaunt bowed and sought the presence of Mrs. McKaine. In a few minutes Virginia knew, from the hysterical sobbing, and the agitated running about of the servants, that her mother had been informed of the degradation of the family.

The McKaines peddling vegetables! She wondered how her own child could have been so wicked. What could the Greens and the Browns and the Whites say? It was too cruel. No woman was ever so shamefully used, etc., etc.

At length, after two hours distress, the lady was soothed with various anodynes and many unreasonable promises; but Virginia had never before felt so utterly hopeless and distressed.

She threw herself upon one of the sofas of the long-closed drawing-room, and sobbed with the *abandon* of a little child.

Mordaunt heard her with an aching heart. He loved Virginia in his calm way, and he really believed that her honor and respectability were involved in the step he had taken. After a while he prevailed on her to talk with him.

What was she to do, she asked, angrily. The servants were destitute of clothing, her own wardrobe was in a miserable condition, and her mother could not be made to understand the necessity of giving up any of her personal luxuries.

"Hire out some of your negroes."

"I have not one to spare. Most of the men have been drafted to the fortifications of Galveston. I have had to put the younger women in the field, and the elder ones are not able to do all the spinning, weaving and knitting necessary. There is not a hand to spare. I have had to work very hard myself."

Mordaunt offered his purse freely.

He had promised the General to advance what funds they needed. He was her cousin; he would fain be something far nearer and dearer; Virginia had only to speak.

"I am Tom Navarro's promised wife. It is impossible that I can receive help from you."

Mordaunt could do nothing after this frank statement but reiterate his offer in the least objectionable manner possible.

Adam had more practical advice. He was almost pleased when he heard that the vegetable trade must be abandoned.

"It's a clear Providence," he said, an' 'the mustang feeling' didna come wambling o'er me yon way for naething. Keep a gude heart, my young lady; you hae mony a braw thing you can sell, an' I'll e'en gae my ways to Mexico, an' get you a' you want."

So one by one Virginia's trinkets disappeared—Adam only knew where. But with their proceeds he brought four times from the Rio Grande some coarse clothing, some tea, coffee, and other necessaries. The trip was a very dangerous one, but Adam knew his ground, and he came back safe every time.

These were the only bright events in nearly three years of terror, poverty and anxiety—of days of unaccustomed toil, and the stress of nights that hoped for nothing for the morrow.

Adam was away on his fifth trip when the news of

General McKaine's death came. The poor shattered body was brought back to Texas, and somehow the knell of his funeral bells was felt to be the knell of hope.

No one pretended any longer to disbelieve bad reports; every heart had sat down in stupid misery to face the worst. But Virginia struggled on with her daily shifts and labor, and her sharp endurance of hourly misery, just as a doctor struggles against a cancer; or a general, without arms or provisions, still defends an important fortress.

At length even this hopeless struggle became impossible. It was dangerous to be so far away from help and neighbors; the country was full of emancipated slaves; there was no semblance of law; every one was doing what was right in his own eyes.

Mordaunt persuaded Virginia to remove her mother to a small cottage in Austin. The end was near, and it was even some comfort to be released from an active struggle with fate.

One warm moonlight night some prescient feeling kept knocking softly at her soul, and she could not sleep. So much sorrow and trembling in every house, and yet there was no whisper of it in the calm air. Only the passionate love-songs of fiery mocking-birds, or the low monotonous chanting from the negro camps among the ripe corn, broke the charmful stillness.

Presently she saw a group of men come out of the shadow. They rode silently and swiftly, and took the ford and the San Antonio road. Another group—and another! What messengers of evil fortune were these?

She ran tremblingly to the end of the lot, and watched for the next group as it rode silently into the broad strip of moonlight. Alas! alas! she knew then who they were—disbanded Confederates, pushing sternly and swiftly to their desolate homes on the Western prairies.

"Oh, my dear God! Oh, my dear God!"

That was all she could say, as, wringing her hands, she stumbled blindly over the rough corn-ridges and the fallen logs of the cedar-fence.

In this first shock of realization she had no grief for anything but the death of the cause she loved. It was one of those supreme moments when the soul rises above all selfish considerations; it would have been easy then for Virginia to have died for her ideal. Yes, it is a great thing to have once in life felt this exaltation; if only for a moment, the soul is greater ever afterward for its sublime sorrow. How long, how doubly long now, was the weary waiting and watching, the hoping and the despairing! But when the joy is ready, then it comes.

One afternoon, as Virginia was arranging her mother's pillows and wrappings, she saw a sudden light in the fretful face, and the next moment Tom's arms were around her, and she was weeping happy tears upon his neck.

He had brought nothing back with him but a true heart and his sword and horse. He had not a dollar of money, and Virginia was nearly as poor; but the McKaine place had been rented for a year, and Tom had been promised employment in a Galveston cotton-house. Love declared it possible to live on a thousand dollars a year and be divinely happy, and Virginia and Tom were quite willing to test the situation.

The marriage was hastened by an unfortunate quarrel with Mr. Mordaunt. He had called on Mrs. McKaine with reference to the renting of the McKaine place, and while he was explaining the conditions to her, Virginia and Tom came into the room together.

Now, Mordaunt was not by any means a quarrelsome man. He hated a Confederate, and he hated Tom Navarro, but with these exceptions it may be said that he loved his neighbor.

But the gladness in Tom's face was aggravating. He disliked his easy manners—swagger he called it—and the faded gray coat was an intolerable offense to him. But he made an effort to say the common words of courtesy, and then took his leave in a very irritable temper.

The next day they met on the avenue. There were a number of Lavacca teamsters leaning against their wagons, whittling and spitting, and talking about cotton; and a little group of citizens discussing the flight of Governor Murrah, and the robbing of the treasury by the disbanded Rio Grande troops.

Mordaunt spoke with great bitterness of the runaway officials, and then, touching Tom's sleeve, said:

"I should think an honest man would——"

"Would what, sir?"

"Change his coat."

Both men were getting desperately angry, the crowd of citizens were mostly slipping away, and the teamsters were quietly putting their right hands in their breasts. There was a kind of "dare" in every man's face, and Mordaunt was quite inclined to take it.

"Well, he answered, with a contemptuous shrug, "you ought to be. You have been well whipped in it."

"It's a lie! Take it back!"

There was an ominous click of pistols, but Mordaunt leaned against the china-tree and looked calmly at the circle of stern faces around him.

"I say you were whipped."

"I say Texas was never whipped—never. She yielded in this fight because her sister States did. If the United States likes to fight the quarrel over on Texas soil, let her try it again."

"Try it again!" echoed the men, gruffly, with another click.

"You—are—a crowd—of—bravos!"

After that no one knew exactly what was said, or who said it. Several shots were fired, Mordaunt's pistol fell ringing on the stone pavement, and his arm hung helpless at his side.

"That will do, gentlemen—my arm is broken. I have had the pleasure of speaking my mind, and I have paid for it—as I expected."

He turned into the first store, and sent for a doctor, while his late opponents reloaded slowly their empty pistols, and put them indifferently in their breasts. It had been a very ordinary matter to all of them except Tom Navarro. He felt thoroughly ashamed and annoyed, and, after some consideration, went after Mordaunt with a half-formed resolution of apology in his heart. But the doctor was setting the broken limb, and neither the time nor the manners of any one present favored the intention.

This circumstance showed him that he would be better in an atmosphere more free from old friends and associates, and he resolved at once to go to Galveston. So his marriage was rather hurriedly and rather quietly performed, and the slant shadow of regret dimmed what ought to have been the happiest day of his life.

Their removal to Galveston had one good result—it roused Virginia's mother from her long-indulged invalidism. To one shut up for years in the dreamy life of an inland plantation, the gaslit streets and busy stores were as wonderful as a fairy tale; and the pretty cottage behind the oleander bushes was a very happy little nest.

With one exception, Tom was out of his element. He longed like a bird for the prairies; the brick streets shut him in like a prison; he was only half-complete without his horse.

But the country was fast settling to work again, and he hoped by the end of the second year to have saved enough

INCIDENTS OF THE BURNING OF ROANOKE.—"HE CUT LOOSE ONE OF THE FORWARD HORSES, AND MOUNTED HIM."

to farm at least a portion of the McKaine place. They were beginning to talk of this event, to recall to each other the sweet garden-place and the cool, lofty, latticed rooms of the dear homestead, when a swift and almost irresistible shadow gathered round them.

The heavens shut them in with murky clouds, the air was oppressively hot, fierce gleams of sunshine, rattling thunder and beating rains brought vegetable and reptile life into profuse and loathsome prominence, and men seemed to sink beneath some oppressive influence, and to have no power to fight the enemy watching them.

Tom and Virginia sat still, hoping and fearing until retreat was impossible; and they were shut in with the pestilence that walketh in darkness and the terror that wasted at noonday.

Fortunately, they were among its first victims—fortunately, because it had not then attained its full malignity, and nurses and physicians were procurable. In three weeks they were out of danger, and Tom began to think of his cotton-book again.

He walked slowly down to his office, but there was no longer any business for him to do. The stores were closed, the streets grass-grown, the air full of the crashing of ice and the groans of the sufferers, while above and around, and pervading everything was that one peculiar, sickening odor.

Oh, now for the cool waters of the Colorado and the airs of heaven that were at that moment swaying the flowery grass of its prairies like some new, happy melody!"

Full of this single, devouring thought, he hastened against every adverse circumstance to realize it, and before Christmas they were all again in their old home.

Many elements mingled in their return, though joy was greatly in the ascendant; but it was impossible to enter the half-ruined rooms and not feel a keen regret. The furniture had been stolen or much injured; the garden had become a wilderness, and Adam's pretty log-cabin had been turned into a stable.

But these things are long since remedied. Tom's farming has been a great success, and the McKaine place has been made so beautiful again that even Mrs. McKaine has ceased to talk of its past glories.

It is said that a smart attack of yellow fever entirely changes the constitution; certainly something has changed this lady for the better, for she spends her time now in caring for Tom's children instead of playing the part of a sensitive invalid in a darkened room.

Tom and Mordaunt have forgotten their old jealousy and become friends, for Mordaunt is, as he deserves to be, a very popular man. No one can say worse of him than that he has a quick eye for the main chance, and that he is disposed to approach it by agreeable paths.

In following out this principle he married a beautiful and wealthy Anglo-Spanish heiress of San Antonio, and has repeatedly sought and received great political trusts.

During the canvas for his first election, he was not a little pleased to see Adam Moir, at the head of forty rangers, come up to the ballot-box and poll a solid vote for him.

"There is the hand, Captain Moir, you once threatened to shoot off me," said Mordaunt, cheerfully, in acknowledgment; and Adam answered, with a sly laugh:

"You had aye a turn for meddling, Mr. Mordaunt, and it's safer in Texas to poke in public affairs than in private ones. I like you weel enough to keep you from danger."

Unfortunately, Adam did not always keep himself out of danger, and when he was sixty-three years of age he got a wound from a Lipan warrior which sent him back to his log-cabin at the foot of the McKaine garden. It had long been waiting for him, and there he lives happily enough unto this day.

He orders the garden affairs, and rides into Austin with Tom on all public occasions; but he spends the largest part of his time in trotting after Miss Virginia, aged four years, and in enthusing Tom's eldest boys with such a love for "camping out," and such a hatred of Indians and Mexicans, that there is no kind of doubt he is educating two admirable Texas rangers.

INCIDENTS OF THE BURNING OF ROANOKE BY THE INDIANS IN 1836.

The following sketch of the burning of Roanoke by the Indians was written by a gentleman now living in Terrell County, Georgia, who, at the time of the burning, was a lad of some twelve or thirteen years of age, and was near the scene. He has often heard the incidents given below narrated by some of the actors, several of whom are now

INCIDENTS OF THE BURNING OF ROANOKE.—"MESSRS. DONALDSON WERE BOTH SHOT DOWN AS THEY AROSE FROM THEIR BED WHEN THE ALARM WAS GIVEN."

INCIDENTS OF THE BURNING OF ROANOKE.—"HE TURNED A LARGE EMPTY BOX OVER HER AND HER BABE, AND THEN CRAWLED UNDER IT HIMSELF."

living. The statements may be relied on as perfectly accurate, and, together, they make an important chapter in Georgia history.

Roanoke was a trading village located in Stewart County, on the eastern bank of the Chattahoochee River, about thirty-five miles in a direct line below Columbus. The Indians occupied a reservation in Alabama embracing the territory lying on the Chattahoochee River, and extending from Columbus perhaps as far south as the Florida and Alabama line. They had, by a treaty made by their chiefs, ceded this territory either to the State of Alabama or the United States, and had agreed to remove to the Indian Reservation west.

Many of the warriors, or common Indians, were dissatisfied with this action of their chiefs, and were unwilling to be removed. They gave expression to their dissatisfaction by many acts of plunder, and an occasional murder of a white family who had taken up their residence in an isolated situation, far removed from other white settlements, and who had, perhaps, given some offense to the Indians.

Prominent among the murders and robberies was the capture of the stage running between Columbus, Georgia and Montgomery, Alabama, where the passengers, after being robbed, were tied to the stage, and brush and lightwood knots were piled around them and fired, and burned with the stage. The first intimation that they had of the presence or intentions of the Indians was the discharge of a volley of rifles, which killed the driver and wounded some of the passengers. Only one passenger escaped. He sprang from the coach and cut loose one of the forward horses and mounted him, the Indians being so near him as to catch at the reins as he rode off. None of the bullets from their murderous rifles touched him or his faithful horse.

This incident served to arouse the whites all along the border. And as threats had been made to burn Columbus as well as Roanoke, steps were taken to defend them. But the defenses of Roanoke amounted to almost nothing. A stockade, or blockhouse was commenced, but never completed. The garrison consisted of only the male inhabitants of the village, and a few patriotic citizens of Stewart County, who had volunteered under Captain Uriah Horne. The entire force amounted to less than fifty men.

On Saturday morning, May 14th, a scouting party, numbering twelve men, crossed the river and explored the country a short distance above and below Roanoke, and recrossed to the Georgia side about noon without seeing an Indian; but from the fact that several dogs, supposed to belong to the Indians, came to them while they were passing near the swamps and dense hammocks, they supposed that the Indians were there concealed. But as they had been allowed to cross the river, explore the country and recross unmolested, they very naturally concluded that, while the Indians were there in considerable force, they had no hostile intentions.

With this feeling of security Captain Horne, early in the afternoon of the same day, was induced to furlough half of his command, to allow them to visit their homes and families, with promise of returning promptly the next day by noon.

A short time before night two strangers, named Donaldson, who had been looking at lands below Roanoke, rode into the village and inquired if there would be any danger from the Indians if they passed the night there. As they were assured there would be none, they repaired to the dwelling of Colonel Felix Gibson, and passed the night under his hospitable roof.

About sunset the same evening two men, who were farming on the river, two miles below the village, in leaving their work discovered the fresh trail of a large body of Indians, and hastily rode to the village to communicate the intelligence. They also counseled Captain Horne, as his force was then so small—amounting to less than thirty-five men, and that of the Indians so large, supposed to number over three hundred—that it would be best for his command and the citizens to retire from the village into the hill country, some miles away, and await the developments of the night. But, upon consulting with his men and the citizens, it was unanimously decided to hold the village until they were driven out of it by overwhelming numbers.

Every man was required to stand sentinel the entire night, and it was said that never was witnessed a more still and quiet night in and around Roanoke. Naught except the gentle ripple of the river and the slow tread and suppressed hail and answer of this band of brave men, as they quietly walked their beats, was heard to disturb

INCIDENTS OF THE BURNING OF ROANOKE.—"PIERCE TOOK THE BABE IN HIS ARMS, AND PASSED THROUGH THE ROOM WHERE LAY THE MURDERED HUSBAND AND FATHER."

the stillness of that night, and day broke as quietly and peacefully at Roanoke on Sunday morning, May 15th, 1836, as it had ever done, and the gay light of morning streamed in as gently as usual, except that a heavy fog hung over the place.

The men had all come in from duty, the citizens had repaired to the several residences, and the little company of volunteers had commenced their usual morning duties, as the preparation of their breakfast, and the attentions necessary for their horses, when suddenly there was heard the keen, clear report of a rifle. Instantly this was followed by a most unearthly, demoniacal yelling and a general firing upon every house in the village, as well as the unfinished stockade, in which were several men.

The whole place was completely invested by the savages; they occupied every door and window, were behind every stump, tree and fence, and poured upon the whites a deadly fire as fast as they showed themselves.

Captain Horne had not time to form his men, scarcely time to give an order. The men were in small squads scattered over the village, defending themselves as best they could against the fearful odds, taking refuge behind the fences, houses, or anything that afforded them shelter or protection from the murderous bullets of the savage fiends. Cantain Horne fell, severely wounded, almost at the first volley. In a short while, every man, white and black, was either killed or driven out of the village, and the savages had undisputed possession of the place.

They immediately proceeded to plunder and then burn every house in the place, and in less than three hours from the commencement of the attack nothing remained but the smoldering embers of what was once Roanoke. There were nine white and three negro men killed. All of their bodies were consumed in the burning buildings, the Indians throwing those outside into the houses as they fired them. The loss of the Indians was never known. Parties concealed sufficiently near saw the Indians, after capturing a lame Irishman named Patrick McGowen, throw him alive into a burning house, where he was burned up. The Messrs. Donaldson (the strangers who had lodged at the house of Colonel Gibson) were both shot down as they hastily arose from their bed when the alarm was given, and their bodies burned with the house.

There were many hairbreadth and providential escapes from a horrid death. Colonel Felix Gibson and a young man named Gazaway Williams were both in the house when the Donaldsons were shot down, and three Indians fired at Colonel Gibson through a window, but, fortunately, missed him ; he ran into another room, hoping to escape that way, but, finding every window filled with Indians, who commenced firing at him, he called to Williams, who was in an upper room, to make his escape in the best way he could ; that Indians had surrounded the house, and, believing that escape was impossible, he resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible.

He ran to where the loaded guns had been left and caught up one, intending, if possible, to fight his way through the Indians to the stockade, where he supposed there was a squad of men ; but on opening the door, so many Indians fired and then rushed toward him, that he closed it. Again opening the door, he was fired on, and a number of Indians rushed forward ; he fired at them and again closed the door, and hastily caught up another loaded gun, opened the portal, and ran as fast as he could ; before he reached the yard fence he passed more than thirty Indians, all of whom fired at him, some so near as to burn his clothes with powder ; yet he escaped untouched, except by a blow from an empty gun in the hands of an Indian whom he encountered as he leaped the fence. The blow nearly felled him, but he recovered in time to escape, and gained the stockade. Finding the men there flying in every direction, he ran to a branch thickly grown up in cane, and hid himself in the mud and water. While the Indians were in pursuit of Colonel Gibson, Williams leaped from a window in the upper story to the ground, ran undiscovered in another direction, and escaped.

Captain Horne, who was so severely wounded as to render it impossible for him to stand up, was lying in the unfinished stockade with no hope of escape, calmly awaiting the time when the savages would come and torture him to death, when Elijah Pearce (Heaven help me to record his name in characters so high and lasting that all the world may read it) came to the assistance, and offered to save him or perish in the attempt.

Pearce, being a large and powerful man, took Captain Horne on his back, and, selecting a favorable opportunity, ran for the same hiding-place that Colonel Gibson had found.

A squad of men, consisting of Samuel Williams, John Talbot, Loverd Bryan, Green Ball, and perhaps one or two others, fought their way through a body of Indians who had surrounded them, and ran for the same friendly shelter, where Colonel Gibson, Captain Horne and Pearce were secreted, and buried themselves under the mud and water.

Unfortunately, the Indians discovered the last squad as they were entering the cane, and soon quite a body of Indians were seen approaching their place of concealment.

Colonel Gibson proposed that they should leave here, jump down under the bluff of the river and conceal themselves there ; the others insisted that they should remain where they were, and, if necessary, die together. Fortunately, although the Indians passed very near them several times, they were not discovered, and remained concealed until near noon. When they did emerge from their hiding-places they were so benumbed with cold that they could scarcely walk.

Three other men, C. S. Sabine, Joseph M. Fannin and one other's name not now remembered, had taken temporary shelter near the river. They were discovered, and quite a number of Indians attempted to surround them. They retreated down the bluff of the river, and soon the race became one for dear life. The three men, with empty guns, were pursued by six or eight Indians. Fannin, being a short, fleshy man, was soon outstripped by his more fortunate companions. The Indians were getting uncomfortably near him. His only hope was strategy ; if that failed, he resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible. So, hastily facing about and presenting his gun as if he was going to shoot, and calling loudly to his companions to "About face and charge the Indians," he had the satisfaction of seeing the cowardly savages turn and run from him.

Fannin and his companions retreated a little further down the river, and having, as they supposed, reached a place of safety, they slipped down under the bluff and concealed themselves until they became rested from their fatigue. They had not been concealed long before they heard their pursuers, who had been reinforced, coming in search of them. They remained in their hiding-place, and the Indians passed below without discovering them, and soon returned and stood on the bluff only a few feet above them, so near that Sabine, who could speak their language, understood what they were saying. But as they were anxious to plunder the stores they did not remain long, and were soon out of sight, when these men sought a more secure hiding-place further away from the scenes of plunder and burning.

Captain Nathan Clifton, while the fight was going on, became separated from his squad, and was closely pursued by several Indians; being only a few yards from the river bluff, he ran and leaped into the river. Growing on the bluff was a dense copse of cane and willows, with their tops and boughs dipping into the water. He floated under these, which completely hid him from the savages. As he ran and leaped, he was fired at several times, but escaped untouched. The Indians watched the river for his body, supposing that he was certainly killed, and sat down on the bluff within a foot of where he was floating in the water, holding on to the twig of a willow, with nothing above the water except his nose. He could plainly hear all they said, being familiar with their language. They did not remain very long, supposing they had killed him, and that his body had sunk in the river. He remained concealed under the bluff and the water until near noon.

The women and children of Roanoke had all, with the single exception of Mrs. Kershaw and her nursing babe, been sent off to places of safety several days before this. Mr. Kershaw was a merchant, doing business in Roanoke. As the village was a newly settled place and houses scarce, his family occupied a room over the store. A young man named Pierce clerked for him. Pierce was returning from sentry duty on that fatal morning, just at the commencement of the attack, and being fired on by the Indians, he ran to the store, calling on Kershaw to open the door and let him in.

Just as he reached the door he stumbled and fell. Kershaw at that very moment opened the door, and received the volley discharged at Pierce, which killed him instantly. Pierce arose in time to get inside the store, and drag Kershaw's body out of the door and close it, before the Indians reached it; but, believing that the Indians would force an entrance into the house, and seeing at that time no possible chance of escape, he carried Mrs. Kershaw upstairs, turned a large empty box over her and her babe, and then crawled under it himself.

Soon the Indians were heard in the store below; a little later their stealthy steps were heard cautiously ascending the stairway, then in the room where they were; next they were heard approaching the large box that concealed them, then the box was raised several inches from the floor and let fall, to see if it contained anything. The lifting up and dropping was repeated several times, to be sure that it was empty.

Several Indians then seated themselves on the box, and hacked it with their tomahawks as they conversed!

Is it possible to imagine that man's feelings during these moments of suspense? What if Mrs. Kershaw should lose her presence of mind and scream! What if that innocent babe should become restless of its dark confinement and cry! Ah, whether Pierce recognized the fact or not, God was there! "He moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." He doubtless sealed their lips and hushed their breathing.

What agonies did Mrs. Kershaw endure during these moments—moments that seemed ages! Her murdered husband was lying in the room below, and doubtless his yet dripping scalp dangled from the belt of one of the fiends seated on the box that concealed her and her fatherless babe. Every moment she expected to be dragged from her hiding-place, and her babe's brains dashed out against the walls of her bedroom, and the next moment she, too, would be ruthlessly murdered, and the bodies of father, mother and innocent babe cremated in one funeral-pile. But heaven decreed otherwise.

The Indians soon left the room, and commenced plundering the store below, and directly the roaring and crackling of fire warned Pierce and Mrs. Kershaw that they had more dangers to brave and other perils to encounter. Their heaven-favored box might hide them from the savages, but it could not shield them from the flames, and they must immediately seek another hiding-place.

Pierce slipped from under the box, cautiously looked out of a window and saw the position of the Indians, ascertained that they were all out of the room below, and that the way was clear to the back-door.

Not a moment was to be lost; the building was well on fire inside and out, and very soon it would be impossible to pass through the lower room. He hastily, yet noiselessly, removed the box from over Mrs. Kershaw and her child, took the babe in his arms and the mother by the hand, descended the stairway and passed through the room where lay the dead body of the murdered husband and father. Gladly would that loving wife have stopped and imprinted one long, last kiss on that cold, crimsoned face.

Ah! it would have been a relief to her poor, crushed heart to have cast her body by the side of his, and let their worldly possessions become their funeral-pile. But her precious babe was yet living; for it she must live; with it, if God's will, she would die.

There are times when perils and dangers act like cordials to the stricken heart. If they do not cure it they, for a time, blunt its sensibilities, quiet its pangs and stimulate it to exertion by directing the mental emotions away from the objects of grief, and prescribing new dangers and other important ends to be gained. Such was their effect in this instance.

Although the flames were fast approaching the body of her husband, and she knew that it would be consumed, she hesitated not a single moment, but followed her deliverer through the room and out of the back-door at an opportune moment, and, undiscovered by the savages, they gained the swamp in the rear of the store and made their escape.

AN ESSAY ON SNAKES.

By a Veteran Snake-slayer.

The names serpent and snake are synonymous, and it is indifferenly applied to every species of that reptile known to man.

There is no other creature on the face of the earth so thoroughly cursed — cursed of God in the following words, for his temptation of Eve in the Garden of Eden: "And the Lord said unto the serpent, Because thou hast done this, thou art cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field: upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life. And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed: it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel." This denunciation of the Lord has created in man an instinctive antipathy to the serpent, and the aversion of woman is ineradicable. Even the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air dread and despise the snake.

Again we read in Holy Scripture, in pursuance of the same thought: "And the Lord sent fiery serpents among the people, and they bit the people, and much people of Israel died. . . . And Moses made a serpent of brass, and put it upon a pole, and it came to pass that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived."

And yet, notwithstanding all this, his snakeship, it must be confessed, is a very charming fellow; and, however

shocking to the nerves the sudden and unexpected sight of one may be, especially so with females, the fancy for wearing jewels and ornaments of this device has prevailed, perhaps, since their first invention.

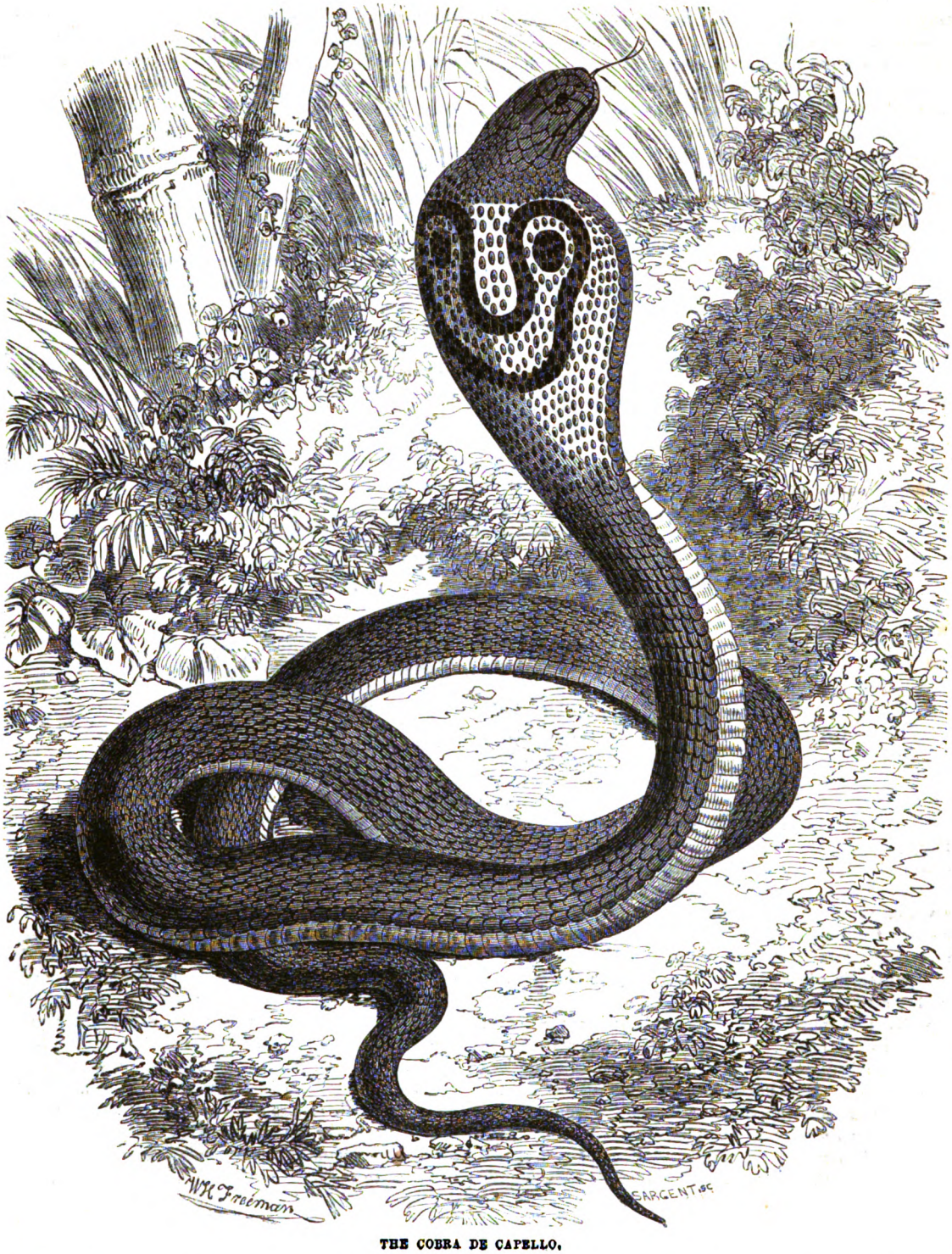
Among the ancients the serpent was considered an emblem of the divinity, and it is a curious coincidence of thought that in the Garden of Eden the devil should have been typified by the serpent in subduing woman, and that in ancient Greece and Rome we should find the same idea illustrated in subduing man. Virgil, in the Æneid, translated by Dryden, thus describes the crushing of Laocoon and his children by serpents:

"Their destined way they take,
And to Laocoon and his children make;
And first around the tender boys they wind,
Then, with their sharpened fangs, their limbs and bodies grind—
The wretched father, running to their aid
With pious haste, but vain, they next invade.
Twice round his waist their winding volumes rolled,
And twice about his gasping throat they fold.
The priest thus doubly choked, their crests divide,
And towering o'er his head in triumph ride."

And, as many critics assert, copied from this is the famous "Laocoon"; a group in marble, representing a man and his two sons struggling in the coils of a single serpent. It is a contest of life and death, and, as was the case in the Garden of Eden, in the struggle with woman the serpent here overcomes man. Isn't it strange, that both poet and artist, being pagans, should have fallen upon a conception identical almost with the enactments of the Deity?

In one of the famous galleries abroad I once saw, in a vision or in reality, a wonderful picture: Pan—an exquisite figure—reclining on a rock in the shadow of a wide-spreading oak, discoursing heavenly music with his pipe. At his feet meandered a limpid stream through the verdant vale. Surrounding him were innumerable serpents of every species, attracted thither by the dulcet sounds of the music. Some seemed to be in grave discourse, the one with the other. Of such were the enormous constrictors, resting on the coils of their latter ends, like some conclave of turbaned Turks discussing the doctrines of the Koran. Others, more agile in their movements, seemed to be darting hither and thither, in the ecstasy of their emotion. Conspicuous amongst these were the hoop or horn-snake, and the coach-whip or racer. The former, with his armed tail in his mouth—his manner of pursuing his

A FIGHT BETWEEN A PYTHON AND A TIGER.



THE COBRA DE CAPELLO.

foe, as the negroes in the South assert—appeared to be rolling round the circle with as much earnestness and glee as a hoyden missy would manifest in rolling her hoop; whilst the latter raced around through the crowd, *coaching* them in their actions and movements, assuming the office of grand master of ceremonies; the venomous hooded cobra was there, setting her cap to the fanciful and dandified copperhead, and the dignified rattlesnake, beating time to the music with his caudal castanets—all manifesting exquisite delight by various contortions of head and body. In the distance were a couple of lovers, hand in hand, gazing with intense interest at the extraordinary scene before them. The maiden appeared to be especially fascinated, whilst her lover seemed to be urging her to depart. This picture made an impression on my mind, which is continually recurring, and lingers on the brain a perpetual nightmare.

The snake inhabits every country and clime on the face of the earth, except Ireland, that most virtuous, most witty, and most turbulent country in the world—except Arabi Pasha, perhaps. Whether this arose from the landing on their shores of the Prophet Ezekiel with Jacob's stone, and two princesses of the house of David, from whom Queen Victoria is said to derive her lineage,

or from the advent and exorcism of the serpent by St. Patrick, heaven only knows. All I know is that it is claimed there are no snakes in Ireland.

Even the ocean has its quota of serpents—as is evidenced every year by the advertisement of the sea-serpent off Cape Cod and Nahant. This may be a Yankee trick to attract spectacular gazers. However this may be, it has recently been demonstrated, and the necessity of raising the Atlantic cable occasionally has afforded ocular proof of the existence of snakes at the bottom of the sea; for numbers have been found clinging to it when raised. The villains have shown their innate hatred of man by attacking his most wonderful handiwork.

There are two classes of snakes: the noxious and innoxious, or venomous and non-venomous. The venomous snakes are provided with fangs and poison-sacs. The non-venomous have neither. The fangs of venomous snakes vary in length, with the age and size of the reptile. They are loosely attached to the upper jaw by means of the poison-sac, on which they rest. Crescent-shaped, and finely-pointed, they are pierced from root to tip with a delicate, almost imperceptible orifice, so that, when a blow is delivered, the consequent pressure on the poison-sac forces the poison through the orifice into the wound, and thence into the veins; precisely as morphine is administered hypodermically. When not in action, the two fangs rest in sheaths on the upper jaw, convex side downward. When in the act of delivering a blow, the snake assumes the coil, erects the head, protrudes the fangs—which swing forward on the sac as a hinge, concave side downward—and darts forward with lightning rapidity; but never reaches beyond his length.

Of this class may be enumerated, in the order of the generally esteemed fatality of the wound, the cobra de capello, or hooded cobra. It is of a dull ash-color, with irregular darker marks over its entire length. The head is somewhat elongated when in repose; but when it becomes the least excited, a hood spreads over the entire head, making it appear double its normal size. Beneath the hood, the eyes glisten and flash with fearful brilliancy, as, in its coil, preparatory to a blow, it glares upon its foe. The cobra varies in length from eighteen inches to five feet. He is exclusively an inhabitant of Oriental countries, and the mortality from its *bite*—a misnomer, by-the-way—in India is something fearful. From twenty to thirty thousand is the annual estimate.

The natives, it would appear, are either ignorant of or indifferent to the only certain antidote—viz., any intoxicating drink, administered in small doses until the patient becomes dead drunk. I know whereof I speak, for I have had unusual personal experience and opportunities of observation during forty years' military service both at home and abroad. I may mention a few cases out of many.

At Corpus Christi, Texas, in September, 1845, a season of the year when the virulence of the poison is said to be most intense, and even to blind the reptile, a dragoon soldier was stricken by a rattlesnake on the ankle. He walked some two miles to camp, was made dead-drunk by the administration of whisky, and, with the exception of a suppuration of the wound, completely recovered.

Lieutenant Myers, of the Fifth Infantry, was, in 1854, stricken by a rattlesnake on the calf of the leg, whilst hunting, on the Rio Grande, in Texas. He walked to camp, was made dead-drunk by the administration of whisky, and, with the above exception, completely recovered, and lives to this day, if I am not mistaken, to corroborate this story; the more especially as he is known throughout the army as Rattlesnake Myers.

In 1852 I was making a night journey from Fort McKavit, in Texas, to Fort Graham, my post, accompanied by a single soldier. We had taken a short-cut by a blind path across the prairie, and, toward midnight, descended a bush-entangled hill into the dry bed of a creek. Despairing of finding our way out on the opposite side, we determined to strip our horses and bivouac for the balance of the night. We had no sooner spread our blankets than we heard the low mutterings of a panther, and fearing that, in the dark, the brute might attack our horses or ourselves, we concluded to light a fire. Crocket went to gather wood; I meanwhile started the fire; very soon he returned, saying he was snake-bit, and showing me the marks of the fangs on the ball of the right hand. I immediately bound my handkerchief tightly around his wrist; scarified the wound with my penknife; sucked it myself and made him suck it; administered small doses of brandy from a flask I had, and put him to bed. The next morning he suffered some, riding across the hot prairie, but soon recovered at the post. I was unable to find any traces of the snake, for, like the Bedouin, he had stolen away, but I concluded it to have been a copperhead.

In Egypt I made the acquaintance of the late Hakakiene Bey at Cairo. The Bey was an Armenian Christian, educated at Oxford, and for many years a resident of Egypt. He had held many offices under Mehemet Ali, and by study and observation had made himself an accomplished Egyptologist. I frequently visited the Bey at his palatial residence in Cairo, and would listen, by the hour, to his interesting conversations and discourses on the past and present history of Egypt. One day the conversation turned upon the subject of serpents, and especially in regard to the fatality of the bite of the cobra and the asp. He said that no remedy had yet been discovered for the bite of either. I asked if brandy or whisky had ever been tried. He said no, that such a thing had never been heard of. I then described the practice in the American army of administering brandy or whisky until the patient was drunk, as an antidote to the poison of a rattlesnake, which was quite as fatal as that of the cobra or the asp.

Several weeks after this conversation I was visiting the Bey, when he informed me that he had had occasion very recently to try the remedy I had described to him. A negro girl, a slave in his household, had been stung by a white scorpion, which is considered almost as fatal as the bite of a cobra. He said he had been summoned into the family consultation by the screams of the girl; that on learning the cause of the commotion, and remembering the remedy I had described for snake-bite, he had at once administered a tumbler full of brandy, *nolens volens*. The effect was, at first, wild intoxication, then a deep, lethargic sleep, from which she awoke after the lapse of some twelve hours, perfectly unconscious of having been stung. A foreign physician had been summoned, and arrived in the midst of the sleep. He asked if anything had been done. On being informed that brandy, an American remedy, had been administered, he shook his head in remonstrance, and pronounced her a dead woman!

I had frequent and peculiar opportunities, whilst surveying, in the Egyptian Army, for observing the peculiar attributes of the cobra, and Hakakiene Bey gave me much information on the subject. I remember once, while ascending the Nile in a *diabieh*, I landed, to take a little walk. Going through a wheatfield by a blind pathway, I was about ascending a slight declivity to the *levée*, my aid-de-camp, Major Campbell, following a few yards behind; a cobra suddenly glided into the pathway from the wheat in my rear, lifting its head and spreading its hood in the most insolent, defiant manner, as if he would say, "How dare you intrude into my peculiar territory?" I instantly

called "Snake!" to Campbell, and sped up the incline. Nor did his cobraship attempt to escape, but remained, glaring defiance at us, until he was killed by some fellahs, whom we called from a distant part of the field. I preserved the skin and the fangs. These last measured an inch in length, including the poison-sac; the skin, four feet two inches.

The Bey enlightened me considerably in regard to those veritable humbugs, the snake-charmers. He said the snake is doubtless charmed by the notes of the flute, but not to the extent the charmers would pretend. The charmer's stock-in-trade consists of a large leather sack, in which he carries half a dozen or so of cobras, denuded of their fangs. In collusion with one or more of the domestics of a household, the charmer secretly deposits one or more of his *stock* in one of the unoccupied rooms, or in a closet, where it is duly discovered by some member of the family. The entire household is instantly thrown into violent commotion, and the snake-charmer is summoned forthwith. He insolently comes, and assuming the air of an indispensable character, demands an explanation of his summons, and coffee. He then exhibits to the affrighted family his power over snakes, by loosing those he carries in his sack on the floor, making them dance and gyrate to the sound of his voice and flute. He then proceeds to search the premises, making mysterious prayers and invocations, and visiting every spot except the right one, the family crowding around him and keeping up a continual chatter the while. The captive snakes had been previously drilled in musical festivities, and accustomed to the sound of his voice. When the charmer, after many detours throughout the house and premises, avoiding as long as he can the exact locality, finally approaches the renegade, his music becomes more intense, his harangues and prayers more emphatic, until the culprit comes gliding from his hiding-place and is captured. The charmer is thereupon applauded with vociferous ejaculations of "Taïb! taïb keteer! Mush Alla!" (Good! very good! Thank God!) He is duly rewarded, and goes his way rejoicing.

I witnessed all, and more, of the scene described, at Alexandria, at the residence of an English lady, the daughter of an English surgeon, by an Ethiopian, whom he had married. I had taken luncheon, or *tiffin*, as the English in the East call the midday meal. A cobra had been seen to scale the wall of her back premises, and she had sent for a snake-charmer to hunt him up. The charmer being announced after luncheon, the company was invited to accompany the hostess into the court-yard to witness the operation of charming. He was a tall, swarthy individual, scantily dressed in the inevitable blue cotton gown, with ample flowing sleeves, and was provided with his flute and sack of snakes. He went to work, *secundum artem*, before so distinguished an audience, and many of them so skeptical, and watching to detect any trick. Being, of course, unsuccessful in his search for the vagrant cobra, he proposed to inoculate the lady, so that if she should chance to be bitten the wound would prove to be innoxious. Miss H—— submitted to the operation without in the least believing the superstitious faith of her Eastern ancestry. The charmer took from his sack one of the largest snakes and placed it about her neck; then, baring her arm, he took a smaller snake, and pressing its jaws open, a portion of the flesh of the lady's arm was seized and inserted between the jaws, and the teeth closed and forced into the flesh until the imprint of them remained. I never saw anything like it. Such entire and absolute freedom from nervous emotion! I had seen an exhibition similar to it in the grand ballet introduced in the opera of "Semiramide," at Cairo. In that ballet the prima donna, after figuring a while on the stage, suddenly takes from a vase of foliage an enormous cobra, which she winds round her neck and arms, dancing the while amidst the plaudits of a delighted audience, the snake meantime spreading its hood and thrusting out its forked tongue, as if it enjoyed the novelty of the situation. Suddenly the snake is supposed to bite her; she quickly releases it, restores it to the vase, and falls, apparently lifeless, to the floor. Her companions instantly gather around her, and, in the mazes of the dance and the mournful notes that issue from the orchestra, she recovers and resumes her movements with tenfold agility and grace. This was the first time I had ever seen a delicate female handle the detestable serpent, and it prepared me somewhat for the exhibition I afterward witnessed at Alexandria.

The asp, or viper—for they are identical—is found in the deserts of the East. It is a small snake, of a dull leaden color, with black spots. Quick and agile in its movements, it strikes with lightning suddenness, and with fatal effect.

There is a great variety of venomous reptiles found in Eastern countries. The ignorance of the natives of the commonest remedies occasions fearful mortality.

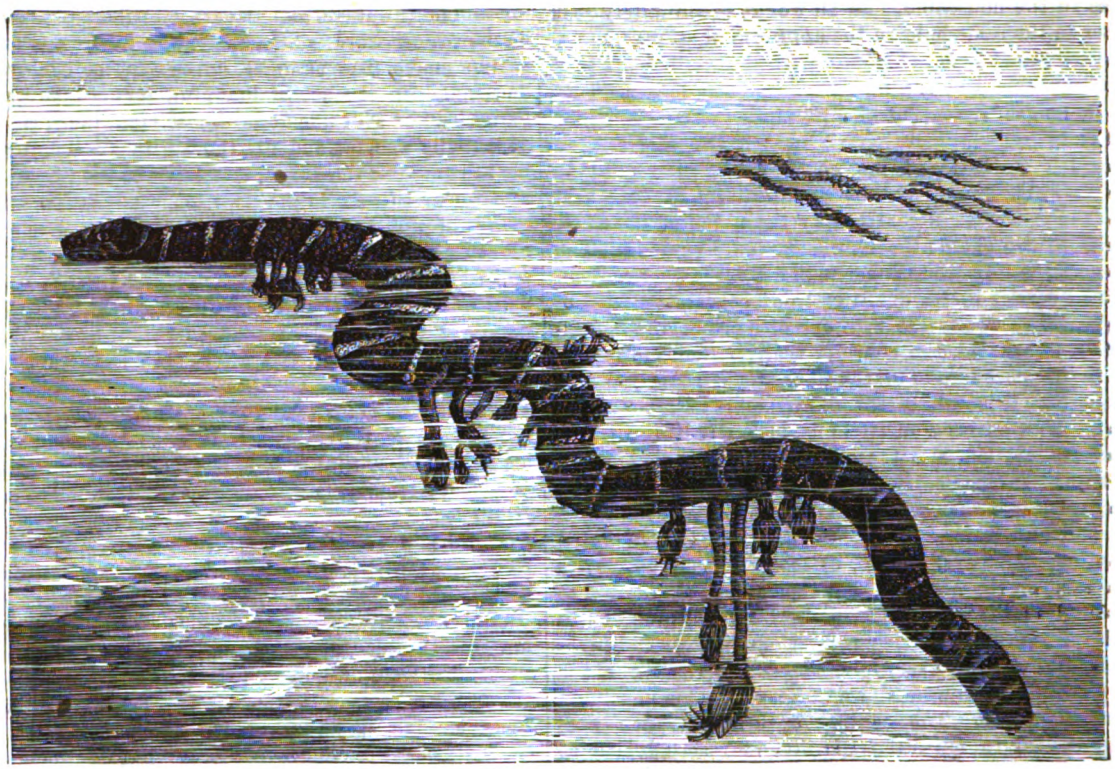
Constrictors, too, of enormous size and length are found in the jungles of Asia and Africa. They lie in wait suspended from or coiled on the limb of a tree like a huge vine, and woe to the incautious prey passing beneath. Large animals, and men, even, are seized and enfolded in the relentless coils, crushing every bone in its body to a jelly; then sliming the carcass over with spittle secured from the mouth, the monster commences the process of deglutition, which occupies several days, and digestion endures several weeks.

The rattlesnake is found throughout the North American continent, and occasionally in South America. He is a communist in politics, sociable in his habits, loves company, but prefers to have it of his own choosing. He cannot endure familiarity, but resents it on the instant, first giving generously a warning rattle. The blow follows generally so quickly the rattle, that should the unfortunate victim be within striking distance, no appreciable time or interval is perceptible. He varies in length from a foot or eighteen inches to eight feet, according to the class, the short ones being distinguished as the ground-rattlesnake. Of a dark ash-color, his back is marked with diamonds formed of lighter lines, whilst his belly is of a bright, shining lead-color. The tail terminates in a rattle—an elipsoid elongated, composed of a series of horny buttons loosely attached, the one to the other, and numbering as high as twenty. Each button is supposed to denote a year in age; but this supposition must either be erroneous or the rattles drop off, for I have killed enormous fellows, veterans, with only nine or ten rattles.

The rattlesnake is especially unique above all other serpents in the gift of this warning rattle, and this fact confirms me in the belief that in the nature of things he must be the most venomous of all reptiles.

They frequently congregate and dwell in communities. Some dry, secluded cavern is selected, where they live and breed and accumulate in immense numbers. From this central depot they migrate in pairs to distant quarters of the country. I once discovered one of them on the Colorado River, about seventy miles above Austin.

The snakes appeared to have congregated in countless numbers, and when stirred up "with a long pole" a hissing and a rattling would issue sufficient to appall the stoutest heart. Wood and brush were gathered and thrust into the mouth of the cavern and piled up around it and fired.

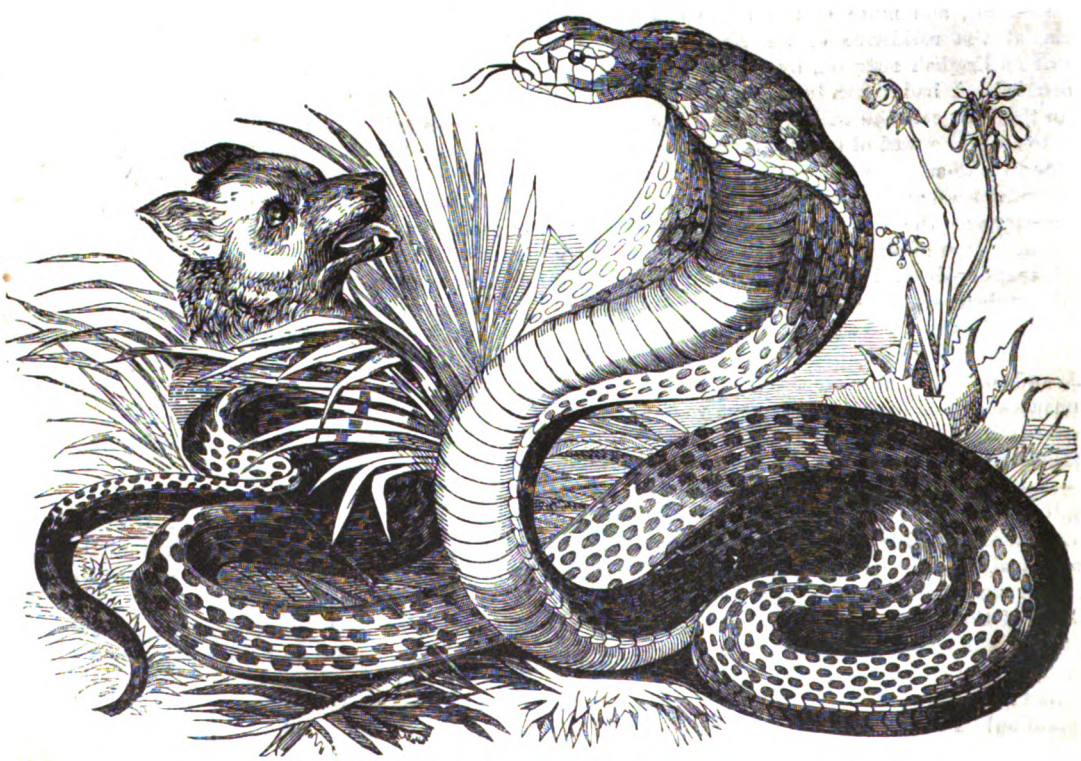


A SEA-SERPENT IN THE INDIAN OCEAN.

Disturbed by the fire and smoke, they came crawling out of the cavern by dozens.

Big and little, young and old, they fled from the flames into the jaws of certain death at the hands of their bitterest foe—man! More than a hundred were slaughtered, and for weeks afterward the stench was so great that wide detours were made by persons passing the spot. This was one of the most populous communities of rattlesnakes I had ever seen or heard of.

Prairie-dog towns, which are most frequent and extensive on the plains of the West, are favorite resorts of the rattlesnake. I have frequently seen them in close and intimate communion with the dog, the owl and tarantula at the entrance of one of their cavernous lodgings. A strangely-



COMBAT BETWEEN A COBRA DE CAPELLO AND AN ICHNEUMON.

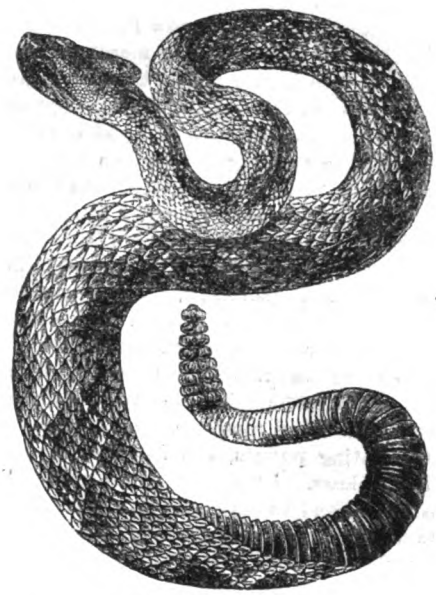
assorted "happy family," each one having its peculiar duties in the household, and all would precipitately seek shelter in the same hole on the approach of strangers.

A SERPENT CHARMING A BIRD.

On the annexation of Texas, in 1845, the Second Regiment of Dragoons marched through that State from East to West. The season being the month of August, to avoid the ardent tropical rays of the sun, the regiment would frequently make night marches, and in the western part of the State "motts" of chaparral would be encountered in the route about which we would wind through the open. Now, these "motts" are favorite resorts of the ground-rattlesnake; and, night after night, the warning word, "Snake!" snake!" would pass to the rear of the column, and the head would be deflected from its course. It was wonderful how the horses escaped being stricken.

And here permit me to remark, parenthetically, that the expression "snake-bite," and "snake-bitten" are misnomers. As well apply the same to the "tossing" of a bull or the "goring" of an elephant. The venomous snake *never* bites, but *strikes*. Hence "strike," or "stricken," is the proper word.

The snake first assumes its *striking* coil, elevates the head, and, in the act of lounging forward, protrudes its fangs; all of which is done almost simultaneously. It is essentially a blow, and delivered with all the strength of

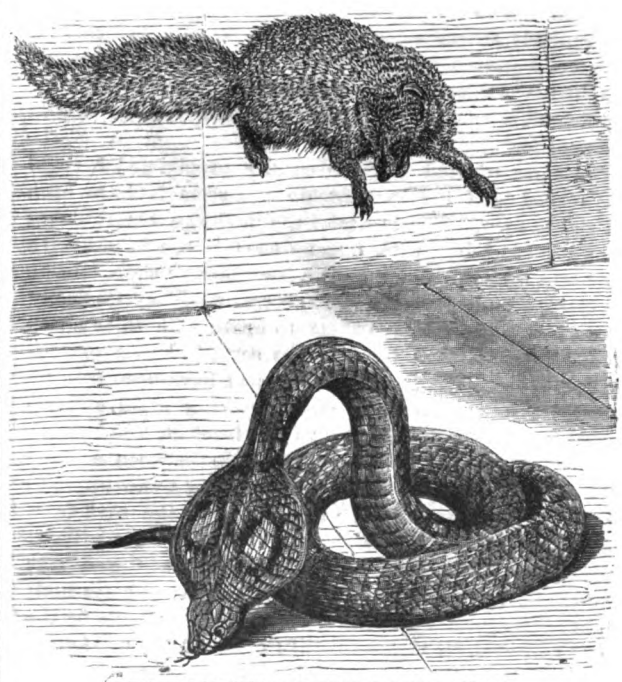


THE RATTLESNAKE.

his powerful muscles, and never reaches beyond his length.

The ground rattlesnake is smaller than the other, of darker color, but marked, as the other is, with diamonds, the wound being quite as poisonous.

The camps of the troops at Corpus Christi, when we first went there, were infected with ground rattlesnakes. In grubbing up the roots of the chaparral in our camp fourteen were unearthed in one day. In the contiguous



A FIGHT BETWEEN A MONGOOSE AND A COBRA.

camp, of the Seventh Infantry, the guard one night was driven from its quarters; and a sentinel, impelled by the principle that discretion is the better part of valor, ignominiously fled from his post, frightened by the continuous rattle of the snakes around him. The entire camp seemed to be a rattlesnake harbor; and yet but one soldier was stricken.

The larger class of rattlesnakes have been found, especially in Southern climates, of enormous proportions. I once killed, on the banks of the now famous Ocklawaha, in Florida, in 1839, a rattlesnake that measured seven feet ten inches, and twelve inches round the body. Another officer and myself were looking for a camping-place, and observing a bird ahead of us fluttering and hovering over a clump of bushes, in seeming distress, on approaching I discovered a huge rattlesnake coiled beneath the bushes. As there was no nest of eggs or young, I concluded that I had, at length, ocular demonstration of the process of *charming*. The bird had been, evidently, under the influence of the reptile's noxious glance, and was released from its fatal thrall by our timely approach. Dismounting, I provided myself with a long sapling, and taking it by the small end, I delivered the first blow with all my strength. The horrid monster came gliding out toward me, apparently dazed, and blinded, perhaps, by the previous exercise of his fascinating powers, and I dispatched him with a few additional blows. I gave him to my groom, Powell, who, on his horse, had to hold him up to keep him from dragging on the ground. He skinned it, stuffed it with bran, and brought that, together with the fangs, to my tent. The latter, including the poison-sac, were each an inch and a quarter long. The sacs were of a bluish-green hue, and about the size of a filbert. On delivering the skin Powell said: "Lieutenant, here's this skin. Where must I put it?" "Hang it up on that limb," said I. "Lieutenant," said Powell, "the mate of the snake will follow it, sure! And you don't catch me sleeping in the neighborhood." "Pshaw!" said I, "hang it up." I slept but little that night, thinking of what Powell had said, and was not a little astonished next morning, when he presented to me the mate, which he said he had found stealing away from the carcass of its *confrère*, where it had lain the better part of the night. Rattlesnakes have a peculiarly strong odor of cucumbers, and they may be traced a hundred yards' distance by following the scent. We had a sergeant in our regiment, old Stanger, who could trail a snake with absolute certainty, especially in hot weather.

The curse of God and the enmity proclaimed betwixt Eve's seed and the serpent do not seem to have been limited to man. The beasts of the field and the fowls of the air regard him with equal detestation, and all, with one accord, either attack or flee from him on sight. Swine are especially destructive of the serpent. They fearlessly attack them, and trample them to death with their sharp hoofs. Their fat and veinless ribs seem to be impervious to the wounds received. Deer, too, as I have been told by Indians, attack them successfully, making rapid and repeated bounds upon them with their forefeet.

I remember once witnessing a battle between a huge rattlesnake and a pair of terriers belonging to an uncle in Louisiana. The snake came crawling into the yard from under the house; the terriers were dozing on the gallery. They were no sooner aroused by the outcries of the negroes than they set upon it bravely. They fought with method; pitching in alternately, they would seize the reptile by the throat and shake it violently, then bound off to a safe distance. The contest continued for half an hour before the snake was killed. One of the dogs had been stricken on the head, which was considerably swollen. When the battle was ended, he fled to the woods to find and eat the plant which instinct taught him was a *certain* antidote. Why, let me ask, has not some enterprising physician or naturalist taken the pains to watch, and to trail a dog after such a contest, and discover the wonderful plant? Such a discovery would prove a boon and a blessing to man.

The Indians are familiar with many plants and roots which they claim to be *certain* antidotes against the wounds of venomous reptiles, and I have had several pointed out to me. I even tried one of the most efficacious on my old snake-stricken friend, Crocket, but I must acknowledge that I have but little faith in them, as compared to *intoxication*.

In the class of poisonous snakes on the North and South American continents, approximating in venom more nearly to the rattlesnake, may be enumerated the copperhead and moccasin in the North, and several species with Spanish names in the South. The wound from either of them, though not considered fatal, is very painful and troublesome. The copperhead is a short, chunky snake, of exceedingly venomous aspect. The head is broad, and the body of a greenish-coppery color, covered with marks of a reddish tinge. He is sluggish in his movements, and strides, as the rattlesnake does, from a special antagonistic coil, different from the coil of repose. It "uses" in the neighborhood of springs and spring branches.

The moccasin, like his brother-copperhead, is chunky in form, and of an ashy, black color. He, too, like his co-mate, is found in damp localities; both feeding on frogs and aqueous insects. There are other more or less poisonous reptiles infesting swamps and low places, but they approach so nearly in character and attributes to the constrictor, that they may be classed indifferently with either.

Constrictors, or those snakes that procure their food by crushing the *living* animals in their coils, are numerous as a class. The coachwhip, or racer, the black-snake, the garter-snake, the chicken-snake, and dozens of others, may be enumerated in this class. As I have before remarked, no portion of the globe, except Ireland, is exempt from them. Like an unmentionable insect, or like the Jews, their home is everywhere. The jungles of India, the swamps and savannas of Africa, the marshes and forests of South America, the hummocks and everglades of Florida teem with them, of more or less magnitude, ranging from four to thirty feet in length.

All of this class of reptiles climb trees with more or less facility. I remember once, when I was a boy, to have climbed to the top of a tree, simply to look, of course, into a bird's nest. I was not a little surprised to find that I had been anticipated in the contemplated robbery. A chicken-snake was comfortably coiled in the nest, digesting at his leisure the eggs he had appropriated. On his evident inquiry, with his bright, expressive eyes—which looked like a couple of moons to me—where I was going, I replied—in action at least—as the Irishman did to the gamekeeper, when the latter caught him making his way through the hedge, and put the same inquiry, "Back ag'in!" as I hurriedly clambered down the tree and sped home.

Boys are intuitively given to practical jokes with snakes they have killed. Unmindful of the consequences, they coil them in the path of their sisters, and listen with glee for the inevitable scream of terror. Nothing in nature is so startling or terrifying to most minds as encountering suddenly and unexpectedly a snake.

Sam McGoffin, the son of old Jim McGoffin, the late sutler and factotum at Fort Bliss, Texas, was once in

charge of one of his father's trains of wagons from Atchison to Santa Fé. There was one of the Mexican hands whom Sam despised, and he determined to play a practical joke on this individual that would last during his lifetime. In the course of a few days, when the train had gotten well out on the plains, some one of the hands killed a rattlesnake. It was in the afternoon, when most of the party were taking their siesta. Among the rest, Sam's particular pet was snoozing at a two-forty rate. Now was the time and now the hour. So, slipping up quietly with the snake in his hand, he gently attached it by the lips to a thong at the heel of the man's leggins, and coiled it up naturally at the man's feet, then stole away to watch and exult when he should awaken.

At length the long-expected and hoped-for moment came. The man changed his position, and in doing so moved his snake-recumbent leg. One look! a spring! a yell, and he was off across the prairie like a scared dog with a kettle tied to its tail! Sam rolled and roared with laughter to see the affrighted Mexican run. A man had to mount a spare horse and speed after the fugitive, and when he overtook him, he was lying exhausted on the prairie. "Caramba, se fué!" muttered the Mexican, as he leaped from the ground.

"I despise a snake, judge!" said a "Cracker," born and bred on Bayou Salé, in St. Mary's Parish, Louisiana, as he related to Judge Baker an encounter he had had with a black snake in his youth. "You see, judge, when I was a little shaver I used to mind stock on the edge of the canebrake. In them days I used to wear nothing but a hickory shirt. Judge, I despise a snake on the face of the earth! Well, one day I seen a-runnin' before me in the path a whoppin' big black snake, an' I took it into my head to catch him. The cuss took to a hole, but I cotch him by the tail as I come down cowhallup on the ground. 'I've got you, hoss!' I despise a snake, judge. Pretty soon I felt something tickling me under the thigh. 'Oh, ho!' says I, 'you're there, are you?' And I grabbed him by the neck with the other hand. 'I've got you now!' Judge, I despise a snake! I hauled the darned creeter out of his hole, and as quick as lightning he curled around my arm and begun to squeeze. I hit him over the head with the handle of a cow-whip I had. The more I'd knock him the harder he'd squeeze. Now, wasn't I in a nice fix, judge! My arm begun to ache and git numb-like. Wasn't it a fix to be in, judge? I despise a snake! I couldn't stand it no longer, so I up and let him have the snaggles. I bit that snake in two before he'd leave go of his hold. I have despised a snake ever since."

Snakes are naturally combative. I remember once witnessing a fight between a rattlesnake and a black snake. I was stationed at Trader's Hill, in Georgia, on the Florida line. A rattlesnake had been captured and secured in a box. A day or two afterward—the soldiers were always pandering to the taste for pets of the officers—a soldier brought in a live black snake. He was put into the same cage with the rattlesnake. They instantly assumed the striking coil in opposite corners, and eyed each other viciously, and made sundry efforts and feints at striking. At length the black snake, watching his opportunity like a cunning pugilist, seized the other by the nape of his neck, wound himself about him like lightning, and crushed him to death.

Rattlesnakes are sometimes eaten; and, 'tis said, their flesh is as savory in a stew as that of a squirrel. Captain G—— accompanied a command I was with, crossing the plains to Utah, in 1859. He was a great sportsman, and one day, whilst hunting, he shot the head off a rattle snake. He brought it to camp, and bade his cook make a stew of it. So much to his taste was it, that he could not forbear the satisfaction of sending a portion of it to a friend, who was also traveling with the command, with his wife and children. The latter was asleep when the mess was brought, and the wife and children consumed the whole of it, not knowing, of course, what it was, and little suspecting that it was rattlesnake. The next morning Captain G—— rode up to the ambulance in which the others were riding, and, passing the compliments of the morning, asked his friend how he liked the stew he had sent him. "I was asleep, and my wife and the children ate it all. They pronounced it excellent. What was it?" "Rattlesnake," sententiously replied G——. The ambulance couldn't hold them; they heaved and they hove, first on one side of the road, then on the other. The lady was made ill, and never forgave Captain G——.

The subject of snakes is a prolific one, as I have discovered since I commenced this essay, and I might go on with my stories *ad nauseam*, but I am warned that I have already exceeded my limits. Hence I will close with the simple remark that mine are not "snake stories," but veritable facts.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

O SYMBOL of thine empire's long decay,
  Sad city girdled by thy myriad waves,
  A voice amid the wind that slowly waves
The dark funereal cypresses away
Above thy dead—like his who calls to pray
  At sunset from thy minarets—moans and raves
  Prophetic sorrows. Fate awearied craves
To end thy lustful and luxurious day.
Thy limbs are stiff, thy heart hath drunk despair,
  Poor empire, fallen from thy high estate;
While, prowling round the bed whereon thou liest,
The jackal and the tiger and the bear,
  Eye flashed on eye with fear and jealous hate,
Would rend thee and each other ere thou diest.

THE LOST BAR.

By Margaret F. Aymar.

The morning sun shone splendidly down on Chatzi, and from every chimney in the town a slim column of smoke curled up in tender, aspiring thankfulness toward the azure sky. The sands glistened, and the pink seashells lying about, with their small freights of briny drops, sparkled like a shower of diamonds; the softly-lapping waves curled closely up the shore, and dimpled back into the deep, while the bar lay like a broad belt of golden gladness bathed in the brilliance of the five-hour-old sunshine; beyond, the sea sang its earth-old song as it crept up and receded at the other side of the bar—crept up within a foot or two of the little row of staring bathing-houses and over and over the strong ropes, securely fastened for the accommodation of the more timid of the bathers, receded, bearing a wealth of tangled weeds ready for the small brown hands that ere long would come searching for their pretty salt-smelling playthings.

Tiny sail-boats were plying back and forth between the mainland and the bar, filled with all sorts and conditions of people, from the *grande dame* in her dainty *bottines* and broidered costume, with attendant maid laden with satchels full of towels and bathing-dress, to the airy, pert shop-girl, with elaborately-arranged hair and showy, yet well-fitting, toilet of thin silk.

Rowboats darted in and out, while fishing-smacks—a few—lay high and dry on the shore, undergoing repairs,

and great coarse nets were stretched between stout wooden pins along the cliffs, where the women sat on high three-legged stools actively employed in mending great holes that time had made in them. Half a dozen antiquated donkeys galloped up and down, constantly urged by as many boys, who ran at their heels, one would think, at imminent risk to their lives; and the laughter of the children rang out clear and free and buoyant, and a little harsh, as is all joy that has had no foretaste of pain. Up the straggling street — that is to say, the principal street of Chatzi—one met as he climbed (for the town lay for the most part on the cliffs, stretching out ambitiously east and west) a few pedestrians, sturdy, handsome-eyed women, balancing great baskets of fish on their heads, their dark-blue loose gowns and crimson kerchiefs, their gray stockings and clicking *sabots*, with once in a while a string of golden beads, becoming them well; fashionable ladies carrying combed and perfumed little dogs; beautifully dressed children and smart *bonnes*, who one and all cast contemptuous glances upon the peasant-women; a few young men attired in the extreme of the *mode*, and any number of young ladies similarly distinguished; six or seven people on horseback, as many more in phaetons, and—look—one has reached the top of the hill, and the town lies flat before one.

TRYING TO SELL HER WORK AT THE PICTURE-DEALER'S.

Quaint lines of cabin-like houses, with not a vestige of paint on one of them, weather-beaten, crumbling, and full of gears; here and there a flush of pale color in the pink gilly-flowers that lifted up their pretty heads on a narrow window-sill under the eaves, where a bird had built its round wee nest, or a dash of glow and warmth where some good wife chanced to be the fortunate possessor of an oleander-tree to bloom beside her threshold.

Each had its patch of faded cabbages, its row of wilted

THE LOST BAR.—"HIS BLUE EYES ARE FIXED UPON HER; THEY INSPECT, WITH A SORT OF FIERY IMPATIENCE, THE WHOLE GRACEFUL AND BEAUTIFUL PICTURE BEFORE THEM."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

onions and leeks, and its thriving double lines of carrots, amid which a few demure-looking hens pecked at will, while a gallant cock investigated the few vines that clambered over the pitiful trellis by the doorway.

Further on and further apart, ambitious-looking villas, with bright-green or blue posts stuck up in their yards, duly inscribed, "Villa Bellevue," or "Villa Sur-mèr," or other fanciful legend that the taste of the owner might have dictated; hundreds of these stretching out in every direction, gay and well-filled now, but shut up and dismal as so many discarded bandboxes when the season was over.

Yonder to the right lie the loved green fields, and, listen! one can hear the faint tinkle of a bell, and one knows that the cows are pasturing on the other side of that bit of woods, and that the sheep trot after, nibbling down the juicy grass to the very top of the brown, moist earth. One sees a pair of seagulls rise and dip and soar up from the bar, and over from the west to the east, from right to left; one's eye follows their flight, and meets all at once, standing on the crest of what may be called a hill in this level land, a chateau, strong and old, and built of gray stones brought more than three hundred years ago from a distant quarry at much labor and expense.

The road that winds up to it is graveled, and the loose pebbles fly disagreeably beneath one's thread; there is a thick and smoothly-trimmed hedge on either side, and at the end heavy gates and a lodge that looks more as if intended for the use and abuse of warfare than for peaceful habitation. The windows are but so many slits with two iron bars apiece, and the Gothic door swings heavily and unwillingly on its hinges, as though, perhaps, more accustomed to refusing admittance to enemies than granting it to friends.

A cat sleeps in the sunshine on the sill, and a brown rabbit sits up on its hind paws under the hedge and washes the dew from its face, then scuds off along the carriageway, where one may follow it if one will, still over the uncomfortable gravel; but here the scents of flowers are sweet, and right at hand there lies a garden full of blossoms—hearts, four feet across, all of heartsease, tangles of many-hued verbenas, diamonds of shaded violets, circles of velvet-leaved *pensées*, ribbons winding in and out among the green, of sweet illyssum and fragile heliotropes, geraniums and mignonette—arranged with geometrical precision, and yet with an effect both quaint and pleasing. The poplars are trimmed into fantastic shapes, and the fountain that plays its tickling tune before the balconies spurts its stream into the air forty feet through the shell-trumpet of a most impossible-looking merman. The sundial is moss-grown, and the château itself, although considerably modernized, retains the old frown on its front that was a dread to invaders many a year ago.

A lady, beautiful and young, but sad-looking and pale from an old grief, sat on one end of the balconies, her listless hands folded over her sewing-box, while her eyes look out over the bar to the sea. They were blue eyes, liquid and large, but they never looked at one, rather seemed to look through one, finding out the secrets of things and keeping them.

The lady was quite alone.

The hall is broad, with a stone pavement, and with wooden warriors standing in odd corners, hung with curious coats of mail complete; antlers, rudely mounted, spread over dim portraits of dead and gone Duquesnes, and skins lie about on the light Summer sofas, inviting one to be seated.

At the further end a low Gothic door of carved oak stands ajar, and leads into a small and somewhat barren-looking apartment. A polished floor, a grand piano with loose sheets of music lying about; a couple of cane sofas, a large *fauteuil*, a harp in one corner, four music stands, four little stiff velvet chairs, and seated on them four little brown-haired boys, each holding a violin and bow.

In front of the *fauteuil* stands an old man in a long velvet dressing-gown, and with a velvet cap drawn tightly down over his head: he also has a violin in his hand—a priceless thing with a Stradivarius mark just left legible to tell its age.

In through the tall, blue pain of the stained glass window comes a slip of the sunshine and it falls softly across the brow of the third boy—a boy who has the mother's eyes and mouth, and probably the father's brow—as he lays his round, pretty chin caressingly down on his instrument.

"Is our lesson finished for to day, professor, ?" cries Pierre, leaping from his seat and hurrying his violin into its case.

"Yes, yes," replies the old instructor, somewhat ruefully. "That sonata was murdered—slaughtered! *Mon Dieu!* Monsieur Pierre, you will never be a musician!"

"I hope not, professor," cries the boy, gayly; but it will not be your fault or the beautiful *madre's*, who will have us learn everything, I think—no matter what."

"I shall be a musician," exclaimed Paul, with a merry twinkle in his brown eyes. "I shall play the drum and go to the wars." And the happy child throws his bow in the air and catches it deftly.

"*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!*" sighs the old man—"the father's spirit!"

"And I shall burn my violin," says Eugene, "as soon as I am of age; I shall only play waltzes on the piano, and drive large fast horses in the Bois."

"And what shall Monsieur Louis do?" asks the professor, gently touching the third child's hair with a half-caress in his thin, brown fingers. "The piano also as *le cadet?*"

"Too cold, *Monsieur le Professeur*," answers the boy, dreamily. "One may beat the keys, and hug them and coax them, but one can never find their heart—is there any in them, think you?"

He turns his blue eyes back and glances at the piano, and the light, all azure, from the sunlit window-pane makes them look look like a young saint's eyes, full of a holy fire.

"The pianists say so, *mon enfant, mais*——"

"I know there is not; the heart of music lies buried here," cries the boy, laying his round cheek down upon his little violin. "Do you know, professor, I think it is like the heart of a woman—capable of all things; and, listen," Louis says, lowering his shrill, childish voice to a whisper and drawing his bow tenderly across the strings. "It tells me everything just in one sweep of my arm, *Monsieur le Professeur*—life, love, loss—and the heart that I shall find some day when I am a man, maybe."

His brothers laugh and shout at their play, but the old teacher lays his brown, withered hand again on the boy's head and looks sadly down into his face.

He is thinking, perhaps, that to be glad and heedless is better than to be glorious and full of sorrow—he has lived three-score years, and is only earning five hundred francs a month—and he remembers the time long gone when he, too, dreamed dreams.

* * * * * *

At the Baths of Geisänneu. The *grande salle* there is opposite the Hotel d'Europe, and to-night a great and aristocratic and cultivated assemblage is gathered in it to listen to an artist who is world-famous—the violinist, Louis Moreau Duquesne.

From the frescoed and vaulted ceiling hang six beautiful crystal chandeliers, shedding their light upon a sea of

faces—such lovely faces, some of them, and such fresh and elegant toilets, and so many flowers, and such fluttering, exquisite fans—it was a charming *ensemble*, without question.

In the box—there is but one, the other side being taken up by a small balcony, where the orchestra is placed when balls are given in the *grande salle*—is a lady dressed completely in white, with a down-lined cloak falling off her shoulders, with large pearls among her braids, on her arms and throat, and holding a fan of white ostrich feathers before her face, for she is yawning, and unmindful alike of the satin programme that flutters to the floor, and of the great cluster of white roses lying on the gilded chair beside her. An attendant in a quiet livery stands at the extreme rear of the box, ready to execute her lightest command.

Behind the dark-green curtain which forms a sombre background for the accompanist's piano, the scene is somewhat different.

The manager of the concert flutters nervously about, red with excitement and from a too recent dinner of seven courses; several privileged artists are chatting busily together, and a couple of porters discuss their beer at one side, while the valet of Monsieur Duquense powders three new pairs of gloves for his master's use that evening.

Monsieur Duquense himself has just emerged from his dressing-room, a perfumed autocrat, who never deigned to share that apartment with any artist, man or woman, who might chance to "assist" at his concerts; smiling at the loud and impatient applause that greets his ear, and re-arranging a tiny white rosebud in his buttonhole, he inadvertently stumbles over a young woman who sits on the lowest step of the little flight leading down to the stage.

"*Mille pardons! mais*, how was I to know that a young lady was sitting in such an odd place?"

She looks up with dazed, yet happy eyes—a young lady all in white, some thin and flimsy stuff, upon whose arms or neck shine no jewels, before whose face is held no splendid feather fan.

"Who are you?" he asks, half turning round again and bending his head, and in a voice that was music's own—

> "A voice to woo a woman with,
> A voice to plead or pray."

Is it any wonder that this child, who had worshiped the fair, beautiful face of the man nearly all her life, should have fancied that the gates of pearl had opened and let through an archangel to commune with her?

"I am to sing to-night in your concert, monsieur—two pieces."

"You are! And sitting here in this chilly, damp place! Why did you not come into my room?"

She glances up and he laughs lightly, shrugging his shoulders as he speaks.

"Ah, well, when they want to give me fat old *prime donne*, to whom I must feed bonbons in order to keep them from telling me how narrowly they have all escaped being Malibrans and Grisis, it is one thing; but you—that is another."

He glances down carelessly into her face as he opens the door for her to pass in, and he smiles to himself. Is it the applause on the other side of the curtain, or is it the fire that burns in those dark, girlish eyes, that causes him to smile so softly to himself?

"There. You will be more comfortable here, I imagine. I will tell Marceaux where to find you when you are wanted, and I will bring you my first flowers to dress your hair and bodice with."

"Thanks," she answers, simply; and looking at her, with his hand upon the door, an amused look, like the look from a sprite's eyes, leaps into his beautiful blue ones.

"You are cold?" for she shivers a little, and turns her pretty head aside.

"Yes."

"I do not believe it."

The sprites that have come to dwell under his fringing lashes quite laugh for sport.

"Let me see."

He picks up one of her hands. It is cold as ice, and he quickly lets it fall again at her side.

"Ugh! I do not like cold hands. They should be warm and dry and soft as—as some hands are."

He shivers in his turn, still with that sweet mockery in his face.

"Your shoulder, I should think, was not cold. It is pretty, but thin—thin like all young girls."

Her head has been averted from him, but she turns it now, and a rose blooms in either of her cheeks, and she looks like a hunted thing brought to bay.

He laughs. He has seen so many women's faces look that way that he is not moved to pity or sympathy, as one might be by the sight. And then, swiftly and softly, he stoops and presses his warm lips on her shoulder, and lifts his head and throws it back, still laughing.

But before the mirth has faded she is on her knees before him, her two slim, bare arms about him, her face—ah, now the face of a veritable woman, one might say—upturned, and her great eyes full of the love that never dies.

"I love you, she cries, brokenly—"love you—have loved you since I was a little child, so high, when you came to the convent and played for the pupils. For your sake I have studied and done all that I could with my voice so as to be but near you perhaps once or twice in the year, as to-night."

"Hush! hush!" he says, laying his hand upon her hair, and smoothing it most gently. With him a caress was as natural as to speak. "You say that you love me? Mademoiselle, ladies never tell gentlemen so; leave that for *paysannes*, the fisher-girls that live by the sea, but not a young lady like you, mademoiselle." And there comes into his voice a depth and solemnity that few have ever heard in it. "You do not yet know what love is; it is to struggle, to endure, to be patient, to watch, to never tire, to die for, to live for—in short, to crucify one's self with smiles upon one's lips, if it should be necessary. That is love! I pray God it never comes to you."

"It has," she says, doggedly.

"Then," with a weary smile, "we will bury it, for love that must live by starvation is best strangled in the birth."

"You mean——"

A wild, appealing cry from her lips and on his face a sorrowful, helpless stare."

"Monsieur, we can wait no longer. Will you be pleased to come out at once"—the agitated tones of Monsieu Marceaux, manager of the *grande salle* concerts.

Duquesne turns sharply around, buttons his gloves and picks up his violin and bow, and leaves the singer standing there without a word.

She hears the applause, the tumultuous greeting, that welcomes one of the world's favorites, and she remains quite still, without knowing or caring for anything save that he has spoken with her.

Once when there comes a lull she faintly realizes that he must be playing; also, that he now has finished, for the

afening; but there will be no gratified *encore*—Duquesne never plays anything that is not set down on his scented programme. And once she vaguely wonders if he will send her any of his flowers to dress her hair and bodice with. No.

Long since he has forgotten her very existence.

Satisfied love makes the man kind; but love that pursues forgets all save the flying feet it follows, and is cruel.

Marceaux comes and leads her out presently—a thin, graceless girl, with dreamy eyes and a limp gown. There is no tremor, no stage-fright; the manager himself is amazed at the stolidity of his *débûtante*.

While the prelude to her *aria*, the "O, mio Fernando," is being played, the singer glances unconsciously up at the box; the lady who sits there is toying idly with the chain of pearls from which her fan depends, and she smiles as she answers something that Duquesne says to her, for he is there, standing back far in the shadows of the curtain.

A curious thrill runs through the veins of the singer—a thrill half of anguish, half of triumph, all despair. She opens her lips and all the voices are silent except that of the lady in the box—she does not even turn her head, while the singer sings on.

It is a curious voice—luscious, full, impassioned, quivering with its freight of melodious beauty, but, after all, there is no hope in it, no ambition; one might say it was the voice of an angel, but of an angel who carried a conviction of foregone failure about for ever—whose heart was not in the work.

After she had finished there was a silence, and then, strangely enough, there was a clamor for her to come out and sing to them again.

Perhaps as people flock to see a tragedy where they are sure to weep, leaving griefs in abundance at home, so also the patrons of the *grande salle* concerts at Geisännen that season luxuriated in this girl's voice, which symbolized to them the romantic and enervating, and of the fruitlessness of all force, the absurdity of all aspiration.

There is nothing a sad world so likes to look at as sorrow.

After acceding to the *encore*, she did not return to Duquesne's room, but took up her position behind the draperies, where she could at ease watch him as he played, but more especially the lady who sat in the box.

The large fan waved languidly back and forth, and the large eyes scanned the audience with imperturbable *sang froia;* the bunch of violets newly brought to her chanced to roll off from her lap, the servant sprang to pick them up, but a light touch from the lady's foot sent them spinning across the floor, and Xavier knew they were his.

The singer stood there until the star came brushing past her.

"Ah," he cries, lightly, "you here, mademoiselle? I want to tell you what you have heard, doubtless, many times already to-night—that you have a remarkable voice."

Something in her face stops him, and the happiness fades out of his eyes.

"I have been looking at her; and so upon that alabaster throat you have hung your heart. A cold resting-place, truly."

He laughs lightly and looks amused.

"You, with the soul of music in you, to cling to a pillar of ice, a thing that does not turn its head even when you draw your bow across the strings, and you tell me to strangle my love at its birth—me, whose childish blood leaped into life when first I heard you play—who knew then, as I know to-night, that we are music's own, and that some mysterious power has mingled the *minor* of our lives together. Love, monsieur, has progenitors; they are sympathy and tenderness. Do you find either there?"—she points over toward the *loge*.

He smiles again, but vaguely.

"Love, mademoiselle, is a maker of miracles. He causes

LITTLE BO-PEEP.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 446.

THE COLZA HARVEST IN ITALY.

the desert to blossom as the rose, and the fountain to spring from the rock. And love is so much the more love's own when it is created on a loveless soil."

He has left her. She runs across to the high, narrow window giving on the Ruenstrasse, and sees him enter a carriage and sit down beside the lady who had occupied the box that evening in the *grande salle.*

* * * * * *

A court lady—the Princess Tourboinirski—awaited another guest. Full two hundred surrounded her, but her glance, an almost eager one, toward the *portière* now and then, betoken that her Highness was not altogether satisfied even with that number, and still required some one else to complete her pleasure.

While she sipped a glass of pomegranate juice, and permitted herself to be fanned by the Marquis de Vigne, she rewarded that nobleman with very little conversation, and presently arose and mingled among the throng with something more than even her accustomed affability.

Her evenings were noted in Paris that Winter for the singular charm that pervaded them—a charm which was, in fact, a rare and exquisite combination of *abandon* and intellectuality.

One encountered in the *salon* of the princess people of calibre, brains, genius; like all of these, a trifle too egotistical almost always, but, withal, persons who actually revived the lost art of conversation, and fascinated the newcomer alike by their wit and their wisdom, their flavor and their stability.

The princess herself was that constantly recurring phenomenon, a woman with whom most men became hopelessly in love; and these, in proportion as their case grew more certainly desperate, felt their faith grow greater in the creed which says, "A woman incapable of loving will never be able to inspire love"—and therefore prostrated themselves seven times a day before the shrine.

The waxen lights burned low, and the silver-gilt and fretted moldings divided the pink velvet hangings, the silver stars on the pale-blue ceiling, and the thousand and one trifles made of silver strewn about the rooms, gleamed fainter in the decaying light.

Xavier and half a dozen assistants removed the *débris* of the supper—broken and tropical fruits, ice-cakes, creams, crystal glasses, and salvers where spilt wine ran ruby-red—their footsteps noiseless on the white velvet carpets; the fire burned low, sending up a handful of sparks now and then higher than the painted Chinese screen, while the sleepy song-birds in their silver cages looked out with sated eyes at the luscious cherries that stained their bars.

Far in one angle of the inner apartment a soft ray of luminous yellow shone before a reliquary in a swinging silver lamp, which, after the manner of the Russians, was never extinguished.

In this streak of light, whether by accident or design, the princess sat, half reclined, rather, on a pale pink satin *fauteuil,* into whose cushions she sank in easy luxuriance; one arm, adorned with twenty dainty bands of gold, was thrown up over her head and formed unwittingly a crown amid the splendid brown masses of her hair, while the other hung listless and white, and perfectly bare from shoulder to rounded infantile wrists, at her side. Her eyes were closed, and one could not but acknowledge that, even without their radiance, the widow of Prince Tourbornirski was a woman of extraordinary beauty.

After all, is not the man most conscious of his power the most powerful? Is not the woman the most subtly assured of her loveliness the most lovely?

She was a very lily for fairness, with no trace of blood in her face, except her mouth, which was large; the brow was low as a Greek's, and the chin as weak.

Thus, while the princess presumably slept after the last of her guests had taken their leave, a gentle hand pushed aside the *portière* with the air of one accustomed to the place, and Duquesne entered. He paused a moment at the threshold, while his eyes and soul drank in, their thirst renewed by gazing on, every grace of the sumptuous and elegant picture, from the figure of the woman to the tall vase of blooming heliotropes that stood at the furthest corner of the apartments.

Then, with a smile of unutterable sweetness he, perceiving a violin lying beside the piano, reached over, picked it up and drew the bow tenderly across the strings.

What magic was there in the touch that elicited such sounds from it! The heart of music, surely, if it had lain buried there, his hand had resurrected, for it pulsated through the perfumed air and quivered in lapsing waves of melody through all the deserted place.

It spoke at first as though awakening from some dream of revelry in the bewitching *tempo di valsia,* and quickly this melted through soft minor chords into a *ligato,* as peaceful as unconscious love; and this, with a burst of eloquence that made the player's arm tremble, flowed mightily into a *scherzo* that spoke all too plainly the pain and passion of a heart that knew alike its own bitterness as well as its own sweetness.

Meantime the princess slept on, notwithstanding the music and the eyes of the musicians fastened so intensely upon her face.

The throb and thrill of every impassionment is, after all, but its episode, and not its whole; and so quite naturally his aching heart flows on into the lovely *andante,* and tells her, as best it may, how steadfast and enduring a thing she must for ever hereafter know to be her own; that, whether near or far the sweet strings sing, Louis Duquesne is her suitor and her servitor.

Still the princess did not awaken.

He knelt beside her, and lightly ran his bow across the strings, picking out the air of an old Provençal love-song.

The princess sleepily lifted her two white lids and looked quietly down at him.

"You have heard—how much?" he asks, laying down his violin quickly.

"How much do you think?" she inquires, with a speculative glance.

He pauses a moment, and then says, abruptly:

"All."

"You are right. Will you not have the kindness to ring, and let Xavier bring me some refreshment?"

"I wish for nothing."

"Happy man."

"*En contraire,* I am an unhappy man. Tell me," he cries, his nervous fingers catching at the golden fringes of her amber-satin gown, "did my music say nothing to you, my princess?"

The exquisite, frail voice is tender as might be the whisper of the blind god himself.

"It was very pretty."

Princess Tourbornirski picks up her fan from the floor and looks approvingly at the Watteau painting that adorns it.

"Very pretty!" He springs to his feet.

"Yes," she responds, inspecting now the polished nails of her white and well-formed hands—"very!"

"I put my soul into it, my life, my love, my heaven and earth, and all that in them is, and you call it only 'very pretty!'"

She nods her head, and sticks out one small sandaled

foot beyond the hem of her gown, and contemplates it with complacency.

"Nadine," her lover kneels once more beside her, "is there no hope for me?"

"That I should love you?" she inquires, in a composed tone.

"That you should love me one day as I love you, with all the breath and vitality and strength and mind and spirit that I have. Ah, Nadine!"

The zephyr-soft and flower-sweet voice and light infant kiss that lingers but one instant on her palm.

"There is none."

The princess raises a goblet to her lips, and sips a little of the pomegranate-juice that she likes.

"I shall never relinquish hope."

"It were much better if you did."

She sets down the glass with a sharp little click on the salver beside her.

"Why? Am not I a man, well enough made, your equal in a few things, your worshiper in all? Will I not sue and serve for you seven times seven years, if you bid me? I am not a leper, a thief, a *bourgeoise!*" he cries, running his slender fingers through his beautiful sunny curls.

"But you are worse than all or any of these—you are *spirituelle*," the princess says, commiseratingly.

He remains silent, a little dazed, perhaps, at the implied distate for a characteristic which all other women of his acquaintance have lavishly praised.

"We are too much alike where we should be different, too dissimilar where we should resemble each other," she continues, in a cold and even tone. "You are *diplomat* and I am *diplomate;* you are effeminate; I, perhaps, am a little inclined to take the initiative—in short, we have traits of character in common, *mon ami*, but no tastes. Why, I care nothing for your music, *par example!* I am a woman who, if she requires anything"—the princess rises with an imperial, yet withal pitiful gesture, as she says this—"requires a conqueror and not a serf."

Her red lip curls, and a pale-rose tint suffuses her opaque and beautiful complexion.

"My princess."

Louis takes a step or two following her, and looks with his wooing eyes straight into hers.

"Queens can have but prince-consorts. Your conqueror would stoop to be a serf the moment he beheld you."

"You think so?" she turns upon him sharply. "You think I must take the half loaf, and pay a worse penalty than I already have for my 'splendid unlikeness,' as the prince used to call it, to my kind?"

"I think that I could make you happy, which you are not," he returns.

"Yes, yes. You are, at a most moderate calculation, the hundredth man who has thought the very same thing."

He smiles, while she looks at him with a degree of curiosity.

"My princess has not the desire, so frequent among women, to become intimate with her own feelings. She is afraid that they might stand in her way; but she has no objection to a close inspection of those of others, I have observed."

The rose-flush again overspreads her lovely face.

"You would reproach me, and for what?" she inquires, with the guilelessness of a girl and the grace of a court-lady.

"For nothing, surely. You have had your days of desolation, and my only hope is to render even the remembrance of them nothing to you."

"Thank you."

"If a god from Olympus," he says, with a first touch of impetuosity in his voice, a first virile flash in his dreamy eyes, could come down from there and take possession of you ruthlessly, although you would be his peer you would rebel at winning without wooing. But as it is, with no Olympian deity, and only I to be the one man who has brought a possibility of joy to your mind, you will in time, maybe, allow yourself to love me."

"What do you mean? I have said there was no hope of that."

"I mean that you procrastinate and say to yourself, 'I will feel this to-morrow, and let myself experience that the next day——'"

"And if I do so," she interrupted, for the first time thrown off her guard, "is it not because the brilliant butterfly that lights upon my hand, if I close my fingers over it, remains but a little dust?—that the rainbow hues of the bubble, if I stretch out and grasp them, vanish into the air?"

"I doubt if you have ever tried. You are, I know, an experimentalist, but you are also a remarkable woman. You will never, perhaps"—he smiles incredulously and mockingly at his own words—"be perfectly happy. But, my princess, when you give me leave, I will try to bring you very near to happiness."

She opens her lips to speak, but is, after all, silent; she lifts her hand to extend it, but is, nevertheless, motionless.

He watches her for a moment—for a moment only—and then, with a wild struggle in his heart, he says, quietly and courteously:

"And now I will bid you good-night and good-by."

"Good-by?" she echoes, in surprise, which repays him for much.

"Yes, my princess, good-by."

"Where do you go?—London—St. Petersburg?"

"Neither; I go to America, not returning until next September."

He does not add that this resolution has been formed within the last fifteen minutes.

"You put an ocean between us, and yet pretend to love me?" Nadine exclaims, one cannot tell whether ingenuously or no.

"Yes," he replies, "I put an ocean between us, hoping that you may be tempted to bridge it over with one loving thought to me on the other side."

She wonders, expectantly, if he will ask to, or attempt to kiss her—she would have permitted him to do it.

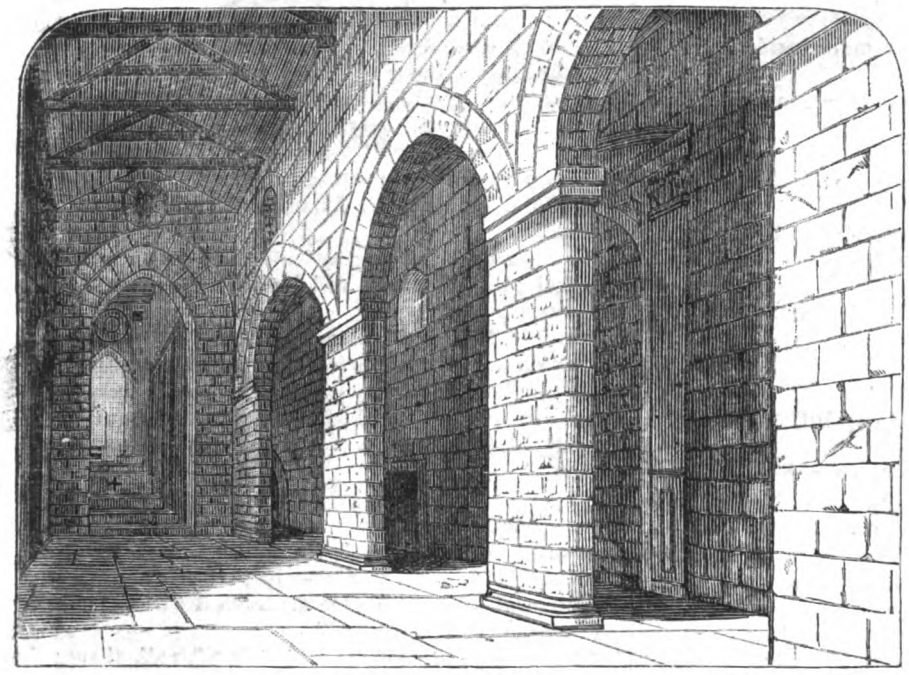
He thinks how well he would like to kiss her, and silently takes his leave without it, not even glancing back after his hand has drawn aside the velvet *portière*, thereby proving to her that he is the stronger of the two; and for this reason, or some other, she weeps—a thing she has not done during the thirty-one years that she has lived.

* * * * * *

Again at Chatzi. The sun set full two hours ago, and it is October. The sea is as blue as the sky above and behind one, while afar in the western horizon great banks of purple-black clouds show their gilded and jagged outlines against the pale-green and pink and pearl of the place where, a while since, the day-god shone and sank in a celestial sea of fire and glory.

One star only as yet beams upon the town, and seems to hang in heaven just above the bar—the bar, that long ribbon of silvery sand where the breakers roar and surge on one side, while on the other the soft waves of the inlet creep and curl placidly between it and the shore.

The shore is quite deserted by those, at least, who frequent it during the day; there are half a dozen heavy,



CHURCH OF SANTO SPIRITO, WHERE THE SICILIAN VESPERS ORIGINATED.

lumbering carts laden with seaweed, and a pair of stout little oxen to each, urged by boys and men with sticks and shouts, as they toil through the loose, flying sand; but these are but belated workers.

Above, in the town, the women gossip at their doors, the children being in bed, most of them knitting, a few engaged in mending nets or their husbands' blue shirts; the vines hang full with the fruit that will be picked tomorrow, and all looks thriving in the quarters of the villagers.

The villas *sur-mer* and otherwise present a deserted appearance, their yards overgrown with weeds, their late occupants flown until another season shall, perchance, lure them back again.

One walks easily up the winding street, past the rude shrine of Our Lady, where some devout soul has placed a bunch of gaudy Fall field-lilies before the wooden feet whose once gilded shoes have been long since kissed off by hundreds of pious lips; and then one hears the bell of the little church of St. Pierre ring sweetly out its never-neglected invitation; and behind the bell-tower, peeping out, there rides the moon in full majesty, with an aureole of misty glory around her, which wise ones say betokens a storm.

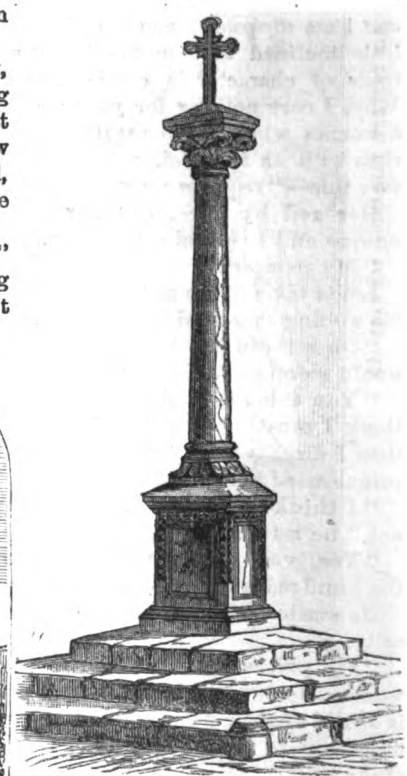
One by one the lights show in the windows of the chateau on the hill, and within its hospitable walls a goodly company of guests is assembled. The lady, no longer young, nor yet so sad-looking, presides with charming grace and affability, and welcomes gladly any and all of the friends of her four sons.

For the first time in many years they meet together beneath their ancestral roof.

The Princess Tourbornirski is there. She did not see Louis in Paris on his arrival from America, and not until they encountered each other here had they met since the night they parted in the drawing-room of the princess's hotel in Paris.

Nadine stands now, her hand drawing aside the curtain at one of the narrow windows in the hall, looking out at the turbulent sea.

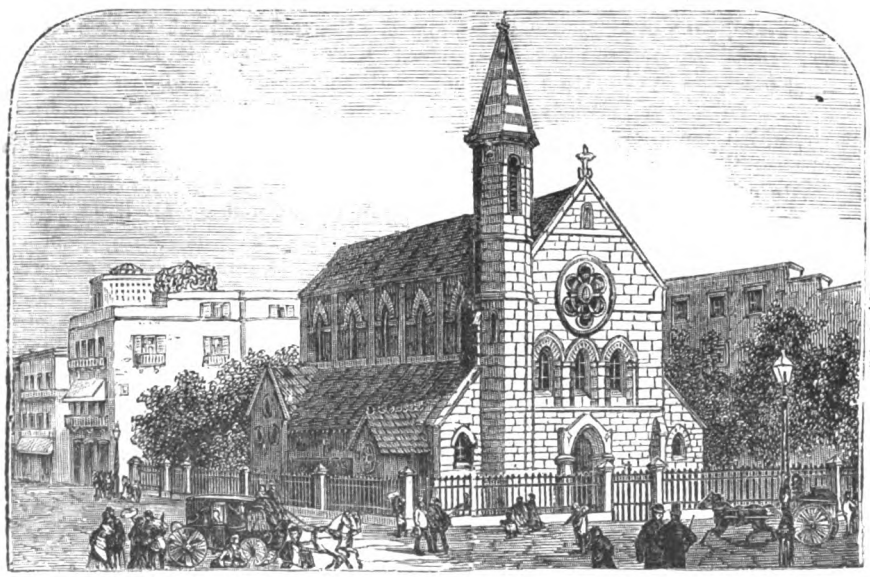
"It looks cruel," she observes, turning away with a slight shudder.



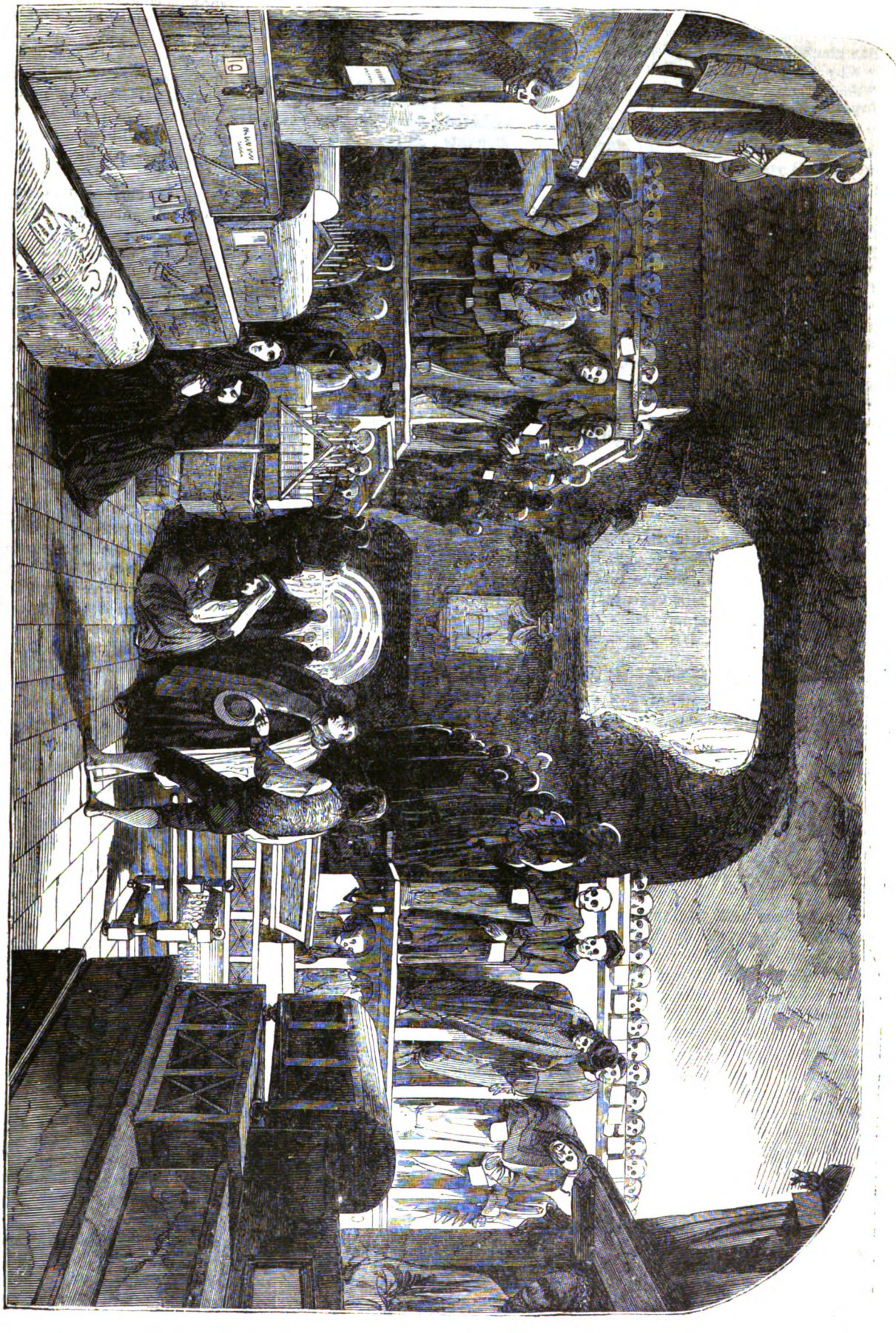
CROSS TO COMMEMORATE THE SICILIAN VESPERS.

"No! I love the sea," answers Duquesne.

"Can one love two things?" she inquires, with *esprit*, and yet in a very low voice.



ANGLICAN CHURCH, PALERMO.— SEE PAGE 443.



THE CEMETERY AT THE CAPUCHIN CONVENT, PALERMO.—SEE PAGE 443.

"No," he smiles as he replies: "but one can love one thing—the sea, and one person—you."

She glances up at him and laughs, a trifle nervously.

"Why will you persist in being *spirituelle?*"

"You forgot that when I was in America?"

"Yes," she says, somewhat reluctantly.

"Would you object to telling me what you remembered in connection with me during my absence—what thoughts you indulged yourself in with regard to my return?"

The princess becomes as white, one might say, as her snowy *crêpe* gown; she is silent for a moment; then, looking up into his face with the pleading eyes of a child, she says:

"Where is your violin? Will you not play to me a little?"

"My violin is here on the window-seat. I cannot, will not, play to you. You do not like music. Why should I bore you?"

"It will not bore me!" she cries, putting up her hands, affrighted at the expression she sees upon his face.

"I wish—I long to hear you play. It is a year since I have listened to a violin."

"Not to-night. My princess will tell me what she thought of me when the deep sea was between us—will not she?"

His tone is sweet and almost more than tender, if that could be.

"I thought—I thought—well, then"—she attempts at that moment to solve a problem in her own brain; it is this—whether to stand upon the brink thus, as she does to-night, looking over as it were, and touching bliss with fitful fingers, or to precipitate one's self at once into the heart of one's mystery, is the greater and more perfect joy? He waits.

"I thought that the greatest violinist in the world had left Paris?' the princess laughs, clasping her hands together and glancing about from under her long, dark eyelashes.

"Nadine!" he seized her hands in the tight clasp of his. "You love me; why, in God's name, will you so torture me just for the sake of a little amusement, more or less? Recollect I have been absent from you one whole year."

She raised her proud head slowly, and her large eyes scanned his face.

"I love you!" she says, haughtily. "Monsieur Duquesne is perhaps jesting?"

"Jesting! oh, no!" He laughs a trifle bitterly. "Monsieur Duquesne was merely showing Madame la Princesse how little she would like a conqueror in the place of a suitor." He resumes his serfdom, dropping her hands.

The princess at this moment decides that this is too delicious to be hastily abandoned; and, although she is in earnest for the first and last time in her life, she says to herself but one word, "To-morrow"—being that anomaly, not so rare as is supposed, a woman who can thoroughly enjoy the play of her own feelings and emotions, not only in retrospect but during the time in which she allows herself to be swayed by them.

There are persons who affirm that this amounts to little else save histrionism misplaced, but the professors of the faculty assume for themselves the perogatives of the keenest enjoyers.

He takes up his instrument and draws the bow carefully across the strings once or twice, while she arranges herself more confortably on the small, satin sofa, and leans back prepared to listen.

"I am dull to-night, help me; breathe a little of your warm breath into my violin, and then, maybe, I can play for you."

She stretches out her hand and takes it from him, holds it to her cheek and then presses a close kiss upon the strings.

His blue eyes are fixed upon her; they inspect, with a sort of fiery impatience, the whole graceful and beautiful picture before them—the cushioned seat, the woman in her white garments, with white roses and diamonds lying on her bosom and amid her perfumed braids; a streak of moonlight across her lovely face—and he forgets his violin.

"Take it," the princess says, laying it across his knees.

"To be sure. I beg your pardon," he responds dreamily, still not removing his eyes from her face, and telling himself that, if she refuses that glance, she is not accessible to him now or ever.

"Play to me," Nadine cries, impatiently, pulling a rose from her gown, and tossing the petals to the floor, one by one, quickly.

"To the winds, rather," he exclaims, swiftly starting up and quitting the chateau like a man that is crazed.

She remains sitting there, disquieted at first, then peaceful, and at last happy, as she repeated the word "To-morrow" to herself over and over again.

After this famine, there shall be a royal banquet; after this repression, she will prove herself an imperial giver. Yes, yes—"To-morrow."

* * * * * *

The town is deserted; occasionally the glimmer of a candle in one of the fishermen's cabins, or the more ambitious light of a lamp in the window of a villa whose occupants still lingered by the sea: but no other sign of life as Louis Duquesne fled down the street, hatless, his violin under his arm, and with no purpose in his brain but to gain the edge of the water, to walk up and down the sands, to feel the strong, violent winds blowing in his face, and, perchance, cooling this horrid fever that seems to be consuming him.

Once there, he notices nothing—neither the round moon riding high in the heavens, nor the great masses of dark clouds that fringed the horizon, nor the multitudinous stars, nor the lightning that played at hide-and-seek with the steady shining of the planets, nor the great billows that rolled away yonder, nor the little waves that murmured coaxingly on the brown beach that he trod; neither did he observe the figure that was advancing toward him—a slight, tall figure, closely wrapped in a waterproof-cloak; and the woman seemed equally unobservant of him.

In a moment more, however, they brushed past each other. Both started, both uttered an exclamation, and both suddenly stopped.

"You, and here?" Duquesne says, scanning her face with amazement.

"I—yes. You have not forgotten me, then, utterly, monsieur?"

"No, no—by no means! You are the singer who sang at the *grande salle* concerts, at Geisännen, two or three seasons ago. The young lady who thought herself in love," he adds, laughing wildly and bitterly. "What brings you here, with these bleak winds to spoil your beauty, and this rough night for your only escort?"

"Nothing but the hope of seeing you, perchance, or your shadow crossing the lamplight in the windows of your home."

She glances over her shoulder at the chateau, and Louis, following her example, shudders visibly.

"And you have not become faithless yet? You have not married, or loved, or forgotten? Why, you are a wonderful young person, to cling so tenaciously to nothing!"

"I do not cling to nothing," she replies, while her large, deep eyes brighten. "There is this that we both worship." She gently touches the violin with her fingers.

"Music! Ah, yes, I suppose so. Once, when I was a child, I said to my teacher that the heart of music lay buried here, that the strings spoke only of life and love——"

"And loss," she interrupts, quietly.

"Precisely."

"You have found it so?" with an eager glance into his haggard face.

He does not reply, but walks along the little pier and enters one of the little skiffs that sidle back and forth at their moorings.

"Will you come? We will go over to the bar and see if we can measure the height of the breakers."

She follows him mechanically, steps lightly in and takes a seat opposite him.

While he guides the boat across—in a direct line it is but a mile—she looks curiously at him, but does not speak until they are over, the skiff tied to a stake, and they sitting on a mound of loose sand, with the sea roaring beside them and the stars above their heads.

"I told you she was a thing of ice," she whispers. "It was not for fire even to think of melting such coldness as that, or of warming so barren a heart, that a rose of love might spring from its satiety and unworthiness."

Louis vouchsafes no response; he looks at his companion merely with a sad, compassionate smile, and taking up his violin, begins to play very softly; and gradually, as she watches him, the singer knows full well that he is picturing to himself the splendor and the beauty of the princess who sat in the box that night long ago.

He plays on—weird strains, as of broken hearts that lingered in eternities of pain while casting backward glances at the blisses they had known; bursts of unavailing passion, and the low wail of a soul that sang sadly to itself in vain; and the winds rise and the billows roll and crash on the shore with that peculiar metallic sound that bodes a storm, while a flock of sea-gulls circle and dip and skim at the further end of the bar, awakened from their sleep by the noise of the elements.

The lightning flashes more vividly, and the thunder cracks among the giant clouds that now have sailed quite up to the lady-moon; but for a moment longer she shows her face, and then the dark vail floats over and shuts her out of their sight. The raindrops begin to fall, sparsely at first, and finally in a flood that drenches them to the skin.

While they run quickly to the landing to get their boat they stumble into deep pools of water that the wind has dug and the clouds filled, and their feet are weary, very weary, for each struggles on their way alone.

But there is no skift there. A flash of lightning shows the frail bark to their affrighted eyes going with the blast, and presently they behold her swallowed in the death-embrace of a huge breaker.

They turn back toward the middle of the bar, where they will be further from the waves on either side; but, alas! the salt and cruel waters meet them as they go, and their impotent hands in vain beat back the blinding spray and hungry sand.

Something—her hand or his, or the wind—sweeps across the strings of the violin, which Duquesne still holds close to him, and a sob that is sorrowful beyond expression is heard distinct and clear amid all the rush and turbulence and terror of the storm.

"It says loss!" shrieks the singer, in a loud voice, while the billows foam and curdle coldly up to her heart.

"Yes," he answers, in a tone that is full of sweetness amid the wild waste and desolation of it all; "but it is good to think she left a kiss here on the poor bit of wood. Perhaps it was fitter for her touch than my lips would have——"

Not any more. It is doubtful if the singer heard those last words of his. The sea drank whatever there was of bitter or sweet in what he said, and *certes* gave no sign.

The next morning, very early, even before the sun had risen, but while the dawn was clear and blue and crisp, nevertheless, the good people of Chatzi were up and about their work, stupidly plodding up the hill behind the sheep and cows that they drove to a scanty pasture; the gaudy lilies at the shrine of Our Lady lay wetted and unbeautiful at her feet; the bell from the square church-tower rang drowsily, summoning the faithful to matins, and a few curly-headed children stared out of their garret-windows toward the sea in dull and speechless dismay.

As the first sunbeams struck across and lit up the stained-glass windows of the chateau, they also fell upon two or three thrifty fishermen's wives who were already up on the cliffs, and, after their early meal, beginning to get their coarse needles and cord in order for the day's work of mending the nets.

One—an old woman, whose eyes a sudden burst of sunshine almost blinds—puts up her brown and withered hand to shade them, and glances from under its protection at the sea—it rolls in inevitable measured majesty up to the base of the cliff on which she stands—the bar of Chatzi is lost.

The old woman's glittering needle falls from her fingers, and she sinks upon her knees with her blinded eyes turned up toward the Throne whence cometh her help.

People said it was a miracle, and the good Père Antoine preached a most eloquent sermon upon it the following Sunday, in the Church of St. Pierre. The shrine of Our Lady lacked not flowers for many a long day, and the children went swiftly about toward nightfall with scared faced turned away from the sea that had always been their playmate and friend heretofore.

But there were others who recalled the time, fifty years ago, when the bar arose from the sea quite as suddenly as it had now disappeared, yet these were old persons and given to contradiction.

Whichever way it was—either a miracle or a freak of Nature's—whenever there was a storm, far above the crash and roar of wind and wave one might hear, clear and pure, the weird melody of a violin making most sad music—this none disputed.

As to the Princess Tourbornirski, no man ever loved her again—or, at least, no man ever spoke of his love to her, and when one has said that, one has said little, it is true, and yet all.

A VISIT TO PALERMO.

THE plain behind Palermo is one of the richest in the world, and from whatever point it may be viewed, the city itself appears beautifully situated; but perhaps it nowhere appears to greater advantage than from the Convent of Santa Maria di Gesu, about two miles distant at the eastern extremity of the plain. This edifice, of Norman foundation, at the foot of a lofty mountain, is buried in the most beautiful vegetation — cypresses of immense growth, masses of round-topped pine, olives, oleanders, aloes, and vines. One or two specimens of the date-bearing palm, now nearly extinct, yet linger on the soil, as if loth to

PALERMO AND MONTE PELLEGRINO.

leave it. In the time of the Saracens this tree was largely cultivated in the neighboring plain, adding, no doubt, very greatly to its beauty. Behind the convent rises a pathway, which, climbing the steep side of the mountain, attains at length a small hermitage, or chapel, overhung with ivy-covered rocks, and in front of it a gigantic yew-tree. Hence the view extends over the luxuriant plain of Palermo and its girdle of mountains, while the city itself is seen reposing along the beautiful curve of the bay.

Conspicuous in the background is Monte Pellegrino, somewhat resembling the rock of Gibraltar, and about the same height, the summit being 1,963 feet above the level of the sea below. This remarkable mountain, the ancient Ereta, flanked as it is by inaccessible precipices, offered to the Carthaginians an almost impregnable stronghold. To the Palermitans it has a far greater interest, being to them a sacred place of pilgrimage, in connection with their patron saint.

According to the authentic "Vita di Santa Rosalia," from which I quote, this glorious virgin was born at Palermo in 1130, of noble progenitors, who could boast of the blood of Charlemagne. Educated with the utmost refinement of the period, she fled at the age of twelve from her father's house to the neighboring mountains, and passed her whole time in acts of devotion and penance. At length she retired to a cavern on Monte Pellegrino, where she died, without her place of refuge having been discovered. So far the story is probably true enough, but what follows may possibly provoke the doubts of a skeptical mind.

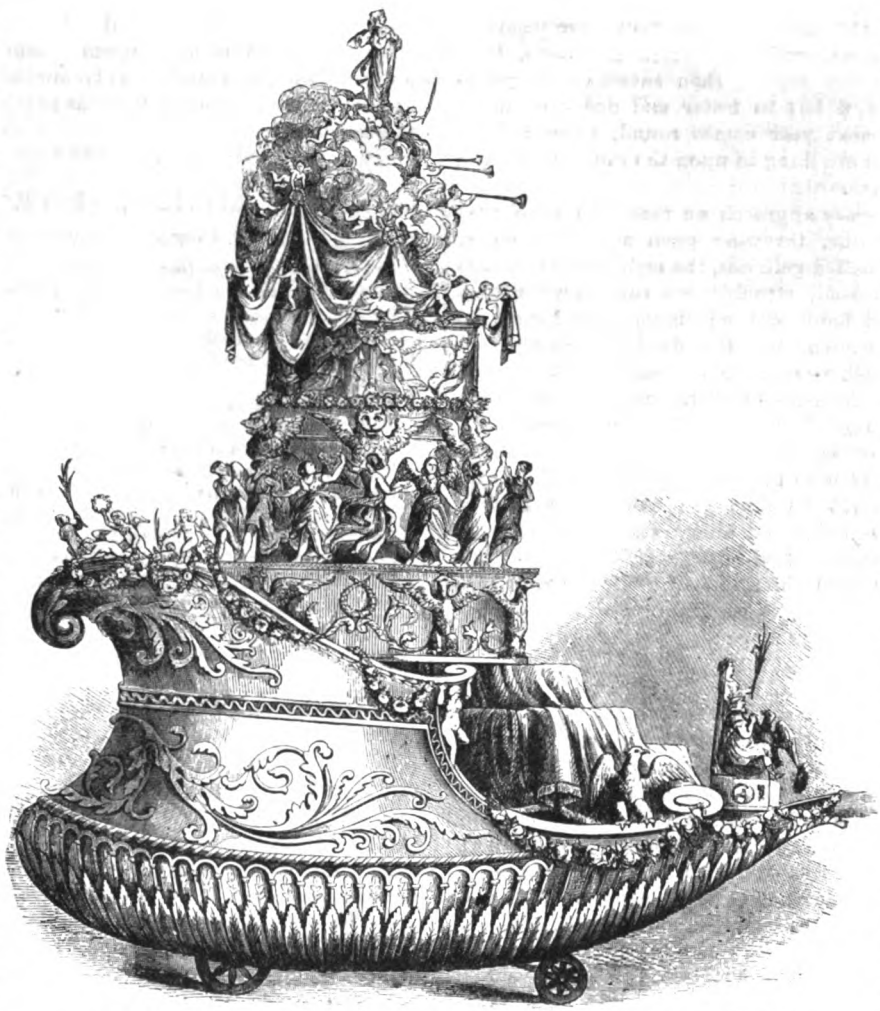
During the terrible plague of 1624, when all efforts to stay its ravages proved ineffectual, the saint appeared in a dream to a certain inhabitant of Palermo, and disclosed to him the spot where her mortal relics yet remained unburied, which were reverently gathered up and deposited in the custody of the archbishop. Still the pestilence refused to leave Palermo, until one day a certain Vincenzo Bonelli, a soapmaker, wandering about the mountain to deplore the loss of his better-half, was encountered by a beautiful damsel, who said to him, "Come hither with me, Vincenzo, and I will show you my grotto." Bonelli, all in a tremble, demanded her name. "I am Rosalia," replied the virgin. "Then why," said the soapmaker, plucking up courage to address her, "do you abandon your country to so many afflictions?" "Such has been the will of Heaven," interrupted the saint; "but I am now sent to announce that so soon as my body shall be carried in procession through the city the pestilence shall cease." She then showed Bonelli her place of retreat, advised him to confide all that he had seen and heard to his confessor, and moreover predicted that in four days he should be with her in paradise.

Bonelli, of course, fulfilled his instructions to the letter, and informed his confessor, who certified the facts by taking down the deposition in the presence of two pious Capuchins. But the most conclusive evidence, says the

narrator, was undoubtedly the death of the soapmaker himself, who died as the saint had prognosticated, just four days after his glorious vision upon the mountain. In obedience to the virgin's will, her bones were now carried in splendid procession through the city, followed by the senate, the clergy, and the people. From that very moment the plague began to diminish, and totally ceased as soon as the precious relics had been duly circulated through the entire extent of the city.

No wonder that the pious Palermitans should honor the memory of such a signal deliverance by a yearly festival which occurs in July, and lasts for several days. A magnificent car is conducted about the city, there are splendid exhibitions of fireworks, and the interior of the cathedral is all in a blaze with 20,000 wax-lights reflected in mirrors, while the whole population of the city, from the highest to the lowest, give themselves up to a frenzy of pious dissipation.

The grotto thus miraculously discovered is a good way up the mountain, and adorned by a statue of Santa Rosalia covered with a robe of solid gold, while another, effigy of her stands in a strikingly picturesque situation on the brink of a tremendous precipice, a seamark for the pious mariner, who crosses himself and invokes protection of his patron saint. The view hence is most magnificent, and independently of pious considerations, will amply repay a pilgrimage. The ascent is rendered easy for mules by a noble causeway, which ascends the steep slope of the mountain by a series of zigzags.



CAR OF ST. ROSALIA, USED ON THE FESTIVAL OF THE PATRONESS OF PALERMO.

Another very superb view of Palermo is obtained from this causeway, in which the harbor, the Marina, and the distant coast toward Bagaria, with the singular mountains that inclose the bay, form certainly a most enchanting picture.

About half way back from Santa Maria di Gesu to the city, a little to the left of the road, and distinguishable by the surrounding cluster of cypresses, is the church and Monastery of Santo Spirito, one of the earliest Christian foundations at Palermo, begun by Archbishop Walter in 1173, and famous as the scene of the memorable Sicilian Vespers.

On the vigil of Easter, in the year 1282, at the Church of Santo Spirito, situated in the fields—then clad in all their vernal beauty—about half a mile from Palermo, a great concourse of the citizens had assembled for vespers when the French, in number about 200, charged some of them with wearing concealed arms, and meditating resistance to authority. In the midst of the crowd advanced a beautiful young woman, surrounded by her friends, when one of the Frenchmen, named Droette, under the pretence of searching for a hidden weapon, insolently thrust his hand into her bosom. She instantly fainted, and fell into her husband's arms, who furiously exclaimed, "Oh, let those Frenchmen die!" "Death to the French!" was re-echoed by the infuriated crowd, who, armed with knives, clubs and sticks, fell with such desperation upon their armed enemies that they cut them off even to a single man.

With passions thus inflamed, they then rushed into the city, broke into the convents, and killed every monk of French extraction. The butchery was horrible; no altar served as a refuge; men, women and children fell indiscriminate victims to the tempest of popular frenzy. Such bloodthirsty ferocity, as Palmeri well observes, would stamp the Sicilian name with indelible infamy, were it not justified in some degree by the illegal manner in which the Angevins had come into possession of the kingdom—by the murder of Conrad and so many other victims, the subversion of all law, and the cruelty and oppression under which the people had so long groaned.

The French were hunted down through the whole island and attacked in their castles, from the towers of which they precipitated themselves in despair. The Sicilians killed every one detected as a foreigner by observing his pronunciation of the word "*ciceri*," or vetches—a test similar to that of "Shibboleth," instituted by Jephthah

on the slaughter of Ephraimites. Not a Frenchman was left alive, except William de Porcelet, whose exemplary virtues obtained his immunity even in this hour of dreadful retribution.

This year Palermo celebrated with great pomp and show the six hundredth anniversary of that day of blood. Every spot connected with the tragedy was invested with renewed interest, but beyond all others the Church of Santo Spirito, of which little remains in our day except the east end. This exhibits pointed windows and interlacing arches. To this edifice is now attached the Campo Santo, or cemetery, which we turned out of the road to examine. On passing the gates, we entered an avenue of gloomy cypresses, on each side of which were ranges of large pits covered with stone slabs, one for each day in the year, into which at nightfall the bodies of the vulgar dead are promiscuously thrown, amidst a horrid confusion, from which the imagination revolts, then covered with quicklime, sealed up, and left to fester and decay until the same day of the next year comes round, when a fresh burden of the dead are flung in upon the moldering relics of their predecessors.

Through this dreary approach we reached the convent itself, and the guide, throwing open a pair of gates, pointed out two vaulted galleries, the sight of which, thus unexpectedly disclosed, struck upon the senses with a sudden shock, and haunted the memory for a long time afterward. The skeletons of the dead, belonging to a certain brotherhood, were here exposed in coffins and cases, clothed by the care of their friends in the very vestments which they had assumed when covered with flesh and blood—a spectacle which would have been grotesque had it not been unspeakably ghastly.

On one side might be seen the bones of a soldier invested in all his regimental finery, and on the other a female with her hands clothed in *white kid gloves*, her skull grinning horribly from the midst of ribbons and laces, and, but for the chapless jaws, reminding one of the expostulation of the fine lady in Pope:

> "One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead;
> And, Betty, give this cheek a little red."

Palermo is traversed by two long streets, with a handsome circus at the intersection, and forming the principal avenues of traffic and pleasure. The principal, which extends from the Marina to the Palace, is the Corso Vittorio Emmanuele, formerly called the "Cassaro," from the "Al Cazar," or market of the Saracens. Though not very broad, it is yet somewhat stately in appearance, the basement, principally used as shops, being adorned with handsome portals, surmounted with coats-of-arms; the first floor, or "piano-nobile," occupied by the more respectable families, furnished with overhanging balconies. But then these gateways are stuck over with bills, these balconies often decorated with pendent strings of macaroni, or festooned with the family linen hung out to dry.

This street is crossed by the Corso Garibaldi, formerly the Via Macqueda, with its churches and palaces, but less animated than the other Corso. Both are dotted with the curious giarre, or reservoirs for pure water, a noble bequest of the Saracens.

The Marina, divided into the upper and lower, is the great boast and pride of the Palermitans, and it must be confessed that it is the most beautiful promenade in Europe. The lower runs along the seaside, extending from the gate which terminates the principal street, as far as the Botanical Gardens; a footway, well paved and lighted, borders the margin of the bay, the carriageway is broad and ample, and there are besides avenues of trees for foot-passengers. Above this is a raised terrace, forming the upper Marina, bordered by magnificent houses, the gardens, or tile-paved courts of which are separated merely by a light railing from the promenade. But it is the surrounding scenery which constitutes its distinguishing beauty.

In our times Palermo is associated with Garibaldi, and, as we have seen, its finest street bears his name. On the 13th of May, 1860, within two weeks after landing in Sicily, he attacked Palermo, though it was held by a Neapolitan general with 12,000 regular troops. The people, however, were on his side, and in four hours after his appearance at the Termini Gate, he was in possession of the city, having driven the Neapolitans to the palace and castle.

Six years after, the people of Palermo rose to save their time-honored shrines and convents from suppression, but they found their new masters as tyrannical as their old; the house of Savoy butchered them as ruthlessly as Bourbon had ever done.

LITTLE BO-PEEP.

By H. Cholmondeley Pennell.

Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And some one or other's lost Little Bo-peep—
Or she'd never be wandering at twelve o'clock
With a golden crook, and a velvet frock,
In a diamond necklace, in such a rout,
In diamond buckles, and, my! how shocking,
A beautiful leg in a red-silk stocking!
And an ankle a sculptor might rave about.
But I think she's a little witch, you know,
With the broomstick-crook and her high-heel'd shoe,
And the mischievous fun that flashes thro'
The wreaths of her amber hair—don't you?
No wonder the flock follows Little Bo-peep,
Such a shepherd would turn all the world into sheep,
To trot at her heels and look up in the face
Of their pastor, for—goodness knows what—not for grace!—
Her face that recalls in its reds and its blues
(Blue eyes, and red lips full of pearls, if you choose)
And its setting of gold, "Esmeralda" by Greuze . . . .
There's "Little Bo-peep," dress, diamonds and all,
As I met her last night at the Fancy Ball.

A CURIOUS SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENT.

A New York paper mentions a curious instrument invented by a young Japanese engineer. It is a familiar fact to those acquainted with the problems of surveying and engineering, that the most tedious calculations associated with professional services of that class arise from the method of triangulation now in use, and from the fatiguing and abstruse relations of sines and cosines which enter into the work. The necessity of an instrument capable of measuring these relations with accuracy, and of experimentally solving the problems of trigonometry arising in the course of a survey, has been long confessed by engineers.

The invention perfected by the young Japanese engineer—not patented, by-the-way—consists primarily of a steel or brass plate, near the bottom of which is a graduated bar which may represent the base of any given triangle. The bar is graduated into ten equal parts with extreme accuracy, and these sections are again graduated until a linear register of the utmost conceivable fineness is produced. At one end of the bar is fixed a semicircular plate, the circumference of which is graduated into degrees, minutes and seconds, and the base of which is parallel with the bar itself. At the other end is placed a

quadrant, or quarter of a circle, graduated in the same manner. At the centre of each of the circles of which these plates form sections, a movable bar turns upon a pivot in the same manner as the hands of a clock. Each of these bars is graduated into ten equal parts of the same length as those of the bases, and each part is finally subdivided. The quadrant and semicircular plates are also so constructed as to slide into the fixed bar, thus forming a base-line of any convenient or assignable length. With this instrument such problems as those in which one angle and the adjacent sides, one side and the adjacent angles, or one angle and the opposite side are given, to find the other factors, may be performed instantaneously without calculation. Having, for example, one angle and the adjacent sides given, the engineer revolves the graduated bar upon the quadrant if the angle is less than a right angle, and upon the semicircle if it is obtuse, until the proper angle is registered. He then revolves the second bar until a triangle is formed whose sides are exactly proportionate to those given, and reads off the second angle from the plate. To find the third it is only necessary to subtract the sum of the two already ascertained from 180. In the meantime, the ratio of the third side to the other has already been registered upon the second movable bar. The problem is consequently solved without reference to the sines, cosines and tedious logarithms with which trigonometry abounds.

THE PRIMER.

AN INTERESTING REFERENCE TO ITS EARLY USE IN NEW ENGLAND.

A LATE number of the *Congregationalist* contains an interesting article upon some of the earliest Primers in use in New England. A single copy of an Indian Primer, compiled by John Eliot and printed at Cambridge, in 1669, has been preserved. Mr. I. Hammond Trumbull, of Hartford, Conn., it appears, is of opinion that its contents are substantially the same as those of the earliest New England Primer in English, before they were "enlarged" and "improved," or "adorned with cuts." This is nearly twenty years older than the first New England Primer which can be traced, and sixty-eight years older than the earliest now known to survive in a complete form. "The 'New England Primer' of 1737," the *Constitutionalist* says, "has on the inside of the first leaf, before the title, a woodcut of 'King George II.,' and on the reverse a ghastly image labeled 'The Pope, or Man of Sin.' It has the 'Great Capital Letters,' the 'Small Letters,' the 'Easie Syllables for Children,' the 'Words of One Syllable,' and so on to those caterpillary ones of six syllables each. Then come the woodcuts with their rhymes, beginning, 'In Adam's fall we sinned all'—but stopping short of the late Dr. Taylor's suggestion of the next stage of the same truth:

'In Cain's murder
We sinned furder.'

These are succeeded by 'The Dutiful Child's Promises'; by 'An Alphabet of Lessons for Youth'; the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Commandments; six verses, 'one of which every child should learn by heart,' among which is 'Now I lay me,' etc., and another:

'Have communion with few,
Be intimate with ONE;
Deal justly by all,
Speak evil of none.'

Then come prayers at lying down and for the morning, the names and orders of the Books of the Old and New Testament, with 'Verses for Little Children,' beginning:

'Though I am young, a little one,'

and the hymn:

'Lord, if Thou lengthen out my days,' etc.,

followed, over leaf, by the famous and never-to-be-forgotten picture-cut of 'Mr. John Rogers, Minister of the Gospel in London, the first Martyr in Queen Mary's Reign'—his wife, 'with nine small Children, and one at her Breast, following him to the Stake.' Then follow the verses said to have been made by Mr. Rogers, as an 'Exhortation' (in later editions, 'Advice') to his children; but which Mr. Trumbell shows were, in fact, composed by Robert Smith, a contemporary of Rogers, and later a martyr also. The 'Shorter Catechism' completes the book. The next edition known to exist is called the 'New England Primer, Improved,' printed at Boston, in 1768, and very considerably altered from its predecessor. Dr. Trumbull points out that the 'Great Revival' had intervened between these two editions, and he traces to the influence of this fact the obvious change which now comes over the spirit of the Primer, which is no longer primarily anti-Papal, but Evangelical. The Pope, as a bugbear, is gone, and 'all that savored of worldliness, frivolity and vain imaginings' was ousted by a substitute of a distinctively religious tone. Notice some such changes of this character as the following:

Original.	*"Improved."*
The *Cat* doth play And after slay.	*Christ* crucified For sinners dy'd.
A *Dog* will bite A Thief at night.	The *Deluge* drown'd The earth around.
Nightingales sing In time of Spring.	*Noah* did view Th' old world & new.
Time cuts down all Both great and small.	Young *Timothy* Learnt sin to fly.

Dr. Trumbull also points out how the liberty thus taken by this editor emboldened those who published later editions to make still further innovations. Witness the following changes in regard to the letter K:

1737. Our *King* the good
No man of blood.

1768. Proud *Korah's* Troop
Was swallowed up.

1797. The British *King*
Lost States thirteen

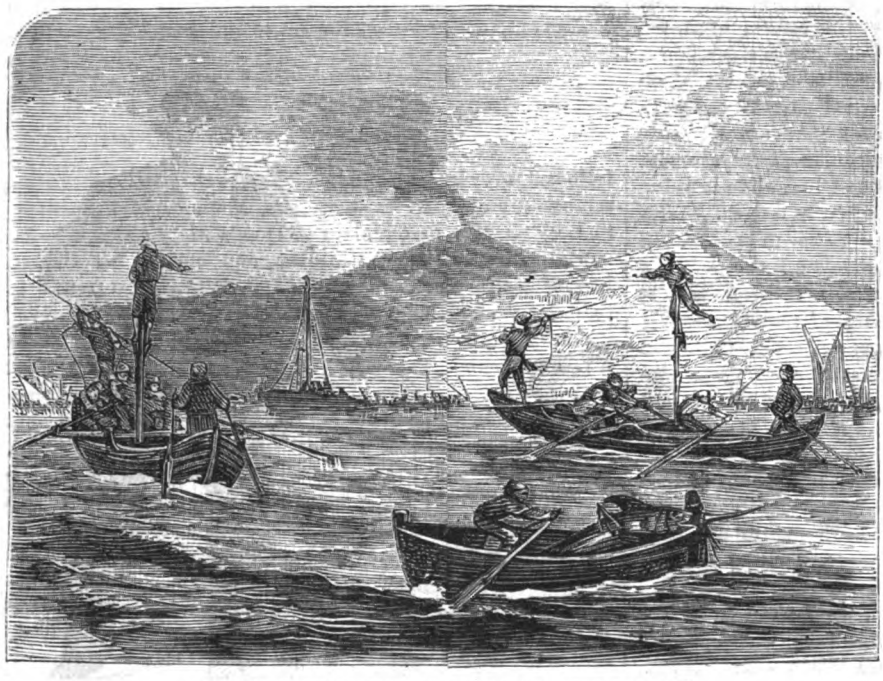
1812. 'Tis youth's delight
To fly their *Kite*.

This 'Improved' Primer was issued in succeeding editions in 1770, 1776 and 1777."

ABOUT BEVERAGES.

ANCIENT Egypt had a species of wine, and also a liquor called zythos, drawn from barley by fermentation, resembling beer. That the people did not escape from intoxication is shown by drawings which have been preserved of slaves carrying their masters home, and the like; but the effects of the two drinks were noticed to be different.

Grecians used wine from the earliest period, and history gives many tokens that they did so to excess. But the statement that they were fond of pouring salt-water into it to improve the flavor rises a gentle suspicion that it differed from modern wine. The like inference is suggested



HARPOONING SWORD-FISH NEAR PALERMO.—SEE PAGE 443.

by reading that among the Romans the low-priced grades of wine sold at threepence for ten gallons, and that the magnates drank it by the gallon. But both the Grecians and Romans imported wine from Egypt; who knows but this may have been the chief cause of intemperance among them?

Julius Cæsar's troops seemed to have carried, perhaps not the original idea of wine and malt liquor, but improved ways of making them, to Gaul and Britain; and grape-culture and wine-making throve in France because natural to the soil and climate, while ale and beer were so suited to English conditions, and were so easily made by a people raising an abundance of grain, that they soon became the national beverages in preference to the mead and cider with which the ancient Britons had been wont to regale themselves.

Barley is the basis of several drinks made in different parts of the world by processes analogous to modern brewing, but they are totally different in their intoxicating effects. The discoverers of America found maize in use among the native tribes in making a species of beer called chica; and history indicates that the natives would have suffered less from intemperance if they had clung to their own drink than they have since adopting the strong liquor introduced by the whites.

There are some unexpected sources of these beverages. In England, spruce, fir, birch, maple, and ash trees have in former years been tapped, and the sap fermented for a drink. The willow, poplar, sycamore, and walnut are said to yield palatable beverages. Koumiss, of which descriptions were published during President Garfield's illness, is fermented milk, and is the basis of what may be called the koumiss cure, administered to individuals at establishments maintained among the Tartars; but doctors differ as to whether the treatment when tried by Americans or Englishmen effects a radical cure or only causes a temporary fattening. The drink is a favorite one among the Tartars and Circassians, and they have a legend that the angel who succored Hagar in the desert showed her how to make it, and the receipt has been handed down from that time.

The Chinese make liquors, and mischievous ones—to indulge them freely in their native drinks would not be a hopeful experiment—from rice, from the palm, and even from mutton. Saké is a beer which has been long and widely used in Japan, and, though strong, is called wholesome; and the Japanese make other drinks from plums, from the juice of the plum or the birch, and from the flowers of the motherwort and the peach. The Russians delight in quass made from barley and rye flour. Several varieties of grass, herbs, or flowers, roots of sundry plants, the juices of the sugar-cane, the aloe or the cavassa, and even of the potato and beet are used among various tribes or nations as the basis of some favorite drink.

THERE is more fatigue in laziness than in a life of labor.

A SCIENTIFIC CONGRESS AT PALERMO.

A WHITED SEPULCHRE.—"TURNING QUICKLY, PHILIP BEHELD THE GIRL KNEELING ON THE GROUND BESIDE A PROSTRATE FIGURE, TRYING VAINLY TO LIFT IT IN HER FEEBLE ARMS."

A WHITED SEPULCHRE.

By M. T. CALDOR.

Chapter I.

"So the morning mail is in! but what is that to me?" was Philip Markham's listless thought, as he saw the *garçon* emerging from the low doorway of the *pension*, with several letters in his hand.

And his eyes strayed away, dreamily, to the glorious scene outspread before the garden of the little *pension* of Frau Hellers, which humble little building nestled among the trees below Heidelberg Castle, and commanded alike the majesty of the world-renowned ruins at the summit of the mountain and a full view of the lovely valley beneath, with its clustering town-roofs close at hand, and its far stretches of emerald plains, through which the placid river wound under its arched bridges, sweeping onward to its junction with the magnificent Rhine.

The admiring brown eyes did not belong to a newly arrived tourist. Philip Markham had received his degree from the University of Heidelberg nearly six months previous, after several years of faithful study.

And he was still lingering to follow up those special studies which most deeply interested him.

He had been away for the last two months, on a vacation tramp through Tyrol, and he was only yesterday returned to his little room in the *pension*.

Consequently, he had no acquaintance with the other members of Frau Heller's constantly changing family; a goodly portion of which was made up of tourists of all nationalities, coming eagerly to enjoy a close proximity to the grand old castle.

He had taken his egg and toast at a late breakfast-hour, and met no one at the table.

But since he had come out into the garden he was aware that the bench beyond him was occupied.

He was not so interested in the pallid-faced, elderly gentleman, who was pouring over a London paper, as in the owner of a soft, sweet voice, whose possessor was hidden from him by the gentleman's shoulder and the trailing vines.

That it was a lady was made evident by a heap of floating draperies appearing beyond the gentleman's knee. And something in their color—a pale-blue—and fluttering knots of ribbon, also visible, gave a pleasing suggestion of youth and beauty.

He was just inquiring of himself what pretext would furnish excuse for rising and sauntering to a position which would command a full view of that bench, when the *garçon* appeared and walked directly toward the gentleman.

The pale-blue folds stirred, and shook themselves free from tangles. A slender figure rose up and stepped forward.

He saw a graceful head, wound about with braids of fair hair, and two white hands outstretched in eagerness.

"A letter! oh! papa, a letter from home," said the girlish voice, in English. "Who knows but it is a summons at last?"

The words were nothing, but there was a pathetic homesickness in the voice.

The gentleman rose also and took a step forward to meet Franz, whose honest face beamed with pleasure, as he held forth the letter.

It was always a happiness for Franz to bring the letters to the English people, for, as he said to the Frau a dozen times a week, "Let them be as icy as the glaciers themselves at all other times, they do glow and beam when I bring the letters—always, always."

And this was to be no exception to the case, for a red flush tinged the gentleman's pallid face, and his eye sparkled with an almost feverish glitter as he grasped the extended letter.

Philip saw the wasted hands shaking with nervous agitation as they tore open the envelope, while he yet stood erect to read it.

But Philip was diverted from further observation. Franz brought a letter for himself, with a London postmark.

He opened it, quickly, and read the short, curt lines within:

"LONDON, May 21, 18—.

"*To Philip Markham, Heidelberg:*

"DEAR SIR—Colonel Trente understands that you are through your university course. He wishes me to request you to come at once to Trente Towers, ——shire. Inclosed please find a draft to defray all expenses. You had best respond promptly in person. We remain your obedient servants, GRANT & WARDE."

Philip folded the letter carefully, and stared off again down the river, without, however, seeing it, or the blue mountain tops in the distance, below which met the waters of the Rhine and Neckar in a glad embrace.

"So I am to meet my unknown benefactor at last! And destiny is about to turn the page and reveal what I have dreamed about so long!"

So much thought he had given to his own letter, but now he was sharply diverted from it.

Simultaneously with a piteous cry, "Papa, papa, why do you look so?" came the thud of a falling body.

And turning quickly, Philip beheld the girl kneeling on the ground beside a prostrate figure, trying vainly to lift it in her feeble arms.

Two strides brought him to the rescue.

"Let me lift him for you. Has he swooned?" he said, in a voice of eager sympathy. "He will soon——"

But a single glance at the flushed face, the fallen jaw, checked his words.

He called sharply to Franz, who was just entering the house.

A moment after Franz, the Frau herself, and half a dozen others, were gathered about the group.

Philip had laid the rigid form gently back upon the greensward, and the good Frau, with the tears running down her cheeks, took the pale, dazed girl into her arms.

"Dear Fräulein, it is not of use. But Franz shall bring the doctor. But it is not of use; the death-look is there."

"Dead! My father dead!" cried the girl, the voice still low and silvery, but wild as jangled bells. "No, no, that is too terrible! It cannot be! Oh, bring a doctor! Please help me, sir. Oh, bring me an English doctor!"

She turned instinctly toward Philip, holding out to him imploring hands.

He took them gently and held them a moment reassuringly.

"I will do everything I can. But there is no pulse, and I fear she is right. There is a look of death on his face. But he has gone instantaneously, without suffering from wasting disease, without facing the agony of approaching death. Can you not be a little comforted by that thought?"

"Oh, no, no! I can only think that I have lost him, that I am all alone," she faltered, staring blankly around, as if her eyes saw nothing there. Then once again she turned imploringly to Philip. "Oh, bring me a doctor! I know he cannot have died without a word. Papa, papa, speak to me! Only a single word, papa!" and breaking from the hold of the sobbing Frau, she knelt down and grasped the motionless hand, and laid her cheek against it fondly.

There was an English doctor in the town at the foot of the mountain. Franz brought him in what he called an incredibly short time, though to those who waited every moment had seemed an hour.

He cast a glance at the fallen jaw and suffused face and slowly shook his head.

"Not heart, but brain," he said, gravely. "Such a little clot of blood, but inevitably death."

The poor girl shuddered and clung to Philip's hand.

"Must I believe it? Is it really true?" she asked, woefully.

"My poor child," faltered Philip, in answer, "what can I say to comfort you? Whom shall I bring? Have you any friends in Heidelberg?"

"No, not one," she answered. "If papa is dead I have not a single friend this side the channel."

The doctor was talking with the Frau about the necessary legal formalities. The latter lifted the neglected letter from the ground, where it was fluttering idly, and handed it to the doctor, who in turn passed it over to Philip. The latter received it mechanically.

"Coax her into the house, and prepare her for that speedy removal of the body which seems so cruel to us," whispered the doctor.

They all seemed to turn to him as to her natural protector. The physician, indeed, supposed it to be the case, judging, perhaps, by Philip's pallid face and sorrowful looks.

"You have acquaintances here, somewhere, of course? At Frankfort, perhaps, or Wiesbaden. I can send for them. You need a lady friend so much. Think a moment, and tell me who to send for," he said, while he

gently led her into the tiny room which answered for the parlor and reception-room of the *pension*.

The wide eyes looked at him wistfully.

"There is no one. I had only papa. He did not like me to make acquaintances. We have wandered over Europe all these years, and I was tired before—so tired! But now—oh, papa, papa!" and with this wail, which ended all her sentences, she bent her face and hid it in her clasping hands.

Philip's sensitive nature was deeply touched. His eyes filled with tears as he rejoined.

"You may count upon my help as far as you will accept it. Whatever you wish shall be done. But you know the body must soon be removed. Will you have a funeral service here, or——"

"Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?" wailed the girl.

Here the kind-hearted Frau came forward and took her again into her strong arms.

"The Fräulein must be brave. She must go and lie down, or illness will come."

And she carried her promptly out of their sight.

Philip was left with the crumpled letter still in his hand.

"It was that odious letter which killed him," said Franz, at his elbow. "To think that I should carry it to him!"

Philip glanced down and read:

"LONDON, May 21, 18—.

"DEAR SIR—Yours received. I have no money to remit. Johan & Co. failed a month ago and swamped everything. Besides, the old matter is more dangerous than ever. You must not think of coming to England yet. It would be madness to attempt it. Sorry to refuse your appeal, but it is impossible to do otherwise. Yours truly, C. J. H."

"*Horace Younge, Heidelberg.*"

"Brief lines enough to be so deadly," thought Philip; "yet I fear Franz is right, that the letter killed him. Strange!" and his thoughts reverted to his own letter. "The two have traveled together in the same mails, alike cold, incisive, pithy; but on what different errands! That poor child! what, indeed, is to become of her?"

About an hour afterward the Frau came tiptoeing up to Philip.

She has been made to sleep. I gave her of the doctor's potion, and she sleeps at last."

"Ah," said Philip, sorrowfully, "if we could only find some one she has known and loved to be there when she wakes! I shall dread that waking, Frau Heller."

The kind-hearted Frau shook her head, dismally.

"The officers have carried away the body. There was very little gold in his pockets, and the letter of credit was taken up into five pounds. The Herr Doctor thinks the Englishman was poor," said she, sighing between every other word.

"Poor child!" re-echoed Philip.

Then he went back to his own affairs, which gave him plenty to do, for he would need to settle up his Heidelberg accounts, and pack all his effects ready for the start to England.

While he was in the midst of this work there came a timid tap at his door.

He opened it, to find the Frau standing there with a sorely disturbed countenance.

"Herr Markham, I can do nothing with that child. She pays no attention to the rest of us, but continually asks for you," she said, lugubriously.

"I will come," responded Philip, dropping the portmanteau-strap he held in his hands; "but I wish she had slept longer."

"She is a poor distracted child," apologized the Frau. "She does not see that the Herr is young."

"Indeed I should hope not. One does not think of conventionalities under such grief."

Nor could Philip think of them himself when he entered the little sitting-room and saw the woe-begone face flush for a moment out of its deadly pallor, and a gleam of light break across the dreary eyes that seemed to have a film of horror frozen upon their purple depths.

"Oh," she cried, "you are English, and you are kind. Tell me what I must do. They have carried my father away!"

"My dear Miss Younge, you know it is the inflexible rule abroad. And, after all, what matter? Your father has left that frozen body. Think of him as safe and happy—with your mother, perhaps."

"Ah, yes, I ought to think of that," she sighed, fixing those dull eyes full upon his face. "But I only remember that I am alone. And papa would never talk to me of my mother, it hurt him so; and thus I do not seem to know her."

"You will wish me to attend to the necessary rites?" he said, presently. "Shall you bury him here, or take the body to England?"

With both hands pressed heavily against her eyelids, she murmured back:

"I wish I knew what papa would wish—about England."

"Perhaps you ought to see this letter. If you think best, I can telegraph to any address you give me."

He put the letter gently in her lap and walked to the window.

She went over it patiently many times before she grasped the meaning, and then she said, sharply, as if every word gave her a pang:

"No; I will not carry him to England. Let him be buried here. I can trust *you* to attend to it. I thank you for being so kind. See—here is all our money and his watch. Is it enough to pay all that is needed, and to leave just enough to take me, in the cheapest manner possible, to England? My only relative is there—my Aunt Ann. I must find her. Oh, I must find some one of my own or—I shall die!"

Philip took the scanty gold and the watch. He remembered his own generous draft, and answered, promptly:

"It is quite enough. I am going myself to London, and immediately. I will see you safely there."

The Frau, who had been listening, here coughed significantly.

Philip colored, while he answered her look promptly:

"I will go down to the Schrieder and the Hotel de Russe. There may be ladies there starting for England."

The girl made no reply. She had closed her eyes and clasped her hands again with that rigidity of grasp which betrays the unnatural tension of the nerves.

Philip glanced at her, anxiously.

"Oh, to be able to bring to her a tender-hearted countrywoman!" was his inward cry.

For the first time now he could study her face to realize all its soft curves and girlish graces. The features were delicate and regular. The eyebrows defined below the broad low forehead in that rare way which makes them as distinct as if penciled by an artist's brush, and yet not in the least protruding or heavy.

The hair, disordered as it was, rippled away in graceful waves, and was of a tint seldom seen out of paintings and Parisian doll-shops—not red, nor brown, nor yellow, but of a hue which blended all three, and could not be matched save perhaps in some field of ripe grain where

the outer husks are deepening from the sun-kissed straw-color.

He wondered as he remembered that he could not tell the color of the eyes. But while he gazed, the long, curved lashes clung closely to the pallid cheek and never lifted.

"You would like me to bring some Englishwoman to you, Miss Younge?" he ventured to ask.

The heavy lids lifted, and he saw the eyes, but so filled with a bewildered misery, that he wished he had not looked into their violet depths.

"I do not—know," she faltered. "I wish I could have my Aunt Ann."

"You shall reach England as speedily as is possible. I will attend to that."

"Then do not trouble yourself to find any one. I trust to you entirely."

And she turned her head away, and closed her eyes again."

Philip left the room slowly, and as soon as he was across the threshold Frau Heller laid her plump hand upon his shoulder.

"You understand, Herr Markham, she is like a child that is half asleep. She does not see that it is not right for a young Fräulein to lean so upon a gentleman. She does not know that you are young. She has been strangely reared to know only her father, and next to him, she trusts you. You will think no wrong of her for this?" she said, anxiously.

Philip stopped to clasp her hand warmly.

"You are a good woman, Frau Heller. I thank you for being so thoughtful for this desolate stranger, and I assure you I shall treat her as I would a sister of my own, had heaven but blessed me with such a tie."

The worthy Frau drew a long sigh of relief and went back to the sitting-room.

Philip proceeded down the mountain's winding road, through the quaint streets of the old to the new town, and there reconnoitred the hotels and examined the register.

There were plenty of English names upon the latter, but, as he had feared, nearly all were outward bound. However, he found a courier whom he had met on his Tyrolese tour, and the latter volunteered to introduce him to a party, one of whose ladies had expressed, in his hearing, a desire to return to England.

Philip Markham had little experience of ladies' society, and since his student life at Heidelberg, had scarcely exchanged a single word with any other than Frau Heller and her maids—Olga and Hildegarde. At another time he would have shrunk from the ordeal before him.

Now, however, in the earnestness of his sympathy with the desolate girl at the *pension*, he followed the courier without a thought of embarrassment, and found himself in the midst of a bevy of ladies and gentlemen, who were mostly in hats and wraps, waiting for the carriages to take them upon their varying expeditions.

He was not much discomposed by the courier's somewhat dramatic introduction. But standing in their midst, cap in hand, he told the story of their countrymen's sudden death, and his desolate daughter's need.

There were at least a dozen people grouped about a centre-table, which was piled with wraps and travelers' appurtenances, and all, in one way or another, gave evidence of personal prosperity, enlightenment, and probable claim to be called Christian and not heathen people.

Yet Philip Marston was keenly disappointed at their reception of his little narrative.

The ladies said, in soft, low voices: "Ah, how sad!" "How very unfortunate!"

The gentlemen looked at each other, and one broad-shouldered man put his hand into his pocket, and drew forth a plethoric Russia-leather pocketbook.

But Philip made a deprecating gesture.

"I am not asking for pecuniary assistance, nor, indeed, for any one to be at much trouble on her account. I am proceeding to England, and shall take charge of her journey. But—but, I am not an elderly man; though I hope I can be a gentleman. And the young lady was an entire stranger to me yesterday; and there are proprieties to be considered. Besides, it seemed to me that a lady—a countrywoman, could be of so much comfort to this desolate girl."

"I never *could* talk to strangers. I should be so awkward," stammered a rosy-cheeked matron, in response to a nudge from her husband's elbow.

"I am sure it would be only an annoyance to have a stranger thrust upon *me* in such grief," said another, frigidly.

And immediately there was a chorus, in every key of the feminine voice.

"Oh! certainly, she would find it a great intrusion! We should never think of such a thing. It is far better to leave her to the privacy of her grief."

Philip glanced around, and his young lip curled. But before he could answer, a tall girl swept forward. Her cheeks were glowing, her eyes full of tears.

"Wait a moment, sir; my mother is coming down, as soon as she has breakfasted. I have not spoken before, because I supposed the elder ladies had the best right. Our carriage is ordered for a drive to the castle. We will go first upon this errand, which is a privilege as well as a duty."

The broad-shouldered man hurried to her side.

"That is my good girl," he said, proudly. "I wondered, Kitty, why you did not speak before."

The girl's brown eyes flashed a satirical glance toward the discomfited group of ladies.

"Why, papa, was not Mrs. Munson saying, yesterday, that she was the benefactress of her shire? And Mrs. Elphinstone is such a zealous patron of the orphan asylum at home. I am only a chit of a girl. I gave precedence to my betters."

Philip forgave her the evident enjoyment of this thrust.

"I thank you very much," he said, in a lowered voice. "Not more for Miss Younge's sake than for my own. I have been a long time away from England, and have seen but little of my countrywomen."

She laughed.

"I see; you began to think us all creatures of stone. A sort of physiological paradox; excellent in health, with good circulation, but without hearts."

And then the clear, honest brown eyes misted again, as she said:

"But tell us more about this poor girl. Think, papa, if it had been your Kitty."

And she clasped both her gauntleted hands about his arm, and leaned her head fondly against his shoulder.

His jovial face saddened even with the thought of such a trial touching his darling, and he put his arm around her protectingly, while Philip repeated his account of the morning's tragic event.

It was scarcely finished when a hand was laid abruptly upon Philip's arm. He turned to see a tall figure, with erect head, almost higher than his own, and to confront a singular face, of a peculiar dead-white tint, with two glittering gray eyes, whose glance seemed, somehow, to bear with them the frosty glare of ice. He could not repress a little start.

"I beg your pardon," said a crisp, authoritative voice. "My maid has given me a stupid account of your story, and I have taken the liberty to listen for myself. Did you say the girl's name was Younge?'

"This is Miss Van Benthuysen, sir," said the young lady, but with a smile of repressed amusement on her face. "I did not catch your name under the courier's queer accent, or I would finish the introduction. And, by-the-way, papa is Walter Anderson, of —— shire. You won't need to be told I am his daughter Kitty."

"And I am Philip Markham," responded Philip. "Yes, the young lady's name is Younge."

"But the father's name?" pursued the newcomer. "There are Younges of my own acquaintance abroad here somewhere."

"His name is Horace Younge. I have not learned the daughter's yet," replied Philip.

A MIDSUMMER DREAM.

There was a moment's silence. Kitty Anderson was sure that the long, lean hand on which blazed a magnificent emerald, set about with diamonds, shut suddenly with a viselike grip. The thin, vividly scarlet lips certainly twitched with a triumphant smile, and then settled into grim gravity. But the woman spoke composedly.

"Are you going to see this girl, Miss Kitty? I think I will accompany you if that stupid Mitkins will ever bring my fur cloak."

"We are waiting for my mother," replied Miss Kitty, politely.

But as the tall figure moved away she shrugged her plump shoulders, and with a roguish glance at Philip, added:

"Hapless Mitkins! Condemned to the perennial companionship of that odious fur cloak. I think Miss Van Benthuysen would wear sables the year round in Calcutta itself."

But here the entrance of a quiet, unpretentious lady, who was immediately introduced as her mother, diverted Miss Kitty's satirical remarks.

A short time afterward Philip found himself seated in the carriage with Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Kitty Anderson, talking as freely as if he had known them all his life.

CHAPTER II.

"THE finer view is on this side. Let me change places with you," said Philip, presently, noticing that Miss

Kitty's close hat, which seemed to be entirely composed of the glossy blue-green Impian plumage, was more than half the time far out the carriage, while its fair wearer was closely absorbed in gazing behind them.

"Oh, no," replied she, hastily, "I am not staring behind me for that. We shall come up another time for our sightseeing. But I am watching Miss Van Benthuysen's carriage. It is certainly following ours, and she must really be coming. How very strange!"

"Why, Kitty, the gentleman will think Miss Van Benthuysen a heathen," said her mother, reprovingly. "Why should she not come to offer her sympathy and assistance?"

"Miss Van Benthuysen's sympathy!" ejaculated Miss Kitty. "What a Dead Sea apple! All good saints preserve me from its freezing contact!"

"My dear child, I am always trying to persuade you not to form such hasty opinions. Miss Van Benthuysen is peculiar, but——"

Miss Kitty burst into a ringing laugh, and patted her mother's hand tenderly.

"Oh, you dear, good mamma. You will never believe ill of any one. So you think Miss Van Benthuysen is only *peculiar?* Think of it, papa—she is *peculiar.*"

The father joined in her laugh, but he also said:

"It would be well to look through your mother's rose-colored glasses as often as you can, Kitty. It is cheerier for both sides, I think. And I'm sure we don't value mamma any the less for *her* peculiarity." And he cast a fond glance toward his quiet wife, while Kitty gave another pat to the hand.

"What a pleasant family!" was Philip's comment. "Ah, there are no homes like those of dear old England."

"Miss Van Benthuysen might be a powerful friend if she chose. She is immensely wealthy, and has no near relatives," observed Mr. Anderson, thoughtfully. "If this girl is so desolate, it would be a fine thing for her to win Miss Van Benthuysen's favor."

But Kitty shrugged her shoulders again.

"Is it the *pension* I see—that roof up yonder among the trees?" she asked.

"That is it," answered Philip, and his thoughts went back to the sorrowful orphan there, and his face grew grave again.

Not another word was spoken until they had descended from the carriage, walked across the narrow yard, and were standing before the door which Frau Heller held open for their entrance.

The kindly German face brightened visibly at this relief from what had evidently been felt as a great burden.

"Ah," she murmured to Philip, in her native language, "English ladies! That is right, Herr Markham!"

If Philip shared her relief, it was of short duration.

At their entrance, the slender figure, still sitting rigidly in the easy-chair, stirred slightly, and the blue eyes opened wearily, gave a listless, dreary look, and closed again.

Kitty Anderson crossed the room swiftly, and knelt down beside her.

"Dear Miss Younge, we have come to try to comfort you."

Again the wistful violet eyes unclosed, and took their dazed survey of the newcomers.

The dry lips made several ineffectual efforts before they could articulate.

"You are very kind; but nothing can be done which the gentleman has not attended to."

"Ah, but you are suffering so!" persisted Kitty. "Oh, do not think we cannot imagine it. My father was once reported lost upon a yacht. And here is my mother longing to love you, to console you; you must not feel yourself utterly desolate."

"You are very kind. I don't wish to seem ungrateful, but I can't talk," returned the girl, the very tones of her voice betraying that the attention was wearying instead of alleviating.

Kitty drew back.

The mother came forward more quietly, and kissed the fair forehead tenderly.

"Your head is strange and wild. Let me stroke it a little while."

And drawing it forward to her shoulder, she passed her cool finger-tips to and fro, murmuring now and then a word or two, in too low a voice to be heard by the others.

There came a piteous quiver presently to the pallid lips.

"Ah, I never knew my own mother. I had no one but my father, and he is gone."

"My poor child! But perhaps he is at rest from many burdens."

"I know it—yes, I know it now. Some one in England was cruel to him. I will have him buried where he died. But I must go to England, because my aunt is there. Aunts are next to mothers, are they not?"

"No doubt yours will be, my dear child. And time will ease this dreary aching of your heart. You will even learn not to wish him back to his trouble. Try to be brave, dear."

"You are very kind. If my own mother were only here—but I will not wish her down from heaven. I shall be better when I find my aunt. Ah!"

The exclamation came as Philip moved forward.

That trustful look which so troubled the Frau came into her face.

"Ah, you have come! Is all over? Can we start now for England?"

"Not over yet, Miss Younge. You forget I said it could not be until after to-morrow," returned Philip.

"What! Has the day not gone yet? Oh, how long—how long it has been!"

But here the door opened noisily, and the tall figure of Miss Van Benthuysen crossed the threshold.

Was it Kitty's fancy, or did she really shrink back as her eyes fell on that pallid face?

If there was a moment's quailing, it was speedily conquered, for she spoke composedly:

"I came to say that my maid may return to England with you, and I may decide before night to return myself. Therefore you may spare yourself further uneasiness."

"Thank you," said Philip, warmly, for he was immensely relieved. "Miss Younge will also appreciate your kindness."

He looked as he spoke toward the pale object of the general solicitude.

At sound of her name she just turned her eyes, but she said nothing.

"It is not strange that she is unable now to thank you for the kindness," he said again, feeling, somehow, that it belonged to him to apologize. "Another time——"

But here Miss Van Benthuysen interrupted him with an imperious wave of the hand.

"She is a child," she said, "and it may be that I care most to relieve *you* from an unpleasant position. We will take that view of the case, if you please."

"And her aunt in England will make proper acknowledgments," said Philip.

"Yes, I will take my thanks from the aunt," was the response.

The girl caught the word and started up.

"My aunt! Has she come? Oh, you are not—my aunt!" she implored, gazing up into the haughty face with those pitiful violet eyes.

Miss Van Benthuysen visibly paled, even from her usual dead-white complexion. Her eyes flashed, yet with heat somehow visible through the icy glitter; and the thin lips straightened into an in-drawn rigidity that almost took their vivid scarlet out of sight.

"She cannot meet the girl's eyes," said Kitty Anderson again, to herself. "She sees something in them which stabs her like a knife."

And she watched breathlessly when Miss Van Benthuysen began her swift answer.

"No; I am not——"

But before the sentence came to its conclusion, the lady stopped abruptly.

It was very much as if some invisible influence had choked down the words while in her throat.

She swallowed twice, then swept around to Philip, saying, imperiously:

"Tell her. She takes things more understandingly from you."

And having said this, she walked deliberately from the room.

Gentle Mrs. Anderson had been whispering a few sentences to her husband, to which that gentleman had given emphatic assent by a series of energetic nods.

Mrs. Anderson came forward now in her easy, noiseless way.

"Mr. Markham, there will certainly be to-night and to-morrow to be spent in Heidelberg. This poor child must not be left alone here. Can you not persuade her to go down with us to our hotel? Kitty shall share her room with her, and we will all do everything we can to alleviate her wretchedness. It will be in every way better, I think, to make the change."

"My dear," she added, bending over the chair into which the girl had dropped again like a wilted lily, "we will take you home with us until everything is ready for your departure for England."

"Shall I go?" questioned the quivering lips, while the blue eyes sought Philip's face.

"By all means," answered he, eagerly.

She rose obediently, and went toward the hat and shawl which lay upon a table in the room.

Kitty Anderson could not refrain from a mischievous glance at Philip, as she said, in an undertone:

"You have a very apt pupil or a very trustful friend. Your will is law for her. She will do anything you say."

He was vexed that he could not restrain the warm flush which rose to his cheek, but he answered, gravely:

"A trustful friend expresses it, I think; though I am quite certain she does not know my name, or think if I am old or young. But I was in the garden, you know, when it happened. I was the first to spring to her assistance, to speak to her in English. It is quite natural that in this daze of grief, she relies blindly upon my assistance. I think she will continue to do so until she reaches her aunt. Please heaven, I will not fail to deserve her confidence. I am very thankful to your mother and yourself, and to Miss Van Benthuysen, who relieves me from all the embarrassment of the position."

Miss Kitty's face flushed a little, likewise, and she looked as she felt, openly rebuked for untimely levity. And she answered in a voice most amazingly meek:

"I am sure she is right in her confidence. I know that you deserve it." And she herself led the young stranger tenderly to the carriage.

Until it rolled out of the courtyard Philip stood with uncovered head; then, turning, saw Miss Van Benthuysen standing beside him.

"I suppose the body has been carried to the morgue," began she, abruptly. "I know it is not allowed to remain here. I suppose you will go there? Could I accompany you to the place, that I may be sure of its non identity with the Horace Younge I knew?"

"Certainly. I have an agreement with the undertaker to meet him shortly—there at the house for the dead. We can go now, if you wish, and if—you will not find it too unpleasant," replied the surprised Philip.

"I am not in the habit of shrinking from unpleasant experience," she returned, curtly. "Come at once if you can," and she swept toward her carriage, and dropping heavily upon its cushioned seat, she sat bolt upright, staring off vacantly toward the Königsstahl, but without realizing anything of its verdurous beauty.

Philip came speedily to occupy the other seat, and gave the necessary directions to the driver.

He had enough food for reflection on his own account, and did not, until afterward, realize the oddity of the profound silence between them during the hour's drive.

At the dreary quarters allotted for the reception of the newly dead he assisted her to alight, spoke the necessary words to the keeper, and still in silence led the way to the bare, chill room on whose slate slabs rested the long white-covered burdens. But for these stirless occupants the apartment was empty. Its dim light, its damp, chill air, its grim associations, made Philip shiver, but Miss Van Benthuysen marched straight forward, glancing about to the half dozen occupied slabs, and turning to those who attended her, demanded coldly:

"Which?"

The keeper waved his hand to the third, and advancing, drew down the cloth.

"Go, then," she said, peremptorily. "I would be left here alone for five minutes—only for five minutes, remember!"

The German glanced dubiously at Philip, but the latter promptly led the way to the door, and himself closed it behind them.

Within that dreary room Miss Van Benthuysen stood motionless for at least half the time she had given herself. Then suddenly she swept forward and stood at the bier, looking down upon the rigid face of the dead.

"At last!" she murmured. "Horace, at last we meet! My years of search are ended at last."

Then, with the hand on which the costly jewels blazed, she lifted a lock of this thin gray hair which strayed over the temple and smoothed it back to its place.

"Wrinkles and gray hair," she murmured, again; "yet I should know the face anywhere. Fifteen years ago I spoke a fierce prophecy. Horace, I think in your case it proved a true one. Mine is yet to come. Death has stepped in to spare you, Horace; yet my promise may still be kept. This child is left. Who knows? Perhaps you hear me now. Wise men have argued that for a few days, at least, the liberated soul lingers by the abandoned tenement. And if you hear, I say again, I will keep my promise, for you are vulnerable still, because your daughter lives."

When she had said this, she gave one long, last look. A spectator could not have judged by her appearance if it was of tenderest love or fiercest hate.

Then she walked slowly to the door, opened it, and walked out, gravely.

At the outside she found Philip.

"Will you return in the carriage, or have you duties to

detain you?" inquired she, in a, for her, unwontedly courteous voice, as she took her seat.

"I think I shall remain until the undertaker comes," he answered.

"And as regards expenses," she said again, after a moment's silence. "If anything is needed, do not be chary of showing it to me."

"There is enough," he answered, quietly. "I think I understand Miss Younge's wishes, and I shall try to carry them out."

"Very wise in you. Yet I have a whim of my own. In memory of old times, I should like to furnish the coffin myself, or if that is not allowable, the plate for it. I will give my own orders. I know the name and age, and I will instruct the undertaker that I wish it put on at the last moment."

"Then it is the Younge you knew? I wish you had told his daughter. It would open her heart to you," said Philip, eagerly.

"I beg your pardon; it would do nothing of the kind, for I know nothing about the child herself. I will take my own way to open her heart to me if I desire anything of the sort," was Miss Van Benthuysen's curt response.

And without another look she leaned back in her seat and motioned for the driver to proceed.

The next day after the burial, the undertaker came to Philip and whispered, mysteriously:

"Is the tall English lady all right here?" tapping his forehead, significantly. "I put the plate on as she ordered it, at the last minute, so no one should see it. It was a heavy one of solid silver, and she gave me a gold piece for my trouble. But—but, Herr Markham, the name was not what you said, nor what is on Frau Heller's book."

"That is curious. However, I don't see as there is any harm likely to come from it. The aunt in England is to send instructions about a memorial-stone, you know. You need not tell me the name, but write it down, so that if it should be necessary I can ask you for it. I think she accompanies us on the journey to England. She may tell me about it another time."

But when he was alone and his thoughts reverted to the subject, Philip said again: "It is very curious!"

Chapter III.

Colonel Malcolm Trente was alone in his library. He had pushed away the silver writing-tray and the Russia leather portfolio of papers, and now passed his hand wearily across his forehead, and gave a short, half-impatient sigh.

"And what is it all when all is done?" he repeated, audibly, in a tone of voice lugubrious enough to suit his dismal quotation.

The clear gray eye wandered around the stately room thoughtfully. The apartment was certainly worth, and could bear, the closest scrutiny. It was an architectural gem in its way, and quite celebrated in a county which boasted many elegant mansions.

The single criticism to which it was open was that it had too much the look of a cathedral transept, so that the effect was rather solemn and sombre; for the richly-carved rafters ran up into an archway through the whole room, and the great pointed windows at either end were filled with allegorical pictures in stained glass, through which the light stole in timidly. The carved or inlaid reading-desks scattered along the room aided the conceit, and when they chanced to be placed under some piece of sculpture which gleamed out whitely in the gloom, the illusion was complete, and one looked instinctively to see a priest in his embroidered vestments, or an acolyte swinging his brazen censer, or at least to find a kneeling woman murmuring her ave.

That all the interstices and alcoves were packed closely with books did not seem to lessen this effect. Perhaps it was true that the great library at Trente Towers was not a cheerful room. Yet it had been very dear to Malcolm Trente's ancestors, and if he had been questioned concerning the matter, he must have admitted, had he answered truthfully, that its present master was both proud and fond of it, and spent the greater portion of his days there.

But the present influence did not seem to be a cheerful one. Malcolm Trente's face was sad, his eyes showed weariness and despondency.

The faithful old servitor, who came in presently, with a few letters on his silver tray, looked at him with affectionate while thoroughly respectful solicitude.

"It is a bright, clear day, sir; and the roads are in fine condition," he said, suggestively. "Maybe you'd like me to order Brown Royal saddled for you?"

"No, thank you, Roger; I am expecting some one down from Grand & Warde's, and must wait here to attend to the business."

"There'd be time for a brisk canter around the square, sir; and you'd be all the better for it. I'll have the horse here in two minutes," persisted Roger. "I'm afraid your head aches, sir."

"Nothing to speak of, my good Roger. Maybe I am a little dull; but I shall soon have some young fellows here to brighten me up. Did you go down to the office yourself? Any news there?"

"Why, yes, sir;" returned Roger, his honest face brightening. "I met John Murray, and he was quite in a flutter. There's a telegram just come, ordering the Rookery to be opened and made ready. Miss Van Benthuysen is coming home at last, and so sudden-like that John and his wife were quite put out."

"That is news, certainly. The Rookery has been shut up a long time. But Miss Van Benthuysen is such a bird of flight, I don't suppose she will be likely to stay long."

"John seemed to think she would, sir, for she ordered him to engage housemaids at once. And it isn't so easy work finding those who are willing to go. It's some time since Miss Van Benthuysen was here, but"—here the privileged old servitor laughted lightly—"she hasn't left a taking reputation behind her. It wasn't the most comfortable place in the world being waiting-maid for Miss Van Benthuysen, according to Anica Brown's account."

"Miss Van Benthuysen was a fine, spirited girl in her youth. But she met a hard trial, and it is not so strange that her temper was soured," spoke Malcolm Trente, meditatively, quite as much as if talking to himself as addressing old Roger. "She had a deep nature. Can we expect fruit to be sweet and gracious if it is nipped by a premature frost? Poor Valeria Van Benthuysen! I think of you pitifully, wandering restlessly over the world, and still finding no peace to heal the wound you carry everywhere with you!"

And Malcolm Trente brushed his hand again wearily across his forehead, and sighed deeply.

Roger stole a wistful glance at his grave face, and made another attempt to divert the mind which was, he knew by the sure instinct of devoted affection, dwelling upon an unhealthy theme.

"I understand that Mr. Thornton is fixing up his

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shooting-box over in Thornley woods. Maxwell expected him down from town some time this week. He'll be likely to come over to The Towers, sir."

"Certainly. I'll write, I think, and ask them all here with the other company. I've told you before about the young men I expected as guests. My faithful Roger, you are more a friend than a servant of mine, and I know how shrewd and keen are your observations. Watch these young fellows respectfully, but closely, and tell me which you would rather see here in my place as master of Trente Towers.

"In *your* place! Oh, Mr. Malcolm, in *your* place!" gasped poor Roger, fairly blubbering at the very suggestion.

"I am getting along in years, Roger, and it is my duty to provide, if I can, a worthy successor here in the old place we love so well," began the master, brushing away the mist which rose to his eyes at the faithful servitor's distress.

"Oh, if I could only be of your own blood, sir," faltered Roger.

But here Malcolm Trente waved his hand with quiet dignity.

"We are to deal with the possibilities left us," he answered. "The young men have each Trente blood in their veins, Roger; that ought to satisfy you. And since neither of them has a direct claim, it lies in my power to select for the heir that one who proves himself the truest man. To secure this end I ask your help. I shall not be hasty. I shall make a close and careful study of the character of each, and I am glad that the Thorntons' company is suggested to me. It will aid my observations, for Miss Maude is a great belle, and will be likely to distract their attention from my steady espionage."

"You expect them soon, sir?" questioned Roger, trying his best to look cheerful over the unwelcome prospect.

"Quite soon. The young man from Heidelberg ought to arrive this week. The other will come down from Oxford the day after I summon him. After all, Roger, we ought to be thankful, if we are unselfish. What is needed is a worthy master for Trente Towers—a true gentleman to hand down the name in all honor to the next generation. Now, if there existed a direct heir-at-law, he might be a profligate or a knave, and we could not help ourselves."

But old Roger shook his gray head.

"Your son would have been neither, Mr. Malcolm."

"No, not if his mother were the woman who won my heart's best love. But Roger, my man, that chance was wrenched away from me. And I would insult no other woman with the offer of a hand empty of that precious jewel. But there are wheels. One of the lawyers, probably. Send him in here as soon as he has brushed away the dust."

Just as he was crossing the threshold Roger turned again and said:

"I forgot to tell you something else I heard this morning, sir. Miss Annette Henchman died last night."

And the moment he said the last word Roger clapped the door to and drew a long breath, as if a heavy burden was off his shoulders.

The master gave a little start as the name was pronounced, and the gloomy look returned to his eyes. But he took up the papers lying on the table before him and became apparently quite absorbed in them. And when the door was again opened with Roger's announcement, "Mr. Warde, from London, sir," Malcolm Trente looked up with a cheerful smile.

"So you have come yourself, Warde. I thought, perhaps, you wouldn't spare your time, but would send a clerk."

"Oh, no, sir; I can spare anything for my old clients. Besides, I was also called down to Henchman Manor. Miss Annette died last night. I hope you are in good health, sir?" said the lawyer, in quick, professional tones, and standing quietly beside the table until the other motioned with his hand to the chair.

"Oh, about as usual, thank you. I need not ask about your health. Your looks show you as tough as a hickory knot. Take your seat, and a cigar, too, if it will make you more comfortable; for I want a long talk with you about the broken entail and other legal matters. But first tell me if you have any new information to give me."

"I sent instructions to Heidelberg. The young gentleman will probably reach The Towers this week."

"Oh, yes, you wrote that. But I refer to the secret search. It cannot be that you are still unsuccessful? After all these years of investigation surely the light must be breaking somewhere."

Warde shook that small, round head of his discontentedly.

"Nothing conclusive, sir; nothing at all definite. It has been a most baffling case. If we could only get hold of Horace Henchman himself. There is a screw to turn which will bring out everything he knows about it. But it is extraordinary how he baffles all attempts to find him. It seems to me some powerful agency here in England must be helping him. It was very fortunate, perhaps, that I should be called down to Miss Annette."

"Poor Miss Annette! What a lonely life she must have led! She was devotedly attached to the brother, and the disgrace and sorrow must have pressed heavily upon a sensitive woman," observed Malcolm Trente, musingly. "I could not but feel a pang of reproach just now when Roger told me of her death. It was selfish in me to shrink from meeting her. I see it now. Possibly I might have comforted her dreary life in some way. Heigh ho! we are all selfish creatures."

The lawyer's keen gray eye was furtively searching his face.

"I wish you had met Miss Annette, sir. I wish I had communicated with her personally myself," he said, "now that I have learned that she was willing to assist our search."

Malcolm Trente dropped the carved ivory paper-cutter which he had been carelessly handling, and turned sharply upon the speaker.

"What do you mean, Warde?—for you do mean more than the words alone convey."

"Yes, sir, I suppose I do. The fact is, I have already been to Annette Henchman's. They sent for me so promptly because a letter was found in her desk with my address upon it. I supposed that I was to have the management of her business affairs; but the letter concerned quite another affair."

"This of mine?" demanded Malcolm Trente, curtly.

"Well—perhaps so," hesitatingly responded Warde.

"What is the matter, Warde? You act like a man afraid to divulge evil tidings. Surely I am past the need of such cautious treatment. The worst has come and gone. All its agony and passion is so far away in the distance that its turbulent roar sounds only like a dull murmur to me now. Out with it, man, whatever it may be that Miss Annette has divulged."

"She left a letter for you inclosed in mine. But, sir, I would like to say a word or two before you open it. I would like to spare you the sudden shock which nearly took me off my feet. Most of all, I urge you to remember

that a lonely, melancholy woman grows morbid in her brooding thoughts, and, like an insane person, sees looks, and even actions, that do not really exist."

"Yes, I dare say," returned Malcolm Trente, impatiently. "But you would not be moved in this fashion if it were all like a maniac's babble. That is very evident, Warde; but give me the letter."

The lawyer carefully removed a second envelope from the large one he produced from his pocket, and silently passed it to the other's hand. But he watched him anxiously, and, half unconscious of the act, he poured out a glass of wine from the bottle which nestled in a silver cooler on the tray beside him, and set it close to Malcolm Trente's hand.

The latter, thrilled by a vague premonition of the importance of what he was about to read, swung himself half around in the revolving study-chair, that his face might not be under the lawyer's scrutiny.

But he need not have taken the precaution. Warde gave a nervous cough, rose suddenly, and, walking to the window, turned his back upon the whole apartment.

Malcolm Trente's heart gave one quick throb as he tore open the letter and spread it out before him.

The character of the writing ran naturally into delicate feminine lines, but the letters were formed in large, bold size, and had the look of a hand fired by passion of some sort that dashed off the sentences upon a moment's irresistible impulse. It ran thus:

"In my ride to-day, Malcolm Trente, I passed you and Algernon Thornton, walking arm-in-arm, and the look of affectionate trust and pride in your eyes as they were turned upon him shocked me. Is it possible that you have no suspicion yet? I heard you, years ago, demanding with the fiery impetuosity of youth, of my poor Horace, the name of the fiend who had compassed your misery and his ruin. He would not answer, and I could not. It was too fearful an accusation to make upon a mere suspicion.

"But even then I had my instinctive distrust of him. The long, slow years have crept by me since, and every one has strengthened the clew I held, until now it lies in my hand as sure and as deadly as the hangman's noose.

"Algernon Thornton has gone steadily up, I know. They honor him everywhere, and the world of wealth and power and fashion flatter and applaud him. His bark sails gayly along on the topmost wave of prosperity, in the brightest glare of sunshine.

"Meanwhile the hapless Eveline has, I suppose, hidden her broken heart under the shelter of the grave. My poor brother skulks in hopeless exile, and you and I live our desolate lives as best we may. Is the eye of heaven blind to all this? No, I do not believe it.

"'The mill of God grinds slowly,
But it grinds exceeding small.'

"Retribution will overtake Algernon Thornton at last. I think it will have commenced when you read this letter. When that will be I cannot tell. I may post it to-morrow, or I may leave it to be found after my death. It will be as the mood takes me, or as I have word from Horace, for I hear from him occasionally, though I know not where to go to find him. His letters come, mine are sent under cover of a banker's address. God only knows if we shall meet on earth. Something in my heart prophecies that we never shall. Nevertheless, as I said, when this letter reaches your eye the retribution will have commenced. I answer your question now.

"It was Algernon Thornton whose satanic craft, whose deadly treachery separated you from the woman you loved, from the girl who loved you. My poor weak brother was but a passive tool in his unscrupulous hands. Believe my story if you can, but if you doubt it, search cautiously, without betraying your suspicions to him, until the proofs are in your hands. I will say no more. I might fill a volume, but the gist of it all would be in this sentence: It *was Algernon Thornton*, Malcolm Trente, *who was your secret enemy!*

ANNETTE HENCHMAN."

Malcolm Trente read this letter through without uttering a single sound to betray to the nervous listener at the window the kind of emotion aroused by its startling revelations. His flaming eyes had darted from word to word, had devoured line by line. He dropped it at length, and seizing the wine-glass, drank its contents without taking a breath. Then he turned a white, frozen-looking face toward the window, and said, hoarsely:

"Warde, in the name of Eternal Justice, tell me that this deadly thing cannot be true."

Warde came hurrying back to the table, his eyes swimming, his whole face expressive of the most tender sympathy.

"From the bottom of my heart, sir, I hope that it is wholly and entirely false," he said, stretching out his hand to meet the one held tremblingly toward him.

"Warde, Warde, this is the man whom I have loved and trusted from my youth up—the one to whom I bared my bleeding heart in that woeful time, and whose seemingly tender pity gave me all the courage and comfort I found in life. Good Heavens! if it is true, his nature must be more treacherous than the tiger's, more deadly than the venom of the rattlesnake. It cannot be! Why do I for a moment entertain the monstrous thought? Why do not you deny it for me?"

"My dear sir, I am myself shaken as by some earthquake shock. Of course I do not know what your letter tells, but the contents of mine are overwhelming."

"Let me see it, Warde. Let me know the whole."

The letter was put into his hand. He read it slowly, pondering every word as he went, and Malcolm Trente's face grew graver and darker as the end was reached.

"She says she incloses her brother's letter. Let me see it!" hoarsely commanded Malcolm Trente.

Another letter was laid before him, but the lawyer relinquished it reluctantly.

"I am afraid it will move you too deeply, sir," he said, deprecatingly. "It is like a cry out of purgatory."

CHAPTER V.

THE Hon. Algernon Thornton, M. P., sat in his London office, receiving caller after caller. not alone those who came singly and in deputations upon the public business, but likewise many personal friends who dropped in with a word of political or social news. And among these last was more than one member of the House of Lords, who was thoroughly sincere in asking advice, upon some particular question now pending before Parliament, of this acknowledged leader of the Lower House.

A lawyer, famous all over the United Kingdom for his learning and ability, held an earnest consultation with him upon a knotty problem.

Half a dozen clergymen came to solicit his powerful assistance in the establishment of their several pet reforms. And as for the crowd of rising young men in all departments who came to beseech, in the most flattering, obsequious terms, for a crumb from the great man's political table, it would be impossible to enumerate them here. It was quite as much as James, the man-servant who managed those things, cared to do in a forenoon to take in the cards and announce the names of the successful applicants for a morsel of the great man's time.

Of this last Algernon Thornton was by no means chary. No man could have been more gracious to the humblest as well as the noblest visitor who appeared before him. His courtesy never failed him, and his kindness only seemed to be exhausted because a limited number of favors could not be distributed among an indefinite crowd of applicants. Even the man who went away disappointed and without the boon besought felt, somehow, that

the honorable member took it almost as much to heart as himself, and was loudest in his praises of the gentleman's goodness and benevolence.

"An uncommonly busy day, sir," James ventured as a comment when he returned with a tray of fresh cards, after showing out two deputations of a half a dozen members each. "A duke, three lords, an admiral, and a whole bushel of honorables! I expect nothing but to see His Royal Highness in the new hansom stopping before the door, next."

Mr. Thornton laughed a little, but without abating a jot of his dignity.

"It's an uncommonly busy season, James, which accounts for the state of affairs. But I am getting tired out. Can we manage to shut them off after this lot has been in?"

"Indeed, sir, I should be a pretty poor stick if I couldn't. There'll be an important telegram demanding your attention at once," replied James.

"All right. Only be sure you say that it is unavoidable—that I am very sorry not to receive any more callers."

"Oh, certainly, sir," responded James, nodding a complacent satisfaction in his own diplomatic ability.

An hour later the honorable Algeron Thornton rose from his seat by the table and stretched his tall form to its greatest height with a sigh of profound relief, as he gazed around the vacant room. At the same moment he dropped also that expression of suave good-nature and mild, benevolent dignity which made up the countenance which the world knew. A weary, almost a hunted look, crept into his eyes. The thin, mobile lips fell down at the corners, the delicately kept hands twisted the long, supple fingers together in a nervous grasp, and he muttered, under his breath:

"Alone at last! A few moments in which to drop the mask, to take a breath."

And throwing himself down again into the high-backed chair, he leaned his head against it and closed his eyes.

But there came a speedy interruption in the form of a timid knock at the rear door.

He started and glanced thither impatiently, but almost at the same instant exclaimed:

"Come in, if it is you, Darby."

"The mail is in, sir. You will wish to sort it before I commence upon it, as usual, I presume," said his secretary, appearing on the threshold.

"I may as well. Bring the tray hither, and come again in ten minutes for your share."

Darby brought to the table a tray piled high with letters of all shapes and sizes, and respectfully and noiselessly retired again.

With the air of a man nerving himself to a desperate duty, the honorable member sorted over the letters.

A low exclamation escaped him as a thick, brown envelope, bearing an obscure post-mark, appeared to view. He took it up hastily, and threw it into a little drawer which was pulled half out from the table. One would have suspected that the innocent-looking paper burnt his fingers as he touched it, by the sudden frown which contracted his forehead.

Then the others were hastily shuffled aside. But after a moment's thought he turned to the pile and selected two others.

"It will never do to arouse even Darby's attention to that postmark," he muttered, as he touched the bell.

And he pulled a newspaper forward, and appeared to be entirely absorbed by it when the secretary appeared in response.

"You may take the others. I don't find but two or three which require personal attention," he said. "If there is anything immediate I will attend to you to-morrow morning. I shall go home presently, so I shall not require you here again."

The secretary bowed and vanished.

Algernon Thornton opened a note-book before him, and laid the letter with the obscure postmark within it before he broke the seal. Another envelope with a Welsh postmark fell out, and was likewise opened. Before reading a word the gentleman carefully tore both envelopes into tiny bits, and himself dropped them into the grate.

Then slowly and deliberately, with the air of one rigidly compelling himself to a disagreeable task, he began to read, holding the note-book instead of the letter, partly that he might be able to turn a page promptly if any interruption came, and partly because something in the contact of that paper, with its lines of rapid chirography, made him wince and inwardly shiver.

The letter began abruptly, without any address, and closed without a signature:

"I wrote by the last mail a wild, frantic, desperate appeal to you. I meant that it should be my last. But this inward fever will not let me rest. Besides, I have received a letter from my poor sister, appealing to me by every sacred claim to come home to her in England, or to let her find me here where I am hiding. Her heart is breaking; I can see it. That unselfish, loving heart is wearing itself out, as mine is doing in the frantic yearning after its own. Oh, if your heart is not of stone, release me from that dreadful vow. Let me come home to England—to disgrace and poverty, if it may be, but to my home, my one friend left to me there, and to a grave in the soil of my native land."

While he read, Algernon Thornton's face took on a cold, gray tint, that made the features look more than ever like a cameo—a likeness which his admirers were always advancing in the descriptions of his regular clear-cut profile. The mouth especially shut itself into those stern lines which make us declare even the marvelous beauty of the lips of the young Augustus to be cruel and pitiless in their expression.

As he read this piteous appeal he seemed to see a picture rising up before him. A gallant vessel, with all sails set, filled by favoring winds, and wafted by glad wishes of a prosperous crew, dashing straight onward toward a long-desired haven, and directly in its path a frail skiff with a shipwrecked wretch clinging to its oarless thwarts. If the brave vessel kept on, the poor little skiff must go down, for it had no power to turn itself out of the engulfing swell which rose before that stately prow.

But if the vessel tacked?

"No, it cannot tack," muttered Algernon Thornton, hoarsely; "it is fate that is inexorable, not I." And he drew his breath fiercely and set his teeth together savagely, as if he beheld the catastrophe that very moment, and saw the cold, dark waters engulfing the drowning cry of the helpless castaway.

"I cannot help him," ran his thoughts. "Self-preservation is the first law of nature. He must stay where he is. Why can he not be happy there? He was always such a weak, spiritless creature, why should he start up now into all this sentimental frenzy? I wish I could send him some money. But it is impossible. Great heavens! if some of these people knew what anxieties secretly grip my heart and tax my brain, what would they say? what would they think? Will the time ever come when I shall be at ease? Oh, that I could be positively assured of Malcolm Trente's noble income for my darling's future dependence, then I could bear the rest bravely." And here he suddenly dropped his head into his clasping hands and sighed drearily.

Only for a few moments did he yield himself to the melancholy fit. Presently he flung his head back resolutely.

"This will never do. I have set myself into this path; I must go on. I must not think of the swamped skiff. If I could help him, without ruin to myself, I would do it. I have already answered him. He cannot come to England; it is impossible."

Ay, Algernon Thornton, more impossible than you guessed.

Reaching forward, he poured himself a glass of wine, and drank it eagerly; then he drew toward him the newspaper. Let him forget himself once more in those busy columns.

The first thing which met his eye was a short paragraph announcing the death of Miss Annette Henchman. He dropped the sheet as suddenly as if it had burned him.

"Miss Annette—dead! A new complication! Good heavens! has Malcolm Trente communicated with her?"

And then for twenty minutes and more he sat bolt upright, staring at the ceiling. He had no pitying thought now concerning the poor little swamped skiff. If one or two such dismal waifs went down, what matter? But a hidden rock lay in the track of the prosperously sailing ship. Let a firm hand be at the wheel, a skillful eye upon the course, and every faculty strained to save her from catastrophe!

He rose presently and put on the mask again—that serene and placid smile which mada his still handsome face so delightful to look upon.

He touched the bell, and James appeared promptly.

"Call a hansom for me, James. I am going down to the house earlier than usual. And tell Darby if I am not here to-morrow morning that he may save the important letters and send off the others. It is possible I shall run down to Trente Towers, and I may remain over night."

"Yes, sir. I'll have the hansom here in two minutes. So I'll bring your hat and gloves now," declared James, briskly.

And he brought the required articles and laid them on the table, and then hastened out to the street. He returned promptly to announce that the vehicle was in waiting, and vouchsafed the volunteered statement that a telegraph-boy had just carried in a dispatch to Mr. Darby.

"Call him. It may be of importance, and I'll hear it before I go," commanded the honorable member.

But Darby appeared without the call.

"A telegram, sir, from a Welsh station, for you."

He did not add what was in his thought: "It's a queer thing what it has to do with you, anyhow."

But he handed the paper to his employer, who opened it carelessly, but at the first word he read the thumb and finger closed together like a vise. Not a shadow of change crossed his face, however, so powerful was this man's constant habit of self-control while in the presence of other people, not even excepting his own servants.

The telegram was this:

"Horace Younge died suddenly to-day at Heidelberg. His daughter is alone. Will the aunt meet her? Answer at once."

It was addressed to the same name as that upon the inner envelope Mr. Thornton had found inclosed in his letter which he had broken open so short a time before. It was signed, "Philip Markham, Hotel Schrieder, Heidelberg."

From under his lowered lashes Algernon Thornton took a close survey of Darby's face; then he said, listlessly:

"An old affair of my college chum's. But what does he think I know about it? However, you may telegraph to him—let me see what it shall be? Oh, this only: 'Let the bankers know that the thing is ended. The aunt is dead. Nothing more to be done.'"

He drew on his gloves with scrupulous care, and said, as if to himself:

"Poor fellow! I had forgotten him years ago."

Then he walked down to the hansom, smiling blandly as he went.

But as the carriage whirled away over the roar of the street traffic and the rumble of the wheels, he seemed to hear a great rush of wild waters surging in his ears.

Inwardly quivering under a great shock, he could not tell whether it was of delirious joy or of endless remorse. But this inexorable fact was pressed home to his realization—the little skiff had gone down.

He went up the massive stone steps of the stately mansion to which the hansom brought him with slow, deliberate steps. A liveried servant opened it promptly, and another stepped forward to take his hat and stick. He passed on through the grand hall, and at an open door which revealed an apartment fitted up with every luxury that taste could devise or money procure, a tall young girl was standing, smiling joyously upon him.

"What a good papa to come home so early from that tiresome office! I have not had a quiet hour with you for half an age, *mon père*. Now I shall seize upon it. Come, you shall have the coziest chair."

"The princess's commands must be obeyed," answered the father, gazing upon her with idolatrous pride in every glance.

The girl was indeed worthy of it, for many a royal house might have envied the beautiful, regal-looking creature who leaned her slender figure against his so trustfully and looked up into his face with great lustrous eyes, such as look out from Murillo's pictures, and are fitly framed by waves of black hair, glossy as the raven's wing.

"You have dressed for dinner in good season, Maude," he said, letting his eye run from her head to her feet, taking in every detail of the toilet, from the long sweep of the deep garnet velvet robe to the dainty fineness of the rich lace that rippled about the round white throat and dimpled elbows—losing not even the pattern of the embroidered ruby satin slipper, nor the careless grace of the single white rose fastened at the breast.

"Yes, I must have had an intuitive knowledge of this rare pleasure in store for me. I shan't allow you much time for your own toilet duties, papa. We are to have one of our delicious long talks, you know, and I have volumes to tell, I think."

She sank gracefully down upon the velvet ottoman before the chair, and crossed the white arms on his knee.

He laid one hand fondly, though lightly, upon the beautiful head.

'My darling, my princess!" he murmured, in tones as fond as a lover's.

"My father and my hero!" responded she, as tenderly.

And then she broke into a rich, musical laugh.

"How mamma would laugh at us! We are really a silly pair of lovers, papa, as she says."

He smiled gladly, and yet at the moment this thought stabbed his heart: the other girl—alone, desolate. He had cut off her last hope of help and sympathy, and deliberately done it.

What if retribution came back to him through her, his idolized daughter? He held the small white hands the closer for the thought, and said, tenderly:

"My darling, I am not sure that a lover could offer you such thorough devotion as mine—nay, not even so much

passion. But, princess, have you had a hint yet of his coming?"

"The lover? Oh, papa, do you know"—and here there was a wise shake of the graceful patrician head—"I am afraid it will be a rather forlorn hope for him, whoever he may be! I have such a high pattern, such a grand standard always before me. He must be so much like you, papa."

"My treasure, he will be a better and nobler man, I pray heaven," ejaculated Algernon Thornton, with fervor, born out of that burning bitterness within.

"What a *rara avis* he will be in that case!" laughed Maude. "All Great Britain will envy me. Well, he has not made his appearance yet. It is scarcely fair to discuss him, is it? But I declare he has my sympathy, for we shall both hunt sharply for flaws."

And again the clear, deliciously gay laugh rang out and started a mocking-bird who had been drowsing in a gilded cage which hung on the balcony without the open window.

"You had something you wanted to talk about," spoke the father, after the moment's silence in which they had smilingly listened to the bird's carol.

"Oh, yes; mamma's letter. Such a nice letter from Colonel Trente, and but just arrived. By-the-way, was it odd or not that it came to us instead of to you? The idea struck me. He says that he is told you are coming down to fix up a shooting-box, and he asks mamma to bring me with her, and make him a few weeks' visit, even if the town season is not quite ended. He says she may invite you to The Towers to visit her as often as she pleases. The funny old fellow! I can see that mamma is quite set up because he wrote to her instead of to you."

"It is an excellent idea. I should like you to go very much. Pray write at once and accept," he answered, promptly. "And now I must really go to dress for dinner."

"Come down the moment you are freshened up, for I have an endless amount of chattering to do," she said, playfully, kissing the hands that reluctantly relinquished their hold upon her soft white fingers.

The honorable member ascended the stairs slowly, but he made a call upon his wife before seeking his dressing-room.

"Maude has told me of your letters from Trente Towers," he said, promptly, after her listless salutation. "I am quite pleased at the little attention, and wish you to go."

"Certainly, I shall go. I have been planning great things. Who knows what an impression Maude may make? That magnificent property all lies in his gift, does it not?"

"Yes," and a faint sigh accompanied the monosyllable.

"Well, of course you won't grumble if I order some new costumes for us both," began the lady, briskly.

"It is the last place where they will be needed. Colonel Trente would never know if you had the last century's style of gown or not," he answered, coldly. "Pray, don't be extravagant. Where is his letter? I would like to see it, please."

The lady pointed to the fanciful Chinese writing-table, upon which the missive was lying open with a pearl and gold pen across it.

"I've written the acceptance, though Maude wouldn't let me post it until you knew about it. She never thinks I am capable of judging in such matters."

Algernon Thornton carried the letter to his room and read it there.

"Maude is right," he soliloquized; "it *is* worded peculiarly. When I see Malcolm I shall understand the meaning better. I wish I could find out if he met Miss Annette before her death."

(*To be continued.*)

TIME.

By Henry D. M'Dougall.

How many mourn their lot with envious tears,
And rail against the fortune others know?
They seldom count the wasted hours and years—
They long to reap, but never care to sow.
While others toil they sleep—then wake to find
Unwearied Time has left them far behind.

If life's swift stream 's to bear us to the sea,
Where lies the goal ambition longs to gain,
Just at the flood our vessel launched must be,
The waters then will float us to the main.
One moment linger, and the ebbing tide
Will toss us idly on some bank aside.

THE BOWIE-KNIFE HERO.

On the 2d of November, 1831, Rezin P. Bowie, James Bowie (his son), David Buchanan, Robert Armstrong, Jesse Wallace, Matthew Doyle, Cephas D. Ham, James Corriell, Thomas McCaslin and two servant-boys, Charles and Gonzalas, set out from San Antonio, Texas, in search of the old silver-mines of the Spanish mission of San Saba.

James Bowie (from whose renown in its bloody use we get the name of "Bowie-knife"), was one of five brothers, born in Georgia, all hardy and powerful men. James was a terrible duelist, and was greatly feared as well as admired. He made a fortune by purchasing negroes from Lafitte, the pirate, smuggling them into Louisiana, and selling them for slaves. Bowie was killed at the massacre of the Alamo.

The party in search of the silver mines met with no adventures until the 19th of November, when they were overtaken by two Comanche Indians and a Mexican captive. The Indians were going to San Antonio to restore certain stolen horses to people of that place. They belonged to a party of sixteen, then on the Llano River, under their chief, Isaonie, who was friendly to the whites. After a smoke and some presents, the Indians, with the Mexican, went off, and the whites continued their journey.

Next morning the Mexican came back, saying that he had been sent by the friendly chief to warn the whites that they were followed by nearly 200 hostile Wacos, Caddoes, and other Indians, who had sworn to have their scalps. To vouch for the truth of his story, the Mexican showed his chief's silver medal as guarantee of his mission. His chief had tried without avail to turn the hostile Indians from their purpose, and so gave warning. He had but sixteen braves, badly armed and without ammunition, but would help the white men as far as he could, for which end he asked them to join his band. But it appeared that the hostile force of Indians was right between the white men and their friendly adviser, so that an attempt to join him would be at least very hazardous. So Bowie and his men pushed on, in hope of reaching the old fort of San Saba, thirty miles away, before night. The Mexican captive returned to his Indian friends.

The traveling was bad, the ground being covered with loose rocks, which made their horses lame, and they did not reach the fort. When night came they encamped in a clump of live-oak trees, thirty or forty in number, most of them about the size around of a man's body.

To the north was a thicket of live oak, about ten feet high, by forty yards in length and twenty in breadth. On the west, forty yards away, ran a stream of water. The surrounding country was an open prairie, with a few trees and rocks, and some broken land.

The trail they had followed ran eastward from the encampment. Here the Bowie party prepared for defense by cutting a road inside the thicket of bushes, ten feet from the outer edge all around, and clearing the prickly pears from among the brush. Then they hoppled their horses, placed sentinels, and prepared for rest; this place was six miles from the old fort of San Saba.

The night passed without disturbance, but in the morning they discovered Indians on their trail to the east, not more than two hundred yards away. The cry, "Indians!" was raised, and the men, who had just mounted to continue their journey, leaped from the saddles and fastened the horses to trees. As soon as they found themselves discovered, the Indians also dismounted and began to strip for action. Among them were a few Caddoes, who had always been friendly to the whites.

The relative number thus opposed were one hundred and sixty-four Indians and eleven whites, two of whom were boys.

It was agreed that a talk should be offered, and R. P. Bowie, accompanied by David Buchanan, walked out to within forty yards of the Indians, and requested them, in their own language, to send forward their chief, as he wanted to talk with them.

Their answer was, "How de do? How de do?" in English, and a discharge of twelve shots, one of which broke Buchanan's leg. Bowie returned this fire with a double-barreled gun and a pistol. He then got Buchanan on his shoulders, and started back toward his camp.

The Indians immediately opened a heavy fire, by which Buchanan was wounded in two more places; but Bowie escaped with one or two bullets through his shirt only.

Finding that their fire had not brought Bowie down, eight Indians on foot rushed after him with raised tomahawks. When just upon him his friends saw them, fired, and brought down four of them; the other four retreating to the main body.

The whites kept in their position, and all was quiet for a few minutes, then they discovered that a hill sixty yards off to the northeast was covered with Indians, who immediately opened fire, their chief sitting calmly on horseback, directing and urging them on.

When they saw this chief, not a gun among the whites was loaded, except Mr. Ham's. "Shoot that Indian!" cried Bowie; and Ham fired, breaking the chief's leg and killing his horse. The chief kept up, however, hopping on one leg, and holding a shield to ward off the bullets.

Four of the whites now fired simultaneously, the balls going through the shield and prostrating the chief. He was at once borne off by his men, some of whom were killed while taking the body away. The Indians then passed over the hill out of sight, but soon returned, bringing up their bowmen, who had not been in the action before. Then began a hot fire of bullets and arrows, which was promptly returned by the rifles of the whites.

At this moment another chief on horseback appeared near the spot where the last one had fallen.

"Who is loaded?" was asked, and the reply was, "No one." Charlie, the mulatto servant, came running up with Mr. Buchanan's rifle, which had not been discharged. James Bowie seized the rifle, and, with the aim that never failed him, brought down the second chief, who was, like his predecessor, borne off by his men under the fire of the whites.

While thus engaged in defending themselves from the Indians on the hill, fifteen or twenty Caddoes succeeded in getting under the bank of the stream, in the rear of the Bowie party, opened fire at forty yards, and wounded Matthew Doyle, a ball going through his breast.

As soon as his cry was heard, McCaslin hastened to the spot, and asked, "Where is the Indian that shot Doyle?" He was cautioned not to venture, for, from the shots, the Indians appeared to be using rifles. At the moment he discovered an Indian, but while in the act of taking aim the white man was shot dead. Then Robert Armstrong, furious to avenge McCaslin, rushed forward, but while preparing to fire at an Indian, a bullet from one of the red men tore off the stock of his gun.

During this time the Indians had completely surrounded the whites, occupying every rock and tree that offered shelter, and the firing was almost continuous. The whites next took to the thickets, where they had much better shelter. One by one they picked off the Indians, who held the banks of the river, invariably shooting them through the head as they ventured to peep out to discover a white man, which discovery was almost impossible, for the Bowie men were securely hidden by the brush.

The road that had been cut around the thicket the previous night now became very useful. From it the whites could see all the Indians on the prairie, and yet none of the Indians could see them. The whites would fire a volley, almost all with deadly effect, and then move aside two or three yards; then the Indians, who had no other guide, would aim at the place where the smoke of the white men's guns had risen, often putting twenty bullets within a space that might be covered with a pocket-handkerchief; but the white men were not there. Fighting in this way went on for more than two hours, the only casuality for the whites being a bullet through James Carroll's arm.

The Indians discovered that the whites were not to be dislodged from the thicket, and there was not much chance of killing them at random by aiming at the smoke of their guns. So the red leaders resorted to another method. They fired the dry grass of the prairie, for the double purpose of routing the whites from their strong position, and, under cover of the smoke, carrying off their own wounded, for the whites had strewn the ground with dead and disabled Indians.

The fires kindled stopped at the creek, and the wind changed so that the whites' camp was for a time not endangered at all; but the men had taken means to keep the flames away by scraping off leaves and brush. They also piled up rocks and bushes to make a rude breastwork.

Their stratagem of fire having failed, the Indians reoccupied the rocks and trees, and began another attack. While the firing continued, the wind suddenly shifted to the north, placing the whites in a perilous position if the Indians should succeed in setting fire to the grass and brush of the small spot on which the white men fought. The strictest watch was necessary, and it was not long before an Indian was discovered crawling like a snake down the creek, where he set fire to the grass, but before he could retreat he was killed by Robert Armstrong.

Now there seemed to be no hope of escape, as the flames, rising three yards high, were borne by the wind directly toward the spot that Bowie and the men occupied. What was to be done? The whites were to be burned alive or driven into the open plain among the Indians. The savages were encouraged, and made the situation even more awful by their shouts and whoops, in anticipation of victory, and all the time they kept up the firing of balls

and arrows, shots coming at the rate of twenty to a minute.

As soon as the smoke hid the whites from sight, they held a consultation. The first impression was that the Indians might charge upon them under cover of the smoke, and the whites could make but one effectual fire—for there were no fixed cartridges then—and the sparks were so plentiful that it would be almost certain death to open a powder-horn for a charge with which to load a rifle. However, it was decided that if the charge should be made, the whites would give the Indians one fire, then stand back to back and fight with their knives to the last. If they did not charge, it was decided that when the fire came near the wounded men it should be smothered with blankets and bear-skins, each man taking care of himself as best he could. But no charge was attempted by the Indians, and the whites, by great exertion, stopped the fire in the grass before it reached their wounded or baggage.

The Indians were more intent upon securing their dead and wounded than on continuing the fight, and, during the smoke, they got off all their people which lay near the whites. It was now sunset, and the Indians, finding that Bowie's heroic band were still ready for fight, drew off about half a mile and encamped to attend to their wounded.

Bowie and his men rapidly increased their fortification, getting it breast-high by ten o'clock at night; and they filled vessels and skins with water, expecting a renewal of the attack in the morning. They heard the Indians all through the night moaning over their dead, and now and then a shot was heard, which meant that some Indian so wounded as to be past cure had been killed by his own people.

During the night the Indians moved a mile further off, and placed their wounded in a cave near the top of a hill.

At eight o'clock in the morning two of the white men went over the battle-ground, and the place where the Indians rested during the night. It appeared, afterward, that the Indians had no less than eighty-two killed or very badly wounded in this one day's fight, with less than a dozen white men.

The whites had one man killed and three wounded. During the morning they worked rapidly on their rude fort, continuing till about three o'clock in the afternoon.

At that time a party of thirteen Indians came up, but when they discovered that the white men were still there and were fortified, they hastily rode off—and that was the last that was seen of Indian enemies.

The Bowies and their friends, pretty well worn out with such hot work, gave up the search for the San Saba silver mines, and, with their wounded, got back to San Antonio, after a slow march of twelve days.

THE BOWIE-KNIFE HERO.—"BOWIE RETURNED THE FIRE WITH A DOUBLE-BARRELED GUN AND PISTOL."

It takes four thousand pounds of roses to make one pound of the precious attar. The manufacture of the article is carried on extensively in the plains of Turkey, south of the Balkan Mountains. There, whole districts are covered with rose plants, set about five feet apart, and attended with great care. Some fresh, sweet morning, while the roses are wet with dew, they are torn from the stems and thrown into huge coppers filled with boiling rain-water. The fragrant steam is carried along a tube, and on cooling becomes a kind of thick rose water. This is boiled up again and its vapor cooled into a liquid, on the top of which floats a yellowish, oily scum that is known as "attar of roses."

A broken heart may have unbroken peace.

VIVIAN LEIGH.—"VIVIAN LEIGH STOOD WITH HER BACK AGAINST THE GREAT TULIP-TREE, WITH HER BEAUTIFUL HEAD UNCOVERED TO THE STORM, AND A STILL SMOKING PISTOL GRASPED IN HER HAND."— SEE NEXT PAGE.

TOO LATE.

I UTTERED a word in a fit of pride,
Which brought a flush to my lover's face;
But oh, he never had left my side
If Time had waited a moment's space!

But the flash soon died from my angry eyes,
Quenched in a flood of repentant rain;
And now in the bed of the sea he lies,
And I shall not see my love again!

I hurried away in search of him,
But I reached the shore just an hour too late;
The ship was a speck in the distance dim,
For the heartless tide refused to wait!

VIVIAN LEIGH.

By Florence Allen.

SOFT sound of trailing drapery, the tap, tap, tap, of French heels in the hall, and Dayton Maynard, rousing himself from the ungracefully comfortable attitude into which he had fallen when in solitary communion with his cigar, turned to meet the new-comer—a young lady in a riding-habit of Robin Hood green, with the broad brim of her brigand hat shadowing as lovely a face as ever poet praised or artist painted.

"You are punctual," said he. "The horses are just here, and you——"

"I am all ready but one obstinate button," interrupted she, with a light laugh. "See," and she held out one tiny hand to him, "can you not help me?"

Perhaps Vivian Leigh did not know how charming she looked as she stood there in the September sunlight, a radiant vision of green and gold, with her flowing robe and floating hair, and her fair face smiling up at the dark eyes above her. Perhaps she did not know that it would send a tingle through almost any man's veins to touch that round white wrist as Dayton Maynard was now doing.

Perhaps not; and perhaps the keen, earnest look in the blue eyes, at which Dayton Maynard wondered when he raised his head suddenly, was only caused by a doubt in regard to the stability of the conquered button, and not, as he was tempted to think, by an attempt to read his face as he bent over the task she had assigned him.

"She's a beauty," was the brief mental comment, as she sprang lightly to her saddle—"the most beautiful girl I ever saw, but——"

And his thoughts on that subject went no further, for they were off, dashing at a mad gallop down the broad avenue to the main road.

Oddly enough, Dayton Maynard's meditations on the subject of Vivian Leigh always concluded with that word. She was beautiful; she was fascinating; her frank, unaffected ways were charming, but—but what? He never was able to explain, even to himself, and so he gave it up. He had met Vivian Leigh and her aunt that Summer at a fashionable watering-place, and had been attracted by her wonderful beauty enough to ask and obtain an introduction, in spite of the fact that she was what had always been his *bête noir*—the reigning belle—and the acquaintance thus begun had ripened quickly into a friendly intimacy which was the envy of Miss Leigh's battalion of admirers. It was not a flirtation—on Dayton Maynard's side, at least; there was only a friendly liking and a frank admiration of her beauty, which in no way affected his loyalty to the original of a certain photograph which he bore about with him like a talisman, wherever he went in that repository for all masculine treasures—his pocketbook.

And she—she flirted and laughed and danced with the others, and made feminine enemies enough to satisfy the girl; but for him there was always a different tone to her voice and a different look in her eyes; and his presence always wrought a certain change in her manner, which others noticed and commented on, but of which he seemed utterly unconscious.

So the short Summer had passed, and when flitting-time came, Mrs. Sylvester, Vivian's aunt and chaperone, had invited him to accompany them to their Southern home and pass some of the golden Fall days with them, and wondering at himself the while, he had come.

"Only for two weeks," he had stipulated. "Unlike the bees, I have eaten my honey in the Summer, and must work hard to make up for lost time."

But Vivian only smiled, slipping her costly rings up and down her slender fingers the while.

And so he had come, and had already spent five long, bright days at Leigh Place, and each day had found him further than ever from being in love with the beautiful mistress thereof, and in spite of the luxurious idleness of his life there, looking forward with increasing eagerness to the end of his visit, why, he could scarcely tell. Mrs. Sylvester was kind, and Vivian was charmingly companionable and gracious; still there was an indefinable feeling in his heart that he would be better away.

Indeed, once or twice he had seen an expression in Vivian's eyes which had made him uncomfortably certain that it would have been far better had he not come to Leigh Place at all; but straightway a careless word or act of hers had made him—being a gentleman—feel that he was insultingly conceited to admit such an idea into his head even for an instant.

This morning, however, he had experienced a return of the same uncomfortable sensation, and, moreover, he had been unable to shake it off as easily as usual. Vivian Leigh's little hand had lingered in his for a moment after he had assisted her to her saddle, and when she—leading the mad gallop—had turned and looked back at him over her shoulder, there had been a new wistful expression on her face, which had haunted him ever since, although a moment later her light laugh had rung out clearly, and she had been apparently in the gayest possible spirits during the remainder of her ride.

It was nearly lunch-time when they came sweeping up the avenue again, Vivian looking like some beautiful vision, with her blue eyes wide and bright, and her fair face flushed and smiling, and her hair, tossed and tumbled by the wind, surrounding her like a wonderful golden cloud.

If mere beauty could have won Dayton Maynard's heart, he would have humbled himself in the dust at her feet as she stood caressing her horse's head for a moment after she dismounted; but as it was, he stood beside her, admiring her coolly and critically, as abstractedly as though she were a picture or a statue, and that was all.

"You have a wonderful power over animals," he said, after a minute. "That Selim of yours is a vicious brute to any one but you, and he allows you all manner of privileges."

"Allows me?"—the wide blue eyes opened a trifle wider. "He has to! Do you think he would tolerate me if he were not afraid of me? You don't know him, Mr. Maynard, any better than you do me. Look here."

She turned and walked toward the end of the veranda, where, lying in the sunshine, chained to a tree, his great head resting on his outstretched paws, and his bloodshot eyes gazing sleepily out before him, lay an enormous white dog—a pure English bull of the largest size.

She approached him swiftly and lightly—so swiftly and lightly that he, lying, back to her, was unaware of her coming until she touched him sharply with her whip. Then, with the clanking of the ponderous chain and a growl like an enraged wild beast, he sprang to his feet and turned upon her.

For one moment Dayton Maynard turned, man that he was, faint and sick, for it seemed as though Vivian had purposely doomed herself to a most hideous and certain death; the next her riding-whip rose high in air, and descended in quick, cutting lashes on the dog's great head, while he, who could have killed her in an instant, crouched at her feet and whined for forgiveness, which did not come until the whip, splintered and broken, was tossed from her hand.

"There!" she said, turning to Maynard with a glittering triumph in her eyes, "that is my way—they *dare* not hurt me! He"—pointing at the humbled dog—"dared to growl at me. Look at him now." She raised her skirt and placed her dainty foot upon his head. "There, and here." She stepped back and held out her hand. "Here, Terror!" The dog sprang up, and coming to her with every demonstration of affection, laid his head against her, and slobbered over her white fingers with his hot, red tongue. "There is not a man in the country who would dare come within the circuit of his chain," she said, coolly, as she turned away, and then they went in together.

Mrs. Sylvester was awaiting them in the hall. Mrs. Sylvester, but not alone, for beside her there was the slender figure and sweet, girlish face of the original of Dayton Maynard's much-prized photograph.

"Doris!" he cried, before Mrs. Sylvester could begin her ceremonious introduction, "you here?" and then he was holding both her hands in his, and smiling down at her with such a smile as Vivian Leigh had never won from him, and never would. "We are old friends," he explained, as he saw Mrs. Sylvester's astonished look; and then Doris Earle turned, with a new brightness on her pretty face, to receive Vivian's embrace.

"It is odd that we should meet here, of all places," she said, as they went into lunch together a little later. "You have often heard me speak of 'Aunt Bab' at home, but I believe you never knew her by any other name, and of course you never suspected that this Mrs. Sylvester was the same person. Vivian is kind enough to let me come and see her when I like, and I generally come unannounced and unexpected, as I did this time. I never thought to find you so far from your usual haunts."

"I hope my presence will not spoil your visit, Doris."

There was something in Dayton Maynard's voice which made Vivian look sharply from his face to her cousin's, and then drop her eyes suddenly with a faint contraction of her white forehead, as Doris answered with a merry laugh.

That afternoon, however, she was all that was gay and bright and charming, a model hostess to both her guests, sweetly affectionate to her cousin, and would have been to any other man than Dayton Maynard most bewilderingly and dangerously fascinating.

The next day and the next it was the same; the three young people rode, walked and boated together in the most friendly manner imaginable, and the two girls were inseparable; at least Dayton Maynard found it impossible to separate them—had they been the Siamese Twins he would have had about as good an opportunity to speak to Doris in private.

Vivian was Doris's shadow wherever they went, and to make the situation still more trying, he began to see that Doris's manner toward him had changed radically since her arrival.

Three months ago he had parted from Doris in New York, and each day of their separation had made him realize more sharply that she was to him the only woman in the world, and made him more eager for the time to come when he could see her once more face to face, and tell her what his heart had told him.

The hours of waiting at Leigh Place until the day which she had fixed for her return to the city had seemed almost unbearable; and now—now she had unexpectedly arrived upon the scene, but in a character which puzzled and pained him greatly.

She was no longer the Doris of old; she was gayer and brighter than ever, but toward him, after the first, she was studiedly cold in look and manner. Once or twice he had caught her eyes for an instant, and seen there a look like the "little Doris" he used to know, only sadder and more earnest, but the next moment she would be laughing lightly with Vivian, apparently forgetful of his existence; and he, after the manner of men, endured it for a time and then grew desperate; and three days after Doris's arrival, he announced abruptly, at lunch, that he had received news which rendered it necessary that he depart at once on the following morning.

"How very sudden!" said Mrs. Sylvester.

"How very disappointing!" cried Vivian.

But Doris said nothing, and Dayton Maynard, glancing at her covertly, saw a sudden wave of color sweep over her face from throat to brow, and a glitter of something like tears under her long lashes, and was immediately and absurdly lifted into the seventh heaven of happiness, for that glance, together with the expression in Vivian's blue eyes, had given him the key to the mystery which had made him wretched.

Lingering some moments after the others left the table, he scribbled a few words on a page torn from his journal, and then, joining the young ladies on the veranda, he put the little twist of paper in Doris's hand, so deftly that no eyes less quick than Vivian's could have detected him, and even she did not seem to notice it.

"Doris," she said, slipping her hand in Dayton's arm, "I am going to take Mr. Maynard to Aunt Barbara to see if she cannot persuade him to hold to his original agreement. Will you wait here till we return?"

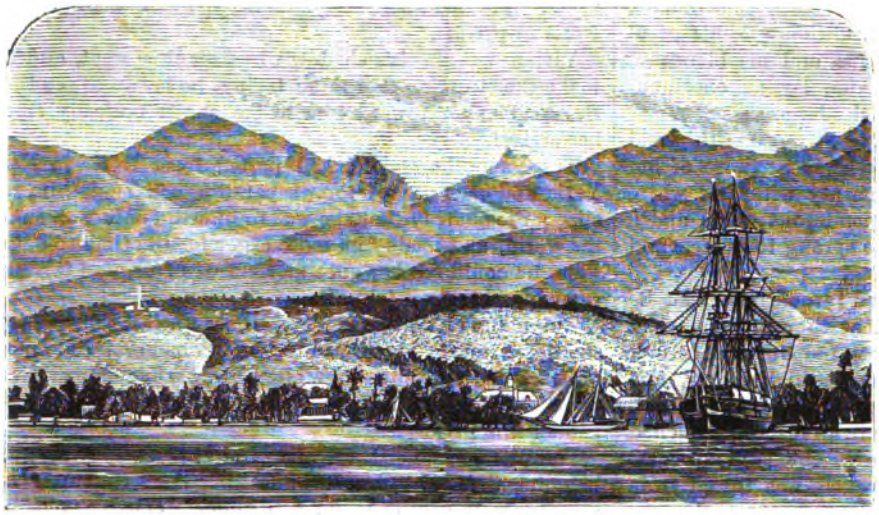
Yes, Doris would wait. What she, with that scrap of paper in her hand, was most longing for was the very solitude which Vivian was giving her, and so she sat down on the wide steps, and they left her.

Up-stairs, in Mrs. Sylvester's room, Dayton took his position by the open window, where he could see Doris sitting on the steps and reading earnestly over and over his brief message.

How pretty she looked, with her soft brown hair gathered in a Grecian knot and caressing her forehead in little ripples and crinkles, not beautiful at all, but charmingly and girlishly pretty in a sweet, fresh way which was a relief and rest to eyes wearied with "effects" and artificiality.

All this and more, Dayton Maynard was thinking as he sat, to all appearance, listening to the remarks of his companions, and suddenly he saw that which, for the moment, seemed to turn his blood to ice.

Not three yards from Doris, Terror sat blinking in the sun, and as a sudden breeze took the paper from her hand



THE ROADSTEAD AT TAHITI.— SEE PAGE 470.

and sent it careering down the walk, and she, with a low cry of dismay, ran down the steps to recover it, he, startled and enraged by the sudden noise, started after her with one of his great bounds.

Ordinarily, his chain brought him up sharply on such occasions, but now——

"Great God in heaven!" cried Dayton, "the brute is *loose*!" And then, with a face like death, he flew, rather than ran, through the long hall and down the stair, followed close by Vivian.

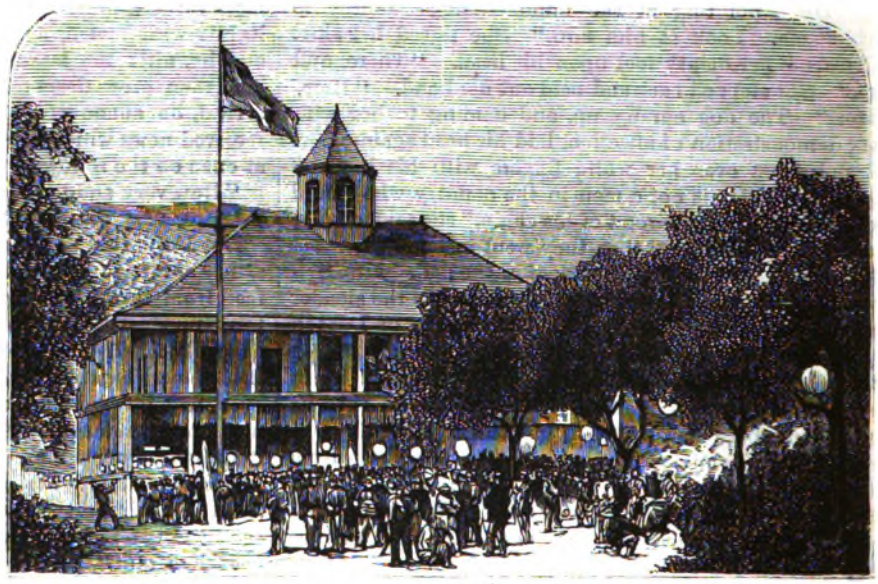
The lower hall was full of frightened servants, who had gathered there at that first fearful cry, and the door—the great oak door—was closed between Doris and all possible succor.

"Open it!" cried Dayton, hoarsely, before he came to it. "Open it, and let me go to her!"

"Lor', massa, 'tain't no use now," answered the trembling negro nearest it. "He's done et her up 'most now. Dere ain't no one kin stand before him but Miss Vivian, and she——"

But Dayton had pushed him fiercely aside, and was out on the veranda before his shaking hand had moved the latch.

And Doris? Pale, but outwardly calm, stood with one hand resting on the dog's great head, and the other busily engaged in fastening his chain.



SCENE AT THE ROYAL PALACE ON THE OFFICIAL ANNEXATION TO FRANCE.

A RACE TO THE TAHITI MARKET.

"He did not hurt me," she said, simply, as Dayton drew her to him with a fervent "Thank God!" which came from his heart. And then she hid her face on his breast in a little burst of hysterical tears, which, now that the fright was over, she found it impossible to keep back.

"A second edition of Daniel and the lions," said Vivian, a trifle sharper. "I am sure we are all thankful that you are not devoured, but at the same time you might, I think, spare Mr. Maynard this embarrassing scene before the servants. You had better go up and show yourself to aunty, who has you digested by this time, doubtless, and

A GROUP OF TAHITIAN GIRLS.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

calm down a little; and as for you, Mr. Maynard, will you give me five minutes?"

And then Doris was gone, with only one soft pressure of his hand to tell him that the cloud which had been between them was no longer there, and he turned to Vivian.

"Well," he said, with a new coldness in his tone and manner, "what do you wish?"

She flashed him one quick glance.

"This," she said; "come here, Terror."

The dog looked at her sidewise, but did not stir; perhaps he read something in her face invisible to mere human eyes.

"Come here!" she said again.

And this time, slowly, as though compelled against his will—slowly, his great white body almost dragging in the dust, his bloodshot eyes turned upon her with a look at once fierce and beseeching—the dog obeyed.

"Lie down!" she said; and he crouched humbly before her.

One moment she bent over him, her white hand caressing his huge head; the next the sharp report of a pistol rang out on the air, and she faced Dayton Maynard with a scarlet spot burning in either cheek, and that white hand spotted and splashed and stained with blood.

"I would serve my best friend so," she said, giving the quivering carcass a kick with one dainty boot, "did he let any one else in all the wide world usurp my place."

And then, as he looked down at her with a shocked disapproval in his face, she laughed, and turning away, hummed a gay French air as she went in, her stained hand dying her white dress here and there, and even leaving one tiny spot upon the lace at her bosom.

"Uncomfortably in earnest," was Dayton's mental comment; "dramatic, but unpleasantly realistic; too much in the tragedy line. Doris is better away from here, for Vivian—Vivian *loosed that dog!*"

A little later a message came to Doris.

"Would she come down to the ivy arbor? Mr. Maynard wished to see her for a few minutes."

For a wonder, Vivian was not with her when the message came, and Doris slipped out unobserved and came to him, a little pale and tremulous, but, in his eyes, the loveliest woman in the world; and—well, in ten minutes the misunderstanding was at an end; the words were spoken which three months ago he had given her a right to expect, and they sat, her head resting on his breast, and his hands clasping hers; unmindful of the gathering clouds outside; unmindful of the growling thunder coming nearer and nearer; unmindful of the blue eyes watching them with such a world of hate and vengeance in their clear depths; unmindful of aught save that they were pledged to each other for all time.

"And you thought, my little Doris—you thought that I, with the memory of you in my heart, could love another woman, even though she were as beautiful as Vivian Leigh?" Dayton Maynard's voice was very tender, and he held the slender, yielding figure close as he spoke: "My darling, how could you?"

"But she told me," pleaded Doris; "she said that you were engaged to her, and I——"

"And you believed her for three wretched days," interrupted Dayton, lightly, and then more earnestly, "I never loved her, Doris. I never gave her cause to think so. I never loved but one woman, and that was——"

She looked up at him smiling.

"You, Doris—you alone."

The heavy clouds had grown black and wild, the deathly hush which comes before a storm had fallen all around, and as his lips met hers the sharp report of a pistol rang through the stillness, and almost at the same instant a fierce red glare of lightning showed Doris, clinging pale and terrified, to Dayton Maynard, on whose white temple was a crimson streak, where the murderous ball had barely touched him before burying itself in the wall at his back. Then came a crash of thunder so terrific that it seemed as though the earth was shaken to its very foundations.

"The house is struck!" cried Doris, and they rushed out into the open air, where already a few great raindrops were plashing down; and there, just outside the door, they were confronted by Vivian Leigh.

Vivian Leigh, standing with her back against the great tulip-tree—the pride of Leigh Place, now riven from crown to root—with her beautiful head uncovered to the storm, a smile on her beautiful face and a still smoking pistol grasped in her hand—Vivian Leigh, no longer capable of love or hate—and with only one faint crimson line on her temple to show how God's thunderbolt had saved her from being in reality what she was in heart—a murderess.

THE LAST KING OF TAHITI.

By C. F. Gordon Cumming.

Among the recent changes that have occurred in the South Pacific, none appear so likely to exercise a permanent influence on the trade of the future as the annexation by France of all the finest isles in the immediate vicinity of the Isthmus of Panama.

This great step has been accomplished so quietly as to excite little more than a passing comment from the world in general, and no word of remonstrance from any of the Great Powers, who seem to consider the annexation of the Society Isles as merely the natural result of the "Protectorate," which was established with so high a hand in 1843, when France virtually possessed herself of the Marquesas, the Paumotu, or Low Archipelago, and the Society groups.

To these she has, still more recently, added the Gambier Isles, which lie to the southwest, in the direction of Pitcairn's Isle, and has thus secured a very admirable semicircle of the four finest groups in the Eastern Pacific. Here she now can consolidate her strength and await the influx of commerce which must of necessity pass through this *cordon* when M. Lesseps shall have opened the Panama Canal for the traffic of the world.

Here French ships will touch, on their way to and from the Loyalty Isles and Cochin China (the principal colonies of France in the Western Pacific); and ships of all nations, plying between Europe and Australasia, will necessarily pass the same way, and contribute their quota to the wealth of the French Republic in the East, finding magnificent harbors, and now even arsenals, where much may be done in the way of refitting, if necessary.

Hitherto, the trade of the Isles has been shackled by various restrictive commercial regulations, and official interference has tended in many ways to hinder the progress of these, as of all other French colonies. Now, however, that the farce of a Protectorate, with separate and very confusing laws, has been abolished, and that the Code Napoleon reigns supreme, greater freedom of action seems to be allowed, and the foreign residents find their position better defined, and altogether more satisfactory.

France seems, however, to aim at still wider dominion in the South Seas. That the independent isles of Raiates, Bora Bora, and Huahine should share the fate of Tahiti seems almost a natural sequence. But the tidings of French

action in regard to the Hervey and Austral Isles indicate that our Gallic friends seek a still wider range of dominion.

The inhabitants of these isles, all peaceful Christians, happy and prosperous, and governed by their own chiefs, were recently startled by the arrival of a French man-of-war, whose captain informed them that their trade must henceforward be diverted from New Zealand to Tahiti, as Great Britain had agreed to leave France undisputed mistress of all isles lying to the east of Samoa.

The people, who had at first received their French visitors with cordiality, at once took the alarm, and returned all presents which had been made to them; whereupon the captain informed them that the French admiral was then on his way to the Austral Isles, and would compel them to submit to a French Protectorate. Great, therefore, is the alarm of all the islanders, who remember with terror every detail of the appropriation of the neghboring groups.

As an illustration of how the thin end of the wedge was applied, it may not be uninteresting at the present moment to recall the circumstances under which this Protectorate was established.

In 1837 the French sent out an exploring expedition, commanded by D'Urville, whose somewhat remarkable official orders were, "To tame the men, but induce the women to become a little more timid."

The result of this report was, that the French decided on establishing themselves in the Marquesas, Society, and Paumotu Isles. Accordingly, in 1842, an expedition sailed from Brest to effect this purpose, its destination being a secret, known only to its commander. The Marquesas were selected as the centre of operations.

A squadron of four heavy frigates and three corvettes, commanded by Rear-Admiral Du Petit Thouars, accordingly astonished the natives by suddenly appearing in the lovely harbor of Nukuheva, and very soon those simple folk learnt the full meaning of the gay tricolored flags and bristling broadsides. The ostensible pretext for this invasion was that of reinstating Mowanna, the friendly chief of Nukuheva, in what was assumed to be his ancestral right—namely, that of ruling over the whole group of twelve isles, each of which had hitherto considered itself as a distinct world, subdivided into many antagonistic kingdoms. However, a puppet king was the pretext required, and Mowanna furnished it, and was rewarded with regal honors, and a gorgeous military uniform, rich with gold-lace and embroidery.

Of course, he and his tribe of Nukuhevans were vastly delighted, perceiving that they had gained omnipotent allies, and when 500 hundred troops were landed in full uniform, and daily drilled by resplendent officers, their delight knew no bounds. They recollected how, when in 1814, the U. S. frigate *Essex*, commanded by Captain Porter, had refitted at Nukuheva, she had lent them a considerable force of sailors and marines to assist their own body of 2,000 men, in attacking a neighboring tribe. The latter had offered a desperate resistance, and repulsed the allied forces, who, however, consoled themselves by burning every village they could reach, thus giving the inhabitants good cause to hate the white men's ships.

Now, with the aid of these warlike French troops, the Nukuhevans thought themselves sure of victory, with the prospect of retaining the supremacy. But when fortifications were commenced, and the troops surrounded their camps with solid works of defense, making it evident that the occupation was to be a permanent one, a feeling of detestation, mingled with fear of the invaders, gradually increased, and was certainly not lessened by several sharp encounters, in one of which 150 natives are said to have been slain. However, the reign of might prevailed, and the tricolor has floated over the Marquesas unchallenged from that time to this present, when a French governor and staff rule in the Isles; a French bishop, priests and Sisters endeavor to counteract the teaching of the American Protestant Mission; and French *gendarmes* strive to keep order among a race who have not wholly forgotten their old intertribal feuds and the joys of an occasional cannibal feast.

This appropriation of the Marquesas was immediately followed by that of the Society Isles, whither Admiral Du Petit Thouars proceeded in the *Reine Blanche* frigate, leaving the rest of the squadron at the Marquesas. He anchored in the perfect harbor of Papeete, and sent a message to Queen Pomare to the effect that unless she immediately agreed to pay somewhere about $30,000, as an indemnity for alleged insults to the French flag, he would bombard the defenseless town. The said insults were very much like those offered by the lamb to the wolf in the old fable—the pretext raked up being simply that Queen Pomare and all her people, having already become stanch Christians according to the teaching of the London Missionary Society, had positively refused to allow certain French priests to settle in the Isles and found a Roman Catholic Mission. These, proving obstinate in their determination to remain, had been conveyed on board a vessel about to sail for some distant port, with a recommendation to pursue their calling on some of the many isles which were still heathen.

The French admiral insisted that, in addition to paying the indemnity demanded, the people of Tahiti should, at their own expense, erect a Roman Catholic Church in every district where they had built one for their Congregational worship.

The unhappy Queen, terrified lest the arrogant Du Petit Thouars should commence bombarding her helpless capital, yet utterly incapable of complying with his unjust demands, fled by night, in a canoe, to the Isle of Moorea, knowing that no decisive action could be taken in her absence. Her best friend and adviser throughout these troubles was the British Consul, Mr. Pritchard. The admiral perceiving this, caused him to be arrested and imprisoned. After being kept for ten days in solitary confinement, he was put on board an English vessel out at sea, and forcibly sent away from the islands without a trial or investigation of any kind.

On his arrival in England the British Government naturally demanded an explanation of such proceedings. M. Guizot replied that the French authorities at Tahiti found they could make no progress there, because of Mr. Pritchard's great influence with the Queen. The French Government, therefore, approved the action of its officials, but promised to indemnify Mr. Pritchard for what they themselves described as his illegal imprisonment and pecuniary losses. We have, however, Mr. Pritchard's own authority for the fact, that in the year 1880 he had never received one single *sou* of the promised indemnity, and England apparently considered it the part of wisdom, if not of honor, to let the subject drop.

So the French compelled Queen Pomare and her chiefs to yield to their demands. Some, indeed, strove to make a brave stand, and drive the invaders from their shores; but what could these unarmed islanders do against artillery?

They retreated to their mountain fastnesses, but the French troops pursued them, built scientific forts, and remained masters of the position.

The good, sensible Queen, who had proved herself so wise a ruler of a happy and peaceful people up to this

terrible November, 1843, was now declared incompetent to govern. The French Protectorate was established, and the *Reine Blanche*, having saluted the Protectorate flag, desired the Queen and chiefs to do likewise—an order which they were unable to obey till the admiral politely offered to lend the necessary gunpowder.

Thus were the French established as rulers in the three groups.

Sorely as Queen Pomare's proud, independent spirit must have chafed under their tutelage, she contrived to endure it for thirty-five years. Born on the 28th of February, 1813, she succeeded her brother, Pomare III., in January, 1827, and reigned supreme till 1843. On the 17th of September, 1877, this loved mother of her people passed away, and with her all that was truly representative of their ancient independence.

I happened to arrive in Tahiti just at that period.

A large French man-of-war having been sent on a special mission to Fiji, where I had for some time been living as a member of the Governor's household, I was most courteously invited to go on a cruise through the Tongan, Samoan, and Society Isles.

The crowning-point of delight, to which all on board were looking forward, was that we should arrive at Papeete in time for the joyous festival held on the anniversary of the Protectorate, when crowds of the lighthearted people—ready for mirth on any pretext—would assemble at the capital.

QUEEN POMARE AND HER HUSBAND, PAAITE.

Like most things to which we have greatly looked forward, our first impressions of Tahiti were disappointing.

We arrived in a gray, howling storm, and everything looked dismal. Though we coasted all along the beautiful isle of Moorea, formerly called Eimeo, the envious cloud capped its lofty ranges, only showing a peak here and there. Certainly, such glimpses as we did catch were weirdly grand—huge basaltic pinnacles, of most fantastic shape, towering from out the sea of billowy white clouds which drifted around those black crags; and below the cloud canopy lay deep ravines, smothered in densest foliage, extending right down to the gray, dismal sea, which broke in thunder on the reef.

With strong wind and tide against us, as we crossed from Moorea to Tahiti, it was a great relief when, passing by a narrow opening through the barrier reef, we left the great tossing waves outside, and found ourselves in the calm harbor, which lay sullen and gray as a mountain-tarn.

At first we could see literally nothing of the land; but after a while it cleared a little, and through the murky mist we discerned fine massive mountains rising from a great gorge beyond the town of Papeete—a pleasant little town, with houses all smothered in foliage, which in fine weather is lovely, being chiefly hybiscus and bread-fruit. But the former is of that very blue-green tint which in rainy weather is sure to look as gray as an olive grove, while each glossy leaf of the bread-fruit is a mirror which exactly reflects the condition of the weather—glancing bright in sunlight, but in storm reflecting the dull hue of the leaden clouds.

On the dreary day of our arrival, sea and sky were alike dull and colorless — all in keeping with the sad news with which the pilot greeted us as he came on board—namely, that Queen Pomare had died a fortnight previously, and that the people were all in deepest grief. Instead of all the great rejoicings, and balls, and himené-singing (the national music), and all the varied delights of a Tahitian festival—the sunlight, the flowers, the gay dresses of all rainbow hues—we beheld crowds pouring out of the native church (for it was Sunday), all dressed in the deepest mourning, from their crape-trimmed black hats to their black flowing robes, which are all, without exception, cut on the pattern of the old English sacks worn by our grandmothers—that is, a yoke on the shoulders from which the skirt falls to the feet and trails behind. The effect is very easy and graceful. It would be impossible to devise a cooler dress, as it only touches the neck and shoulders, and, very loosely, the arms. The one under-garment is low-necked, short-sleeved, and of such a length as to form a sweeping skirt, thus combining chemise and petticoat in one cool article of raiment. The dress is the same as that worn in the Sandwich Isles; but

there it is worn shorter and fuller, and, like everything else in that group, loses the grace and elegance which appear to be inherent in Tahiti.

Now all looked sad and sombre. There were no flowers, no fragrant wreaths, no arrowroot crowns, no snowy plumes of *reva-reva;* even the beautiful raven tresses of the women had all been cut off—so, at least, we were told, and certainly none were visible. This was mourning, indeed; and the *Court Circular* had ordained that the whole nation should wear the garb of woe for six months! I confess I bewailed the ill-luck that had brought me to Tahiti at so inauspicious a moment, and just too late to see the fine old queen, heroine of so many of my earliest dreams of South Sea romance.

After a while, however, I found, as usual, that my luck was not altogether bad. About two months previously the French Admiral Serre had arrived, bringing a new French governor. Very grievous domestic affliction had befallen the latter, and had so shattered his nerves as to render him utterly unfit for the post.

The person who would naturally have succeeded him in office had unfortunately made himself so obnoxious to the Queen that she informed the admiral that, should he be appointed governor, she would at once retire to Moorea, thereby bringing all business to a deadlock. Thereupon the admiral promised that her will should be respected, and announced that he would himself assume the office of governor till such time as a fresh appointment could be made in Paris.

Arhu Faaite. Pomare V., last King of Tahiti. Queen Pomare IV. Prince Thoma Toa, Governor of Rajatea.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF TAHITI.

M. La Barbe remonstrated. The admiral bade him be silent. He persisted, and was immediately placed under arrest for fourteen days; at the end of which time his sword was restored to him, and he had to put it on and go to thank the admiral formally for his goodness in restoring it! But as his presence in the isles would henceforth have been unpleasant, he and his family were shipped on board a big transport which was about to sail for France, and were deported without further question.

At this moment Queen Pamore died suddenly, to the exceeding grief of her people. Great was their anxiety to

know what course the French would next adopt, there being good reason to fear that even the semblance of the ancient rule would now be dispensed with—a course which appeared the more probable as Queen Pomare's sons had not been remarkable for their steadiness, and the Royal Family was in a somewhat disjointed condition. The admiral, however, devoted his whole energies to bringing together its various branches, healing their breaches and inculcating sobriety, and generally getting them into a satisfactory condition.

He then proclaimed Ariiaue, the eldest son, and his handsome young wife, Marau, aged seventeen, to be King and Queen, under the titles of Pomare V. and Marau Pomare, a ceremony of which the *Messager de Tahiti* gave full particulars, under the heading, "Le Prince royal, Ariiaue, est salué roi des Iles de la Société et dépendances," and told how the Legislative Assembly of Tahiti had been convened by "M. le Contre-Amiral Serre, Commandant-en-chef, Commandant provisoire des Etablissements français de l'Océanie, pour reconnaître et acclamer le nouveau Souverain de Tahiti."

The Legislative Assembly received with acclamations the decisions of the omnipotent admiral, who not only proclaimed Ariiaue King, but further settled the succession for two generations to come. Queen Marau being half English (daughter of Mr. Salmon, an English Jew, married to one of the highest chieftainesses of Tahiti), any child to which she might give birth was excluded from the throne in favor of the little Princess Teriivaetua, daughter of the King's brother, Tamatoa and the charming Moë—ex-King and Queen of Raiatea—thus securing the pure Tahitian blood-royal.

Failing issue of the little Princess Vaetua, the succession was secured to her cousin, Prince Teriihinoiatua, commonly called Hinoi, a very handsome boy, son of the third royal brother.

These decisions gave great satisfaction to the Tahitians, who, though well aware that all real power had been taken from their chiefs, still valued its nominal possession. It was, therefore, with a general feeling of pleasure that they hailed the announcement that this modern king-maker intended to escort the royal couple on a grand tour of their dominions, in order to receive in person the homage of all their people.

Greatly to my delight, Admiral Serre most kindly arranged that I should be of the party—a most exceptional piece of good luck, as under no other circumstances could I have seen either the country or the people to such advantage. It was really like a bit of a fairy tale—in every respect a most delightful trip—good weather, good roads and most agreeable company. Besides the royal party there were about twenty French officers from the flagship *Magicienne*, and also their excellent brass band, consisting of twenty sailors, admirably trained by one of the officers, himself an excellent musician. Though we were so large a party, everything in the whole expedition was admirably arranged, and there was always good accommodation provided, and everything was done comfortably.

Each district possesses a very large district-house, built for public purposes. Like all the native houses, they consist chiefly of a heavy thatch roof, rounded at both ends, supported on a mere framework of posts, and leaving the sides all open, save at night, when they are curtained. They generally have good wooden floors, often smooth enough to dance upon. In these our feast was generally prepared, and always gracefully served. Our night-quarters were also most comfortably arranged, and I was especially charmed by the beds provided for us—very large and soft, stuffed with the silky tree-cotton; abundant pillows, real musquito-nets and light curtains tied back with gay ribbons, and such pretty coverlets of patchwork—really triumphs of art-needlework; those most in favor have crimson patterns on a white ground; the designs are highly effective. It seems that a Tahitian housewife prides herself on her snowy linen and downy pillows—a very happy adaptation of foreign customs.

The island of Tahiti is divided into twenty districts, and it was arranged we should visit two each day. So each morning our procession of fifteen wheeled vehicles started at seven A.M., preceded by native outriders carrying the gay district flag, which made a pretty bit of color as we passed along the green glades. A drive of seven or eight miles brought us to our halting-point, where we found masses of people assembled to sing himenés of welcome—all, however, dressed in black, relieved only by wreaths and handkerchiefs of yellow, or else by a wreath or hat of snowy white bamboo or arrowroot fibre, and in their hair soft plumes of snowy *reva-reva*—a filmy ribbon extracted from the cocoa-palm leaf. I was delighted to discover that many of the women, who were supposed to have cut their beautiful long hair in mourning for old Queen Pomare, had only shammed, and their glossy black tresses were allowed to reappear.

Having halted and feasted at the morning district, we started again about two o'clock, drove seven or eight miles further—always through lovely country, and by a wide road of firm green turf, which follows the course of the shore—and so we reached our night quarters, when we were again received by assembled multitudes and congratulatory himenés. Then the band played—as it had done at our noonday halt—to the great delight of the people, and we strolled about and found enchanting bathing pools in some of the many crystalline streams, of which we crossed 150 in a drive of 160 miles! I need not say that bathing in the tropics is one of the chief delights of daily life. At sunset we reassembled for a great dinner, served European fashion, for each district possesses its own crockery, glass, knives, forks, spoons, etc. The admiral provided French wines and bread. Then followed more himené-singing, while we sat listening, entranced, either in the great house or on the beautiful seashore, in the perfect moonlight.

This was the outline of each day; but, of course, in every district we found special incidents of interest, and the exquisite beauty of the scenery was an ever-varying delight. The weather was perfect—not too hot, yet sunny. A brisk tradewind brought the sea roaring and tumbling in heavy breakers on the coral reef about a mile from the shore where our road skirted the calm lagoon, so blue and peaceful and still.

We drove through districts which seemed like one vast orchard of mango, bread-fruit, banana, faes, large orange-trees, lemons, guavas, citrons, papawas, vanilla, coffee, sugar-cane, maize and cocoa-palm, together forming a succession of the richest and most varied foliage it is possible to conceive.

Sometimes we amused ourselves by counting such few trees as were not fruit-bearing, but even they were, for the most part, fragrant with blossom. Here and there the broad grass roads are edged with avenues of tall plantains, very handsome in a dead calm, but too delicate to endure the rough wooing of the riotous trade-winds, which tear the huge leaves to ribbons, and give the avenues an untidy look.

It was on the 15th of October, 1877, that we started on this grand tour. Ariiaue, or, rather, Pomare V., led the procession, accompanied by his brother, Tamatoa, and his little nephew, Hinoi. Then followed the admiral, with his

aide-de-camp and myself, in a comfortable open carriage, with excellent horses and a great half-caste driver. Queen Marau came next, with her lovely little sister, Mahnihinihi, and little Vaetua, who is next in the succession. Sundry and divers vehicles followed, containing the French naval officers, and some others. A few of the party preferred riding. The luggage had already been dispatched in heavy *fourgons*, and the band, filling a couple of *char-à-bancs*, likewise preceded us.

We halted at various points, where deputations had assembled to welcome the King, and about eleven o'clock reached Punavia, a lovely spot on the seashore, at the mouth of a beautiful valley, above which towers a grand mountain peak. A ruined French fort on the shore and two small forts further up the valley, recalled the days when Tahiti made her brave but unavailing struggle for independence. Breakfast was prepared for us in a native house, which was decorated in most original style with large patchwork quilts in lieu of flags, and relieved with graceful fronds of tree-fern.

Here, as at most other feasts, there was a considerable consumption of raw fish, which is considered a very great delicacy, and one for which many foreigners acquire a strong liking. There is no accounting for tastes! King Ariiaue, who took great care of me at meals, tried hard to teach me this enjoyment, and on my objecting, declared it to be mere prejudice, as, of course, I ate oysters raw—he might almost say alive. To this I could answer nothing, well remembering the savage delight with which I have often knocked oysters off rocks and branches, and swallowed them on the instant. But then they are so small, and some of these fish are so very large. Perhaps one's instinctive objection is to their size. Those most in favor are of a most exquisite green color.

During breakfast and afterward, the glee-singers of the district sang himenés—most strange and beautiful part songs. Afterward dancing was suggested, and I, recollecting the wonderful grace and picturesque charm of the very varied dances of Fiji, which are like well-studied ballets, looked forward to seeing those of Tahiti. But they proved very disappointing. Neither here nor anywhere else did we see any dance except the *upa upa*, which a few men volunteered to perform as a specimen of the old national dance.

It is the identical dance which we have seen at Arab weddings, and in other lands—merely an exceedingly ungraceful wriggle, involving violent exertion till every muscle quivers, and the dancer retires panting and in a condition of vulgar heat. In heathen days it was the distinguishing dance of an atrocious sect called the Areois—religious fanatics and libertines of the vilest order, who were held in reverent awe by the people, and allowed every sort of privilege. They traveled from village to village in very large companies, sometimes filling from fifty to eighty canoes.

Wherever they landed great sacrifices were offered to the gods, and for so long as they chose to remain in one place they were the guests of the chief, and had to be provided for by the villagers, whom they entertained by acting pantomimes and reciting legends of the very unholy gods, wrestling, gesticulating and dancing, till they worked themselves up to a pitch of frenzy which was considered religious, and the night was spent in the wildest orgies. Their dress on these occasions consisted only of a little scarlet and black dye, the seeds of the vermilion plant and charcoal furnishing the materials.

Such being the associations connected with this most unattractive dance, it was for many years discountenanced by the chiefs, in their determination to put away every trace of heathenism. But under French influence it has been in a measure revived, and though the more respectable natives consider it objectionable, a certain number of dancers crop up at every village. Their position, however, appears to be no higher than that of strolling jugglers at an English fair.

In the afternoon we resumed our drive by the soft turf road, where the wheels glide so smoothly and silently, no jarring sound disturbing the harmony of nature. Here, as on each succeeding day, our path was one continuous panorama of delight. On the one hand, endlessly-varied foliage, and great green hills towering in strange fantastic form, seamed by dark valleys and crystal streams; and on the other side lay the calm, glittering lagoon, reflecting as in a mirror the grand masses of white cloud, and bounded by the long line of breakers, flashing as they dashed on the barrier reef. Beyond these lay outspread the vast Pacific, its deep purple, dashed with white crests, telling how briskly the trade-winds blew outside. And far on the horizon, the rugged peaks of Moorea rose clear and beautiful, robed in ethereal lilac.

We halted for the night at Paea, a charmingly situated hamlet of clean, comfortable houses, only divided from the white coral sand by a belt of green turf and fine old iron-wood trees. (The iron-wood of the Pacific is a very different tree from that bearing the same name in America. In the Pacific it always means the casuarina, and has dark hair-like pensile foliage. It is a mournful tree, and is generally planted near graves. It is the *noko-noko* of Fiji, where, in common with the crimson dracæna, it is consecrated to the dead.)

The pride of Paea is its very large house for public entertainment. Here we found dinner laid, in European style, for 300 guests. At one end was an upper table, where the chiefs of the district entertained the Royal party, while the other tables were ranged down the sides of the building; each family in the neighborhood having undertaken to provide for one table, and there assemble their own friends. The whole great building was beautifully decorated in Tahitian style, with palm-leaves and tree-ferns, and festoons of deep fringe made of hybiscus fibre, all dyed either yellow or white. There must have been *miles* of fringe used in decorating that house. Yellow is happily admitted in Court mourning, so most of the people wore at least a yellow necktie, a symptom of mitigated affliction, to express the pleasure that now mingled with their grief for the good Queen:

"Le Roi est mort—Vive le Roi!"

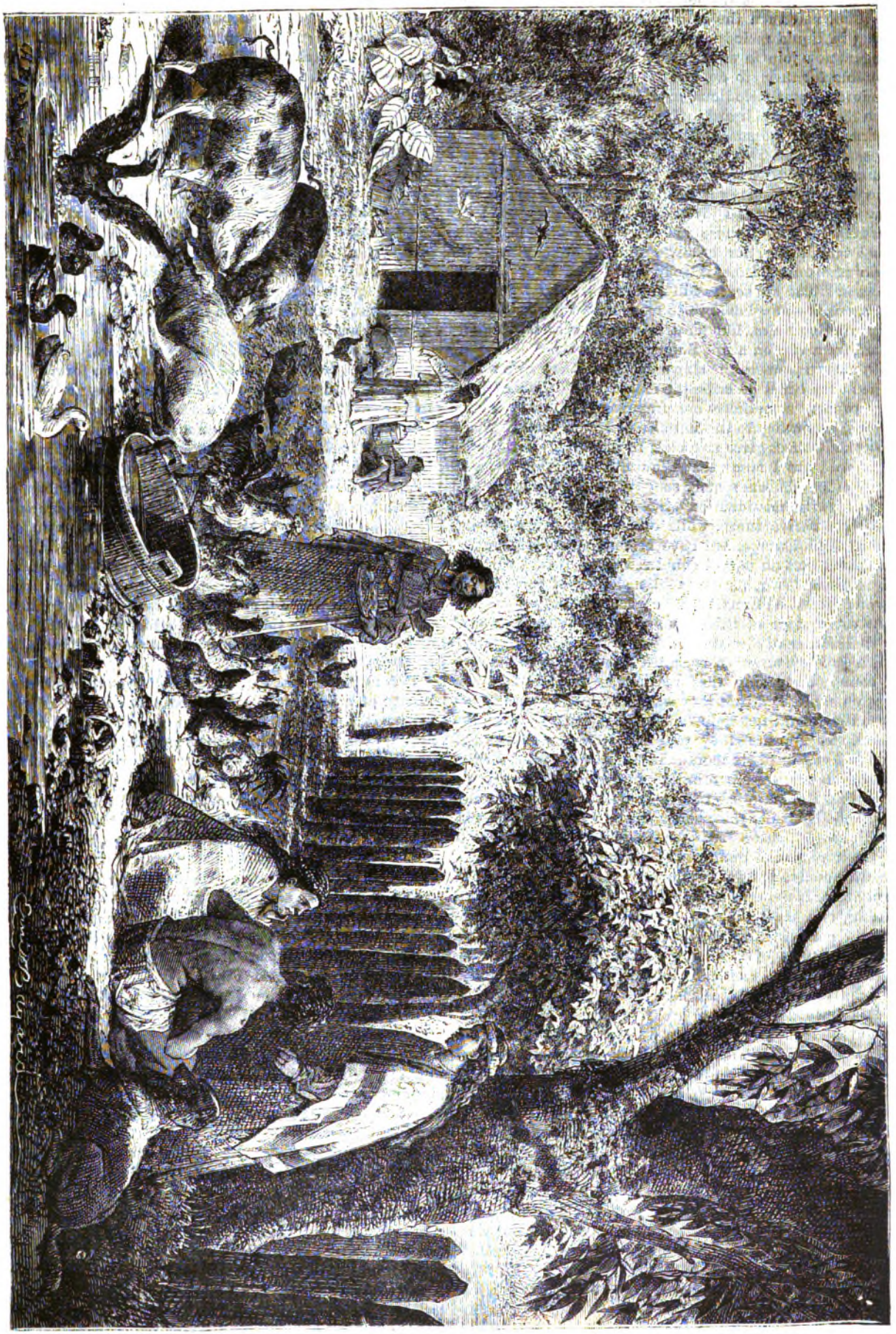
We went to dinner in most orthodox fashion, the admiral conducting Queen Marau, and Ariiaue taking me. The table-decorations were most curious and effective. At the first glance there appeared to be a series of white marble centre-vases, which, on close inspection, proved to be graduated lumps of the thick fleshy banana-stalk, near the root. In these were inserted branches of the thorny wild lemon-tree, and on each thorn were stuck artificial flowers made of colored leaves, or of the glossy white arrow-root fibre, or bamboo fibre, such as are used in making hats; and from some there floated a silvery plume of the lightest silky film, like fairy ribbons. This is the snowy *reva-reva* extracted from the interior of young cocoa-palm leaves—a difficult operation, requiring the neatest hand and long practice. The worker keeps a split stick stuck in the ground beside her, and into its cleft fastens one end of each ribbon as she peels it, otherwise the faintest breath of air would blow it away. It is the loveliest gossamer you can imagine.

At the end of the feast Tamatoa gave the example of

adorning his own hat, and those of his neighbors, with these lovely plumes and all the pretty fanciful flowers. Then we adjourned to the grassy shore, and watched the clear, full moon rise from the calm sea, while the glee-singers sang their soft, beautiful choruses.

I wish it were possible to describe Tahitian himenés, so as to give others the faintest idea of their fascination. But the thing is impossible—they are a new sensation, utterly indescribable. No music of any other country bears the slightest resemblance to these wild, exquisite glees, faultless in time and harmony, though apparently each singer introduces any variations that occur to him or her. The musicians sit on the grass on mats, in two divisions, arranged in rows so as to form two squares. A space is left between these, where the "conductor" (should there chance to be one) walks up and down, directing the choruses. But very often there is no leader, and all sing apparently according to their own sweet will, introducing any variations that occur to them. One voice commences—others strike in—here, there, everywhere, in liquid chorus. It seems as if one section devoted themselves to pouring forth a rippling torrent of Ra!—Ra! ra-ra-ra-ra! while others burst into a flood of La!—La! la-la-la-la! Some confine their care to sounding a deep booming bass in a long-continued drone, somewhat suggestive, to my appreciative Highland ear, of our own bagpipes. Here

A TAHITIAN WOMAN.



A FARMYARD SCENE IN TAHITI.

and there high falsetto notes strike in, varied from verse to verse, and then the chorus of La and Ra comes bubbling in liquid melody, while the voices of the principal singers now join in unison, now diverge as widely as it is possible for them to do, but all combine to produce the quaintest, most melodious, most perplexing wild, rippling glee that ever was heard. Some himenés have an accompaniment of measured hand-clapping, by hundreds of those present. This is curious in its way, chiefly as a triumph of perfect time; but I do not think it attractive. The clear, mellifluous voices need no addition, and as they ring out suddenly and joyously in the cool evening, I can imagine no sound more inspirating. Yet none can be more tantalizing, for however often you may hear the same fascinating tune, it somehow seems impossible to catch it. The air seems full of musical voices, perfectly harmonized—now lulled to softest tones, then swelling in clear ringing tones, like most melodious cathedral chimes heard from afar on a soft Summer night.

In many instances the singers compose their own words, which sometimes describe the most trivial details of passing events, sometimes are fragments of most sacred hymns, according to the impulse of the moment. Probably the last fact gives us a clew to the origin of the word *Hymn-ené*, but I fancy that the words are often those of much older and less seemly songs than the hymns taught by the early missionaries. Some of the airs, too, are really old native tunes, while others were originally imported from Europe, but have become so completely Tahitianized that no mortal could recognize them; which is all in their favor, for the wild melodies of the isle are beyond measure attractive and characteristic.

At every stage of this Royal progress we were greeted by these bands of glee-singers.

I, a guileless stranger, accepted this delight as a matter of course, supposing that music was the life of these happy people, and that they warbled like birds really because they could not help doing so. But it was all a delusion. It appears they only sing on occasions, and though I remained six months in the Society Isles, all the himenés I heard were crowded into the first fortnight. After that I only heard one, and that a very poor one. But the hideous dancing, which is the only ugly thing in Tahiti, and which was reduced to a minimum during the stay of the paternal admiral (who strove so hard to inculcate the practice of all virtues), received so great encouragement after his departure, that all its votaries assembled at Papeete, and their evening revels took the place of the pleasant gatherings at the band, which were among the marked features of the early part of my visit. Consequently, the more respectable section of the community were conspicuous by their absence.

But to return to the royal progress round the isles. On the following morning we were all astir by five A.M., and started immediately after early coffee—every one cheery and good-tempered—on every side hearty greetings, "Yarra-na! Yarra-na!" and sounds of careless laughter and merry voices. There is certainly a great charm in the pretty liquid language, and in the gentle, affectionate manner of the people, who seem to be overflowing with genial kindliness.

Two hours drive us to Papara, where a very grand reception awaited the young King and Queen, Mrs. Salmon, the Queen's mother, being chieftainess of the district. Her true native name is very long, and I fear I cannot write it correctly, so my readers must be content with that of her husband. She had assembled all her vassals in most imposing array, and a double row of himené-singers lined the road singing choruses of congratulation, taken up alternately on the right hand and on the left with very pretty effect. Many relations of the family had also assembled to greet their royal kinsfolk, including two more of Mrs. Salmon's pretty daughters, and her handsome sons, fine stalwart men. Very quaint ceremonial garments were presented to the King and the admiral. They are called Tiputa, and are the ancient Tahitian dress of great occasions.

They are precisely similar in form to the Spanish *poncho*, being passed over the head and falling over the back and chest, to the knee. They are made from the fibre of bread-fruit bark, and covered with flowers and twists of the glossy arrowroot fibre, each stitched on separately. To the Queen, the admiral, and myself, were presented the most lovely crowns of the same silvery arrowroot, while for the gentlemen were provided garlands and necklaces of fragrant white or yellow blossoms, and charming hats of white bamboo fibre.

The house was most tastefully decorated with great ferns and bright-yellow banana-leaves, plaited to form a sort of fringe. Wild melodious himenés were sung all the time of the feast, and afterward the band played operatic airs, till it was time for us to resume our journey.

In that district much cultivation has somewhat impaired the beauty of wild Nature, large tracts of land having been laid out for scientific planting of cotton and coffee, and, after all, the fields have been abandoned; the crops, left to run wild, are now rank straggling bushes, struggling for life with the overmastering vines or with the wild guava, which, having once been imported as a fruit-tree, has now become the scourge of the planters, from the rapidity and tenacity with which it spreads and takes possession of the soil. At the same time, a scrub, which yields wholesome and abundant food for men and beast, cannot be said to be altogether an evil.

It is not often that civilization improves the picturesque beauty of a country, but assuredly the lovely hills and valleys of Tahiti and Moorea have greatly gained in richness by the introduction of the fruit-bearing trees which now form so important a feature in the general wealth of foliage, the dense thickets of orange-trees having all grown from those brought from Sydney by Mr. Henry, one of the early missionaries. Strangely enough, the most healthy trees are those which have grown, self-sown, from the seed carelessly thrown about by the natives, when they retired to some quiet valley to brew their orange rum in secret.

The splendid mango-trees, whose mass of dark foliage is now so prominent a feature on all sides, were introduced less than twenty years ago by the French, who have taken infinite trouble to procure all the very best sorts, and have succeeded to perfection.

A pleasant afternoon drive, through fragrant orange groves, brought us to Papeooriri, where Queen Marau offered me a share of the house assigned to her (which, being purely Tahitian, and not built of wood, as so many now are, felt like living in a bamboo cage), exceedingly airy and transparent, but lined with temporary curtains of white calico, to screen us from the general public. We strolled along the coast till we found a delightful bathing-place, where the Anapu river flows into the sea. The two pretty girls, of course, bore us company, as also the Queen's handmaid, who was laden with *pareos* and towels; the pareo being simply a couple of fathoms of bright-colored calico, which, knotted over one shoulder, forms an efficient and picturesque bathing gown.

We returned just in time for such a fish dinner as Greenwich never surpassed. Fish of all sorts and kinds, cooked and raw to suit all tastes, excellent lobsters and crabs, huge fresh-water prawns, delicate little oysters which

grow on the roots and branches of the mangrove which fringes some muddy parts of the shore. But most excellent of all is another product of the briny mud, altogether new to me, a hideous, but truly delicious, white cray-fish, called *varo* or *wurrali*.

We all registered a solemn vow never to lose a chance of a varo feast. The tables were decorated in a manner quite in character, having pillars of the banana root stem, white as alabaster, with a fringe of large prawns at the top, and a frieze of small lobsters below—a very effective study in scarlet and white.

On the following day we crossed the ridge which connects the peninsula with the main isle. We journeyed to one end of it, slept there, then retraced the road to the isthmus, and went down the other side, as there is no passable road round the further end.

The scenery here was, if possible, lovelier than on the great isle, and we spent delightful days strolling about the beautiful shore, and living in villages of bird-cage houses with kindly people, who seemed never weary of warbling like thrushes, nightingales, and larks, all in chorus. The very best himenés of Tahiti were those we heard on the peninsula. The houses are embowered in large-leaved bananas and orange groves, and gay with rosy oleanders and crimson hybiscus.

On the two following days we repeated much the same story, as we made our way round the other side of the isle, always by the same delightful grass road, with days of calm sunlight, followed by clear moonlight. At Tiarei we were heartily welcomed by a kind old chieftainess, who kissed us all on both cheeks, down to the aide-de-camp, when the Queen's laughter stopped her proceeding to the remaining eighteen officers.

A most lovely drive along a basaltic shore, the road being cut on the face of the cliffs, brought us to Papenoo, which is close to a broad, clear river, where, of course, we bathed, then rambled in the warm moonlight, and sat on the shore, where the rippling wavelets murmured on a pebbly beach.

The chief gave the half of his large house to the Queen, who shared it with me, he and his family occupying the other end. Of course, it was really one large room, but travelers soon learn the art of rigging up curtains, and so improvising separate quarters.

On the night of our return a very pretty surprise awaited us. The Tahitians had determined on a grand demonstration in honor of Admiral Serre, to prove their gratitude for the good he has done in many ways and his sympathy with the people, especially as shown in the support of their ancient rules.

It had been arranged that we should remain at Point Venus till evening, and drive back to Papeete after sunset. It is a distance of twelve miles, and the moon being late, we knew that a few torches would be necessary for the last part of the way. Instead of this we were met, nine miles from the town, by crowds, and a large body of splendid, stalwart men, bearing torches, twelve feet long, of cocoa-palm leaves. These, some on horseback, some on foot, headed the procession, and were continually joined by new-comers, till at last there were fully a thousand torches blazing, throwing a ruddy glare on the rich, glossy foliage of bread-fruit and palm, while the smoke gave a dreamy, mysterious look to the whole scene.

The effect was altogether very striking, and as the procession was only allowed to advance at a foot's pace for the sake of those on foot, the band fell into the spirit of the thing, and played cheery tunes, such as the Tahitians love. At the entrace to the town all lights were extinguished, to avoid all danger of fire, for the air was full of sparks from the cocoa-torches, and the dry wooden houses are too combustible to run any risk. So we came in, in the dark—a great crowd, but all quiet and orderly.

A week later, a French man-of-war took the same large party to the island of Moorea, there to repeat the ceremony of visiting each district. Of all the multitude of beautiful isles I have visited, Moorea undoubtedly deserves the palm. Such marvelous basaltic needles and pinnacles, gigantic dolomite forms, like vast serrated shark's teeth, towering in midair, apparently rising from above the clouds, and the lower mountains and valleys clothed with vegetation of the same rich character as that of Tahiti. Here our transit from one village to another was by boat, all in dead calm water, within the coral reef, giving us the very best opportunity of seeing the coast to perfection.

Our first night's halt was at Haapiti, where the King and Queen were magnificently received by Mrs. Brander, the Queen's eldest sister and Great Chieftainess of the Isle.

A large and very pretty temporary building had been erected for the great feast. It was built of palm and bamboo, and entirely thatched, with large glossy fronds of the great bird's-nest fern.

The interior of the hall of feasting was lined with tree-ferns and oleanders, and festooned with miles of yellow hybiscus fibre. It was lighted with Chinese lanterns. Here were assembled a very large number of Mrs. Brander's relations and retainers—each with a shawl of yellow native cloth thrown over the black dress to express mitigated mourning. She herself wore only black, with a most becoming crown of arrowroot fibre, and plume of *reva-reva*.

I ought to record her native name, which is of a preternatural length — Tetuanuiyeiaiteruiatea. The pretty name by which she is known to her friends is Titaua, and the two baby daughters who accompanied her are Paloma and May, the youngest of a pretty flock of nine sons and daughters, the eldest of whom was born when her mother was but fifteen! After her, in the procession came several gentlemen, wearing very handsome tiputas of bread-fruit cloth bark, richly ornamented with fibre flowers, and fringed with *reva-reva*.

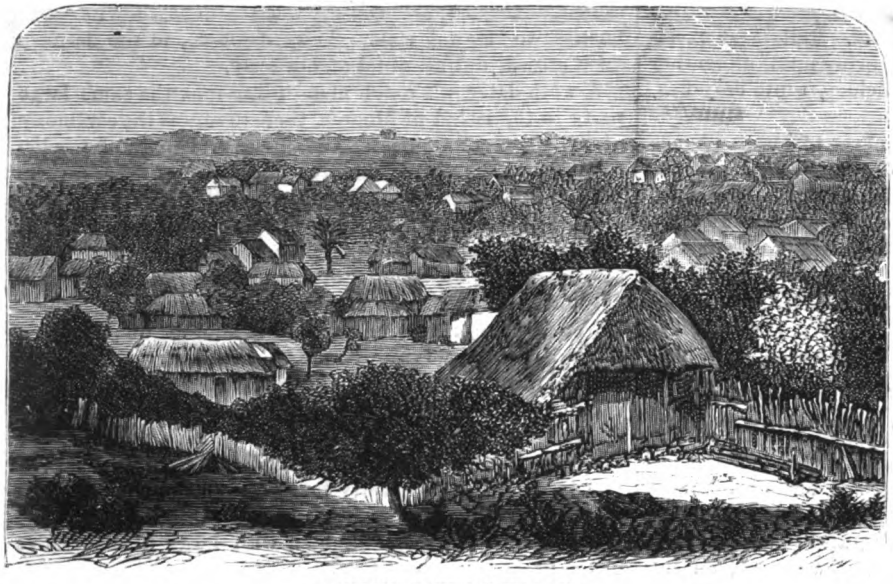
The labor expended on making them must have been very great. They made the usual address to the King and admiral, and the people sang joyous himenés of welcome. Then the chiefs presented their tiputas, and all present threw their yellow scarfs and their pretty hats and plumes at the feet of the royal party. I noted this with especial interest, having so often witnessed the same form of homage among the Fijians, who, at the close of their dances, invariably deposit their finery at the feet of the principal persons present.

Many picturesque incidents in the course of our beautiful expedition round Moorea rise to my memory, and visions of such beauty of scenery as could scarcely be surpassed in the most enchanting of dreams. One splendid grove of glossy-leaved tamanu-trees remains especially impressed on my mind in connection with the very best himenés we heard in all our travels, some of the women having very fine falsetto voices.

That tamanu grove, and a few noble old casuarina-trees close by, mark the spot where, in heathen days, many a human sacrifice was offered to the cruel gods. Now a Christian church occupies the site of the ancient Marai, and all is peaceful and happy.

About two miles inland from that village of Tiaia lies a lake about a mile long. It is not attractive, its waters being brackish and its banks muddy, but it contains good fish, and wild-duck haunt its sedgy shores.

At a later period I returned to this isle of beauty on a



A MODERN TAHITIAN VILLAGE.

visit to the French *pasteur* (the Protestant mission having found it necessary to send French clergy to the assistance of the missionaries of the London Society, in order to be able to claim their rights as French citizens).

About the same period I had the pleasure of again forming one of an expedition to the atoll group of Tetiaroa, where Pomare was duly recognized as sovereign. Altogether his position was apparently secure, and all save a very favored few in Papeete were taken by surprise, when one fine day in June, 1880, it was suddenly announced that the King and the native governors had ceded the kingdom to France, and that same afternoon the protectorate flag was hauled down and the tricolor run up.

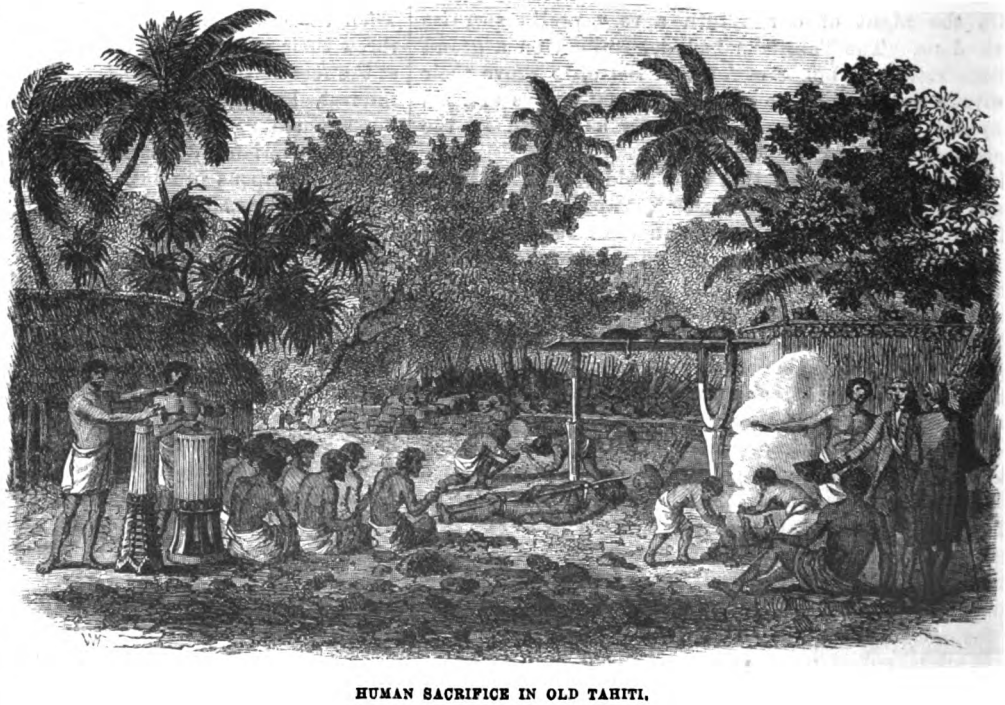
What influence was brought to bear on Pomare V. is not known, but doubtless the certainty of a life pension of $12,000 a year (to be enjoyed in peace, in his own fashion, free from the incessant tutoring which made his kingly rank a burden, devoid of all honor) was a very strong inducement. The annexation of Tahiti was formally proclaimed in Papeete on the 24th of March, 1881, and was made the occasion of a brilliant festival, such as the light-hearted crowd are ever ready to welcome.

Great were the official rejoicings. From every ship in the harbor, and every corner of the town, floated the tricolor, which, being freely distributed, likewise adorned the tresses of the women and the buttonholes of the men. Great was the noise of big guns, and the amount of powder expended on salutes. An imposing column of all branches of the service—sailors and marines, marine artillery, with their guns, infantry and *gendarmes*, marched round the town, headed by the band. "A Tahiti, comme en France, on aime à voir passer les soldats," says the *Messager de Tahiti*.

So the lovely little town was *en fête*. Every himené-chorus had arrived from every corner of the isles, making the whole air musical. Thousands of natives, all in their brightest, freshest dresses, kept up incessant movement in the clear light or cool shade. Everywhere games and feasting were the order of the day. In the governor's gardens a brilliant banquet for upward of a hundred persons was served in a great tent, all as graceful as the combined taste of France and Tahiti could make it. Then followed a lovely garden-festival—games, music, waltzing, with a night of brilliant illuminations and fireworks.

All these, combined with lovely surroundings and perfect weather, made the great official festival of Tahiti a day which the French naval officers very naturally consider one to be remembered for ever, but which, perchance, may have caused some of the older inhabitants an angry and bitter pang for the independence of their country, thus lost for ever.

One who is never busy can never enjoy rest; for rest implies relief from previous labor. If our whole time were spent in amusing ourselves, we should find it more wearisome than the hardest day's work. Recreation is only valuable as it unbends us; the idle can know nothing of it.



HUMAN SACRIFICE IN OLD TAHITI.

RAFE'S RIVAL.

By Esther Serle Kenneth.

"I started my boy at the foundation of living: I made him a farmer."

Uncle Rafe Lawrence, wise old man that he was, looked supremely satisfied, but young Rafe, as his nephew was called, sat silent, with a gloomy brow. He was two-and-twenty, and, poor fellow! deep in his first trouble.

Of course, it was a heart affair. Of course, such an ardent, manly, wide-awake young fellow was in love, and it was his sweetheart who was making him wretched!

Miss Meeta Thompson was the prettiest girl of the neighborhood—pretty, with the darkest of blue eyes and the most bewitching of curled lashes; and I think she never passed a man, young or old, who didn't turn to look after her.

Out of all her beaux, Rafe Lawrence had seemed, for a year past, to be her favorite. Indeed, he was sure of it. Had she not said, with the warmest of smiles and emphasis of seventeen: "There are none of the fellows as smart as you are, Rafe?"

RAFE'S RIVAL.—"'BY-THE-WAY, MY GIRL,' SAID UNCLE RAFE, 'WOULD YOU RESPECT MY BOY ANY MORE IF HE WAS ALWAYS BOWING AND GRIMACING LIKE A FRENCH MONKEY?'"

Ever since that day he had gone on being completely happy. He and Meeta would be married by-and-by, he believed; and when he had whispered that to her, she did not gainsay him.

But Rafe's whole heaven and earth had changed.

A stranger had come to Lakeville—worse, he had come into Meeta's very home, where he saw her fresh as a rose o' morning, washing dishes in the tidiest of aprons, or in pretty afternoon dress loading the abundant tea-table with dainty hands.

Rafe knew nobody could see what a delightful little housewife Meeta was—thanks to the careful training of a good mother—without wanting to marry her; and, sure enough, Mr. Clarence Pinkton, the stylish stranger from Boston, bowed to the ground before Miss Meeta, and immediately began to show her the most marked attentions. So, soon the girl's head was turned, and then, alas! her heart. And this was Rafe's trouble. He had been brought up a farmer. The fact did not please him as it did his uncle, who had been as his father from childhood. The cultivation of Hillhome, that great farm of two hundred acres, Rafe understood perfectly, and he was thoroughly competent to undertake farming on a still larger scale.

He had attained to a very superior knowledge of agriculture, but now he would have given it all for a valueless city standing. His health, his tanned cheek, his hard hands, filled his heart with pain, for Meeta no longer loved a farmer.

Mr. Clarence Pinkton, with his lily-white fingers, his exceeding politeness, his ability to chat so affably on nothing, had won little Meeta from him. Rafe's stout young heart gave him a cruel twinge at the thought.

In vain he tried to blame Meeta, to whistle her down the wind; he only succeeded in hating himself for his disloyalty—wished he were foppish and smart, and vainly cast about in his mind for means to outshine Mr. Pinkton, And this was Rafe's trouble.

"Rafe!" sharply.

"Sir."

"What are you hanging your head about?"

Rafe got out of his despondent attitude.

"It s about the girl, isn't it?"

With some hesitation, the young man confessed it was.

"By the Lord Harry! Do you suppose I've made you what you are to see your sweetheart go back on you for a picayune sort of fellow like Pink—what's-his-name? Like all girls, Meeta's a fool; but that sha'n't matter here or there, if you want her, Rafe, my boy."

"Uncle, I think it is something you can't meddle with."

"We'll see—we'll see about that. Humph!—such a fellow as you are breaking your heart for a doll! But it's the way of the world—the way of the world," grumbled Uncle Rafe to himself, for his nephew had strolled away to brood his sorrow unmolested. He knew that he was his uncle's idol—that the old man, having brought him up after his own heart, thought nothing on earth, or in the heavens above the earth, too good for him; but it seemed out of the question to entertain a thought that Uncle Rafe's ready espousal of his course would win him back Meeta again. So the cloud was not lifted by the old man's sympathy.

Right across the broad turnpike, opposite Hillhome, was Meeta's home, Strawberry Cottage. If she had the most practical of mothers, she had the weakest of fathers. Old Larry Thompson was much flattered by the attention which Meeta elicited from the city gentleman, his boarder. Perhaps he would even take Meeta away to live in style and be a city lady. Nothing would have pleased him so much.

"If he asks ye, Meeta—if he asks ye, be sure ye accept him," he said, repeatedly, to the blushing girl.

That Mr. Clarence Pinkton had reached the village hotel one day by the New York express, that he had applied to him for board, and been taken into his family without question, on the strength of his pleasing exterior and fine manners, were the facts of the gentleman's residence in the neighborhood.

More than this of him he knew nothing; yet the silly old man, who was nearly in his dotage, would readily have given him his darling daughter, the child of his old age, so flattered and blinded was he by his guest's air of superiority and tales of his own importance.

But the Summer of Rafe's trouble had gone at last. The eve of Mr. Pinkton's departure had come. He *had* proposed to Meeta with many flattering promises, and she had accepted him; and promising to return soon, he left Lakeville for New York.

He was off at daylight, one morning, by the first train, which passed the village at six o'clock, so that he left Strawberry Cottage after the confusion of an early and hurried breakfast. But the event of his departure from the household was followed by another, far more exciting. The family had been robbed!

During the night the sacred best room had been entered, and a large number of valuables removed. Two gold watches; a pair of silver candlesticks; some brilliants, also set in silver, which had been heirlooms in the family; and a box containing miscellaneous articles of jewelry, had been taken from a closet in the apartment. On further examination for loss, several pieces of valuable old china, and a dozen of heavy silver spoons were found missing from the china closet.

Uncle Rafe, for reasons best known to himself, strongly advised the call for a detective; and the detective, under guise of a cattle-dealer, appeared at Strawberry Cottage.

"Do you attach any suspicion to the young man who has just left you?" he asked old Larry.

"Lord, *no!*" in amaze. "He was a perfect gentleman, paid his board regular, and is engaged to my daughter."

"Ah, well, I only inquired," said the detective. "Some one who knew the premises evidently has taken the property."

Then he got Meeta's confidence.

Meeta had just received a letter. Mr. Pinkton proposed her coming to New York, where they would be married."

"Umph!" said the detective. "Bold, that," under his breath.

He, too, went to New York. In three days came a telegram for Mr. Larry Thompson:

"The property has been recovered. Mr. Clarence Pinkerton, *alias* François Legrange, *alias* Jim Bump, is the guilty party. He has been committed to jail. Will have his trial in a few weeks, and will probably be sent up for several years. JOHN SHARP."

Thus Rafe's rival was disposed of. It was a bitter, bitter lesson for Meeta.

"How could I think anything wrong of him?" she asked, timidly, of Uncle Rafe, who regarded her grimly. "He had such gentlemanly manners, and then he paid his board so honorably."

"His board for five weeks, at three dollars per week, amounted to fifteen dollars—just the price of the spoons. The other property was worth over five hundred dollars—quite a paying speculation for your lost lover, Meeta."

"Well, my heart isn't broke," affirmed the girl, stoutly.

"So you have *some* backbone, after all, Miss Meeta! I did think you weren't good enough for Rafe, but perhaps you'll grow wiser as you grow older. By-the-way, my girl, would you respect my boy any more if he were always bowing and grimacing like a French monkey?"

"No," sobbed Meeta.

"And you think he is most as good as a city gentleman, after all, perhaps?"

"Oh, a thousand times better, Uncle Rafe."

And so Rafe came to his own again, and Meeta is proud to be an honest farmer's wife.

FEMALE HEROISM.

ONE of the nursing Sisters of the Order of Troyes succumbed some time since to an attack of hydrophobia, contracted under circumstances of no ordinary heroism. As related in the *Gazette Hebdomadaire*, Sister S. was taking charge of some convalescent children when out for a walk, the eldest of whom was only eight years of age, when they were suddenly assailed by a sheep-dog, whose jaws were running with foam, and which attacked them with fury. She instantly saw the danger of her charges, and resolutely interposing between the terrified children and the furious animal, bravely withstood its attack. She was severely bitten, and the dog, excited by the cries of the children, endeavored to rush upon them. Then followed a splendid act of devotion.

Protecting with her body the children, who hung on to her petticoats, shrieking with terror, this brave girl threw herself courageously on the dog, and for ten minutes grasped it, rolling over with it, and thrusting her fist into its mouth to prevent its biting the children. Some peasants who came up at last beat off and killed the dog.

The Sister was found have fifteen deep wounds on her hands and lacerated arms; an important artery was wounded. Skillful care was given to her wounds, ligatures were applied, the parts torn were cauterized, and for a short time after her return to Paris some hope existed that she might escape the ultimate fate which there was so much reason to fear. In a week or two, however, hydrophobia in all its characteristic symptoms appeared; and Sister S. died from this fatal and fearful disease.

COME INTO THE MEADOWS.

Come into the meadows,
Beautiful and green;
Primroses and cowslips
Blooming there are seen;
Buttercups and daisies
Springing everywhere,
Violets and cuckoo-flowers
Peeping here and there.

Come into the meadows;
Greet the lark at morn,
Rising from the clover-field
Or the springing corn;
Join his notes of gladness
Rosy clouds among;
Follow him, oh! follow him,
With a merry song.

Come into the meadows
Where the lambkins play;
Skip with them all merry
Through the Summer-day;
Down the dells and valleys,
Up the banks now run;
Sport amid the shadows,
Gambol in the sun.

Come into the meadows;
Meet the merry bee
Sauntering 'mid the wild thyme.
Full of happy glee;
As he sippeth honey
From the sweet bluebell,
Lessons of rich wisdom
He will to thee tell.

Come into the meadows
At the cooling hour,
When the dewdrops glisten
On the closing flower;
When the stars are twinkling
Through the vapors dim.
Think of thy Creator—
Sing a song to Him.

THE LETTER "S"; Or, THE JOCELYN SIN.

By INDE.

Chapter XXIII.—Cast Out.

"Am I sane? Is my reason sound, or am I dreaming?" Winifred locked her hands across her throbbing brow, and lifted the mournful, hollow eyes, in a mute appeal to the dusky face opposite her.

"Honey, it's no dream, my blessed child; it's devilment—yes, missie, its devilment. There ain't been nothin' but bad luck and trouble sence de day dat pizen bad Jebbebul of a furrin Freeze-up come under dis here honest roof, where nuffin' ceptin' de bes ob quality ebber libbed."

Jane forgot her careful training; forgot everything in her chagrin. She flung a chair into its place savagely, tossed up the window noisily. Now and then her glance rested on the pallid, wan face of her idolized young mistress, sitting there striving to realize the startling truth.

"What does it mean, papa? Why did not papa tell me?" moaned Winifred.

She strove to think; strove to comprehend how she could have lived twenty years in ignorance of all this. Gradually her thoughts assumed definite shape. The whirl of her tortured brain stilled. Her hands were still 'ocked across her white brow. Her mind still endeavored to grasp the grim reality. Not for one instant did she credit the faintest breath of the slander upon her mother, or upon Hugh Jocelyn. She seemed to read the vindictive purpose of the Frenchwoman with unerring clearness. She seemed to discern the cruelly worded statements, casting their foul shadow upon the only father she had ever known. She never credited a single word or hint to their detriment, but through all the past memory gradually gathered link after link of corroborative evidence. She never credited the aspersions cast upon the departed, but she never doubted the great fact stated by the Frenchwoman.

Winifred seemed to comprehend much that was inexplicable, now that she held the magic key to it all. She bore in mind Hugh Jocelyn's desire to have her wed Fulke; she remembered one after another of the very strange allusions to Fulke as the next heir; Hugh Jocelyn's absolute silence in regard to her mother; his painful endurance of Madame Frissae—all rose before her. Incidents after incidents ranged themselves as cumulative evidence before her mental vision. She never doubted the main fact. She never questioned that, but with her whole heart Winifred trusted the beloved dead. If the woman would reveal the whole secret! If she would give them a single name or hint as a clew!

The subtile acumen of the girl foresaw that the hard, cruel, tigerish nature of this reckless Frenchwoman was fatally antagonistic to her. The case was hopeless. She must perhaps bear this frightful taint along with the other calamities pressing down upon her. Instead of honor she must endure the brand of dishonor—the obloquy of being a child of shame. Winifred writhed under the torturing humiliation. Pauperism was nothing—but "the child of shame!" She could bear anything save that. She thought tenderly and tearfully of Hugh Jocelyn's endeavor to shield her from penury. It was wrong, but the great love evinced in it excused the sin, to all except cruel Fulke. She would not believe that the world condemned or called it what Madame Frissae had called her—a fraud. Sleep never visited her couch. Through the livelong night the burning, tearless eyes were unclosed. Through the livelong night the horrible enigma of the future was unsolved. She had no friends, no money, no name. The three terms related her mournful history.

"Oh, miss, are you quite sure you are able to rise?" Jane asked, in a sort of fright at Winifred's appearance.

"I must, Jane. It doesn't matter whether I am ill or not. I only wish I could be very ill, and never recover. It would be all the peace and rest I can ever hope for," was the despairing answer, while the beautiful lips compressed with keen anguish.

"Don't, miss; your friends don't wish that."

"My friends?" echoed Winifred, bitterly. "I have no friends. They are all dead."

"You are not fit to be out of bed, miss," Jane reiterated from time to time during the whole morning, while she hovered close to Winifred's sofa, coaxing her to take

either stimulant or refreshment. The thin, waxen hands were again locked around her temples. Both hands and temples were painfully transparent and frail-looking.

"You are not fit to be out of bed, missie chile; but Marse Fulke says will you come down and see him in the library; but you ain't fit to crawl down them steps."

Winifred unlocked her hands, and released the aching temples from their pressure.

"Fulke," she repeated, shudderingly. "Fulke; yes, I must go, Jane. I must go—he is master here."

She started to her feet, trembling in every limb. Illness as well as grief were doing their part in swift strides. Jane sprang forward and threw her arms about her mistress, impulsively.

"It will kill you, Miss Winifred. You must have the doctor. You is awful sick, child," she exclaimed.

"No, Jane, I can never have the doctor. Why does it matter about me? I am nobody, nobody. Yes, I must go down."

She walked to the door resolutely. There was something touchingly hopeless in her persistence. Something alarmingly reckless in the expression of the rigid white face, with its tearless eyes. The heavy black robes trailed slowly down the steps. Fulke's eyes lighted at the prompt response. She evidently was much more ill than when he saw her last. A transient terror possessed him, that Winifred might be dangerously sick. A misgiving that she might escape him in spite of his advantage. He placed a chair for her, more courteously than ever in his life heretofore.

"Winifred," he began, entirely without the roughness used to Madame Frissae. Fulke was alarmed for his selfish plans. "Winifred, of course, I see that you are tertibly knocked up by this nasty development. It's hard on you what Madame Frissae brought to light. Ventilating an old scandal is confoundedly ugly for the people concerned, but I want to tell you that I don't mind it; I make you the same offer as when you were supposed to be honestly born and rich. I don't know who you are, of course, and that's awkward, but I'll marry you just the same. You have not a cent in the world, and no home, and naturally people don't care to receive a person with such a scandal attached to them. You had better have the ceremony performed this evening. I give you this chance; you had better avail yourself of it before I change my mind."

He paused for a reply. The long lashes were not lifted. The pale lips did not move.

"Winifred," he resumed, "you must see how generous I am. Not many men would take a foundling like you. I say, Winifred, shall I send for a parson, and settle the thing at once? I am rich, and can marry anybody now, but I am in love with you. That is why I make a fool of myself for you."

He paused again, and looked at her impatiently as he did so.

"I cannot marry you," she answered, huskily. "I consented once to save papa—he is safe now, and I shall never marry."

"Never marry!" he burst out, angrily. "What do you expect to live on? I won't support you. I don't mean to be fooled in this way. You can't live on me, or my money. It is just what

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that little devil, Frissae, said of you. She said you would never marry me."

"I will not marry at all," Winifred said, deliberately.

Fulke glowered upon her, in a very white-heat of rage. He expected her to say this, but it lashed his temper none the less.

"Perhaps," he sneered, "you don't remember that at this very moment you are living under my roof, and eating my bread? You can't expect me to provide for you without some return. Neither does it seem very reputable for you to be living in the house with an unmarried man. There is no place in the world you can go. You will be compelled to marry me, or be carried to the almshouse. You must decide at once, Winifred; I have no idea of giving you another chance."

She raised her eyes slowly. He could see that she trembled, and grew a shade whiter, if possible. "I shall never marry any one—now nor at any future time." Her words were steady and clear, her gaze unshrinking. "Long ago, I told you, Fulke, that I loved but one man—he is dead. I yielded to the horrible threat you held over papa, and would have married you to relieve him—he, too, is dead. I accept my liberty of action. It has been dearly bought; but it is my prerogative now—I shall use it."

Fulke walked up and down excitedly. At every turn he glared at her savagely.

"That is all very fine"—he flung the syllables out with a venomous accent—"but your prerogative won't pay bread bills, or shoemakers and drygoods merchants. Pretty as you are, Winifred—and you are the most beautiful woman I ever beheld—I say, pretty as you are, there is no other man, in my position, who would make you the offer I do, and no other woman, in your position, who would think of refusing it."

Winifred listened, calmly; indeed, there was not the slightest tremor visible now. Fulke noticed the change. His shrewd glance defined the resolution in the sweet face. He did not, in any sense, like this gathering together of her forces.

"Fulke"—there was a plaintive wistfulness in the curve of her flexile lips, as if she even longed for a word of pity from this man, when the world had turned against her—"Fulke, I am ill; I know that you can see that, for I have no longer the power to hide it. I came down here while I could to explain my position to you. It is perhaps very generous in you to ask me to be your wife now, but it would be equally ungenerous in me to take advantage of an offer you say no other man in your position would make. I am poor, without friends or family—a foundling, as you observe. I will not return the love of Hugh Jocelyn by compromising a member of his family. If there was no other barrier, you yourself have reared one—but there is another."

Winifred sank back with a faint gasp of exhaustion, and, with such a struggle to hold to the ebbing strength, that Fulke stopped in his angry tramp—stopped and looked at her fixedly.

"You were wise to come down while you could, Winifred," he said, smilingly unpleasantly. "It's most probable that you won't come down again for some time. You are extremely ill. I say, what will become of you if you lose your health?"

Once again Fulke started angrily on his restless tramp. Once more his astuteness was at fault. He had blundered foolishly in his dealing with this proud, sensitive nature. He had erred broadly in chaffering for her hand, as if it was a matter of bargain and sale.

"I will die," was the simple answer.

"But suppose you don't die? Suppose you have to live an ailing invalid, who do you think will be burdened with your support? Besides," he added, sardonically, "if you live under my roof, do you suppose the world will imagine I have ever offered you marriage?"

Her eyes were raised in surprised perplexity. Her innocence failed to understand the hint.

"People are not all fools, Winifred," he went on, coarsely; "everybody knows that you are not my wife, and everybody knows that you are living in my house. The world is not particularly charitable, and neither is it deemed necessary for a rich man like me to offer a pauper like you marriage to gain possession of her. No, no, Winifred, you are already compromised, but I don't mind still giving you a chance to save your reputation. You are at my mercy, but you can be my wife instead of my——"

"Mistress," Fulke meant to have said, but the look in the girl's wide, open eyes arrested the foul word. The same loathing horror and aversion he discerned in their depths the day of Hugh Jocelyn's funeral was there now, and withheld the culminating term of the deadly insult. He could not syllable it with those shocked eyes upon him. He could not offer insult with that cold loathing in the beautiful lineaments before him. Barbarous and sullen as he might be, Fulke could only imply his base meaning. To Madame Frissae no terms were too broad or coarse. To Winifred he could but choose to vail his evil falsehoods. She made an effort to rise, and stood up, holding to the table as a support.

"Fulke, the world will never judge me harshly if you do not mislead them. You will not do this, will you?" she asked, pleadingly. "You will at least shield me from calumny, will you not, Fulke?"

Her pale face flushed. Bright spots burned in either cheek. Fulke comprehended that here at least she recognized his power. He comprehended in ferocious glee the revelation of the agitated excitement in her lovely face.

"I will take care of your reputation, Winifred, if you are my wife; if you refuse to be my wife, the world may think what it pleases. I don't mind telling you that I will take care that its opinion is just what I choose it to be, and perhaps that may not be particularly agreeable to you. The safest and only course," he said, with pointed emphasis, "is to marry me while you can."

She shook her head hopelessly.

"I shall never marry you or any one," was her deliberate answer.

"As you please. I'll take devilish good care that people understand that the young woman living with me is not married to me. Any one will honor and receive my wife; every one will shut virtuous doors in the face of my—of what they will think you." Again he could not utter that word to her; again some instinctive respect for her withheld him. Winifred was ill and unnerved; Winifred knew only too well that he had no scruple in executing his threat. Her pride succumbed—she neither defied nor disdained him, neither one nor the other. She buried her face in her small hands and burst into tears. She was too sick and weak to be haughty; too alarmed to be resentful. The tears, hot and glistening, trickled between the slender fingers. Winifred wept in the same bitter helplessness many another woman has wept. She longed for only a friendly word from some lips; the smallest kindness. They all denied Hugh Jocelyn's darling niche or corner in human sympathy. She offered no remonstrance, except in this burst of weeping. She was driven to the wall. Fulke eyed her in saturnine amusement—the ferocious amusement of a tiger watching its victim.

"Winifred, you may as well give in," he said, approaching her chair. "You won't repent; I can give you everything you want—that is, I don't mean to squander the money on fooleries; but you are poor now, and you will be content with plain living. You had better be an honest woman than go away from here attainted. You know what people will call you—what they even call you now. Once for all, will you do it?"

She lifted her wet, tear-marked face from her hands.

"Oh, Fulke," she implored, in those mournful, musical tones of hers, "pity me a little, I am so miserable—pity me just a little."

"Will you be my wife, or will you not, Winifred? You can help yourself if you choose," he urged. "That is an easy way to do it. Any other woman would be glad of the chance. Will you or will you not, that's the question?"

Winifred made a tremendous effort to control herself.

"I cannot be your wife, Fulke." She pronounced the words in the same unfaltering, resolute way with which she had invariably made the declaration.

"Very well," he returned, while his coarse red face darkened viciously. "It will be devilish easy to make people understand that you are under my roof in another relation—the relation pretty outcasts generally bear to rich gentlemen." In all the future, Fulke never forgot

the hunted affright in the look she gave him. In all the scenes of his life he never again encountered such appalled apprehension as his full meaning dawned upon her. He had revenged himself by deadly insult. He meant to revenge himself by still further insult. "She takes it hard; she is too ill to leave this house for a cursed long time," he muttered, scowling after the slender, graceful figure, as Winifred rushed away with a shuddering cry.

He followed her up the steps; he heard her fall heavily on the floor. Jane's ejaculations of alarm were distinctly audible. His prediction was, he thought, verified—she was too ill to leave the house.

"They will believe anything I choose, and I don't choose the neighborhood to know that illness detains her here. It's confoundedly hard on her, but I'll do as I said. I wish she would listen to reason."

Fulke scowled again and descended the steps, angry and anxious, but with no thought of relenting. What Winifred's mother had been guilty of, the world would easily believe Winifred might be guilty. In the soft light of the stained windows of the hall, he suddenly discerned Marie Frissae. She was in full, flashy toilet and complexion, but the cool audacity of her manner had been broken by Fulke's unscrupulous effrontery.

"You here yet?" he demanded, glad, perhaps, of a vent for his ill humor. "I told you that I wanted my house cleared, and I have given orders that no meals are to be served to you. A man can't be forced to support a lot of worthless people—I won't stand the extravagance! I've had the wine-cellar locked up, and cut down supplies in the storeroom. I mean to clear the stables of the useless hunters and racers, and clear my house of deadheads. When are you going?"

The spiteful expression of the Frenchwoman's countenance became vixenish. Her schemes had failed; nevertheless her tongue was strong.

"Monsieur Miser," she began, shrilly.

Fulke laughed; she had changed the epithet from "*stupide*" to "miser." The change pleased him.

"You have swindled me. *Mon Dieu!* how I wish I had let the girl Winifred swindle you! Why don't you send the girl Winifred away? She hates, she despises you——"

"Confound your tongue!" interrupted Fulke, angrily. "I don't choose Winifred to go."

The Frenchwoman's white teeth glittered between her painted lips.

"She will never marry you—ugly beast that you are!" she snapped.

"I don't ask her to marry me," was the false response. "I shall keep her here until I am tired—marriage is not necessary. I don't mean to hamper myself with a wife. Things have changed—I prefer a mistress to a wife." He spoke deliberately. She believed him exultantly. "And now, if you don't take yourself and your trumpery out of Jocelyn Hall before night, I'll make no scruple in turning you out."

"The girl will die and disappoint you yet, you brute," shrieked the woman, as he banged the library door after him. "Eh, *Mon Dieu!* It has come to that; my grudge is paid," she added to herself, in grim renunciation of the old hate.

Her words were barbed to Fulke. "The girl will die and disappoint you yet," haunted him with a prophetic import. He stood at the window watching the Frissaes depart from his house. He remembered, of all her gibes and taunts, only that last: "The girl will die and disappoint you yet." He had drawn the first invisible circle around Winifred. His heart misgave him that something might rescue her from his ruthless trap. He had uttered the foul calumny to the Frenchwoman; it would creep stealthily, until it environed Winifred. He thought of her in the night, and resolved, in furtherance of his own subtle purpose, to send to town for a strange physician.

He would save her life; he would ruin her reputation. Fulke dictated the telegram in the morning, and gave it to the servant with a proviso: "I will see how she is before it is sent." He crossed to the west wing; Winifred's door stood wide open. Jane, frightened and bewildered, was searching the adjoining room. "Where is Winifred?" he demanded.

Jane pointed to the bed—it was untouched. She looked dumbly at the dresssing-room—it was empty. At the wardrobe—every article was there.

"Where is Winifred?" he shouted.

The maid answered in a monosyllable:

"Gone."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE FROZEN SEA.

BERNARD JOCELYN'S sharpened hearing caught up the shrill echo of the ship's gun. "What does it matter?" he asked himself, bitterly. Nevertheless, with the rapidity of thought in the face of tremendous peril, he found himself calculating that the ship could not be many miles distant, hemmed in, perhaps, in the pack-ice. The floe dashed onward with terrible impetus. It could only be a breathless moment or two before the gigantic mass was hurled upon the frozen sea. All at once the floe seemed to stop. Some unseen power apparently held the island of ice in its grasp. Abruptly it stopped short and rocked fearfully, while the explosive cracking again clove the air like volleys of musketry. He was Arctic voyager enough to know that the floe had been met by another powerful ocean current, and was pressed back from the icy shore. The Polar bear on the next cliff, forgetful of his prey, clung desperately to the ice. The animal's instinct warned Bernie. The floe was going to pieces. The horrible cracking had a significance to the brute. It was the signal of danger; it seemed useless to take precaution when death might be on every side.

Nevertheless, Bernie meant to clamber down the ice-peak to the flats below. An instant later he would have started upon the perilous descent, when, with a hissing report, the ice parted asunder. The sagacity of the animal on the next iceberg gave no false warning. The floe had separated. The interior peaks were whirling furiously, and still with the echoes of inferno, cracking and hissing and breaking. The brute clinging to the peak passed him twice in the mad whirl. The ice was toppling to the side, with the brute dimly perceptible in the distance. He would pass him a third time. The ice stopped visibly, and then, with another hideous crack, the crest of the iceberg detached itself and plunged downward into the sea. It came up again, with torrents of salt water pouring down the sides, and was caught in the fatal whirl. The iceberg came up, but the brute was gone. Bernie watched it with riveted gaze. The terrors of this Arctic inferno were horribly grand. He became aware that his own iceberg had moved slowly and gently away toward the frozen sea. The fragment of ice seemed to drift cautiously out of the circles of the fatal eddy. The white peak edged away from the crashing, breaking masses. Other fragments, uninhabited by human life, were pushed off by the outward movement of the whirling ripples. He was on the very edge of the frozen sea. The iceberg advanced steadily. It neared the icy coast slowly. There was not the faintest danger of collision. It drifted into a slight break in the line of eternal ice. It moored itself,

and filled up the opening for ever. The fragment was wedged into the coast of the frozen sea for all time.

Bernard descended the peak and crossed to the immovable mountains and valleys of ice. He wondered whether it would not have been a shorter death, at least, to have perished in the sea, gone to the bottom with the Polar bear, than drag out days of starvation and piercing cold. No living creature existed in this boundless waste of ice save those whose prey he must inevitably become. He hurried forward in long strides to the windward, with no especial object in view save to move and keep himself from freezing. Bernard Jocelyn thought of the evil schemes for his destruction in bitter resentment. They had culminated in this. He was perishing in the trackless fields of Polar ice—perishing miserably, while Fulke lived in luxury and comfort; while Fulke persecuted Winifred, and tortured her with the false story of his death. Even in the face of death he could not forgive the iniquity of the past. He strode on for miles in bootless toil over the rough ice. The wind was piercingly cold. He was sensible of fatigue and hunger. It was no longer a question of life. He found himself looking for a comfortable place to die. Courage and hope ebbed rapidly. There was nothing to sustain the one or kindle the other. Breaks in the clear landscape showed him endless worlds, as it seemed, of icefields, whereon no human being lived save this one helpless inhabitant.

"I must give it up, Winifred—Winifred, I must give it up at last," he muttered. "But, starving and dying, my last thought is of you, my Winifred."

Still he strode on, less rapidly, less boldly, nevertheless still onward. The icy cold seemed to steal over him insensibly. He searched for a sheltered corner in the ice. A fatal numbness deadened his limbs. His motions grew perceptibly labored. He stopped and leaned against a glistening icepeak. Bernie was freezing. "Winifred! Winifred!" he murmured, dreamily. Through the icebergs echoed that same sharp, cutting sound, close at hand. It was the ship's gun again. Bernie started to his feet with a frantic effort to shake off the frightful drowsiness, the paralyzing numbness. Once more a thrill of hope raised his spirit. He hurried forward for a mile or two further, and then the very tops of a ship's masts became visible. He calculated that she was three miles away. "Wedged in the pack-ice," he concluded.

Bernard Jocelyn's herculean strength came to his assistance. His powerful muscles regained their vigor. He pressed on, almost jubilantly. The ship's masts were plainly visible, and then her hull. He had conjectured rightly. She was wedged in the pack-ice. He clambered over the ice to her very side and hailed her. The men drew him up on deck in the stoical, unastonished way of sailors in those regions.

"What ship is this?" asked Bernie, as he sank down helplessly on the deck.

"The whaler *Hector*," was the prompt response.

"What ship were you cast away on?" demanded the mate, curiously.

"The *Arcturus*."

Bernie passed his half-frozen hand wearily over his face in the effort to remember.

"Ay, she is a hundred miles to the nor'west. Were you lost on the ice? You are no whaler, sir." The mate added the observation to the question as he surveyed the magnificent, patrician-looking man with more curiosity than politeness.

"Yes; I was lost on a floe of ice. But the *Hector* is in a bad predicament just now——"

"She's all taut, sir; no harm 'll come to the *Hector*. Monsieur Gabe's aboard of her, and he's devil-proof. Come down in the cabin; a pull of grog will bring you round."

Bernie followed the mate to the cabin. The sailor's unfailing remedy for all ailments, grog and food, soon restored him to something approximating to his usual strength.

"Now take a pipe, sir, and Monsieur Gabe will be in before long. He's out on the ice now."

Bernie accepted the pipe gratefully, and sat before the fire smoking, in some amazement that he could be there. For the second time he was cast away without one of the necessary accoutrements of a life at the Pole. All the little he had in the way of comfort and apparel was in the other ship. He remembered leaving his meerschaum in the cabin of the *Arcturus*. Perhaps John Devèy was smoking it at that very moment, while the men talked over the tragic fate of Bernard Jocelyn, and nobody suspected the treachery of the sailor. Nevertheless, through all the terrors and adventures and perfidies of the past few months, came an abiding faith that he would escape everything and return home to Winifred. As this conviction settled upon him, Monsieur Gabe, in his fuss, came into the cabin.

"They have told me your wonderful story, and I felt that it was you, Mr.—Mr.——" He made an effort to pronounce the name, and as usual failed. "You will bring me evil, perhaps, but I am glad to see you again. How did you happen on the floe?"

Monsieur Gabe sat down and rested his chin on his slender hand, while he regarded his guest with a pained admiration—an odd struggle between an effort to hate him and a disposition to yield to the charm of the *insouciant's* manners and fearless nature.

"The enemy of whom you warned me," reminded Bernie.

"An enemy among the icebergs is death itself. Fate is in your favor; I am not afraid you will sink my ship," Monsieur Gabe said, when he had listened to the strange history Bernie related of Devèy's mysterious influence in his affairs from the moment of his departure from Jocelyn Hall. "One question, Mr. —— Jocelyn: You say that your cousin has a motive for wishing to be rid of you. May I inquire how that motive concerns Hugh Jocelyn? You say he controlled your uncle's actions?"

Bernie's handsome face flushed.

"I may as well be frank, Monsieur Gabe, and acknowledge that Winifred Jocelyn is my wife. To save her from Fulke's persistent resolution to force her to marry him, I reared the insuperable barrier of a marriage with me. She loved me, poor child, and I—ah, Monsieur Gabe, I idolize my Winifred."

The stranger gazed keenly into Bernie's face, the deepest melancholy drifting into his own countenance.

"There is no Winifred Jocelyn; your uncle had no children," he asserted, slowly. "If the girl loved you, how could this Fulke force her to marry him? Had he more money? Every woman's hand is salable; every woman's heart false."

Bernie smiled at the bitter cynical philosophy of this man, whose past was a sealed book.

"Fulke has ferreted out some crime, which he charges that my uncle committed in New Orleans, twenty years ago," replied Bernie, removing his pipe. "He threatens to bring my uncle to the gallows for it, unless he compels Winifred to marry him—of course Winifred cannot do this while I live. I have reason to suppose that Fulke is aware of the obstacle. If I am removed from his path, the terror and misery of Winifred's mind, by seeing her

father's desperate position, may effect his purpose at last. She adores her father, and believes me dead, poor child."

Monsieur Gabe folded his hands together, still gazing at Bernie.

"Twenty years ago?" he repeated, mechanically; "a crime twenty years ago. It was murder they charged upon him, but they can never prove it."

"Was it murder?" asked Bernie, eagerly.

"Did I say murder? God, what a fool I am! He was a contemptible flatterer, a faithless seducer, a perfidious friend, perhaps, but never a murderer. I believe now he was the victim of an honorless, bitterly jealous female fiend."

Monsieur Gabe's fingers clinched each other tightly—he had relapsed into one of his fits of musing. Bernie smoked meditatively; he pondered over the singular familiarity of this inhabitant of the North Pole with the secret of his uncle's life. He speculated upon his obstinate assertion that Winifred was not Hugh Jocelyn's child.

It seemed useless to question him—he refused, indeed, to be interrogated. Whether from shame or caprice, he chose to withhold his name and history. It was scarcely

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probable he would make an exception of the nephew of a man he openly detested. Monsieur Gabe sat in moody silence; Bernie smoked in perplexed patience.

"Mr. Jocelyn"—the stranger roused abruptly from his reverie—"I will do for you what I have done for no other man living: I will tell you my story. You have the key unlocking my foolish lips; you have a miniature in your possession. The face in that miniature is the reproduction of another face dead twenty years ago—the face that drove me mad. More than twenty years ago the most beautiful woman in New Orleans was Mathilde Le Vailliante. She was a Spanish blonde, with golden hair and black eyes. She was trained and tutored by a shrewd mother, for the avowed purpose of making a great match; winning a *grande parti*. Possibly she was a willing scholar; possibly she was not. However faithless she may have been at heart, she was rigidly true in word and deed. I was the *grande parti* for whom her mother successfully angled. I loved her from the time she studied lessons, and wore short dresses; I meant to win Mathilde from the time she played in the shabby old garden, and dressed dolls in the bare little nursery. She was my cousin, consequently I had access to her when others were denied. She acquiesced in the arrangement without demur. I was very rich, and madame, my aunt, was very practical. She made her *début* in society, and society went mad over her magnificent eyes and ravishing beauty. Nevertheless, society knew that she was *fiancée* to me—that the wedding-day was fixed; the trousseau in preparation. My old friend Hugh Jocelyn came to New Orleans. In my delight and pride, I presented him to Mathilde. He was the handsomest man I ever beheld—dangerously handsome, as you are, Bernard Jocelyn. Ten minutes afterward I regretted it; twenty-four hours afterward I repented it bitterly. Twenty-four hours afterward I knew not only that he loved her madly, but she returned the attachment with equal strength. Plainly, she had forgotten me; plainly, she adored him. The aversion in her beautiful face when I approached might have warned me; the rapture and tenderness in every lineament when he approached might have opened my eyes. Neither one nor the other, however, would I understand. I complained, and Madame Vailliante hastened the wedding. I grew jealous, and Hugh Jocelyn was forbidden the house. The preparations went on, but Mathilde drooped visibly. What I refused to see for myself, Hugh Jocelyn showed me. It lacked a fortnight of my marriage—I was preparing to meet the Vailliantes at the opera, when, without the least ceremony, Hugh Jocelyn walked into my room. He was flushed and excited, but grandly handsome, although not in evening dress.

"'Dismiss the valet, will you?' he said, authoritatively.

"'Perhaps I will,' I said, in some pique.

"'Just as you please. Blazon this infernal inhumanity to the whole world if you will,' he said.

"I sent off the valet—I knew that he meant to speak of Mathilde. Matters had come to an issue—she loved him, and she was to be my wife.

"'What do you want?' I demanded.

"'I want you to do an act of justice as well as generosity,' he began; 'I want you to release Mathilde from this marriage with you. It is useless for me to say why both of us ask and implore this. You must know why; you must know that you alone can give Mathilde her liberty. You can release her, but Mathilde dare not break with you.'

"'I decline to do any such thing I see no reason for releasing her—she does not desire it,' I said, coldly.

"My temper began to get the better of me—from that moment I hated Hugh Jocelyn; from that moment my enthusiastic friendship became deadly enmity.

"'Mathilde implores you to rescue her from perpetrating this miserable falsehood. Mathilde loves me, not you—she has never loved you. If you compel her to be your wife, your will repent it; if you release her now you will——'

"'Give you an opportunity to supplant me,' I broke in, angrily.

"'To marry the woman I love better than life.'

"Hugh Jocelyn watched me breathlessly; I could see how wildly he hoped for my consent. His passionate anxiety hardened my resolve against him.

"'I love her better than life, too—I would give my life for her,' he said, in low a tone.

"'Then quit New Orleans,' I retorted. 'Leave Mathilde, and all will be as it was before you came here to seduce her affections from me, or marry the woman you are engaged to—the woman pining her life away for you, Winifred Strachan. You have no right to come here asking me to release Mathilde when you yourself are not free.'

"His face burned and his eyes flashed with passion. It was well known that Winifred Strachan, a frail, delicate woman—dying then, almost, held frantically to some boyish love-making in the years past; and claimed to be his *fiancée* in the face of every denial from him.

"This was a tender point with Hugh Jocelyn. Knowing fully the facts of the case, I taunted him with it, and that taunt, perhaps, embittered him more deeply against me than anything I could have said.

"'I have given you your chance,' he rejoined, angrily. 'You have refused it. Now look to yourself. My turn may come for refusing you mercy.'

"With that almost prophetic menace, Hugh Jocelyn quitted my room. I met the Vailliantes at the opera. Mathilde turned her beautiful, imploring eyes toward me with questioning entreaty. That she, too, hoped for generosity from me was evident. That she understood the mission of her lover was perfectly plain. She pressed her face down in the bouquet I had sent her, and sighed. She comprehended, without a word, that the case was hopeless. She resigned herself to fate, in spiritless submission.

"We were married in brilliant style, at the proper time and place. Everything was conducted in the most perfect *ton*. It was such an enviable match! The world congratulated her upon my money, and me upon her beauty. We ought to have been satisfied. We certainly were not. Mathilde never recovered her vivacity, or smiled upon me after our marriage. Her silvery laughter had died away. Her winning gayety and sparkle had vanished. I beguiled myself with the hope that she would forget my rival and love me. She deluded me with patient politeness, and loved my rival.

"Hugh Jocelyn married Winifred Strachan soon afterward. She lived long enough to disgust him with a jealous, fretful invalid, and died soon enough to make him miserable. If she had lived a few months longer, Hugh Jocelyn would never have returned to the old idolatry. He had some honor, and he bore in mind that his allegiance was due his wife. Her death left him at liberty to brood over his disappointment.

"Mathilde faded visibly. My jealous eyes perceived that her face only glowed into brightness when she chanced to meet Hugh Jocelyn. He lived in New Orleans. He had given up everything to be near and catch those glimpses of her which occasional meetings in society afforded.

"Hugh Jocelyn was exceptionally unfortunate in his

affairs with women. Another woman adored him. A *petite* French creole; pretty, *piquante*, and wicked. She recklessly and openly loved him. She madly and foolishly was divorced from her husband, and resumed her maiden name. The act was avowedly to enable her marry Hugh Jocelyn. He scarcely thought of her existence. She barely remembered anything beyond his. He was absorbed in Mathilde. Marie Frissae was absorbed in him. Society cut her, but it mattered very little. She was an adventuress in soul, she became one in deed. She soon saw that Mathilde was in her way. She determined to remove the obstacle she believed interposing between herself and Hugh Jocelyn. Her adroitly worded chatter drove me to madness. She roused my natural jealousy to white heat, with her insinuations and falsehoods. Mathilde charged her with the slanders, and possibly reminded her of her own doubtful repute.

"Marie Frissae detested Mathilde, but she hung around her with terrible tenacity, so vigilant and watchful that Hugh Jocelyn had no opportunities to meet his old love. Whether her vigilance relaxed, or how it happened, no one could tell, but he did go to my house and have a long interview with Mathilde. The interviews were repeated. Mathilde brightened perceptibly. The Frissae was not blinded. She pounced upon them like an enraged tigress. She revealed to me the exaggerated truth. Whatever my jealousy failed to distort, hers supplied the deficiency. I rushed to Hugh Jocelyn's room. He was at home. His occupation was whimsical. Before him, on the table, stood a small walnut case. As I entered the room, he held a branding-iron down upon the wooden cover. As I approached, he lifted the branding-iron from the cover. The brand was the letter 'S.' He looked at me menacingly.

"'I have branded it "S,"' he said, darkly, as he replaced the iron in the grate. 'It signifies "Sold." Open the box and see who and what is sold. Perhaps you may guess the purchaser.'

"I threw off the cover. Inside, upon a heap of letters and billets, was the beautiful pictured face of my wife. He had branded her 'Sold,' and I was the purchaser.

"We looked at each other a moment in significant silence. We understood each other perfectly. I had in my hand, purposely, a loaded cane. Without a word of warning, I suddenly swung it above my head, and struck him a terrible blow. It felled him instantly. Great and strong as he was, I had surprised him, I had mastered him. He lay at my feet like a senseless, motionless log. I thought my blow had been fatal. I soon perceived my mistake.

"I could have killed him then easily enough. Something withheld me. A more sinister vengeance possessed me. His beautiful hands were invariably admired. Mathilde had spoken of them. They were exquisitely formed. He was stretched on the floor, senseless. I seized the red-hot branding-iron and pressed it down upon the back of his beautiful hand. The flesh burned and hissed with a sickening odor. I held it down ferociously. When I removed it the letter 'S' was branded deep into the living flesh of Hugh Jocelyn's beautiful hand. He branded, metaphorically, my wife 'Sold.' I branded him, in reality, 'Seducer.' He was still senseless when I left him.

"I gloated over my revenge. I knew that while Hugh Jocelyn lived he must carry my brand of 'Seducer' with him. I went home to Mathilde and laughed over the mark I had set upon my rival—the man who had robbed me of my wife's heart. He would go to the grave branded 'Seducer.' Still we were men of the same caste. We were gentlemen in the same circles. I knew what deadly retribution must follow the deed. I knew Hugh Jocelyn well enough to understand that my life must answer for the insult branded upon his beautiful hand. I was minded for a few days of quasi domestic happiness, therefore I staid at home. As the days went by Mathilde became visibly depressed. No word of Hugh Jocelyn had come to her. He was ill, society said. I mentally rejoiced at his illness. I returned one night from the club; I crossed the garden whistling a French air. This time I was taken unawares. Hugh Jocelyn suddenly stepped from behind a cluster of roses.

"'Defend yourself,' he said, 'for either I will kill you or you will kill me before we part.'

"I drew the dirk-knife from my cane. He had the same weapon. Both fought desperately, and both thought of Mathilde. She may have been at her window. Wherever she was, the foul breath of the deadly affray reached her. We were tearing the clustering roses, crushing the fragrant exotics under foot. Each strove to reach the other's heart with deadly precision; each divined the other's murderous purpose with enraged distinctness. We were in deadly encounter. We knew that one or the other must go down. Mathilde's beauty had roused this enmity, but Mathilde had no power to stay it now. She rushed out frantically. I had but a glimpse of her frightened face and white dress. I had a passing vision of her uplifted hands and distended eyes. But I have a vivid memory of the frantic cry of:

"'Hugh! Hugh! For God's sake do not kill Hugh!'

"She had no thought of the husband. She remembered only her Hugh. The despairing cry rings in my ear now. Whenever I am tempted to throw the vail of charity over the past and forgive my enemy, that cry echoes through my brain. I was in deadly peril, but she did not even see it. I was in danger of my life, but she never thought of me. It was 'Hugh! Hugh!' I remember that he said:

"'Go in, Mathilde; go in.'

"I remember that I said nothing. She obeyed him like a child, and went in weeping with terror and leaning upon Marie Frissae.

"Her love for Hugh Jocelyn, evinced at this fatal moment, seemed to weaken my hand and strengthen his. He gained the advantage steadily and obstinately. I lost ground from that instant, slowly but surely. A dizzy sense of falling, a confused idea of a terrible stab, and being hurled from a great height into the water, and I knew nothing more clearly, at least for a time. When I could think I found myself sitting at the water's edge; a sailor-looking man was pouring water over my head. I saw, what the other did not, that Hugh Jocelyn had hurled me over the wall into the bayou. He supposed me dead, but the water had revived me in some measure.

"'You are badly cut up. Had a row? Do you live here?' the man inquired.

"'No,' was my stern answer. 'I have no place to live.'

"Whether he believed me or not, he conveyed me to the only place he knew of, a sailors' hotel down among the wharves. There my wounds were dressed.

"Three days afterward my wife died in giving premature birth to a child. With her dying breath, believing me murdered by Hugh Jocelyn, she consigned my child to Hugh Jocelyn's charge. Winifred Jocelyn, who is now your wife, is that child. The news drove me mad with rage and jealousy against my dead wife and living rival. No one knew of my existence; no one knows it now except my bankers. The sailor who saved my life shipped the next morning. I recovered of my wounds. They believed me dead—they should never be the wiser. In the dead

hour of the night I left my concealment and shipped on a whaler for Spitzbergern. That was twenty years ago.

"Here in these icy solitudes I have brooded over the past. Whenever my heart relents to the actors therein, I picture my dying wife bequeathing my child to the murderer of her husband; I picture my child reared to believe Hugh Jocelyn her father; taught to love him, my rival and enemy, while I, childless, wifeless, friendless, am self-exiled to this ice-bound region. Hugh Jocelyn wooed away my wife's affections. Hugh Jocelyn has effaced me from my child's filial love. Hugh Jocelyn lives in the sunshine of her tenderest devotion. She has never heard of my existence—she has heard only of Hugh Jocelyn. She is named for his wife. The delusion is perfect. It began at her birth—it will last to the grave, unless I stretch out my hand and wrest this last treasure from him. He has sinned against me from the beginning. There is no crime attached to his name; no crime any of them, even the jealous little tigress, Frissae, can hold over Hugh Jocelyn to force him into measures. Nevertheless, while he has had his revenge upon me, I have had mine. Hugh Jocelyn is not conscious of his own innocence. I know him well enough to be certain that he has suffered some pangs of remorse for my murder, as he believes it. It was worse than murder. He did not take my life, but he deliberately ruined my life. Even with my brand upon his hand, Hugh Jocelyn's conscience has never forgiven him for killing the man who had been his best friend. I do not pretend to assert that he has regretted the deed—that is not the Jocelyn nature. He only has regretted the necessity impelling him to the deed. He is a thoroughbred gentleman, and he must have writhed under the shame of that terrible mark. I branded the Jocelyn sin with the initial of the serpent in Eden. He beguiled Eve, but Hugh Jocelyn beguiled the daughter of Eve. Understand me: my wife was coldly pure—she worshiped Hugh Jocelyn at heart, but in deed no virtuous vestal could have been more rigidly circumspect. I do him the justice to say that, if his wife had lived, Hugh Jocelyn would never have been guilty of dishonor; he would never have lapsed to the old passion. The Jocelyns never change in their love or hate—but they are honorable.

FEMALE HEROISM.—"RESOLUTELY INTERPOSING BETWEEN THE TERRIFIED CHILDREN AND THE FURIOUS ANIMAL, SHE BRAVELY WITHSTOOD ITS ATTACK."—SEE PAGE 482.

"That is my story, Mr. Jocelyn. If you had never shown the face of my wife, reproduced in my child, it never would have passed my lips. You weakened my resolution with your wonderful resemblance to magnificent Hugh Jocelyn."

Monsieur Gabe looked earnestly at Bernie. His swarthy face was pale with agitation and excitement; his shapely hands still locked themselves tightly together. "Perhaps another reason," he resumed, in those pathetically melancholy tones of his: "Hugh Jocelyn's property is entailed. At Hugh Jocelyn's death, sooner or later, the truth must be revealed. Madame Frissae is aware of the secret hidden from Winifred; Marie Frissae, in her venomous little soul, is capable of the most exquisite revenge. Marie Frissae will reveal this secret, and my child will suffer for another's guilt. The Jocelyn sin will descend upon the innocent. I am bound morally to provide for my own flesh and blood. The child might have loved me if she had never seen the Jocelyn. I shall never cross her love. If she loves you, she will not care for me. It is fate. The Jocelyns are my evil genius. Look at me after twenty years of miserable exile. Can I ever forgive the Jocelyns?"

Bernie pitied the mournful, isolated man with all the pity of a sympathetic heart. What if he lost Winifred as Monsieur Gabe had lost his beautiful Mathilde? Thinking of this, the young fellow compassionated his forlorn life of hardship and loneliness. The two men were drawn to each other instinctively. At that moment, when the grave stranger sat pondering over his rankling wrongs, and magnificent Bernard Jocelyn sat opposite, revolving the sad story in his mind, a tender friendship seemed to stir their hearts.

"May I ask you now for your name?—it is the name of my wife."

Bernie broke the silence first.

"My name?" Monsieur Gabe hesitated. His habitual

A FRENCH SHEPHERD GIRL.

reserve shrank from this last disclosure. "My name is—Gabriel Le Vaillianti—my wife was my first cousin, and bore the same name before marriage." He rose abruptly and crossed to a position facing Bernie. "Mr. Jocelyn, I refused you passage to England on the *Hector;* I offer you passage now—nay, I urge it upon you. We are ice-bound, but I perceive premonitory signs of a break in the pack-ice. We will escape. You must go in the *Hector;* her cargo is made up. The villain, John Devèy, believes you lost. Your escape was marvelous. Such escapes don't happen without a purpose. The purpose in this is that you return to protect my Winifred. She needs you. Destiny points that out in terms not to be disregarded. Winifred is in danger; Winifred must be rescued from that danger. You must sail immediately, as soon as we are free of our blockade. John Devèy will return at once with the confirmation of your death. He has earned his reward. He will return and exact it."

"One moment," Bernie said, in his mellow, persuasive voice, while his brown eyes looked into those darker and sadder ones regarding him so wistfully—eyes recalling Winifred's in those days of trouble, when the cloud first gathered, and merciless Marie first domiciled herself at Jocelyn Hall. "One moment. Will you not do some justice to the living? You say Winifred is in danger. I may not have the power to rescue Winifred from that danger—unaided by the facts you alone can prove. You do not know the vindictive, unscrupulous man who has set his heart upon having Winifred. You do not know the lengths of devilish revenge of which he is capable."

"I comprehend it," interrupted Monsieur Gabe, eagerly. "I comprehend it if he is in league with the satanic little fiend, Marie Frissae. You must hasten home and save her, and—and, my boy," he added, wistfully, "tell her she will lose the Jocelyn name and wealth, but she will have a name as old and honorable, and a larger wealth. And Bernard, my son, perhaps you may induce my child to think a little tenderly of me—her father."

"Winifred would love you," Bernie said, touched by the shy longing in the pathetic voice and mournful countenance. "Will you return with me?"

Monsieur Gabe started back in horror.

"God! God!" he ejaculated. "Meet Hugh Jocelyn again? See my child turn from me and cling to him—God! I have endured that misery once—I am human."

"You need never behold Hugh Jocelyn," returned Bernie, persuasively. "Do you not think Winifred will be thrilled to the very heart-core by loving compassion for one who has suffered as you have? She will love you for her own as well as my sake."

Monsieur Gabe came nearer.

"Do you believe that?" he questioned, intense longing and anxiety in the melancholy eyes. "Do you believe that? God! Is that possible?"

"It is certain," retorted Bernie.

He clapped his hands over his face.

"I will think," he said. "God! No man could be cruel enough to deceive me. I will think."

He fell into an absorbing reverie. He thought profoundly, as men think when life or death hangs upon the issue. Bernie sat in a silence just as profound. He, too, was thinking. The ship's clock ticked minute after minute. The distant echo of laughter drifted in from the ship's crew. A low grinding on the ship's side grated ominously upon the ear. Monsieur Gabe raised his head and listened. All was still. The ship seemed locked in the perilous grasp of pack-ice.

"Bernard," he said, in a low, quivering tone, mellow and soft, strangely like Winifred's, "you would not deceive me. Do you believe it is possible for my child to care for me? No one does. No one ever did. It would be inhuman to deceive me."

"I have not deceived you," Bernie assured him.

"Then I will be a fool again. I will go home in the *Hector* with you," Monsieur Gabe rejoined, in half bitter solemnity—the solemnity of one venturing his very soul for the second time in a deadly hazard.

Again the sullen roar and crunching on the ship's side startled them. Again Monsieur Gabe threw back his head and listened. The hissing and grinding increased. The door opened suddenly; the mate rushed in.

"The pack is breaking!" he shouted. "The icebergs are separating. In twelve hours we will be out at sea, bound for home."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE HAND OF FATE.

SUMMER had come, with her green verdure and brilliant bloom, her hot sunshine and fragrant breezes, her mirth and her laughter, her harvest and haymaking. Summer had come, and now she was going. However green and fragrant and joyous she had been, she was on the wane now. Her magic wand of lightsome gayety may have touched other less pretentious places, but it had slighted Jocelyn Hall. The great doors, always hospitably open, were barred and bolted. The heavy shutters were closed and covered with dust. The crumbling chimney of the drawing-room still remained a ruin. The wines stored by generations of epicurean Jocelyns were advertised for sale. The thoroughbred racers and blooded hunters in the famous stables shared the ignominy of the choice wines. Both were destined to go under the auctioneer's hammer. They had been advertised from time to time, and the sale deferred because the gloomy master had suddenly rushed off on some apparently fruitless quest, in different out-of-the-way localities. People wondered if he had grown whimsical. No one dared question him. Fulke's avarice and acrid surliness had increased with his good fortune. He was more sardonic and sneering, and bitterly insolent, than ever before, and more despicably miserly. The trained Jocelyn servants who had retained their positions (inherited from their parents) undisturbed under old John Fulkerson, were rudely sent to other occupations, or hired to more appreciative and more aristocratic masters. The luxurious rooms were locked. Fulke shut himself in a bare suite of small chambers on a back building.

Nevertheless, miserly as he was, Fulke spent lavishly, for him, in the vain search for Winifred. A hint or suggestion sufficed to send him rushing off to cities and towns, to seaports and mountains. He advertised, and sought the assistance of detectives. He tempted vigilant search by large rewards, and worded attractive decoys to the missing girl herself. He hinted at information valuable to herself alone, at news of the past; light thrown on the secret of her name and parentage. But neither advertisement nor detective nor reward nor decoy hint brought word or token of Winifred. When Jane answered him in the monosyllable, "Gone," she uttered the sum total that Fulke could elicit from any source of Winifred's disappearance. She had gone, and if the earth had opened and swallowed her then and there, she could not have left less track or trace.

Fulke had returned from one of his useless trips in more execrable temper than usual. He had been at home for a fortnight. The wines and horses were again advertised. His moody restlessness increased as the days wore

on. He stood at the window, watching sullenly for the letters. Fulke spent hours in standing at the window and gazing across to the high road, occasionally visible through the trees. The post came at last. He opened the letters eagerly. He tossed them aside disappointedly. The letters were delusions, as everything else was, until the last. A dirty, badly-spelled, unsigned epistle, abruptly roused him to excitement.

"MR. FULKERSON," the writer began, in chirography of a hand unused to a pen, "cum to the bottum of Sellers peer, New York, clos to the watter. I hev that gude news fur yu as wil be wurth a fortin to yu. I wil mete yu thare Wednesday nite and Thursday, and I spec to be wel pade fur it, as its give me trubble ennuff."

That was the letter. Fulke was accustomed to letters quite as illiterate and soiled, since he had been searching for Winifred, but this was the first one bringing him such an almost certain hope. He rang the bell, furiously; one of the stable-boys appeared in prompt answer. Neither groom nor footman was numbered among the *habitués* of Jocelyn Hall now.

"Bring me a horse—one of those cursed racers—I must catch the nine-thirty express! and while I think of it, tell Stephens to defer the sale until I return. Look sharp now; if I miss that train you will answer for it, confound you."

In a few minutes Fulke hurried out the side door, and flung himself on the horse. In a few minutes he was flying down the avenue, to the porter's lodge. The gate was locked. It was always locked of late.

"Curse your clumsiness," he yelled, as a child, fumbling with the key, strove to adjust it in the great lock.

"Give it to me, and get out of the way."

He gave the child a brutal kick with his heavy boot, and snatched the key. "Curse you, I'll clear every one you off the place, you infernal lazy devils."

The porter's family shrunk away in terror, as they always did when the barbarous master of Jocelyn Hall appeared. The gate swung open, rustily. He would have killed them if it had delayed him a moment longer. Fulke flung himself again on the spirited thoroughbred, and dashed at frantic pace along the road to the station. The time was short, but Fulke caught the lightning express.

"Its no delusion this time," he muttered, feverishly, as the train sped out of the station with Fulke as a passenger.

The boy trotted slowly homeward, whistling joyously. Everybody brightened when Fulke relieved them of his grim presence and brutal temper.

"He's gone, ma'am; reckon you needn't keep the gate locked like it was penitentiary," laughed the boy, his mulatto face expanding into a grin, as he rode leisurely up to the great iron gate. The porter's wife looked up from wetting the bandages on the child's bruised and blackened leg.

"Somebody will pay him back for all this wickedness—take my word for that. Somebody will pay him back for his evil to Miss Winifred, and Mr. Bernie, and General Jocelyn," she predicted, as she unlocked the gate.

"What's gwine to come will come, ma'am, and it's cotched up grander folks than Marse Fulke. Aunt Judy, she see'd men, all in red, marchin' through the sky las' night; its a sho' sign of fightin' and murderin'—it'll cotch Marse Fulke yet, ma'am;" and the mulatto boy ambled on up the avenue.

The grim augury of servants and tenants did not disturb Fulke. He was half conscious that many a hard prediction mingled itself with the anathemas those who knew him best muttered almost within his hearing. He delighted in the fear and dislike he inspired. His ruthless, barbarous ways had achieved so much, Fulke settled down in them securely, and laughed, sneeringly, at the superstitious belief in retributive justice.

"They only hope something will happen me, but I'll grind them under my heel."

Nothing had happened. He was flying northward now, with a rapturous hope, strengthening into a certainty. Some of his emissaries had found Winifred. They were on her track. They had scented the well-concealed place of refuge. He speculated as to his first steps, and arranged his plans. Of course she was in want, weighed down and broken by abject poverty. Fulke smiled to himself, exultantly; the very thought of Winifred dying from starvation and in rags pleased his savage fancy. If there lacked anything to complete her misery, he would soon discover it and turn the screw.

"I'll break her spirit; I'll make her humble as a dog, confound her! She'll be thankful of a place to shelter in, and I'll dictate my own terms," he decided in his own treacherous heart. "If she makes a point of the marriage, I'll have it. I am not bound by it—at least, I won't be bound by it."

At last the train rolled into the city. It was verging eleven at night, but Fulke, referring to the letter, called a carriage, and drove at once to Seller's Pier.

"This is the place, and a devilish lonesome, dangersome kind of a hole it is. I charge double fare fur drivin' out here," the hackman said, opening the door.

"Here is the fare you bargained for, not a cent more," was the resolute answer. No anxiety induced Fulke to so far forget himself as to spend an unnecessary penny. "I won't stand extortion. Take this or not, as you please."

The man pocketed the money and drove away grumbling.

Fulke stood immovably still until the sound of the wheels was lost among more distant sounds. The place, as the man had said, was lonesome and deserted. The waters rippled under the pier. A single light only enhanced the surrounding dinginess, and threw a faint line across the muddy waves. Not a creature was on the pier. Distant figures passed and repassed under the far-off gaslights, but no human being approached the pier. Fulke paced, impatiently, in front of the murky street-lamp.

"It's a cursed, villainous kind of a place at this time of the night'" he muttered, pausing to look down at a vessel lying at the next wharf, and apparently recently arrived. There were signs of life upon her. There were no signs around him. He wondered what vessel it could be, with men astir when all else was quiet. He could hear them talking. It was only the next wharf. The water looked black and deep as he stood on the edge of the pier and peered down into the surging waves. The hour of midnight rang out. The city was comparatively at rest. Fulke listened to the echoing chime. Midnight and a villainous place—dark, lonesome and deserted.

"Ay, do you know me?"

So stealthily had the speaker approached that Fulke started at finding him at his very side unobserved. When and from where he came, even Fulke's habitual vigilance failed to discover.

"Do you know me?"

He pushed his hat back. The place might be villainous, but certainly the face confronting him was thoroughly villainous. They glanced at each other sharply.

"John Devèy!" ejaculated Fulke, in bitter disappointment. "I had expected some one else."

"Ay, ay," carelessly retorted the man. "I've just got ashore last week. I done that little business for you

according to bargain. I took my first sling at him, then I skipped home'ard to tell the news. He's gone, clean gone outen your way."

Fulke's disconcerted equanimity was restored. This

A WATER NYMPH.

secondary matter availed him little if Winifred remained undiscovered. He bit his lip angrily, his face darkened. The man leered at him with impunity. The fumes of liquor drifted past him in suggestive significance. What need of incurring this terrible risk when the object he hoped to gain eluded him with such singular success? He wished now that Bernard Jocelyn could have lived to see him possessor of the Jocelyn money, and know that Winifred was lost. He wished now, as things had turned out, that he had spared him to feel this discomfiture and strange turn of fortune's wheel. Fulke dreaded lest the man really wanted money. He could spend it for Winifred. He grudged it for Bernie. The one was alive and to be found, the other was dead and out of his way.

"What happened to him? Is he dead this time?" Fulke glanced around furtively as he asked the question.

"That has happened him as we bargained should happen him," boldly retorted the man, his hands in his pockets, his countenance leering and insolent. "I fetched him here to the City Hotel, I drugged him dead, as you gimme the bid to do, then I carried him off to the coffin-man's, as I told 'em. They swore he was dead. I kinder thought the like, but I hove him on to the *Arcturus*, and he come around all ship-shape in no time. That was a devilish sharp trick in you," added Devèy, with vulgar familiarity.

"You took out your revenge pretty well," evasively answered Fulke, stepping a trifle further apart. He perceived the ill-concealed bravado and bully in the sailor's manner.

"Look here, mister," retorted the other, putting his leering face close to Fulke's, while the odor of cheap liquors sickened him. "It wasn't no question of my spite agin Bernie Jocelyn. It was your spite. You sent me along to kill him. You paid the dimes out for me to do it with, and I done it, that's all about it. I done it, and I took a devilish site of danger to do it. I turned tackle and got back. They kinder suspicioned me. I've done the business fur you, I kin swear to that. Now I want the pay, and no talk about it."

Fulke hesitated—it was lonesome and dark. No one could hear if the sailor spoke loudly.

"I will present you with something handsome," he said, deliberately; "but I don't say I owe you anything. I never promised to pay you for any deed of violence. Of course it would not do for me to encourage crime in that way."

"Hold hard, mister," interrupted the sailor, a cunning expression crossing his vicious face; "perhaps you don't kinder know as I seen you cudjel down Bernie Jocelyn that night when he was leanin' over the stile lookin' for his gal. I was a-goin' to do it myself, when I seen you a-creepin' up behind him. I'd a dropped his anchor fur him there, certain and sure, but you made a cussed mess of it. I don't want none of your gab about encouraging crime. You're a rich man now, and I'm going to finger some of your money fur you." Fulke listened in ominous, scowling silence. Like a flash Marie Frissae's pathetic taunt seemed to rive his brain. "You may commit as many sins now as you please, but when you are a rich man you will trip up on some of them."

He was a rich man, and the mocking gibe became a verity almost as soon as the riches. He held his passion under rein. He must perforce conceal it with that leering, drunken face opposite. No mercy had been meted by him; no mercy would be accorded him. Fulke comprehended the insolent menace to the uttermost; his brutal temper seethed hotly, but he heard Devèy through.

IN VAIN.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 503.

"I have told you that I am willing to make a present of something comfortable to you. I owe you nothing. You have killed a man whom you notoriously hated, because he beat you. I won't give you up to justice; on

the contrary, I am ready to give you a comfortable sum——"

"Wait; hold on a bit, mister," cut in the sailor, rudely. "I may have killed my man, that's gospel truth, but I can swear you had the first fling at him. I can swear to all that cussed business in New York. Don't you think that's a bit ugly? Ef I swing fur Bernie Jocelyn, mister, certain and sure you'll swing alongside. We'll be twins going out of the world ef we wasn't comin' in. Jest let that tickle your fancy, will you? And while it's a-doin' it, jest say what you call a comfortable sum?"

Fulke ground his heel into the dust viciously. His teeth were set hard together; the sinister look crept into his eyes—the look of evil. He longed to spring upon and clutch this villain's throat; longed to crush out this insolent beast with his fumes of liquor and satanic leer.

GATHERING FLOWERS.

"I will give you—well, I will give you as much as fifty dollars," began Fulke, cautiously.

"Fifty dollars," sneered Devèy, with a hooting laugh. "Mister, I won't be satisfied with fifty thousand; no, I'll hang to you for half the money, or I'm blamed ef I don't tell of you."

If the man had not trusted, as other villains have done, to the power of his criminal knowledge; if his brain had not been beclouded and bemuddled with spirits, he might have been warned by the repulsive, sinister countenance of the other; he might have suspected the intent of the stealthy glances cast around him. He saw nothing, only went on maddening and alarming the miserly soul. He might have seen that his money was dearer to Fulke than honor or life. They were on the edge of the pier. Fulke faced the deep, dark water.

"Ay, my rich mister, I'll finger more'n fifty thousand of your——"

The sentence broke short off—the taunt and menace on the brutish tongue were finished in a gurgling howl from the black depths below. The howl echoed on the night-air—the howl of the drunken, drowning sailor. A shout close at hand answered it. Two men were running along the pier. Fulke had turned with the first swift impulse of escape. They were passing under the gaslight. His terrified glance fell upon them in the instant of flight. He stopped short. His eyes glared, his face seemed to freeze with horror. He threw up his arms despairingly, and plunged headlong after his victim. He went down heavily, and the water closed over him. Men were rushing from all directions; boats were out instantly. In the first boat, the two first comers seated themselves. One of them, tall and athletic, stood in the bow, and the boat shot forward.

"There he is! Keep up! We'll save you! Catch the rope! We've got you!" shouted the men.

Fulke's white face rose between the waves—Fulke's eyes glared with undying hate and terror upon the man in the bow of the approaching boat.

The rope was within reach, but he never touched the rescuing coil; he only glared in guilty terror upon the man at the bow. Their eyes met in that last, despairing, haunting gaze; then the white, evil face sank beneath the murky waters, the eyes still fastened upon the man in the bow of the boat, not two lengths away. The man was Bernard Jocelyn.

The cheering shouts died away. Fulke had gone to the bottom with the means of rescue in reach. He had drowned obstinately while the life-rope floated about him.

Of all men in the world, he had wronged Bernard Jocelyn, and Bernard Jocelyn had witnessed his crime. In his guilty terror he had refused to be saved—in his guilty terror he had mistaken the man he had wronged for an avenging Nemesis.

"He is gone! It's too late now! We can tack about."

The men had searched fruitlessly. The black waters rippled over Fulke and his victim.

"The other one never came up at all. Did you know them, sir?" questioned one of the men, mindful of the shocked ejaculation Bernie had uttered when those affrighted eyes glared into his.

"I knew them both—the sailor, Devèy, and my cousin, Fulke. The sailor must have perceived us walking toward the pier, but Fulke did not," Bernie answered, slowly.

The boats were moored; the waters washed and rippled under the deserted pier. The crowd dispersed. All was silent again.

"He was aware at once that we had seen him hurl Devèy from the pier into the water," Bernie said, as he walked away from the fatal spot. "He recognized me, and he must have supposed that I meant to mete a heavy retribution upon him. I only sought to save him, but in his fear and guilt he mistook my motive for vengeance. I wish I could forget that desperate, horror-stricken gaze, and that deathly face rising above the water and drowning helplessly with safety at hand. The picture will haunt me to my dying day. I wish we had never chanced to stroll in that direction to enjoy the luxury of a cigar."

"One don't fancy being the terror of one's bitterest enemy; but we will suspend our pity until we are certain it is deserved," answered the other. "Ah, Bernie, my boy, I am already living again, after twenty years of exile, and—well, this is our ship."

Monsieur Gabe pointed to the ship just in, with the crew still astern. The name gleamed out clearly. It was the whale-ship *Hector*.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE NEXT HEIR.

THE carriage from Jocelyn Hall had been summoned to the station. Servants and tenants were in the highest state of expectation and excitement. The heavy oaken doors were wide open, the shutters unclosed. The housekeeper, with her reduced corps of servants, flitted here and there, busily dusting, cleaning and airing the long-locked apartments.

The vases were filled with flowers for the first time since General Jocelyn's death. The advertisements were torn down from the park gates for the last time; the Jocelyn lawyer had arrived; the Jocelyn servants had been notified to return; the wine-cellars were re-opened, and the butler was momentarily expected.

Jocelyn Hall seemed to glow into life and brightness; even the stricken chimney was to be rapidly repaired. The old steward, whose depressed, anxious look of late had evinced the hardships of service under Fulke, stepped about briskly, giving orders in cheerful tones. Swift changes had been wrought at Jocelyn Hall within the last year, and now another change, just as fatal and abrupt, had come to the establishment.

The news flew around the neighborhood like wildfire. The grim legatee of the Jocelyn fortune had come to an untimely end.

Fulke Fulkerson had gone into his self-sought watery grave feared, hated and despised. No one wept or regretted him in death. Every one bore in mind some evil turn he had dealt them in life. Every one breathed a sigh of relief, and speculated as to who the heir would be, since the Jocelyns had become extinct. The lawyer offered no explanations, the steward was reticent. If they comprehended the problem they at least declined to enlighten the neighborhood. The carriage had gone to the station, and now it was returning with the next heir. It drove through the gate and halted. There was a glad shout from the group of tenants, well backed by the enthusiasm of the dusky plantation hands. The door flung back and Bernie Jocelyn, smiling and magnificent as ever, sprang to the ground. He shook hands, in his gallant, courteous way, with each and all. He forgot no one. The old Jocelyn mirth and gayety recharmed the long-oppressed people. Bernie, always an idol with them, became tenfold more so. He seemed a prince to them, this splendid, *insouciant* Bernie, with his resonant laugh and fearless strength.

"And this," he said, turning to the carriage, where his companion *de voyage* looked out upon the pleasant scene, "this is Miss Winifred's father—Mr. Le Vaillianti. You have all heard, no doubt, that she was not my uncle's daughter, although he reared her in that belief. This is her father. Her mother died at her birth. Domestic trouble and his wife's death prevented Mr. Le Vaillianti's return to America since Winifred's birth until now. She is his only child. He wishes to see her. God send," he added, a cloud upon his handsome face, "that we may

discover some clew to Winifred's whereabouts," and then Bernie invited the tenants and servants to drink to his health and prosperity at the Hall.

The carriage rolled away up the avenue, followed by a shouting, cheering, laughing throng. At the Hall doors the housekeeper and steward, with the house-servants, added to the rapturous adoration of "Marse Bernie." The next heir was at home at last. The next heir, by old John Fulkerson's will, was installed in all his rights. The first greetings over, Bernie made a little speech, and dismissed them to the care of the housekeeper and steward to receive unlimited good cheer. He followed the lawyer to the library. Monsieur Gabe retired to his room for an hour's rest. Bernie heard the minute, tragic history of the past few months from the lawyer's lips.

"It is my own impression, Bernard," supplemented the legal man, "that the fellow Devèy, having, as he supposed, compassed your destruction, was endeavoring to extort a heavy reward from Fulke. To avoid paying this, he deliberately flung him off the pier, without being aware of your proximity. The moment he became aware of it he expected no mercy. He gave up all hope. Knowing how he had persecuted you, and with the consciousness of guilt, he imagined your only purpose in endeavoring to save him was to criminate and hang him."

Bernie made a gesture of assent. The recollection still haunted him painfully.

"The crime he intended and schemed for against me expiated and punished itself. If he had staid his murderous hand five minutes, Fulke would have seen that he was in no danger of life or money from the man Devèy. In five minutes more Monsieur Gabe and myself would have passed close enough to be recognized."

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly, and like most of the world, became philosophically consoling.

"Perhaps he is better satisfied where he is; let us hope so. Let us measure his content by our own. He undoubtedly was ill suited to this world. It may be that he has found a more congenial sphere where he is. We will accept things for the best, and turn to business. The estates are large, and under your cousin's rather limited expenditures the income has been invested instead of used." The lawyer adjusted his glasses and opened his papers. Just as he did so a timid knock was followed by a timid unclosing of the door.

"If you please, Mr. Bernie," Ellen Farly began, shyly. She hesitated. Jane's expectant face beamed in the rear of Bernard's old nurse. Bernie held out his hand in affectionate greeting. He had never swerved in his attachment to the kindly soul.

"Will you come down to the cottage, Mr. Bernie?" She looked up into his face, with an odd anxiety and perplexity. "Will you come *now?*" she added, urgently. Bernie glanced at the lawyer. "Will you come *now—now?*" she persisted.

"Is there any reason for such haste, Ellen?" inquired Bernie.

"There is a reason, Mr. Bernie. Come *now—now*, will you not?"

He made no further objection. Something in this unusual persistence sent an eager wistfulness into his eyes. She hurried down the narrow path to the stile we wot of in other days. Bernard Jocelyn hurried after her. She was running breathlessly, he striding after her swiftly. Without any explanation she rushed into the cottage; without a question he followed. Two velvet arms folded about his neck; a golden head pressed down upon his breast with a passionate, sobbing cry, and Bernard Jocelyn once more held Winifred—long-lost Winifred—to his heart that had ached with such torturing pain for her—Winifred, a trifle paler and still frail in appearance, but so exquisitely lovely, so bewilderingly, beautiful that Bernie for a moment forgot the fragility of his treasure.

"My darling, I knew that sooner or later, if you still lived, you would come to me. I was sure that I had not lost you; I only dreaded delay," Bernie said, as he drew Winifred down beside him on the hard little sofa.

"Ah, Mr. Bernie, dear little Miss Winifred has had a terrible fight for life," Ellen Farly said, as she bustled into the room again and again, upon a thousand pretexts. She just managed to creep here that night past midnight, and begged me most on her knees to take her in and hide her. Lord, sir, as if I would have refused; but I never expected to see her up again, she was so close to dying, sir, for some weeks, as any poor little thing could be; and it went to my heart, sir, to sit by her night and day, hearing her beg and plead of me to hide her from Fulke; to keep Madame Frissae from killing her, and mourning and calling for you. It was as much as Jane and I could do to keep back our tears, it was so piteous like."

"And you were here all the time, Winifred, my love? How is it Fulke was baffled?"

Winifred's white fingers stole softly up to his lips; he kissed them passionately, and held them tightly in his strong clasp.

"Oh, Bernie, Ellen saved me, and Jane and all of them kept my secret faithfully. Ah, Bernie," added Winifred, in that wonderfully musical mezzo of hers, while her face glowed into color, and the grand dusky eyes grew tender and soft, "when calamity and shame fall so cruelly upon us, we discover our real friends. These were mine—I had no others."

"We will not forget our real friends, then, my darling; they certainly matched successfully their affection to Fulke's craftiness. They baffled him——"

"Yes, sir, we baffled him, begging your pardon for interrupting," corrected Ellen, mindful, a moment too late, of her manners. "He was writing and searching and hunting the country over—from Dan to Bersheba—and bless you, Mr. Bernie, here was the sweet child, right under his very eyes, all unbeknownst to him. But he shouldn't have had her, sir; no, he shouldn't." Winifred laughed softly. It had been so long since she had laughed, something of the old light-hearted gayety returned. She had Bernie again. The world might say what it pleased; she had her husband's strong arm to shield her. She could nestle to his heart and be safe. "And, sir, I forgot to tell you the gentleman as came with you is walking up and down before my door, and asks every minute when he can see Miss Winifred."

"Tell him he can see her now. Winifred, my dear love, this is my best and kindest friend, but he has a different claim upon you, darling—he shall tell you himself."

She clasped her hands and gasped. Her eyes arrested him with their intense questioning. An agony of expectation dawned upon the beautiful face. She could not ask the claim; she dared not syllable the hope whirling dizzily in her brain. Monsieur Gabe came in with slow, hesitating step, an uncertain, timid manner, as if his soul were set upon the hope of loving recognition, yet dreaded the bitterness of cold repulse. He stretched out his arms wistfully.

"My child! my own child! will you come to your father?"

Winifred broke away from Bernie. She followed her first impulse, and gave him the loving recognition for which his heart yearned.

"My father! Bernie, Bernie, is it my father?—mine?" she cried, as she was folded in his embrace, and hot tears rolled down the swarthy cheeks, darkened and roughened by twenty years of hardship.

"Yes, my child, I am your father. Bernie has promised that you will care for me a little. No one ever did. But he has ventured to promise. Was it a rash promise, my daughter?" His tones were pathetic, while he watched her in painful agitation.

"No, no—oh, my father! Bernie knew that I would love you, my father. My dear, dear father," she murmured, tenderly and tearfully, while Bernie's heart filled with pride and delight.

"Now, Winifred, my pet, your father will tell you of the past. You cannot understand it all until you hear it from himself."

Winifred sat down beside Bernie, Monsieur Gabe seated himself in front of them. The soft little hand crept into Bernie's.

"I don't care to understand it all, Bernie," she answered, in a sweet, tremulous voice. "I only care that I have found my father, and I have you again."

* * * * * *

That evening there was another marriage service performed in the presence of the tenants and servants, at Ellen Farly's cottage. Bernie and Monsieur Gabe judged it the wiser plan to shut off any inlet for the shafts of malice or unkindness. Winifred had suffered enough; her life should hereafter be one of perpetual sunshine, as far as these two men could make it. Once more Winifred was Winifred Jocelyn, and the chatelaine of Jocelyn Hall.

* * * * * *

Of Marie Frissae no one ever heard, save once, years after, when Winifred and Bernie Jocelyn, with Monsieur Gabe, were quitting the Opera-house in Paris. They were coming out under the dazzling lights. Winifred drew her rose-colored opera-cloak around her and crossed the *pavé* to the carriage.

"Winifred Jocelyn!" hissed a shrill voice close to her. She turned quickly as a policeman, with a rude shake, pushed a ragged, wiry, shriveled old woman roughly away.

"It is only a beggar, madame," he explained. "I know her well—a drunken, impudent creature from down among the quays. She calls herself Madame Frissae, and pretends to have known *grande* people. The miserable beast! —you shall not be disturbed by the wretch again."

This was Marie Frissae. Nobody ever believed her when she told them what she had been. From the lowest depths of vice and beggary she peered curiously upon the riches and luxury of people she had known in the past. And now she was known solely by the police. Perhaps in the graves of degradation and crime in some desolate "God's Acre" she may have found a last home.

THE END.

THE HUNCHBACK'S LEGACY.

Every one knows that beggars have sometimes been millionaires; but the opening of the will of one of these anomalous beings is a commonplace occurrence compared with the recent discoveries at the death of one of the best-known beggars of Paris.

Hyppolite—he was never known by any other name—was one of the institutions of the Pont St. Louis, the bridge that reaches the hither side of the island on which stands Notre Dame. He had a newspaper-stand on the quay-side of the bridge, but his fortune was amassed by undisguised begging.

Sometimes he was missing from his post for days, weeks, and even months, but when he reappeared, he always had the same answer for all questions, whether of sympathy or curiosity—"Business."

He was never known to be sick; he never looked ailing; his clothes were not renewed, to all appearance, more than once in fifteen years, but his boots were always strong and good, and often new. The only thing besides cheap food that he was known to buy were old books, chiefly from the open-air stalls on the quay, though bookworms say they occasionally met him in more pretentious shops where books of undoubted age and value were alone sold.

For several years he had a little boy living with him and accompanying him to his place on the bridge, but he never suffered the child—and, indeed, whipped him severely on two or three occasions when the little fellow ventured—to disobey, and the fact of his disobedience became known.

Hyppolite told any one who inquired that the boy was an orphan he had adopted, and he taught the child to call him uncle.

After a while, he sent him to school, and later on to college, and the orphan disappeared from the world of the Pont St. Louis. Hyppolite had a few acquaintances with whom he was less still than with most, and from one of these I heard the description of the hunchback's home.

It was in one of those old houses, modestly called by the French "hotels," but answering better to the idea of a palace than most of the showy and small dwellings which some of our writers persist in calling "palatial." One of these—there were hundreds on the quays and dark, winding streets of the island, the only remaining part of old, historic Paris, and at present the most interesting, picturesque and romantic part of the city—was once the town-house of Madame de Sévigné, but now a national museum, having in the interval been used, as more than half these stately buildings have been, for a young ladies' school.

A few are still inhabited by rich people whom fashion does not blind to the beauty of the situation, and the comfort and dignity of the wide stairs, ample halls, large fire-places, immense windows, etc., that distinguished the houses of the old bankers and Parliament-lawyers of the seventeenth century.

I remember one such, now the house of a rich Pole, with a picture-gallery, whose windows overlooked the Seine, and the gay, white, new Paris on the Tuileries side; with a magnificent bare stone staircase, wide and easy of ascent, suggesting Italian architecture; with lofty rooms paneled in carved wood, and odd little closets and cabinets up or down three steps, usable as studies, boudoirs, smoking-rooms, etc. The greater number of these houses, however, have fallen into hands less careful of keeping up old appearances and old associations.

Hyppolite rented the topmost abode in one of the riverward houses. I do not call it a room, because above the third floor, which was occupied as a printing-office by the staff of an obscure religious "weekly," there were no rooms. A steep, narrow staircase of carved wood, which would have made the fortune of one of our curiosity-shops, led up to a granary, whose floor was covered with flour-barrels, huge sieves, baskets and bins full of various produce, and where a lane formed by two rows of stout gray bags was the only space left clear.

From the beams and window-frames hung bunches of Indian corn of all shades from pale amber to orange and maroon. Another fringe of the same material hung on each side of the ladder which led up from the granary to

a loft above. Ropes and pulleys connected with elevators and derricks filled up the space near the huge windows, or, rather, openings, with solid wooden screens or shutters sliding across them when needed, and the tops of some of these machines protruded oddly over the rude banisters that protected the platform just above the ladder. On the platform, lighted by a window on the upper part of the sharp gable, and surrounded by a solid wooden parapet three feet high, lived the hunchback, Hyppolite. His bed was a large clean bag filled with fresh straw, but above it was a quilt of eider-down—the covering cashmere in large brown and yellow squares—and over this two down pillows with canvas bags for pillow-cases.

A villainous little colored print of a hypothetical martyr, with the name "S. Hyppolite" beneath, hung from a nail in a rafter over the head of the bed, and from another a small, beautiful silver crucifix attached to a holy-water vessel of the same metal. Nevertheless, the hunchback" *protégé* had never been sent to the Sunday catechism-class, nor had he been known to have made his first communion. But then this might have taken place when he was at a distant boarding-school.

THE HUNCHBACK'S LEGACY.—"TWO FAMOUS SURGEONS, AND THREE ODD-LOOKING MEN, SUGGESTIVE OF LIBRARIES AND ANCIENT FOLIOS, WERE ALSO PRESENT. THE YOUNG MAN READ HIS UNCLE'S PAPER HIMSELF."

Besides the bed, there was one chair, strong and new, a common table with many ink-stains and two huge, deep drawers, an iron washstand, and a large old coffer, much like a meal-chest, as it had four compartments, but suggestive of more romantic things, as each compartment had a huge lock of antique and intricate make, each key-ward being different; while one compartment had two locks, and seemed divided longitudinally. This chest was

riveted to the floor and also made fast from above to a heavy chain that reached the dim confusion of cobwebbed rafters overhead.

Hyppolite gravely averred that one of the four compartments had some secret communication with the belfry of the cathedral, and that if thieves should happen to touch this coffer, one of the bells of Notre Dame would ring of itself.

He found a great many believers in this assertion, though, of course, thieves had tried more than once to rifle the contents of the coffer. Popular accounts said that they had been baffled each time by the crowd of people in the building, and suspicious noises near them, while the only time any one had been known to get one of the lids open, a blank and open space appeared as the only reward of the useless labor.

During the war of 1870 the hunchback's nephew fought as a Garde National, and it was understood that during the Commune Hyppolite had hidden away an unlucky individual in his loft, and conveyed him to safety by night through his friends on the river, but the familiar figure was seldom seen during the chaotic time.

When order was re-established, he took up his old stand again on the bridge, and begged more undisguisedly than ever, especially from the swarms of curious foreigners who came to contrast the ruins of Paris with its former brilliancy.

One day, in the year of the exhbition, he was missing from his place, and all thought he had gone on a journey. But five days after his nephew came to take away the small possessions he had left on the sidewalk of the bridge, and told the bystanders that the old man was dead.

He had died the day previous, rather suddenly, from the obstinate effects of a cold caught by sitting in soaking clothes after a violent shower of rain.

A priest had been with him at the last, and he had died orthodoxly, though leaving a surprisingly moderate sum for Masses for his soul's repose—moderate by comparison with the reputation for immense wealth which he had left behind him.

His nephew alone seemed neither surprised, disappointed, nor uneasy. The old man had told him all his secrets. The larger part of the money Hyppolite possessed had gone to educate this boy, and fit him for making his own fortune.

When the few legal formalities were over, the young man asked several of his uncle's friends to meet him in the loft and hear a manuscript read, which Hyppolite had desired to make public after his death.

Two famous surgeons, and personally known to the dead man, and three odd-looking men, suggestive of libraries and ancient folios, were also present. The young man read his uncle's papers himself. It was not very long, and to all intents and purposes it was more his will than the formal document thus named, which one of the lawyers present had under lock and key at his office. The substance of the paper ran thus:

"I was born in Morlain, Department de la Somme, and was the youngest of a family of five. My brothers and sisters are all alive and well-to-do. I was a hunchback from my birth. My mother died when I was born, and my father always rather disliked me. Most deformed persons can guess my experience, and I found no relief at home from the jeers and insults I received out of doors.

"My foster-mother was the only one who ever showed me love, but her husband and older sons disliked and mocked at me. At school it was much the same. I learned faster than some of the boys, and they hated me for it. I knew now that I was impish and crabbed, and provoked my schoolfellows, but I thought then that all the fault was on their side. I began early to wonder why I had a hump, and why I grew broad instead of growing tall. My father made money and was elected mayor, and my eldest sister married a rich merchant's son from the south of France, while the rest of my brothers and sisters went to fashionable boarding-schools. When I was thirteen I ran away, and have never been home or communicated with my family since. They think, doubtless, that I died long ago. My father died only three years ago. I kept myself informed through the police of all that befell my relatives.

"I went to Algeria first, on board of a French ship, where I was cabin-boy. After knocking along among the soldiers, who were kinder to me than my own people had been, and for whom I did odd jobs, an old Turk took a fancy to me, and bought me of myself—that is, he promised me a certain sum, half down, and half when my engagement should be over, if I would live with him and do all he wanted me to, for three years.

"I consented, having already in my mind's eye the making of a moderate fortune. My master made me a sort of jester in his house—that is, as far as an Oriental can be said to appreciate a jester. I interpreted for him, too, as he often had dealings with Europeans, and now and then I was allowed to amuse his wives. If I had not been stunted and deformed, of course, this would not have been allowed.

"He wanted me to be a spy on his youngest wife, and I refused, expecting to be at least dismissed; but no, he only laughed grimly, and said no more. Nothing romantic happened; his wife did not run away, nor did I ever help in any intrigue between Frenchmen and Algerian women, either in my master's or any other household.

"I staid out my three years and got my money, and my master offered to renew the engagement for another three years at a rather higher rate of payment. I was tired of the service and wanted a change, so I left him, worked my passage back to Marseilles, and there set up a stall of a few cheap Algerian baubles, all gifts to me from my friends in Africa, and some cheap eatables.

"I never spent a *sou* except to buy food; I slept in my stall. More and more I wondered why I had chanced to be a hunchback, and the kind of infidelity which crept upon me was not that blasphemous, frivolous atheism common to my countrymen, especially the uneducated or imperfectly taught, but a serious inquiring, dreaming unbelief.

"I grew to have a morbid curiosity about humps, and the history of hunchbacks, and some old prints I saw at a book-stall—medieval illustrations of various diseases and deformities, called "The Strokes of God"—finished my fascination.

"Buying these was my first unnecessary investment. Since then I have bought tons of matter, printed and engraved, on the subject of humps, and the personal history of hunchbacks—some famous, some obscure. I have searched church registers in France, Germany, Switzerland, the north of Italy, and the north of Spain, for descriptions of deformed infants; I have read all the medical and surgical books I could find or buy on the subject; I have paid money to great surgeons in various countries to follow their public lectures on humps, or listened to private information and explanations from them; I have witnessed the dissection of the bodies of hunchbacks, and especially the examination of their humps.

"I have gone through hospitals, searching for hunchbacked cripples, old or young, male or female; and it was while on one of these visits that I found my nephew, the

little son of a hunchbacked woman who had just died. I took him home and brought him up as my own, having ascertained that beyond his mother no one was likely to claim the baby boy.

"This was not Paris, but in a large city in the west of France, where I lived some time, because the public library possessed records of a medieval hunchback, whose history I was studying. I could only see the books at the library, so I took notes and copied pages, and left the child all day at the *crèche*, or infant-school, kept by some Sisters of Charity.

"I found begging, on the whole, rather a better way of making money than selling anything; but I often alternated one mode of life with the other, as suited my studies best. On Sundays I always took care to be at the door of some crowded church, and I never failed to make a harvest, generally of silver.

"Once or twice I was robbed, and after that I took the precaution of keeping my money in a bank in Paris. I never went there on foot, but dressed well and took a coupé. My banker never knew who or what I was. I consulted him on the choice of a school for my nephew, and he furnished to the school authorities the necessary references concerning myself and the boy; that was all the intercourse we had.

"I made one or two friends in Paris, chiefly foreigners. All who knew me will ask if I ever had any love affairs, and, perhaps, will not believe me when I say that I never spoke of love to a woman, or held communication with any woman, save as a matter of business. I was in love, however, and since I began I have never left off. I shall die loving one woman as strongly as I have for nearly half my lifetime. She was sixteen when I first saw her coming out of church, and she gave me money. I saw her married two years after in the same church, and every time we met she gave me alms; we never spoke. I was twice as old as she.

"She is living still, and has a circle of grandchildren round her. I went every year to the town where she lives, and stood as I had stood when I first saw her—on the church-steps. She always gave me silver, and I kept all she gave me; part of it I had made into a plain ring, with which I shall be buried, the rest made the silver *bénitier*"—holy water vessel—"which hangs over my bed, and which I beg of my nephew to send her, anonymously, as a souvenir of one who admired her piety and charity. Her address I leave in a sealed packet, the contents of which are for my nephew's eyes alone.

"The strong box in my granary loft contains my papers, books, notes, etc.; material for a work on 'Humps and Hunchbacks,' which I have begun—or, rather, mapped out. I leave money enough to pay the expenses of publication, besides a sum to endow one bed for a humpbacked cripple in the hospital at Morlain, my birthplace. My nephew has the rest, and the entire control of all arrangements. I wish him to send a copy of this short account of my life to each of my brothers and sisters.

"During the Commune I became a Christian, through seeing the devoted conduct of those whom the mob denounced as scorpions. I die in a happy belief in God and trust in His providence.

"I am glad to believe in the same God as the true and gentle woman whom I have loved so many years. My nephew has my blessing and my thanks for having rewarded me by his steady behavior for all I have done for him. I sign my real name, MATHIEN VILLETTE."

The company gathered in this singular chamber to hear the reading of this singular will were rather disappointed at the absence of any sensational incident in the narrative, or hint of a large fortune hoarded in a romantic manner.

Real life has many phases, each extraordinary in itself, but they seldom fit into each other so as to produce the coincidences necessary to a novelist. The history of Hippolite might have been twisted into several novels, each different in its plot and treatment, according to the different stages of the real history at which the imagination of the writer should have branched out into appropriate details. The most unlikely part of the tale, to those who know only the conventional phases of current literature, is the behavior of the hunchback's nephew, who is steady and grave, rising in his profession—civil engineering—and occupying his spare hours in editing Hyppolite's curious collection of papers conjointly with one of the librarians of the National Library, in Paris, and one of the three most famous surgeons of France.

IN VAIN.

CLASP closer arms, press closer lips,
In last and vain caressing!
For never more that pallid cheek
Will crimson 'neath your pressing.
For these vain words and vainer tears
She waited yester even;
She waits you now—but in the far
Resplendent halls of heaven.

With patient eyes fixed on the door
She waited, hoping ever,
Till death's dark wall rose cold between
Her gaze and you for ever.
She heard your footsteps in the breeze,
And in the wild bee's humming;
The last breath that she shaped to words
Said softly, "Is he coming?"

Now silenced lies the gentlest heart
That ever beat 'neath cover;
Safe—never to be wrung again
By you, a fickle lover!
Your wrongs to her knew never end,
Till earth's last bonds were riven;
Your memory rose cold between
Her parting soul and heaven.

Now vain your false and tardy grief,
Vain your remorseful weeping;
For she, whom only you deceived,
Lies hushed in dreamless sleeping.
Go—not beside that peaceful form
Should lying words be spoken—
Go, pray to God, "Be merciful
As she whose heart I've broken."

THE MARINER'S COMPASS.

BY WILLIAM DURHAM, F.R.S.E.

THE early knowledge of elementary scientific facts, and the slow progress of their investigation and practical application to the wants of civilized life, are well illustrated in the history of the compass.

The ancient Greeks and Romans were quite aware of the attracting power of native iron magnets, or loadstones, and also that this power could be communicated to iron, and maintained by it for a length of time. No one amongst them, however, had ever noticed the behavior of an elongated bar of magnetized iron suspended by a cord or floated in water, and to this oversight must be attributed the lateness of the discovery of "terrestrial magnetism, and the long period that elapsed before the

compass was used by Europeans as a guide over the trackless paths of ocean.

That remarkable people, the Chinese, seem, however, at a very early date, to have used the directive power of the compass to guide them in their journeys over the vast plains of Tartary. They made little images, whose arm, moved by a freely suspended magnet, pointed continually toward the south. An apparatus of this kind, called *fsenan*, or "indicator of the south," was presented to ambassadors from Cochin China, to guide them in their homeward journey, 1,100 years before our era. The knowledge the Chinese thus possessed seems to have gradually traveled westward by means of the Arabs and Crusaders, but it was fully 2,000 years afterward before it was fairly applied among the nations of Western Europe.

Since then, owing to its practical value and scientific interest, terrestrial magnetism has formed one of the most attractive and, at the same time, most difficult subjects of scientific investigation, and promises to lead to results of the highest importance in our knowledge of the arrangements of nature.

The immense stimulus which the application of the compass gave to navigation, and consequently to intercourse between distant lands, may be appreciated when we remember that, before that, sailors having only the positions of the sun and stars to guide them, were completely bewildered when they were hid by clouds or storms, and consequently were afraid to venture upon the open sea.

In a seafaring nation like our own, the "mariner's compass" is an object familiar to almost every one, and may be very briefly described.

A magnetic needle is attached to the underside of a circular card of some semi-transparent substance, such as talc. On this card is engraved a radiating diagram, dividing the circle into thirty-two parts, called points. The needle, with the card attached, is delicately balanced on a central pivot, round which it is free to move in a horizontal plane. The position of the card, of course, indicates the position of the needle below.

The needle and its support are inclosed in a small metallic box, which is hung so as to preserve its horizontal position notwithstanding the rolling or pitching of the ship. This is accomplished by means of *gimbals*, which are two metallic rings one within the other; the compass-box is swung on the inner ring by two small supports diametrically opposite, and the inner ring is, in its turn, supported on the outer one in a similar manner, but the points of support are at right angles to those of the box, as shown on next page, where A A are the supports of the compass, and B B those of the inner ring.

TEACHING THE BOYS TO BOX THE COMPASS.

The whole is fixed in the top of a strong case, called the *binnacle*, firmly secured to the deck of the ship. The binnacle has a pane of glass in front by which light may be admitted at night to illuminate the interior. The whole is shown on succeeding page, K being the glass in front.

In the practical use of the compass it is necessary that we should know and guard against certain disturbing influences on its direction, lest the very means the unwary takes to insure his safety may lead to his shipwreck and death. One or two experiments will make these plain.

(1) If another suspended magnetic needle is brought near the compass, we shall find that the ends of the two needles which point northward will *repel* one another,

while the end of one needle which points south will *attract* the end of the other which points north.

(2) If any piece of iron or steel is brought near either end of the compass-needle, the latter will be attracted out of its proper direction. This we know to be due to what is called the inductive power of the magnet acting on the iron, and endowing it with temporary magnetic power, when mutual attraction is set up.

These actions between magnets and iron are exactly analogous to those between electrified bodies.

(4) If any piece of hard iron or steel is allowed to remain in contact with a magnet for some time, it will acquire the properties of a permanent magnet, and be capable of attracting or repelling the poles of the compass-needle as described above.

These three experiments point out at once the manner in which the earth acts on the direction of the compass, and the source of those disturbing influences to which we have referred. As the compass-needle always swings round to the north and south direction when it is free to move, it is evident that the northern part of the earth possesses the properties of the south-pointing pole of the needle, as it attracts the north pole, and also that the southern part of the earth possesses the properties of the north pole of the needle: that it is, in fact, just a large magnet with the pole turned in opposite directions to those of the compass, or, to use a common expression, "turned end for end."

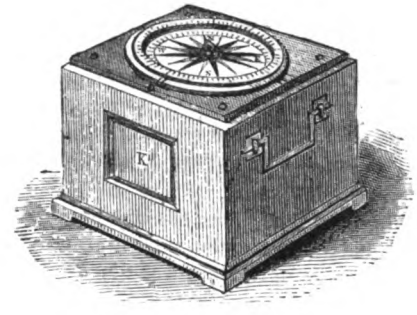
The earth, therefore, is capable of inducing temporary or permanent magnetism on iron or steel, as described in experiments (2) and (3).

THE MAGNETIC NEEDLE AND ITS SUPPORT.

As many of our ships are entirely built of iron, and all of them contain more or less of that metal in their structure, it becomes a question of great importance to know how to avoid the danger of any magnetism, temporary or permanent, induced by the earth's action, so disturbing the direction of the compass so as to mislead the navigator.

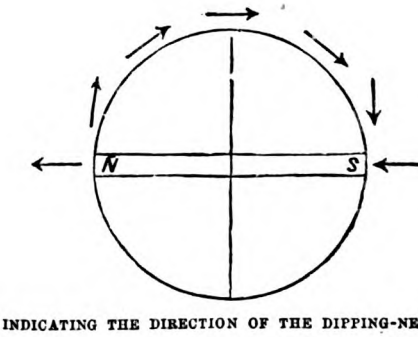
The inductive action of the compass-needle itself can be pretty well guarded against by having it small and placed at such a distance from any ironwork that its effects may be practically of no moment.

The earth's action, however, cannot be so easily disposed of, and various methods are adopted for correcting the compass so as to know the true direction due to the earth's magnetism acting directly on the needle. To correct for any permanent magnetism, the ship is brought into such a position that the needle points to the true magnetic north and south, or is in the magnetic meridian of the place of observation; the ship is then turned gradually round on its centre as a pivot, turning, say, from north to west; if there be any permanent magnetism in its iron the compass will be moved gradually away from its position toward the one side or other of the meridan. As the vessel gradually turns towards the south, the needle also will gradually regain its first position; again, as the vessel continues turning towards the east, the needle will deviate in the opposite direction to its former movement, again returning to the magnetic meridian as the ship returns to its first position. The arc which the end of the needle describes to the one and the other side of the magnetic meridian is a measure of the magnetism of the ship, which can, therefore, be allowed for when observations are made at sea. The correction for temporarily induced magnetism is a much more difficult problem, as that is continually changing in amount and direction, according to the relative position of the ship, its cargo (which


COMPASS IN THE BINNACLE.

may be composed of magnetic material), and the magnetic lines of force of the earth. The principle employed, however, may be explained as follows. The variation of the compass caused by the influence of the vessel and its cargo having been determined in the manner just described, the compass is taken on shore and placed upon a wooden pillar capable of being turned round in a horizontal plane in the same manner as the ship; pieces of iron are inserted in this pillar in such a way that their effects on the compass, when the pillar is turned round on its axis, is exactly the same as that produced by the ship, etc. The pillar, and the compass on it, are now both transferred to the ship, and if the latter is now turned as before, it is evident the effect on the compass will be doubled. To know, therefore, the amount of correction requisite at any time, it is only necessary to note the position of the compass, and then remove the iron from the pillar, when, of course, the needle will go back toward its proper direction. The amount it goes back just requires to be doubled to give its true position. Thus if it goes back 2°, its true position is 4° from that observed before the iron of the pillar was removed.

Having pointed out the precautions necessary to be taken in the use of a compass as a guide, we now come to the consideration of "terrestrial magnetism," on a correct knowledge of which the value of that instrument depends. If the earth were a regular magnet, like a symmetrical bar of magnetized steel, the compass would everywhere be directed due north and south; the magnetic and



INDICATING THE DIRECTION OF THE DIPPING-NEEDLE.

geographical meridians would coincide, and there would be no *declination*. It was early discovered, however, that no such simple arrangement obtained, but that the compass almost everywhere deviated more or less from the true north and south directions. In England it points

about 23° west of the true north. The discovery of the fact was at first hailed as of immense importance to navigation; it was imagined the longitude of a ship at sea might be determined by the declination of the compass alone. It is said that Sebastian Cabot boasted on his death-bed of having this knowledge through "special divine manifestation." The idea of the early navigators can be readily understood. In 1492 Columbus discovered in the Azores a position of *no declination*, or where the compass pointed due noth and south, and it was imagined that the declination increased in a regular manner from this position. Suppose the compass deviated one degree for each 100 miles east or west from this point, then the mariner could easily tell how far he was distant from the point by noting the number of degrees the compass has deviated.

As observations on declination were multiplied, however, the hope of the early navigators was dissipated, for it was found that the phenomenon was exceedingly irregular; and if the points of equal declination were joined by lines, after the manner of geographical meridians, as laid down in maps, these lines were of an exceedingly irregular and wavy form, so that the declination of the compass at any particular spot could only be known by actual observation, and until the whole surface of the world had been mapped out the declination of the needle could not be used as an exact indicator of the longitude.

In 1576 Robert Norman directed attention to the dipping-needle as a means of investigating the distribution of the earth's magnetism. This instrument measures, not the *deviation of the needle from the true north and south line*, but the *inclination or angle which its deviation makes with the horizontal line*, when it is free to move in a *vertical* plane.

This method may be understood if we observe the behavior of such a needle when placed in various positions over a large bar-magnet. When at the centre it will have no dip, but be quite horizontal; but as it is carried toward either pole it will incline more and more, until it becomes vertical at the poles themselves, as illustrated on page 509. The middle point, where the needle is horizontal, may be termed the magnetic equator.

Investigating the earth's magnetism in this way, it was found that the inclination generally increased from the equator to the poles, and sanguine hopes were entertained that the latitude might be determined by its means; just as similar hopes had been entertanied regarding the determination of longitude by means of the declination; but the same cause dissipated the hope in both directions—viz., the extreme irregularity of the distribution of the earth's magnetism. The lines forming the points of equal inclination were found to be as irregular as in the case of declination, and the magnetic equator was not a large regular circle coinciding with the geographical, but passed around the globe, sometimes north and sometimes south of the latter, and cutting it in two, or perhaps four, places, but not coinciding with it to any extent. Locally, however, the inclination may be, and has actually been, used by vessels in darkness or mist to determine whether they were north or south of a port they wished to enter.

By the aid of a dipping-needle, however, the positions of the north and south magnetic poles or points, where its direction is vertical, have been determined. The north magnetic pole is found to be in lititude 75° 5′, and longitude 96° 46′ west, and the south pole in latitude 75°, and longitude 138° east. They are not, therefore, diametrically opposite, and no straight line can be drawn between them and referred to as a magnetic axis analogous to the geographical axis of the earth.

The two methods of investigation just described depends on the *direction* of the needle; a third method, however, due mainly to the illustrious traveler Humboldt, remains to be mentioned. This has reference, not to the direction, but to the *intensity*, of the magnetic force at different parts of the earth's surface. If we cause a magnetic needle to oscillate backward and forward near a large magnet, we shall find these oscillations to increase in rapidity as the needle approaches the magnet or as the strength of the magnetism increases; and we know that the force increases in proportion to the square of the number of oscillations in a given time. Thus, if at one place of the earth's surface the number of oscillations is ten, and at another seven in the same time, we know that the force at the one place is to the force at the other as one hundred is to forty-nine.

The results obtained by investigating the distribution of terrestrial magnetism by this method agree with those obtained by observing the declination and inclination, for while the intensity generally increases from the equator to the poles, the increase shows the same irregularity as observed in the other phenomena.

The study of these various phenomena is greatly complicated by the fact that none of them is constant; they are all subject to incessant change, mostly of a regular periodic character: that is to say, the needle does not always exhibit the same declination or inclination, nor does the intensity of the magnetic force always remain the same at the same place. These changes are ceaseless and complicated, and their study is attended with great difficulty; but as the result of many careful observations, it appears that some of them depend on the time of day, some on the season of the year, etc., while others of a sudden and irregular character, when the needle is simultaneously affected over thousands of miles of the earth's surface, appear to coincide with the outburst of spots upon the sun's surface. In the northern hemisphere the north pole of the needle commences to move westward about 8 A.M., and continues to do so till about 2 P.M., when it turns suddenly, and moves back again toward its starting-point, which it reaches about midnight. During the night it repeats the movement, although on a smaller scale. So regular is the movement, that between the tropics the hour of the day may be known from the position of the compass-needle. Recently another movement, of an analogous nature, but which takes twenty-six days to complete, has been recognized; this time is just about the same as the sun takes to go round its axis. Another periodic movement seems to coincide in time with the eleven-years period of maximum and minimum sun-spots.

Besides these whose periods have been recognized, there is a slow secular change, which has been going on for nearly 300 years, but whose cycle is not yet complete. Thus, in 1657 the compass-needle pointed due north and south at London; since then it has gradually turned westward, and in 1800 it pointed 24° 36′ W., and it is now as gradually returning to the east again. The following table exhibits the character of the change, which is of the same nature as those of the shorter periods.

CHANGE OF DECLINATION AT LONDON.

Year.	*Declination.*	*Year.*	*Declination.*
1580	11° 17′ E.	1760	19° 30′
1622	6 12	1774	22 30
1634	4 5	1790	23 39
1657	0 0	1800	24 36
1666	0 34 W.	1806	24 8
1672	2 30	1815	24 7
1700	9 40	1830	24 11
1720	13 0	1831	24 0
1740	16 10		

The cause of terrestrial magnetism is not yet satisfactorily explained. It is evident that we cannot consider the earth as a body regularly magnetized, but rather as made up of an indefinite number of small magnets, the general result of whose action is directed north and south. Until lately it was supposed that only iron, nickel and cobalt were capable of exhibiting magnetic phenomena, and the magnetism of the earth was attributed to large masses of these existing in the interior of the globe; and, no doubt, there are large mountain masses capable of acting powerfully on the magnetic needle.

The researches, however, of Faraday, Weber and Tyndall have established the fact that all substances are capable of being rendered magnetic, and the phenomena exhibited seem to depend more on the physical state, as regards pressure, etc., than on the chemical nature of the substance. We may, therefore, suppose either that, owing to pressure, etc., the whole body of the earth is rendered magnetic permanently, or that it is rendered temporarily so by the inductive action of some body external to itself. There is one great difficulty in the way of such explanations, however, in the fact that all traces of magnetism disappear from all substances at a high temperature. Thus, iron at a bright red heat ceases to give the least indication of its presence.

As the interior of the earth must be at a very high temperature, it is difficult to understand how it could become magnetic, unless the great pressure modifies the action of heat on magnetism to a large extent.

Many theories have been advanced to account for the variations in the magnetic elements of declination, inclination, and intensity which we have noticed, but none are satisfactory and complete. It is very evident, however, that in this, as well as in many other of the grander phenomena of nature, we must not confine our attention to the earth itself, but must consider the action of external bodies, and especially that of the great centre of the solar system. The coincidence in time of many of the variations with solar phenomena irresistibly leads us to attribute to its action much of what we observe, and we shall point out one or two ways in which that action may be exercised. First, we may suppose the sun itself to be a magnet acting inductively on the earth, and, of course, his varying condition, distance and relative postion, would produce corresponding changes in the earth's magnetism.

To this explanation there are, however, great objections. From the fact we have mentioned—of a high temperature destroying the power of magnetism—it seems almost impossible to conceive that such a body as the sun can be magnetic; and, besides, it has been proved, from a mathematical investigation of the subject by Messrs. Chambers and Stoney that the variations observed in the earth's magnetism cannot be accounted for by the magnetism of the sun or moon, supposing these bodies to be magnetic.

It would seem, therefore, that the sun cannot act in this direct manner. It may act, however, indirectly by means of the heat which it radiates toward the earth's surface. If we take a ring composed of two metals—say iron and copper—joined at two points, and heat one of the junctions while the other is kept cool, we shall find that a current of electricity will circulate round the ring. Now, we know that a current of electricity passing in this way acts exactly like a magnet. It is supposed that the sun acts in this way on the earth as it revolves, causing currents of electricity to circulate on its surface, producing magnetic action. These currents have been proved by observation really to exist, but on measuring them accurately they are also found totally inadequate to explain the phenomena observed.

One of Faraday's most brilliant discoveries—that oxygen gas, which composes about a fifth of our atmosphere, was really capable of being rendered magnetic, like iron—was eagerly seized upon as a possible cause of magnetic variation. He found that the amount of magnetism induced upon oxygen depends on its density; that again depends on its temperature, as it expands when heated, and becomes, of course, less dense. It was conjectured that, being expanded by the sun's heat, its lessened terrestrial magnetic inductive power would react on terrestrial magnetism, and produce the variations observed in the latter. This ingenious explanation cannot be considered as more satisfactory than those already mentioned, as many of the phenomena to be accounted for do not occur at the time nor to the extent we should expect if the explanation were complete.

Recently Professor Balfour Stewart has suggested another possible mode of the sun's indirect action. We know that if any body is moved across magnetic lines of force electricity is developed; and he says that the sun's heat causes convection-currents in the upper regions of the atmosphere, and these currents, cutting through the lines of force of the earth's magnetism, develop electricity, which reacts on the earth and produces the variations of the magnetic elements.

There is no doubt the sun's heat may, and probably does, affect the condition of the earth's magnetism in the indirect ways we have noticed; but no one of them, nor all of them together, seem to offer a satisfactory solution of this very complex problem. They offer no explanation of that slow secular movement we have referred to as having been observed since 1580, and whose cycle is not yet completed.

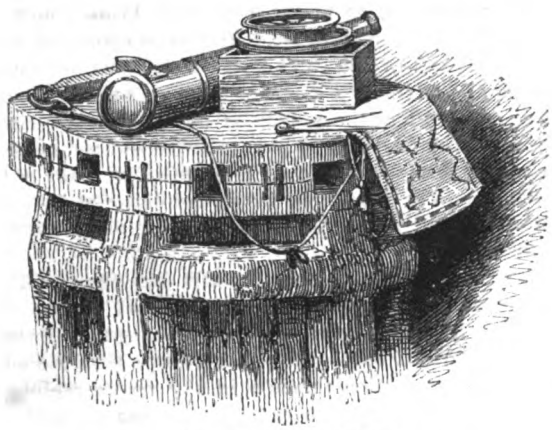
There is also a difficulty in the way of all heat theories in the fact that there is well-marked variation in the earth's magnetism, due to the moon's influence; and as the heat from that satellite is quite inappreciable, it seems impossible that the explanation sought can be found in that agent.

It must be admitted that our knowledge of "terrestrial magnetism" is confined entirely to the observations made in various parts of the earth, and these are by no means complete. We have not as yet mapped out the distribution of the earth's magnetism over its whole surface, but only at isolated stations. We can but hazard a probable conjecture as to the cause of the magnetism itself; but as to its variations, we must confess that all our theories fall short of a complete explanation.

The study of the mysterious movements of the compass-needle has thus led us over a wide field of inquiry; it has shown us that the earth is, indeed, magnetic, but presenting the phenomena of an indefinite collection of small magnets irregularly distributed rather than those of a regular large magnet; it has shown us also that the magnetism is subject to incessant wave-like movements, some of them taking hundreds of years to complete and others only a few hours.

We are obliged to confess our inability to unravel all the mysteries disclosed to us, but we are urged by the attractiveness of the inquiry to pursue our investigation. We feel assured that the sun is in some way connected by a magnetic bond to this little world of ours, as every movement he makes or outburst that takes place on his surface is instantly registered by the tiny needle. Possibly, there may be some hitherto unrecognized form of solar energy yet to be discovered by the student of science; but whether this be so or not, the close connection, if not absolute identity of electricity and magnetism, the probability of light being a magnetic phenomenon, and various other matters, render the inquiry full of promise.

Owing to its practical value in navigation, many governments have lent their aid in investigating this subject, and numerous observatories have been established all over the world, where thousands of observations are made every year by competent workers; and it cannot be long before



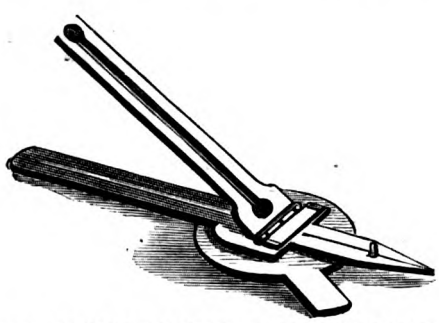
COMPASS AND CAPSTAN.

nature will yield up her secret, as she always does, to persistent and well-directed effort, and then another field will have been wrested from the region of the unknown, and added to the ever-increasing domain of physical science.

The Mariner's Compass and New Adjuster.

The manager of a number of iron steamships once remarked: "Compasses in iron steamships never are, and never will be, correct, and I do not want the compasses of my ships to be so. I forbid my captains to suppose it possible, as they would become careless." There are so many causes for compass errors, that it is a wonder more marine disasters do not occur. Even when correctly adjusted before leaving port, it is a common matter for a compass to increase in error until it varies from four to six points.

Captain H. O. Cook, for many years an officer of the British Navy, has devoted nearly twenty years to the investigation of this subject, and has at length succeeded in devising an apparatus by which a compass may be readjusted at any time and place. Recent experiments have been made in presence of officers of the United States



CAPTAIN COOK'S NEW COMPASS.—THE AZIMUTH INDICATOR.

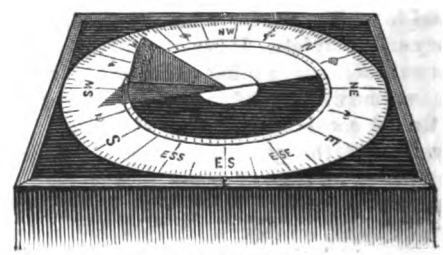
navy, the revenue department and the mercantile marine, and the device met the fullest approbation.

The instrument has the appearance of a compass, but has neither magnetic needle nor swinging card, but is simply a mechanical and scientific instrument, with a movable gnomon adjusted to each latitude. The degrees are cut on an outer circle, just as an azimuth would be; an inner circle is marked with the variations and declinations. A movable disk is set by a table, calculated for the hours and minutes, and when the sun passing over the gnomon cuts the edge of the movable disk, the shadow gives the true north, and the compass can unerringly be adjusted therefrom. Another arrangement which proves the accuracy of this is likewise attached; and at night the stars can be also observed, and the adjustments made from one of them with equal facility. The ease by which it is operated and the substantial simplicity of its construction are its chief merits, while its perfect accuracy in results must convince the most skeptical of its utility.

THE EDITOR'S OPERA-GLASS.

The "nut-brown mayde," October, finds us at the end of a very hot Summer. Never did the pleasure-seekers by the sea suffer so much, and even Newport was very warm. The first part of the season was virtually ruined by the heat; the latter part rendered delightful by the coolness. The President's visit to Governor Morgan was a splendid event for even Fashion's high abiding-place, and there are a thousand reasons why society should greet President Arthur with much distinction, for he is making the social atmosphere of the White House most attractive by his own entertainments and highbred courtesy.

As the anniversaries came about, all reflecting people remembered the effect produced upon Newport during the sad Summer of 1881 as Garfield lay dying. How different the fates of the two men! Over one, destiny held a pall;



CAPTAIN COOK'S ADJUSTER.

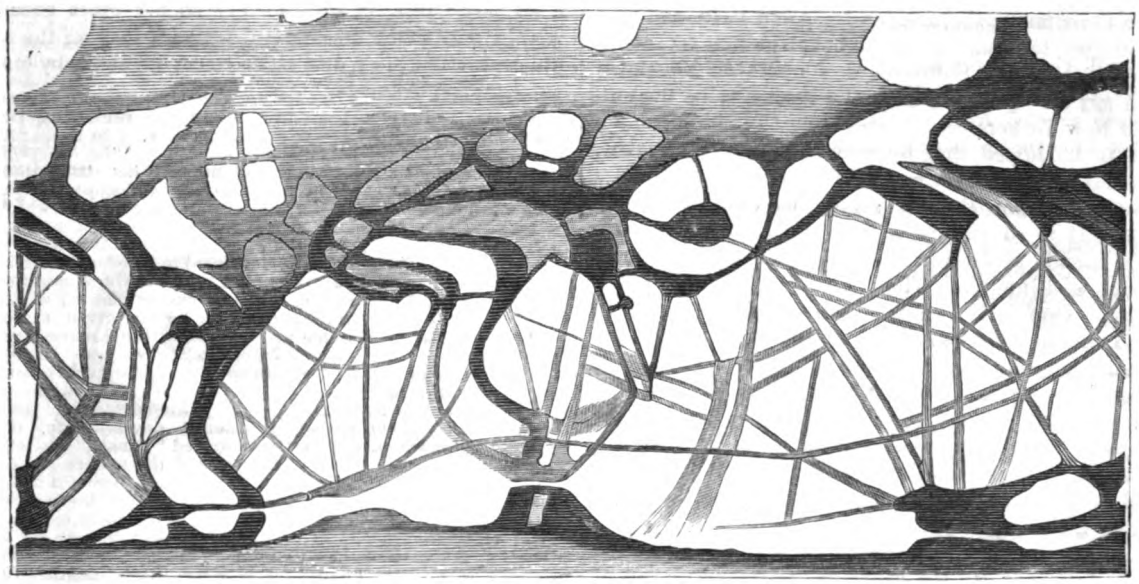
over the other, the purple canopy of success. The one was called to martyrdom; the other to triumph. What seer could have foretold that at Chicago!

Congress sat late, nor left a very brilliant record behind it. No body of representatives were ever so severely criticised. Especially do the naval officers reprobate that Bill which made so many of them lose years of promotion. The gallant Captain Selfridge, of the Torpedo Station, is put back for six years—a most undesirable event.

The death of General Gouverneur Kemble Warren stirred the hearts of the people as few events have done since the war. He was relieved of his command on the battle-field by Sheridan, as it must be remembered, and, as he thought, most unjustly. Indeed, the world thought that Sheridan acted hastily. Since that day the proud soldier sought redress, but in vain. He worked, earned money, lived but for that purpose. A highly educated officer, most thoroughly acquainted with his profession, he was placed after the war at the highly desirable post of engineer-officer in command of the Department of the East, with headquarters at Newport, in a romantic old mansion in Newport, where Washington received Rochambeau. Here, with an attractive family, a delightful social position, General Warren seemed to have entered upon a happy and useful life. His great professional skill brought him in fresh triumphs daily. But the wound rankled. He was the slave of an *idée fixe*,

Restoration to his rank, the wrongs of eighteen years righted, the apology of his superior officer, all were his due, he thought. Finally, after years of waiting, expense, trouble, courts of inquiry, he failed. He died of that old-fashioned malady, a broken heart, and now the country says, "Alas! poor Warren! he asked for bread—they will give him a stone." It is one of those pitiful cases where there is no one to blame. But, oh! the pity of it!

Over the water, one listened amid the Summer days for the guns which opened on the Aboukir forts, which re-echoed to our shores before they began!—such are the mysteries of Time and the telegraph—and burned with indignation over the case of Mr. Dwyer Gray, in Dublin. The high position of the gentleman, and his good character, seems to have been so thoroughly established, that he should have been pardoned a much more heinous offense than the disparaging of a drunken jury. But whom the gods would destroy they first make mad, so we cannot but dread that the vengeance of the gods is bespoken for those who so misgovern and misunderstand Ireland.



RECENTLY DISCOVERED CANALS IH THE PLANET MARS.— SEE NEXT PAGE.

Miss Fanny Parnell, a most interesting but misguided enthusiast, died in America since our last glance at the world. The Parnell ladies are all interesting, and have much of their old American grandfather, Commodore Stewart, in their veins. But the wrongs of Ireland have driven them over to Communism, and one regrets to read that Miss Fanny Parnell consorted with Louise Michel, in Paris. She was a poetess of no mean ability, and a noble woman. It is not the least painful side of the wrongs of Ireland that they had nearly driven such a woman mad. As for Mr. Gray's sentence, the *Freeman's Journal* remarks: "It is absolutely unparalleled. He only received notice of the nature of the proceedings against him on Tuesday evening, and was without any time to prepare his defense, which would probably have consisted of affidavits sustaining the truth of his published assertions. If his imprisonment tends in any way toward the reform of legal abuses or the greater freedom of the press, he will cheerfully endure it." When we read that this gentleman was taken to jail between a tremendous hollow square of mounted scarlet English soldiers, we do not wonder that Ireland writhes.

All these mistakes should make Matthew Arnold more lenient toward America, and yet the author of "Sweetness and Light" comes down upon us severely, quoting the *Atlantic Monthly*, the New York *Nation*, and, we are sorry to say, Mr. Lowell, as amongst the disparagers of our nationality. He takes his descriptions of American social life from some town near Denver, which cannot be held as typical, and while scolding, denouncing, and vilifying American civilization, he says, demurely, that he is only "holding a friendly conversation with American lovers of human life." This should for ever shut all doors against Matthew Arnold in America. Emerson said of an Englishman, "When he speaks directly of the Americans, the Islander forgets his philosophy and remembers his disparaging anecdotes." Mr. Arnold even enters into other and less philosophical statements. "A community which can barely find time for sleep or meals; that men have their hats tipped at every angle except the right one, and their feet anywhere but on the floor," etc., etc. (This from a country which has sent us an Oscar Wilde!) All this reminds us of an anecdote which had much interest for us at the time. An American lady went to the "Zoo," on a Sunday afternoon, with Sir John Bowring, twelve years ago. He had been everywhere else, but never in America. He was on this particular Sunday led by his companion through rows of hideously-dressed Englishwomen into a group of beautiful and well-dressed Americans. He thought they were brilliant young countrywomen of his own, of the "Prince of Wales's set," which set the old scholar did not know at all, and he turned admiringly to the lady on his arm, saying, "I suppose, you find the women here remarkably well dressed; they get all their fashions from Paris, it is so near! Now, America is so far, that you rarely can see a Paris fashion, I suppose."

When the lady told him that every well-dressed woman he saw was an American, and that all New York imported French fashions, the old Chinese scholar looked amazed. But to English misappreciation of America we must learn to submit. There is no balm in Gilead for that.

Prince Bismarck, meantime, discourses thus of Austria: "Austria will have to share the dangers created for Europe by the connection between Russia and France, and must avert them by timely sacrifices by either making concessions in Italy for advantages to be obtained in Germany, or else strengthening herself against attacks by treaties with other Powers. I believe she will choose the

first alternative, and that she will try to gain Russia's confidence by a personal change of ministry. Austria will only in case of utmost necessity avail herself of our or of English support. If she should endeavor to make us guarantee her foreign possessions by new treaties, I do not believe she would use such a treaty for any other purpose than to parade it on the diplomatic field to her advantage and to our injury. Even supposing that arrogance and hatred should allow the Vienna Cabinet to ask for English assistance, or to have the hereditary imperial provinces protected by Russia, Austria is, on the other hand, even strengthened by an alliance with us and with England, too cautious to engage in a serious struggle against France and Russia if it can be avoided *per fas et nefas*. She will consider the party of the Teutonic nations too weak for her to join, and, in my opinion, *she will be right in this respect.*"

A concession! Proud Prince Bismarck! The whole European world is thus by the ears, and we see nothing for any of them, or all of them, but trouble, expense and war.

Tant mieux pour nous. All the singing-birds, disturbed by conflict, are coming over here. Nilsson and Patti, and even Mrs. Langtry, too! and we are to have the first representation of Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera on November 7th. A gay and prosperous Winter seems to be the outlook for New Yorkers.

It is to be hoped that we may, before another year, receive our promised statue of Liberty, by Bartholdi—a generous gift from France, asking us only to raise a pedestal. It is so enormous that the sculptor asked a party of friends to dine in the thigh. The banquet was successful and unique. The guests walked in by the right toe. One laid himself down comfortably inside a toe. Ladders conveyed them all the way up the calf, and finally deposited them where a temporary platform had been constructed. Soon they expect to enjoy a banquet in the head. Those travelers who have been so fortunate as to travel up the colossal statue of Carlo Borromeo, on Lake Maggiore, will remember the vast sensations enjoyed in that immense figure, and the beautiful prospect from the colossal eyes.

Fashion has made a step backward; all the new gowns are made to lace down the back. The lovely Princess of Wales will wear only long dresses. Her walk is said to be more graceful in consequence. "A rapid, gliding step, so different from the springy, Dutch doll step that has come in with short dresses." The Autumn coolness has brought back the pretty fashion of white-silk waistcoats under tweed jackets. Buttons with impressions from antique seal-rings, in graduated sizes, are the most elegant. Some hunting Dianas wear buttons with foxes, heads, horses, stirrups, dogs, whip and spur, and jockey cap. The button! always the button, an important connection between the waistcoat and the color of the jacket. Red geraniums and white chrysanthemums—any yellow flower that can be found—and golden-rod and aster are the fashionable bouquets for October.

The appointment of W. W. Astor, Esq., for the Roman mission has met with universal favor. Mr. Astor is a very good linguist, although scarcely rivaling the extraordinary capacity of Hon. George P. Marsh, his predecessor, who spoke twenty-eight dialects; but Mr. Astor has much knowledge of foreign life, has a large fortune, a beautiful wife, and every social consideration in his favor.

New York has had to mourn the loss of a most distinguished, valued and charitable citizen, Frederick de Peyster, Esq., who died calmly at the advanced age of 85. Mr. de Peyster has held more offices in literary and charitable institutions than any man except General Dix. Belonging to the "Brahmin class," he was always the friend of the people, and in the close of his eighty-five years a noble and a lovely career of unblemished usefulness is ended.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

RECENT DISCOVERIES IN THE PLANET MARS.—An intended article, of which an announcement appeared in *Nature* a few weeks back, on the topography of Mars, as delineated for the second time by Prof. Schiaparelli, at Milan, during the opposition of 1879-80, has been anticipated, and in part superseded by information which has been received relative to the more recent discoveries made by him in the beginning of the present year. Pending the preparation of a fuller and more detailed memoir, he has published a preliminary notice, read before the Academia dei Lincei, on March 5th, and accompanied by a photographed drawing of the planet's surface. The results are of a very remarkable and unexpected character; and as through the courtesy of this distinguished observer, the notice and photograph have been placed in my hands, I am induced to reproduce the latter, which, though not pretending to minute accuracy (the original, in fact, is only a provisional sketch), will give a sufficient idea of the marvelous duplication of the so-called "canals," which, between January 19th and February 24th, in about twenty instances, unfolded itself progressively under the observer's eye. The discussion which took place at the late meeting of the Astronomical Society, so far as my information extends, substantiated strongly by independent evidence, the existence of these long, narrow streaks, some of them even in positions where they have not been delineated by Schiaparelli; but their duplication by similar and parallel lines does not seem to have been elsewhere noticed. Some difference of opinion may possibly be expected concerning these strange appearances; and the consequent enfeebling (to say the least of it) of the long-admitted terrestrial analogy may be, to some minds, unacceptable; but the established reputation of the observer demands, at any rate, a respectful attention to his statements. It may be preferable to suspend a more detailed account till we receive a full elucidation of the subject in the memoir, of which we possess only a preliminary notice; for the present it may suffice to mention that he found the atmosphere of Mars apparently clearer than in 1877, and was thus enabled to recover the markings then detected more satisfactorily even than in 1879-80, and to confirm the general accuracy of his two earlier charts; while the concise, but very clear intimations that he has given, as to the variable brightness of some great regions, the progressive enlargement on one side, since 1879, of the "Kaiser Sea" (his Syrtis Magna), the brightening of certain supposed continents or islands toward the limbs, the confirmed existence of oblique white streaks, the unfolding of minute labyrinthine detail, and the continuous development already mentioned, day after day, of the collateral lines which double the so-called "canals," and extend with them ordinarily along great circles of the sphere—all these, and similar announcements make us anxiously desire a more extended and detailed communication. For some of these most remarkable appearances parallels may be, to a certain extent, produced from the results of earlier observers; but, so far as at present appears, the duplication stands alone. The discoverer is disposed to infer a connection between these progressive developments and the seasons of the planet, and on that account hopes that, owing to the position of the axis at the ensuing opposition at the opening of 1884, notwithstanding the diminished diameter (only 12″·9), confirmation of his announcements may be obtained from other observers. We sincerely trust that a report which has reached us may be verified as to the erection of a much larger telescope in the Royal Observatory at Milan, and that the extraordinary talent and diligence of the director may be richly rewarded, not only by the confirmation, but the extension of results which must so materially influence our conclusions as to the physical condition of this peculiarly interesting planet.

SIGNOR BONCELLI, of the Italian Parliament, has devised a simple and practical method of voting by electricity. Each member of the house has in front of him a metal plate bearing his name or number, on which are three buttons marked respectively "Yea," "No" and "Abstain." The buttons are connected with a central printing apparatus, which prints in three separate columns the yeas, nays and abstentions, according to the button touched by the members, while, with every addition to each column, the sum of the votes in the column is automatically recorded.

THE proportion of salt in the water of the ocean varies greatly in different localities. M. de la Grye has made a series of observations on the subject, in which—among many interesting results—he has found that the saltness diminishes rapidly as a coast is approached, due, probably, to the freshening by rivers discharging into the sea. The salt also lessens on the approach of icebergs. These facts would seem to have an important bearing on navigation, as in bad weather tests of the saltness of sea-water might enable the mariner to avoid running into unseen coasts or icebergs.

DR. L. RICCIARDI has analyzed six specimens of the lava ejected from Ætna in 1669, taken at different depths of one and the same stream, and in the same perpendicular plain. He found the only difference to consist in the different proportions of iron in the highest stage of oxidation.

M. CAILLETET has invented a new pump for compressing gases to a high degree of compression. The main point in its construction is the method by which he obviates the existence of useless space between the end of the piston-plunger and the valve, which closes the end of the cylinder. This he accomplishes by inverting the cylinder and covering the end of the plunger with a considerable quantity of mercury. This liquid piston can, of course, adapt itself to all the inequalities of form of the interior space, and sweeps up every portion of the gas, and presses it up a conical passage into the valve. The valve by which the air enters the body of the pump is opened by a cam-gearing after the descent of the piston below point where the air rushes in.

A NEW explosive, called "dynamogen," is claimed by its inventor, U. Petrie, of Vienna, to be superior in nearly every respect to gunpowder—it is cheaper, safer and more effective, while it contains no substance which can injure the guns. In view of the announcement of so many new and greatly superior explosives, it seems a little singular that the old-fashioned gunpowder—first used at a period so remote that its origin cannot be traced—should be the chief dependence of modern artillery.

MAGNESIA in limestone, M. Pichard says, is quickly detected by its alkaline reaction. If the stone, when pulverized, does not at once react upon red litmus paper, a portion is heated on platinum-foil at the spirit-lamp to the temperature below dull redness. Pure limestone remains unchanged, but if the one-ten-thousandth part of magnesia is present an alkaline reaction takes place.

COMPOUND armor-plates—iron faced with steel—will very probably be adopted by the French Government for new men-of-war. The steel resists penetration, and the iron backing gives the required tenacity. Steel alone when struck fractures and falls to pieces. Heavy shot easily passes through a considerable thickness of iron. Iron and steel combined make a surprisingly strong resistance to projectiles.

M. D'ABBADIE, in a letter to the Paris Geographical Society, suggests the use of sulphurous fumigation as a protection against malarial influences in tropical countries. The elephant-hunters of Abyssinia, when they descend to the damp lowlands, resort to this hygienic process, to which they ascribe their immunity from fever. M. d'Abbadie suggests a trial by European explorers.

DR. SCHWEINFURTH has succeeded in freshening and preserving many of the leaves and flowers from garlands found in the breasts of mummies discovered last year at Dier el Bahari. A small herbarium is thus formed from plants which grew thirty-five centuries ago. A number of the species have been identified with those now found in the East.

IT is stated, according to Mr. Lockyer, the English astronomer, that the Egyptians have recorded 373 solar and 832 lunar eclipses. Mr. Lockyer thinks the statement correct, as the proportions are exact, and the eclipses of the sun and moon would reach the respective numbers given in a period of twelve or thirteen centuries.

SOON THE work of reclaiming the Zuyder Zee will begin. A dike of twenty-four and a half miles is to be made of sand, faced with clay, and so high that it will be six and a half feet above the greatest tide level. The time for the completion of this undertaking is estimated at from seven to ten years, and the cost about $40,000,000.

GLASS-SPINNING and glass-flower manufacture is a very extensive branch of the Austrian glass industry. It is now so developed that a petroleum flame gives some 1,550 yards of glass thread every minute, that are woven not only for glass cloths, etc., but also for watch-chains, brushes, etc.

A NEW screw, adapted to be put in position by driving, has been invented, and is said to enter the wood without tearing the grain. A cone-point is used instead of the gimlet-point, and the screw-thread has such a pitch that it drives in barb fashion, and once in position is very difficult to remove.

YEAST mixed with about one-eighth of pure glycerine will keep well for a long time if placed in a cool cellar or chamber.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

PAYING a debt the moment it is due beats the best mercantile agency.

"I PUT outside my window a large box, filled with mold, and sowed it with seed. What do you think came up?" "Wheat, barley, or oats?" "No, a policeman, who ordered me to remove it."

A DEFINITION.

WHAT is "vicissitude?"—
This to elicit you'd
Doubtless expect in a trice;
But I frankly confess it's
Beyond me, unless it's
The French for "study for vice."

WHEN the wife of a candidate begins already to pay back tea and coffee borrowed six years ago, it may be set down as a fixed fact that her husband will make the race even if he fails to get the regular party nomination.

A LUCKLESS LOVER.

WE crossed the pasture-land together;
I knew that now my time drew near,
And hastened, longing for the moment,
Yet lingering, holding back in fear.

I wished the sunshine would not flicker
Across the river on my eyes;
Then hers she shaded with her bonnet—
How could I talk through that disguise?

I wished the catbird would not whistle,
I paused till he grew tired and still;
And then the frogs took up the music,
And lambs came bleating from the hill.

Now all was silent; in the stubble
The crickets even held their peace;
But yet I waited, wishing only
That all the crickets would not cease.

I saw the gateway as we neared it,
I shaped my mouth and formed the word,
When from the bonnet but demurely,
A little laugh I thought I heard.

A plowboy passing smiled and nodded,
I bit my lip and blushed for shame;
Then stopped to pick a blood-red berry—
'Twas sour, and speechless I became.

I leaned upon the bars; she fluttered
A farewell signal back to me;
I turned, I staggered from the roadway,
Gray fog came drifting from the sea.

"PA, what kind of whisky do the doctors prescribe?" "Monongahealy, my son, Monongahealy. You shouldn't try your experienced old father with such easy ones."

"IT is strange," said an unsophisticated child, "that everybody gets taffy after they're dead." "Why, what on earth do you mean?" exclaimed the unsophisticated child's mamma. "I mean epitaph-y," answered the unsophisticated child.

"HI! where did you get them trousers?" asked an Irishman of a man who happened to be passing, with a remarkably short pair of trousers. "I got them where they grew," was the indignant reply. "Then, by my conscience!" said Pat, "you've pulled them a year too soon."

"I SHOULD so like to have a coin dated the year of my birth," said a maiden lady of uncertain age to a male acquaintance. "Do you think you could get one for me?" "I am afraid not," he replied. "These very old coins are only to be found in valuable collections." And yet he cannot see why, when he met the lady the next day, she didn't speak to him.

SAID a singer to a farmer: "I would like to engage board with you for a month." The husbandman looked at him a moment, then asked, "What do you do for a livin'?" "Oh, I sing in a church choir in the city." "You do, eh? Well, you can't board with me." "Why not?" gasped the wondering warbler. "'Cause," replied the soil-tiller, "the last fellow who boarded with me was a singer, and he had such a thunderin' bass voice that every time he growled all the milk in the cellar turned sour."

A DARKY came to a Galveston justice of the peace and asked him for a warrant for the arrest of Jim Webster. "What's he done?" "He stole my chickens. Dar's de fedders in his yard." "How do you know those feathers belonged to your chickens?" "I kin prove it by Colonel Jones, but I doesn't like to have him brung into court, 'case he is modest-like." "What's the matter with Colonel Jones?" "Nothing, boss; but to tell de troof, eber since I stole his chickens I loses all confidence in de man as soon as he looks me squar' in de face."

THE PUNSTER GOES BUGGY RIDING.

"SUPPOSE," he said, in accents soft,
"A fellow just like me
Should axle little girl to wed—
What would the answer be?"

The maiden drops her liquid eyes—
Her smiles with blushes mingle—
"Why seek the bridal halter when
You may live on, sur, cingle?"

And then he spoke: "Oh, be my bride,
I ask you once again;
You are the empress of my heart,
And there shall ever rein!"

"I'll never tire of kindly deed
To win your gentle heart,
And saddle be the shaft that rends
Our happy lives apart!"

Upon her cheeks the maiden felt
The mantling blushes glow—
She took him for her faithful hub,
To share his wheel or whoa!

EDITHA.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

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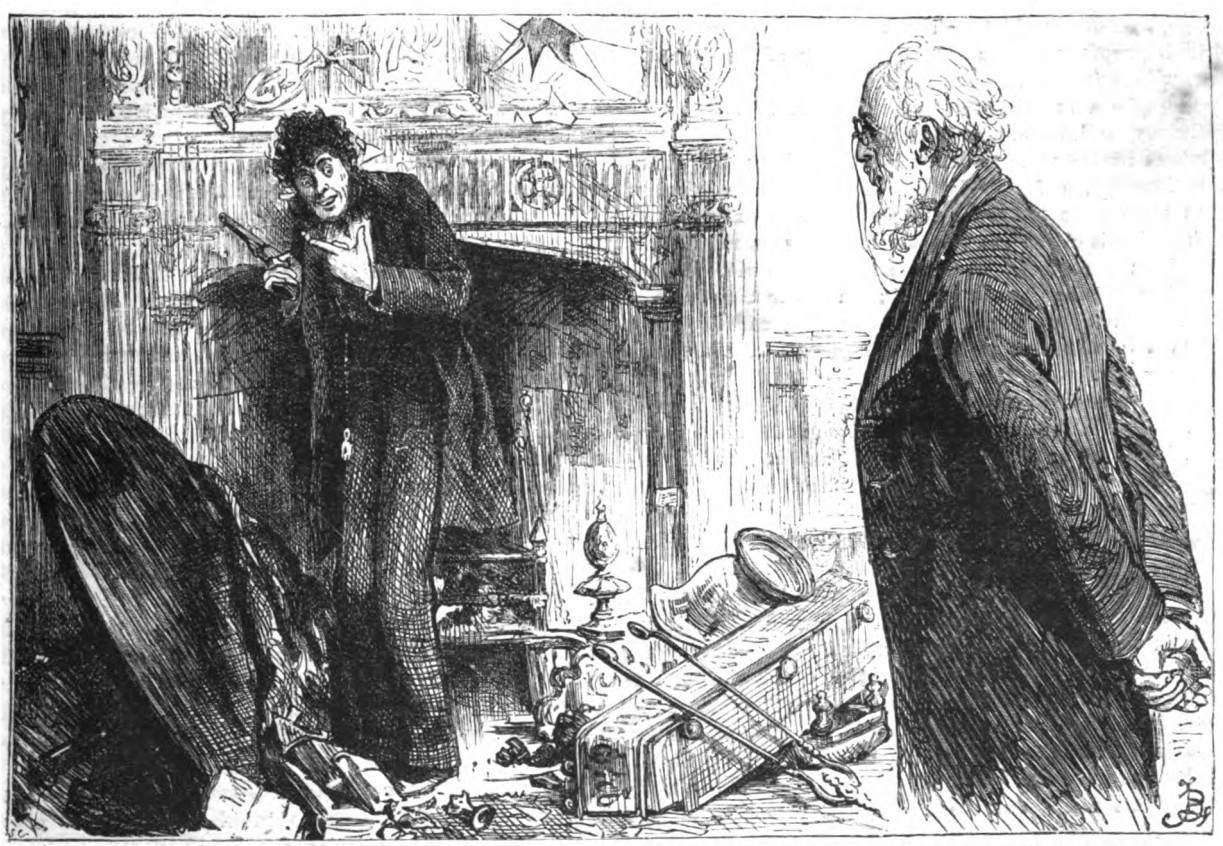
HOW TO DECIDE THAT A MAN IS INSANE, AND HOW TO TREAT HIM IF HE IS.

EVER since the immortal author of "Don Quixote" presented a type of mental aberration, in which natural shrewdness and sound sense blended with the craziest ideas drawn from fiction, the borderland between reason and insanity has been a subject of study.

Cervantes wrote after witnessing many cases of insanity, and the delineation of the gentleman of La Mancha shows the result of examination.

Insanity is very deceptive. It seems to sharpen natural shrewdness and cunning, so that at times it will puzzle the most expert practitioner. The wife of a member of Parliament sent once most urgently for a famous London physician. He responded, but soon after being announced was met in the drawing-room by the gentleman himself, who expressed his gratification on his timely call. He had been about to summon him, for he was extremely anxious about his wife. He was convinced that she was becoming mentally unsound, and wished the physician's opinion in regard to her, and the best treatment to be adopted. He was calm, clear and able, as he had shown himself on the floor of the House of Commons. He left the room to send his wife to the drawing-room. She entered in a few minutes, flying rather than walking, her attire disordered, her eyes bloodshot, her whole person showing extraordinary excitement, and a neglect of all that care for personal appearance that seems inherent in a lady. In somewhat disconnected phrases she began to tell her trouble. Her husband, gifted, talented, was evidently from overwork becoming insane. She began to describe his acts showing an unbalanced mind. The physician was astounded. Each asserted the other to be insane. To all appearance the calm, dignified husband was in full



"THE HUSBAND, IN A PAROXYSM OF MANIA, STANDING IN THE WRECKED DRAWING-ROOM, STILL HOLDING A PISTOL WHICH HE HAD DISCHARGED AT AN IMAGINARY FOE IN THE MANTEL MIRROR."

possession of his faculties, while in the wife reason had lost the balance of decision.

He urged her to calmness, assuring her that there was no immediate danger, and insisting on the necessity of care for herself if any trouble was at hand, prescribed an anodyne for her, to be taken immediately.

Proceeding to other calls, he returned in an hour to find the lady calm and free from excitement, the husband in a paroxysm of mania, standing in the wrecked drawing-room still holding a pistol which he had discharged at an imaginary foe in the mantel mirror. There was no longer any doubt. Though he had spoken in the House within twenty-four hours, showing a complete mastery of an intricate question, and its multiform statistics, insanity had been coming on, and the faithful wife, watching him daily, taxed her nervous system so severely that her condition seemed to indicate insanity rather than his.

Within the past year the country has had many cases brought to public notice where the debatable land between reason and unreason has been the subject of earnest debate and discussion. The long, strange trial of Guiteau was, in the main, an examination into his mental condition at the time he committed his murderous act. Eminent physicians, accustomed for years to the management of the insane, even after personal examination of the man and a study of his previous life, differed utterly in their decision. And though the jury finally held that the proof of his insanity had not been full and clear, and that he was sane when he shot President Garfield, the question is still in debate, and the microscopic examination of his brain is appealed to as proof that he was not a responsible person.

Whether a person is or is not insane, then, is a question of great difficulty, if doctors differ, and the only sure test is a microscopic examination of the brain, which, of course, is impossible in a living subject.

Yet in real life every day men and women are adjudged insane, and deprived of their liberty and the management of their property, after a hurried and superficial examination, with no guarantee for the interests of the person alleged to be a lunatic, no opportunity for him to call in testimony, and, in fact, no appeal.

Where insanity shows itself, or eccentricity that simulates insanity, a family is thrown into great confusion. Then statements will often be excited and exaggerated. A physician is called in; the suspected person resents the intrusion; if naturally choleric he will show violence. A second physician is summoned; on their certificate a judge at Chambers, hearing only one side, can declare a person a lunatic, and appoint a committee of his person and property.

This may be done where all are acting perfectly in good faith. But where the object is to get control of the property of a severe but eccentric relative, and cunning is employed to deceive and mislead the medical men called in, the case is environed with difficulty.

In one case in New Jersey a lawyer of ability was taken from his house and conveyed to an asylum. There had been family troubles, he was eccentric, and at times carried his severity to an extent that bordered on violence. He took his confinement calmly, and while steps were taking to bring his case before the courts in such a manner as to insure a full and clear examination, he continued in the asylum his study of a case that he was to argue in one of the highest courts of New York State, and his arguments attested not only the soundness and vigor of his mind, but the fidelity and accuracy of his memory.

The most remarkable of the cases recently brought before the courts was that of McNamara. He had been beaten by two roughs, political hangers-on, probably, and had made a complaint against them. To prevent his appearance in the case, or his institution of any civil action, they contrived by some stratagem to entrap him into a carriage and drive him off to an insane asylum, where he was confined for more than a year, although perfectly sane; yet by some means the certificates and order were obtained.

In a series of cases brought before the New York courts there was not one in which actual insanity could be established, and in every case the supposed lunatic was restored to liberty, free to recover any of his property that had not been squandered by his committees.

The loss in that way is often very great. In a case some years ago a great cotton operator was committed to Bloomingdale Asylum, and though his detention lasted only a few weeks—his counsel, one of the ablest members of the New York bar, showing conclusively that, though subject to delusions on two points (a supposed knowledge of French and music), he was in all business matters a man of wonderful ability, not only fully competent to manage his business, but capable of managing transactions that few men could conduct successfully—the committee, from lack of that very business ability, had lost several hundred thousand dollars.

The supposed lunatic, somewhat tartly, asked the Court to send the committee to an asylum, as he had shown beyond all peradventure that he was utterly unfit to manage his own affairs or other people's.

Mere delusions, loss of memory, queer fancies, are not enough to constitute insanity. Unless the delusions or fancies are the outgrowth of a long career of depravity, and a life showing no moral restraint or control; unless they show a tendency to injure the life or property of the person himself or of others, there ought to be great hesitation in depriving the individual of his liberty and the control of his property or business. So long as he can conduct himself without danger to himself and others, observing the usual decencies of life, and can follow his ordinary avocations, he should not be deprived of liberty and subjected to enforced idleness.

Society can call for a suspension of personal liberty when, from unbalanced reason, that liberty is abused to the injury of others, or the danger of such abuse is so proximate as to require immediate action.

A reform in the ordinary proceedings *de lunatico inquirendo* seems imperatively demanded. Where the case requires immediate action, and violence can be shown, or circumstances that make it so probable as to render delay dangerous, an immediate commitment may be allowed. In the unhappy cases where insanity is hereditary, and friends have lived for years in constant watchfulness, dreading and watching the symptoms which, they feel almost certain, will sooner or later manifest themselves, preliminary proofs can be made without leaving everything to the last moment, when the outburst of insanity, sudden, though expected, fills a household with alarm. But the commitment of a person as a lunatic ought to be only preliminary and temporary, as a precautionary step to a full, thorough examination of each case, and in every instance the accused ought to be represented by counsel, selected by him or appointed by the court, with power to call a certain number of experts, and the right of submitting the case to a jury.

This preliminary commitment, resembling that of a magistrate in regard to one accused of crime, will give ample scope for calm investigation, and will defeat nefarious plans where a person not actually insane is accused.

Where in such a case a person has been treated covertly with drugs, and their effect at the time is mistaken for real insanity, the temporary detention will allow detection of its influence and the recovery of the patient, before he is actually deprived of liberty by a final decision of the Court.

In other words, such an examination as is now obtainable only by *Habeas Corpus* proceedings, in rare cases and with great difficulty, ought to be had in every case before the granting of the writ.

Of the three rights which the Declaration of our Independence declared to be inalienable, and which it is the primary duty of all good government to insure—Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness—two are directly assailed and insidiously attacked by the present loose system of consigning persons to insane asylums, on an ex-parte motion before a judge at Chambers without publicity, on the mere certificate of two physicians who perhaps never made insanity a special study, or had a real case in their practice.

During the Summer, as the daily journals detailed case after case, public attention was aroused, and the necessity for some legislative action was generally admitted. Unfortunately, the public feeling is apt to be evanescent, and when the legislatures meet, unless some concerted action is taken, the subject will probably be overlooked or put aside for the manœuvres of party or monopoly, and the real interests of a large class of our people be ignored, till some terrible catastrophe forces it on legislative bodies in a peremptory form that will prevent all further delay.

The necessity of wide and full legislation in regard to insanity concerns the people of this country in an especial degree from the rapid increase of real cases. In no part of the world is there so much mental activity, and in none do people live under such a constant strain of excitement. New England shows a very great amount of insanity; and the whole system of life among us predisposes and accelerates mental disorders. Nervous diseases prevail to an unprecedented degree—neuralgia, hysteria, chorea, epilepsy and catalepsy; and all, by weakening the brain, tend more or less directly to bring about the condition most apt to result in insanity.

If the disease ended its course when the sufferer breathed his last, the question of insanity would not rise to the importance of a national one; but, unfortunately, insanity descends, as all scientific writers admit. It is almost certain to reappear, if not in the patient's children, at least in some succeeding generation. The proportion of cases of insanity into which hereditary taint enters is variously stated by the authorities, some placing it as high as sixty-nine per cent., others as low as twenty-six. "Authors," says Dr. Maudsley, "are not agreed as to the proportion of cases of insanity in which positive hereditary taint is detectable; some, like Moreau, putting it as high as nine-tenths, others as low as one-tenth. The most careful researches fix the proportion as not lower than one-fourth, if not so high as one-half; and there can be no doubt that the tendency is to increase the proportion, as investigation becomes more certain and exact."

If the insanity is hereditary in more than one-fourth of the actual cases, and the children of persons afflicted with nervous diseases are predisposed to mental unsoundness, there is enough scope for all our benevolence in the care of the actually insane, without, by negligence, rashness or injustice, classing with these unfortunate people persons still able to care for themselves and their families.

"More than 60,000 otherwise happy homes in the United States are to-day made wretched and sad by the fact that one of its beloved members is deprived of reason, perhaps kept within the family precincts, to the fear and discomfort of all the other members, at an expense ill-afforded, or, what is still more likely, a suffering, neglected inmate of some wretched, God-forsaken poorhouse, abandoned by hope, and waiting that relief which death, sooner or later, brings to all. Our noble palatial State lunatic asylums give shelter and care to 7,000 of this unfortunate class; but there are 60,000 others of the same class, a majority of whom are inmates of poorhouses and jails, and the numbers are increasing far more rapidly than provision for their relief. These facts" (continues Dr. Charles A. Lee) "certainly deserve not only the attention of medical men, but of governments and legislators, for no civilization can be called advanced, or worthy a religious people, that leaves its poor insane in a more wretched condition than its domestic animals."

Spirituous liquors, morphine, ether, chloral, licentiousness, all swell the army of the insane. Domestic infelicity, loss of property, the terrors of the wreck at sea, or collision on land, all play their part in unsettling our boasted human reason; and even religion, the balm and comforter of trouble, man's greatest stay on earth, when the mind is given to it too absorbingly, makes man no longer a reasoning and resonable creature.

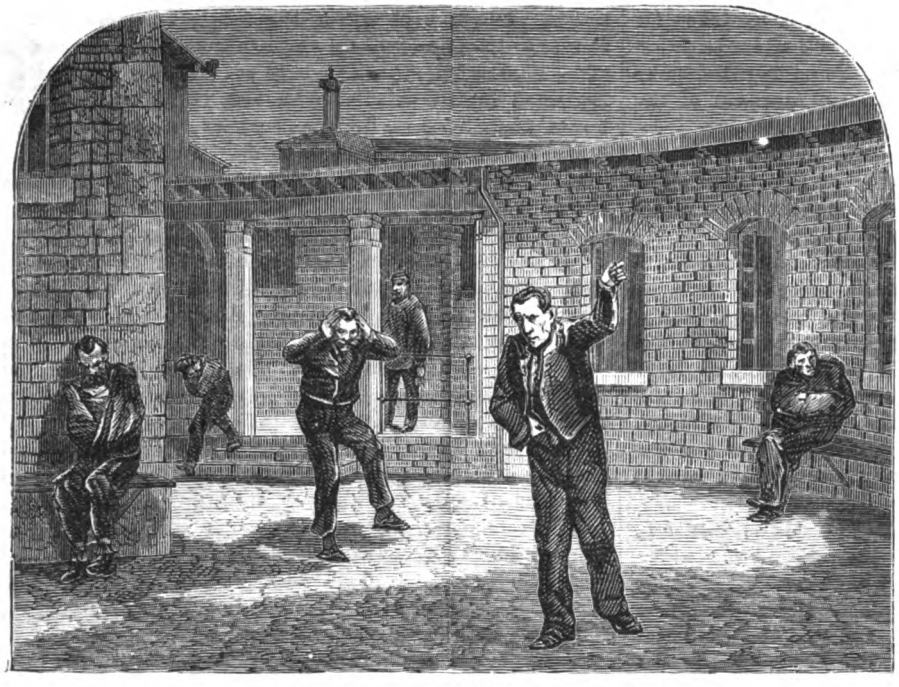
There is in many not suspected of insanity morbid impulse that often resembles unsoundness. There are many who cannot look down from a high rock, window or tower, without feeling a morbid impulse to throw themselves down; in a healthy person this impulse is controlled; in the weak it may control. Others, at the sight of a rapidly advancing railroad train, feel an impulse to cast themselves before it, and the momentary insanity arising from morbid impulse is undoubtedly the explanation of many cases of suicide.

There is, then, much real insanity; there are, unfortunately, cases where persons of sound mind are, through ignorance, haste or malice, committed as insane and deprived of liberty. Yet there is still another class of cases, where a commitment for insanity is submitted to willingly by a perfectly sane person to escape either punishment at the hands of justice or the loss of social reputation for some delinquency. Such cases occur, as legal practitioners know. Public prosecution has been prevented or suspended by the prompt action of friends in having the guilty person judicially declared to be *non compos mentis;* the wrong is redressed, the injured person compensated, and when the matter is forgotten, the individual is discharged as cured. A family will sometimes see no other way to avoid disgrace than by confining an erring member in an asylum to disarm the harsh censure of a world not given to view too indulgently any faults but its own.

Much as we may sympathize with families thus cruelly placed, we cannot feel inclined to wink at such a course, and with this matter of insanity formed into a special branch of judicial investigation and treatment, it will be rendered nearly impossible, except where extraordinary powers of simulation are possessed or acquired, as is often the case with malingerers in the army, who, in their schemes to obtain a discharge, outwit the keenest surgeons.

The question of insanity is thus one of growing importance, and though in earlier times it occupied a small and insignificant place in the course of legislation and judicature, it now requires full and careful treatment, and new modes of trying a question that often proves difficult to the most varied expedient and soundest judgment.

With the recognized fact that we have, and must continue to have, a large body of insane among us, arises the



INSANE MEN, AT ST. ANNE'S HOSPITAL, PARIS.

problem of the best method of keeping, controlling, and, if possible, restoring them to reason. Antiquity made no provision for the insane. The disease was generally ascribed to Divine action, and in many countries the idiotic and mad were objects of special reverence, and care bestowed on them was regarded as a privilege, drawing down on the bestower the choicest blessings of heaven.

Christianity introduced the first asylum for the special treatment of the insane, and an hospital for their reception is recorded as having existed in Jerusalem at the close of the fifth century. Benjamin of Tudela, a traveler 700 years later, recorded in his "Oriental Wanderings" that he found at Bagdad a "House of Grace," where the insane were received in Summer; but the treatment was not what the older fancy or our modern philanthropy would commend. The poor creatures were kept in chains till they recovered—an event which we can scarcely suppose frequent — or till death released them from their sufferings and from man's inhumanity. This early asylum had, however, one commendable regulation. It was visited every month by the magistrates, and all who had recovered were discharged. As insanity never has been so prevalent in those Eastern countries, many of these cases may have been merely delirium, caused by disease, and only temporary in its character.

Asylums were established under the Byzantine empire and spread to Western Europe, but mental disease was not understood. Much evident insanity was treated as diabolical possession, and the physicians followed the school of Celsus, whose sanitary measures were extremely harsh; but as he was the earliest to treat insanity as a special disease, his influence on the schools has prevailed to the present century.

On the suppression of the monasteries in England, St. Mary of Bethlehem was assigned for the reception of the insane, and the name, corrupted to Bedlam, became in English the name for such an institution.

Down to the close of the last century the treatment of the insane was very harsh and cruel. The first steps at reform were made in France, by Dr. Pinel, who, in 1792, liberated fifty-three of the patients confined in the Bicêtre, the insane asylum of Paris, from the chains with which, as in Bagdad, it was deemed necessary to restrain the poor creatures from violence.

The active mind of Benjamin Franklin projected an asylum to be conducted on more humane principles, and the Society of Friends at York, England, disapproving the management of an asylum there, founded the "Retreat," which inaugurated a new and more kindly method of treating cases of mental alienation. In this institution no chains, leglocks or handcuffs were employed. To the surprise of all who favored the old and harsh system, the most beneficial results followed. One wretched patient who had been chained naked for twenty years was admitted. When refractory, nothing more than arm-straps were employed, but by kindness and persuasion he was soon induced to wear clothes, and resume orderly habits. The success of this treatment led to a general modification of the old modes, and great improvement ensued in the principles guiding the management of institutions for the reception and treatment of mental disorders.

INSANE WOMEN AT ST. ANNE'S.

The oldest asylum in the United States seems to be that founded at Williamsburg, Virginia, in 1773; the Friends' Asylum, Philadelpuia, established in 1817; those at Somerville, Massachusetts, Bloomingdale, New York and Hartford, Connecticut, coming next in the order of time. That at Washington is national; many are State or county institutions; some are corporate, and a few are in private hands. Some of these institutions, like the New Jersey Asylum at Morristown, are palaces, the cost running up into millions, and the expense of maintaining patients being very high. In all this our national extravagance seems at fault.

It may well be questioned whether this plan is best adapted for the reception and treatment of the insane poor from the various towns and counties of the State, who thus pass from a life of toil and privation to one of luxury and ease, which in case of recovery must unfit them to return to their old surroundings. Indeed, there is a question whether it is better to gather a large number of insane together into one building, as is the prevailing system under our asylum plan, or to follow the system which has so long successfully been pursued at Gheel, in Belgium.

INSANE POOR AT THEIR MEAL IN A STATE INSTITUTION.

"We may build asylums of colossal proportions; we may extend the grounds in which they stand to the most parklike limits, it will always be an inclosure, a prison on a noble scale, but a prison still. Walled or fenced it must necessarily be; and the moment the restriction of a visible boundary is imposed, the feeling of complete liberty is infringed."

The consciousness that they are confined, watched, controlled by keepers, creates an intense longing for liberty. It is the one thing every inmate craves. The consciousness of its loss preys on the mind, and in itself militates against the cure which, rather than confinement, ought to be the object of the treatment of the insane. At Gheel a different method is adopted, and as it has been pursued successfully for a thousand years, is worth studying. There the lunatics are not confined in cells or chambers or wards, or even gardens. They are at large, loose, unconfined; they live among the people; they go in and out as they choose; they are, as a rule, left to their own devices, and the system is successful. No harm results, and cures are effected to a greater extent than under the asylum plan.

Even the raving, violent and dangerous have no restraint but padded chains on the hands and feet that permit the use of their limbs, but prevent escape.

Gheel is a little Flemish village twenty miles from Antwerp, with one long street lined by unpretending houses, chiefly of one story, and never of more than two. It is a calm, quiet town, with industrious people.

Nothing about it suggests an insane asylum; you see no stately building, barred and walled, yet the whole village is an asylum, and if you enter the chief inn, the "Armes de Turnhout," you may be startled to find that most of the people sitting around, chatting or reading the papers, are lunatics. Gheel became a resort for the demented far back in the Middle Ages, when the afflicted of all kinds came to seek relief at the tomb of an Irish virgin, Saint Dympna, who met her death here.

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art at the Central Park, there hangs on the wall a triptych, which the catalogue leaves as a riddle. It is, however, a series of pictures from the life of St. Dympna, patroness of Gheel, and Thomas Campbell, if memory is not treacherous, invested her legend with the charms of his verse.

She fled from Ireland to escape the unholy love of her

own father, one of the kings of the island, and long eluded his search, but the money she spent, coins not easily passed, betrayed her course; she was overtaken and slain by the relentless father at Gheel, in Belgium. She and the aged priest who accompanied her were honored as holy martyrs. Their relics were enshrined, and her story handed down in prose and verse, in legendary lore and works of art.

The tomb of St. Dympna became a great shrine in the days of pilgrimages, and cells were built around the church, where an old woman cooked meals for the guests. Gradually it became a recognized resort for all whose reason was impaired, and most of the people began to attend the patients. There was no confinement; the insane were pilgrims, under the protection of the Church, and thus shielded from harsh or severe treatment.

The whole village of Gheel thus became accustomed to the management of lunatics. Every house, almost, had its insane guest, and the entire population became and have remained experts in the most rational way of treating the irrational. This state of things grew up insensibly, and without premeditation. It is, too, peculiar to Gheel, the City of the Simple, for all surrounding villages and hamlets manifest a strong aversion to the insane.

The healthy influence of family-life is the prevailing element in the system adopted at Gheel; and while it constitutes the peculiarity of that system, it is the great secret of its success.

The arrival of a boarder in a family is generally celebrated as a little family festivity. The simple-minded Campinois, whose wife is the presiding genius of the household, provides, on the occasion, a "reception meal"; the children wear their Sunday clothes; if in Winter, another log is added to the fire, the brass skillets and pans receive an extra rub, a clean cloth covers the board, and the cottage interior seems to smile on the newcomer. The intercourse, begun under these auspices, is maintained in the same spirit, and soon the guest reciprocates the confidence with which he is treated. He makes a friend of his host, pours the recital of his troubles into his ear, and receives consolation and advice. Sharing in the prosperity and adversity of the family, partaking of their daily life, he attends with them the religious service of the church, he kneels with them at the angelus bell, he joins in their family devotions, he becomes, in fact, one of themselves, and he feels himself surrounded by the most endearing ties—he who before was misunderstood, perhaps ill-treated, the scorn and disgrace of those to whom he was allied by blood, meets in these hospitable strangers a whole family regarding him with but one sentiment, that of benevolence and affection. He who was nobody has become the object of every one's regard and attention; he rises in his own estimation, and soon, by his efforts to show his gratitude, feels that he is in a position to earn the kindness he at first received gratuitously. Gradually he gains the level of those by whom he is surrounded, and often this simple and spontaneous resuscitation of moral vigor alone suffices to effect his cure.

The daily familiar intercourse pervading all the habits and practices of life, imperceptibly regulating its duties, and unobtrusively determining the position occupied in the household by the boarder, withdraws his thoughts from himself, and while providing him with an occupation, gives him an interest in the joys and sorrows of those among whom he is received and treated as one of themselves.

In all things equal with them, except that his well-being is more considered, more studied, better cared for, allowed full liberty to come and go as he pleases, to work or be idle, to rise or retire, he has no contradiction to resist, no opposition to combat, and one great cause of irritation is thus entirely removed. If he be mischievously inclined, or afflicted with that digital restlessness which we often observe even in persons allowed to be perfectly sane, he is suffered to destroy what he pleases. The objects that come in his way are comparatively valueless, and it is asserted that in most of those cases where it is otherwise, the grief or annoyance of the owners of such articles as has been demolished had more effect on the patient than the restrictions or punishments imposed under other systems; many such patients have, in consequence of the vexation they felt at having injured those who were uniformly kind to them, successfully labored to overcome the habit, and in a case of recent occurrence, it appears that a "*jeune demoiselle*," who had been placed for two years in a lunatic asylum where she had been severely reprimanded, and even punished, for the indulgence of her wantonly mischievous habits, and who on first arriving at Gheel seemed disposed to destroy everything that came in her way, became an altered being under the plan pursued here.

It is true, she is not completely cured; but being unable to master the inclination, she would, after a time, of her own accord, whenever she foresaw the approach of a crisis, select some utterly worthless object, such as a rag or a piece of paper, on which to exercise her destructive propensities.

One young man now there—an Englishman, and for a time the only one of the nation at Gheel—had so unconquerable a predilection for the amusement of breaking windows, together with other expensive and unattractive habits, that after a four years' residence at a private asylum in England, where he grew daily worse, the physician under whose care he had been placed declined to keep him any longer. He was then sent to Gheel, where, the first day he arrived, he broke twenty-eight panes of glass, with every demonstration of vindictive glee. No notice whatever was taken of this feat, at which he seemed very much mortified. The next day he made a second attempt, but this time confined himself to about half the number. The same course was pursued, from which moment, strange as it may seem, he entirely abandoned the pastime, and during the three or four years he has been at Gheel he has never since indulged himself in the same way.

This, indeed, is a fair example of the spirit in which the eccentricities of the insane are met, and it is very curious to observe how thoroughly the "*nourriciers*," while apparently pursuing their ordinary avocations, just as if the lunatic inmate did not exist, understand how to manage them. An incident illustrative of this is worth recording:

A poor fellow, pensioned in a middle-class house, was every now and then subject to a nervous crisis, during which he threatened to throw himself out of the window; the *nourricier*, perceiving that the restraint he had thought it necessary to impose only made matters worse, determined on an opposite course; he observed that the man talked and blustered about his intention in a mode seldom pursued by those seriously bent on such a step, so one day, when he was more violent than usual, he replied with great calmness, and without taking his eyes off his last—for he was a cobbler by trade:

"I'll tell you what it is, Yvon, you've talked of this so often that I am quite tired of the subject, and I am persuaded you are right, and that the best thing you can do is to try the window, since you are not satisfied with going out at the door."

"But I shall be killed!" replied the lunatic, completely taken aback by the coolness of his host.

"Oh, that is *your* lookout; see here, I'll help you so far as opening the window goes, but the rest you must do for yourself. And he rose and deliberately opened the lattice, which was only one story from the ground, and below it was a dungheap, reaching fully half the distance. 'Now," he continued, "I am going down to dinner, so 'll say 'good-by,' for I suppose you don't want *me*."

If the cobbler felt any alarm for the result of his experiment, he was soon reassured, for the lunatic, looking steadily at him to see if he could possibly be in earnest, walked to the casement and closed it, observing:

"To dinner, you said? Well, I don't mind if I dine, too; I can do this afterward."

With these words he followed his *nourricier*, and no further allusion was ever made to egress by the window.

I was told of a touching instance of attachment and sensibility where a young lunatic, finding that the noise of his violin worried the mistress of the house, who was sick, destroyed his instrument that he might not be tempted to gainsay his determination.

It is interesting and suggestive to see these poor afflicted creatures doing their best to help, by their labor, the family among whom their lot is cast. The care of the children generally falls to their share, and the gentleness with which they tend them is remarkable; they wash, dress and feed them, walk out with them and play with them. It is by no means unusual to see an old fellow, who might be the grandfather, carrying an infant in his arms, while three or four older children follow his steps, or gambol by his side; and this is the happiest as well as the most favorable moment of the lunatic's monotonous existence; the society of these little ones and their innocent joys find an echo in his unsophisticated mind, and he can follow without an effort the meaning of their simple prattle, meeting a congeniality in their ideas, limited, like his own, to the objects they see around them.

Their confiding helplessness seems to touch a responsive chord in his heart, and to draw him closer to them, while it brings out the better feelings of his nature. When they are well, he naturally becomes their playmate and companion, and when they are ill, and he feels his inability to bring skill, judgment or experience to their aid, he sits despondingly by, watching, weeping, and often praying, forgetting for the time his own troubles, whims and ailments, and ready, if not eager, to render any service to the sorrowing household, whose grief, maybe, he only half understands.

The dormant affection he feels for the family at whose fireside he has been received, only requires some such occasion to elicit its depth and its sincerity; and when a patient has been pronounced cured, and it is desirable for him to return to his own relations, heartbreaking on both sides is the hour of separation. Rarely does an instance occur in Gheel of any patient wishing to change his domicile, or to leave the family on which he had been originally quartered. In almost every case they seem to become the *enfant gâté de la maison*, and to endear themselves to their protectors as much as they are attached to them. The relationship is a very touching one, and the traditional antecedents of Gheel render the mutual tie peculiarly interesting.

There is scarcely a trade that is not pursued in Gheel by persons recognized as insane. I saw the handiwork of cabinet-makers, joiners, shoe-makers, tailors, sabot-makers and many others. At a forge, several men working at the trade of the blacksmith, were manufacturing wheel-tires, horseshoes, culinary vessels, etc.

Many perform with fidelity and accuracy the duties of commissionnaires, not only carrying messages and parcels, but making purchases and bringing back change correctly to their employers. It is not without a melancholy interest that one observes traces of the small childish vanity with which they receive these marks of trust, and look for commendation when they think they are entitled to it.

In the fields, a large proportion of the laborers, male and female, are lunatics or epileptics, and it is the opinion of the medical staff that agriculture is by far the best occupation they can follow. It is a curious fact, and one worth recording, that although trusted with scythes, sickles, shears, billhooks, spades, hoes and other dangerous tools, they have never been known to misuse them.

Such is the system pursued at Gheel, and the whole body of insane are under the care of skillful physicians who make mental disease their almost sole study. It contrasts sharply with our methods in the liberty allowed the insane, and in employing them in their own avocations, thus preventing much of the brooding and mutinous spirit aroused by our system. The influence of the Gheel idea, not to make any individual distinctions, may be seen in the gentler and highly successful system in the New York State Homœopathic Asylum at Middletown, and in some institutions for women under the control of religious communities, like the Sisters of Charity, as at Mount Hope, in Maryland, and Harrison, N. Y.

Our asylums are too generally regarded as houses of detention, but as Dr. Parigot well remarks, "Not the custody, but the cure of the sane should be the sole object. Common efforts would bring at last an immense benefit—namely, that insane patients must be cured, and not to be considered *prima facie* as beings to be put in custody for their lifetime."

At Gheel, where they come and go as they please, where they feel themselves as much at liberty as the other inhabitants of the place, and recognize no inequality in their condition, we find they act as they see others act, and it never occurs to them to complain of their position. What should they seek to escape from? The whole place is theirs; if they leave the house, no one asks them whither they are going, or how long they will be absent; and if, through inadvertence, they wander along the road which takes them out of the village, it is never with a view to withdraw themselves, and they are only too thankful to be brought back. Each of the six "*gardes de section*" is responsible for those located within his district, and if he perceives in any unusually vicious lunatic an intention to give his hosts the slip, all he would do would be to fasten round his ankles the humane contrivance, which, while it could not hurt a newborn child, would prevent the wearer from running away, and at the same time admit of his being left at large.

The number of physicians in attendance is inadequate, and the care of the insane is left too absolutely to keepers, generally without medical training, who become hardened, and look only to the confinement of the inmates without a thought of their cure. These men come in time to look upon any complaint of their conduct as an insult, and as the means of revenge are in their own hands, and with none but insane, and therefore incompetent, witnessess, they often wreak their vengeance in the most brutal form.

In one of the cases that attracted the attention of the public last Summer, a sane reporter confined as a lunatic found means to communicate with friends. When this was discovered he was punished by the keeper, with confinement in a cage among raving maniacs.

No keeper in prison or asylum should be "judge, jury, hangman, rope and all." "If, in the interest of

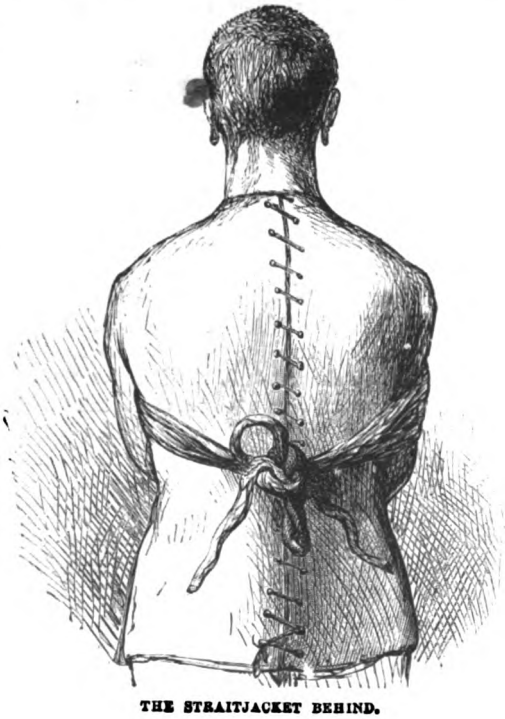
THE STRAITJACKET IN FRONT.

society," to quote again the words of Dr. Parigot, "the insane may be temporarily deprived of their liberty, it is but a preventive measure, just and acceptable in certain conditions, out of which a positive right must be acknowledged—namely, that the law which forcibly isolates or secludes a patient from his friends and family assumes *pro facto* the responsibility of a real and scientific medical treatment. A public convenience or a public right can never include the violation of an individual one, or the non-accomplishment of a duty."

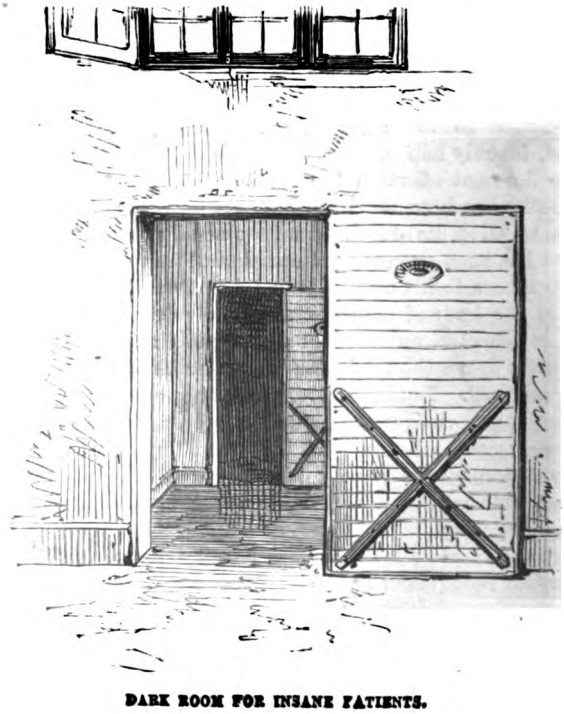
The greater medical supervision is all the more necessary, in order to turn to account the lucid intervals, and prolong them as far as science can effect it. Now, too

BELT AND SHACKLES USED IN SOME ASYLUMS.

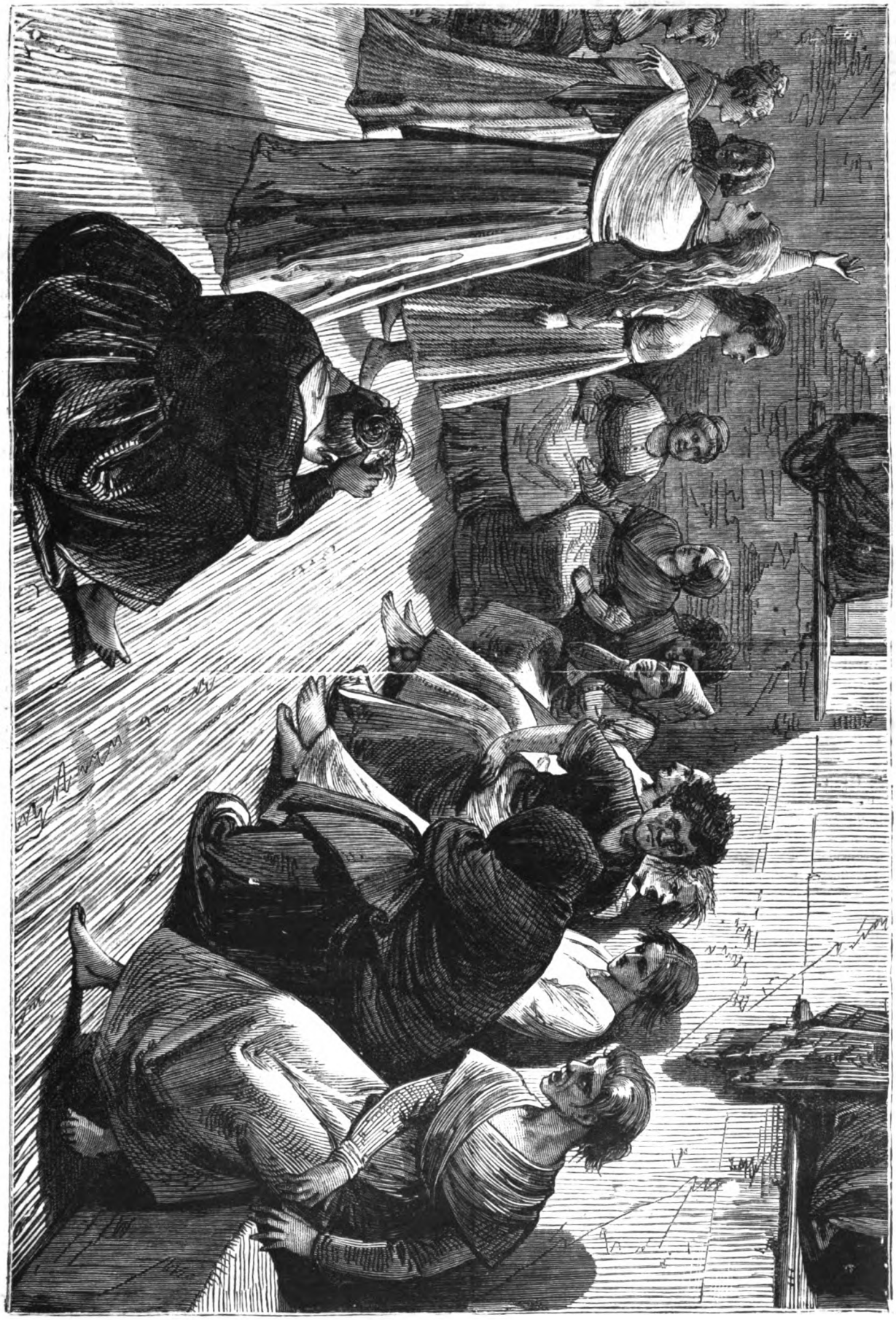
frequently when the lucid interval arrives, the patient is subjected to the same treatment as when reason no longer ruled. Yet in many cases almost complete freedom can



THE STRAITJACKET BEHIND.



DARK ROOM FOR INSANE PATIENTS.



SCENE IN AN INSANE ASYLUM.

then be safely allowed, for the unfortunate people generally feel the return of the malady, and will ask in time to be restrained. This was the case with Dr. Hosack, and with many whom every reader has heard of in his circle of acquaintance.

Physicians, lawyers, the benevolent, generally admit the necessity of a wider, healthier legislation in regard to this unfortunate class, and that everything should be subordinated to their ultimate care and restoration. No object of higher importance, indeed, is now before the American people, and the State which first codifies, by the highest standards of Natural Law and Medical Science, its whole legislation on the subject of insanity, will accomplish a reform never to be forgotten in its history.

OF LITERARY HUSBANDS.

THAT LADIES SHOULD BEWARE OF GETTING SUCH, AND WHY.

THERE could be few more critical tasks than to write a treatise on the choice of wives or husbands, but we need not be overscrupulous about warning ladies in search of husbands to beware of men of literary habits, and we should be doing a kindness if we advise literary men contemplating matrimony to select for their wives judicious and patient nurses rather than charming and brilliant women. There is a comfortable doctrine held by wives that all husbands are more or less selfish, and we admit that there is much to be said in support of this theory. Hunting husbands, shooting husbands, Parliamentary husbands and business husbands generally seek their own amusement as the principal end of their lives, while the pleasures of their wives are regarded as desirable but secondary objects; but none of the above-mentioned are so purely selfish as are certain literary husbands. Strictly pleasure-seeking husbands often study their own amusements only, while they worship their wives. Literary husbands also study their own amusement only, while they worship themselves. Moreover, in intercourse with their fellow-creatures, ordinary mortals usually imbibe some fresh ideas or learn a little entertaining gossip, and are consequently more or less agreeable companions to their wives. But the literary man spends the day at home in his own den, where his brain feeds chiefly upon itself, with a few books, by way of condiment, by writers holding his own identical opinions; so that he is unlikely to be very fresh or amusing, when he seeks the society of his wife.

Like a savage animal that cannot be approached without danger, the literary husband, as we have said, spends his time in his study. He may be concocting jokes for a comic paper or writing a treatise on Christian gentleness; but, for all that, when sitting at his writing-table, he will be as ill-tempered and as snappish as a bull terrier on his chain. The judicious wife will be wary in approaching him on such occasions. If the kitchen chimney is on fire, or if the pipes are bursting, "dear George" must not be disturbed on that account, or the heat of his wrath and the explosion of his temper are likely to exceed the worst that can happen from those domestic calamities. He may be writing the most calm and unimpassioned judgment on the disputes between the Guelphs and the Ghibelines; but it would be unwise in his wife to calculate on his giving an equally temperate decision on a squabble between the cook and the butler during the hours that he spends in his chair of literary jurisdiction. It is true that there are some literary husbands who will make attempts to be courteous when invaded in their sanctums. They will assure their wives that they "are not in the least in the way," while their nervous restlessness too plainly belies their words; they may even assume a ghastly smile when a thorough reorganization of their rooms is suggested, and there may be a very pretty struggle between the parental and the literary instincts when their youngest children are brought into their dens, but it only requires half an eye to see that they are in reality as much put out as a servant disturbed at a meal, which we take to be the extreme example of human acridity. Perhaps the most remarkable expression ever assumed by a literary husband is that which he wears when his wife requests him to come into the drawing-room to help to entertain some friends, especially when she assures him that they are aware he is at home. His face, again, is a study if she enters his room when he is in the middle of a long and carefully prepared sentence with the pleasing announcement that the housekeeper complains of "a smell" in one of the back passages.

Much literary work is apt to engender irritability. When the mind is deeply absorbed in some interesting subject, and an idea has been grasped after considerable mental exertion, abrupt interruption is very trying. A sudden disturbance of such a kind will produce actual headache in some people. It is also exceedingly irritating to feel that the clew which had only just been found, after so much trouble, has been lost, perhaps never to be regained. It is needless to add that much literary occupation, relieved by but little fresh air and exercise, is a most likely cause of dyspepsia.

Now, the combination of an original mind and a dyspeptic body may be highly favorable to amusing writing of a pungent and sarcastic nature, but it is far from being equally favorable to domestic happiness. Another thing that detracts from the sociability of a literary husband is his habit of relapsing into brown studies of long duration. Sometimes the ideas that refuse to be invoked in the study begin to flow in the drawing-room or dining-room, and a literary husband, when his ideas are "on the flow," is an object sacred from disturbance. When in that celestial condition he is, doubtless, worthy of great reverence, but he can scarcely be called an amusing member of society.

There are many living creatures that are a nuisance in a house. A naughty boy is one; a mangy dog is another, and a third is an early student of the violin; but of all domestic nuisances a man who is writing a book is, to our mind, the worst. If he is writing it as a matter of business, he is an unmitigated bore. He thinks of nothing else. What is it to him that the country is involved in war, that the Ministry have been beaten, or that his drains are out of order, unless these facts have at least an indirect bearing on his work? He spends most of his time closeted in his study, and if he goes out he has a notebook at hand to receive his ideas. If he reads at all he confines himself to books bearing on the subject that he is treating in his great work. He is absent and preoccupied in the presence of his wife, and he enlivens her nights by talking in his sleep on the subject of his book. If he is writing it for pleasure rather than for business, he is an even greater nuisance, for then he not only makes it his own amusement, but expects those about him to make it theirs also. His book, its present and its future contents, must form the leading topic of conversation in the family if he is to be kept in good humor. As every half-dozen pages of cramped, blotted and much-corrected manuscript is finished, it is submitted to the various members of the family for perusal. Their verdict must, of course, always be favorable. How good! How clever! How amusing! It is easy enough to praise, and during a long life a wife

may declare that each new specimen of her husband's scribbling is the best; but literary husbands have sometimes an unfortunate habit of asking their wives to make suggestions. In such cases, the wife is put into this awkward position, that if she makes suggestions she is pretty certain to be severely snubbed, while, if she makes none, she will be accused of taking no interest in the work.

Worst of all, some literary husbands expect their wives to write out fair copies of their stilted and illegible scrawls, or they even go so far as to sit in armchairs smoking cigars while their wives write at their dictation.

One of the most trying periods to wives of literary husbands is that during which the bundles of manuscript are traveling about from publisher to publisher. The husband can scarcely sleep at night, so anxious is he about the contents of the morning's postbag. Of course, many days, or even weeks, elapse before the first publisher gives his verdict. At last a polite note, describing his regret at being unable to undertake the publication, renders the unhappy writer a savage in his family for a fortnight. Or perhaps a brown paper parcel arrives, containing the precious manuscript safe and sound, and also a slip of paper inscribed with the magic words, "Declined with thanks," after the receipt of which the disappointed aspirant will be quite unapproachable for some hours, and will be unendurable for many weeks.

When the well-traveled manuscript has been at last accepted, the writer falls into a state of ecstasy for a time, but he assumes a bumptiousness that is not altogether agreeable to near relations. When the proofs arrive, the horrors seem to begin all over again. The husband shuts himself up for hours at a time, as of old, and everything has to give way to the great undertaking. The entertainment of the evenings is to have the book read aloud from "real print," this proceeding being rendered more attractive by the author's constantly stopping the reader by, "Wait a moment; if you will give me the proof, I think I will alter a word there."

There are also frequent pauses to ask the audience whether there are not "too many 'whiches' in that sentence," or whether there ought to be a comma or a semicolon after the word "reliable," and the reader is often requested to begin again from the top of the page. The apparently interminable interval between the return of the corrected proofs and the publication of the book has no tendency to make the author light-hearted. He alternately wonders when it will appear, and whether he was wise in writing it at all. He has almost reduced himself to forgetfulness of the whole matter when the book actually appears. His wife's cares and troubles then become very similar to those of a nurse who has the charge of "an invalid gentleman." He is put into a fever by the absence of any reviews of his in the first week after publication; and when no criticisms of it appear in the principal journals for a fortnight, or perhaps a month, he becomes infuriated with his publisher, who cannot, he says, be taking the slightest trouble about his book. He will also be much irritated if he does not receive prompt and very favorable criticisms from the friends to whom he has presented copies. He will not be able to understand why they have not thrown all other engagements and occupations on one side, and spent their time in greedily reading his book until it was finished. He will be secretly angry, again, if any of his friends who profess to have read it with pleasure are found by no means to know it by heart when put through a viva voce examination. It may be readily imagined that under these conditions the author is scarcely the most amiable and light-hearted of men in his own family circle.

We are inclined to think that for a couple of months after the appearance of the first review of a book its author ought to be placed in solitary confinement. The time that follows is a trying one both to himself and his relatives. Even the most favorable of his critics rarely please him, for he considers that they praise the less important parts of his work, while they altogether omit to notice its cleverest features.

If his panegyrists fail to satisfy him, what shall be said of his adverse reviewers? Do not those nearest and dearest to him remember the reception that he gave to a certain lukewarm criticism? And can they not vouch for the fact that one sneering review brought on an attack of his gout? But what shall be said of a particular article that appeared in one of the weekly journals? Did not his wife contrive that the paper should be mislaid before he had read it, and did she not persuade him to start for a short tour to the west of France two days after its publication, with the hope of preventing him from seeing the obnoxious print at all? Did it not also happen that a well-meaning friend cut out the article and sent it after him, and had not his beloved wife a nice time of it when the said article reached him at St. Malow, here she had to bear the full and undivided consequences of his fury?

We have carefully confined ourselves in this article to its special subject—namely, literary husbands. In conclusion, we may throw out a hint that there are also such persons as literary wives, but they are a subject on which we should tremble to enter.

THE EARLY WATCHES.

EDWARD VI. appears to have been the first Englishman to wear a watch, and this consisted of "onne larum, or watch of iron, the case being likewise of iron gilt, with two plumettes of lead"—that is to say, it was driven by weights. This is supposed to have been received by the king as a present from Nuremburg, and was playfully called a Nuremburg animated egg. An Italian sonnet, written by Gasper Visconti, in 1490, makes mention of watches, and Shakespeare refers to one in "Twelfth Night," when he makes *Malvolio* say, "I frown a while and perchance wind up my watch."

Queen Elizabeth had a watch in shape exactly like a duck, with chased feathers, the lower part of which opened, and the face or dial was of silver, ornamented with a gilt design. The outer base was of brass, and that in its turn was covered with black leather ornamented with silver studs. Mary Queen of Scots gave a curious token of affection to her faithful maid-of-honor, Mary Seaton, in the shape of a watch in the form of a skull, the dial occupying the place of the palate, and the works that of the brains. The hours were marked in Roman letters. A bell in the hollow of the shull received the works, and a hammer struck the hours. Striking watches were uncommon, and in the time of Louis XI. a stolen watch was, by its striking, discovered in possession of the thief.

Guy Fawkes and his associates had a watch when they intended to blow up the House of Parliament, "to try conclusions for the long and short burning of the fusee." All these early watches had but one hand, and required winding up twice a day, until, in 1550, springs were substituted for weights.

AS THE diamond is found in the darkness of the mine, as the lightning shoots with most vivid flashes from the gloomiest cloud, so does mirthfulness frequently proceed from a heart susceptible of the deepest melancholy.

THE MERMAID OF GALLOWAY.

By Allan Cunningham.

There's a maid has sat o' the green merse side,
Thae ten lang years and mair;
And every first nicht o' the new mune
She kames her yellow hair.

And aye while she sheds the yellow burning gowd,
Fu' sweet she sings and hie,
Till the fairest bird in the greenwood
Is charmed wi' her melodie.

But wha e'er listens to that sweet sang,
Or gangs the fair dame te,
Neir hears the sang o' the lark again,
Nor waukens an earthlie e'e.

It fell in about the sweet Summer month
I' the first come o' the mune,
That she sat o' the tap o' a sea-weed rock,
A-kaming her silk locks doun.

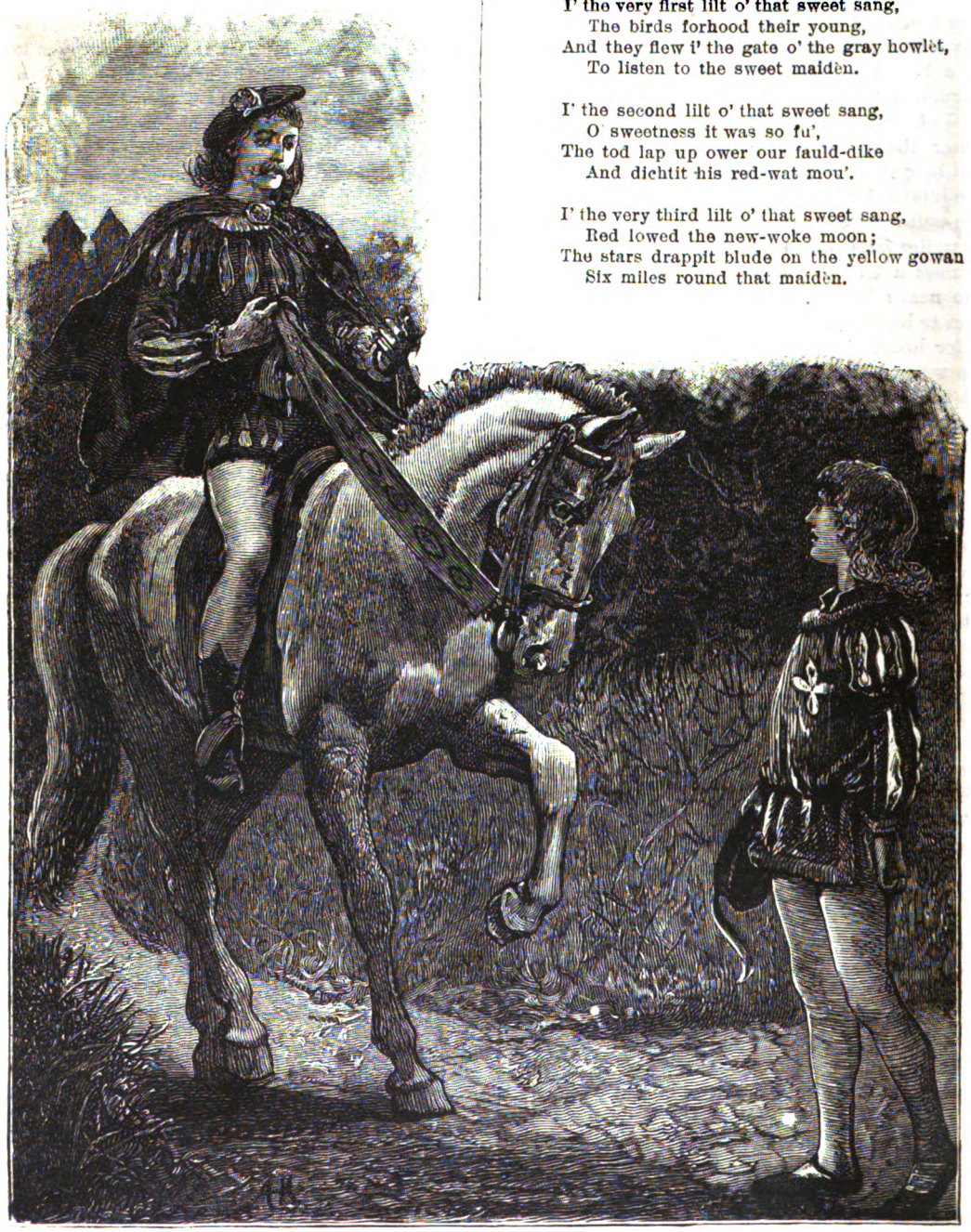
Her kame was o' the whitely pearl,
Her hand like new-won milk;
Her bosom was like the snawy curd
In a net o' sea-green silk.

She kamed her locks o'er her white shoulders,
A fleece baith wide and lang;
And ilka ringlet she shed frae her brows,
She raised a lichtsome sang.

I' the very first lilt o' that sweet sang,
The birds forhood their young,
And they flew i' the gate o' the gray howlèt,
To listen to the sweet maidèn.

I' the second lilt o' that sweet sang,
O sweetness it was so fu',
The tod lap up ower our fauld-dike
And dichtit his red-wat mou'.

I' the very third lilt o' that sweet sang,
Red lowed the new-woke moon;
The stars drappit blude on the yellow gowan tap
Six miles round that maidèn.



"COME, HAUD MY STEED, YE LITTLE FOOT PAGE
SHOD WI' THE RED GOWD ROUN'."

"I hae dwalt on the Nith," quoth the young Cowehill,
"Thae twenty years and three,
But the sweetest sang I ever heard
Comes through the greenwood to me.

"O is it a voice frae twa earthlie lips
That maks sic melodie?
It wad wyle the lark frae the morning lift,
And weel may it wyle me!

"I dreamed a dreary dream, mastèr,
Whilk I am rad ye rede;
I dreamed ye kissed a pair o' sweet lips
That drapped o' red heart's blude.

"AND I'LL KAME THAE LINKS O' YELLOW BURNING GOWD
ABOON THY BONNY BLUE E'E."

"Come, haud my steed, ye little foot-page,
Shod wi' the red gowd roun',
Till I kiss the lips whilk sing so sae sweet;"
And lightlie lap he doun.

"Kiss nae the singer's lips, mastèr,
Kiss nae the singer's chin;
Touch nae her hand," quoth the little foot-page,
"If skaithless hame ye wad win.

"O wha will sit in yer toom saddle,
O wha will bruik your gluve,
And wha will fauld your erlèd bride
In the kindlie clasps o' luve?"

He took aff his hat, a' gowd i' the rim,
Knot wi a siller ban';
He seemed a' in luve wi' his gowd raimènt,
As through the greenwood he ran.

"The Summer dew fa's soft, fair maid,
Aneath the siller moon;
But eerie is thy seat i' the rock,
Washed wi' the white sea-faem.

"Come wash me wi' thy lilie-white hand,
Below and 'boon the knee;
And I'll kame thae links o' yellow burning gowd
Aboon thy bonnie blue e'e.

"How rosie are thy parting lips,
How lilie-white thy skin;
And weel I wat, thae kissing e'en
Wad tempt a saint to sin!"

"Tak' aff thae bars and bobs o' gowd,
Wi' thy gared doublet fine,
And thraw me aff thy green mantle,
Leafed wi' the siller twine.

"And a' in courtesie, fair knicht,
A maiden's mind to win;
The gowd lacing o' thy green weeds
Wad harm her lilie skin."

Syne cuist he aff his green mantle,
Hemmed wi' the red gowd roun';
His costly doublet cuist he aff,
Wi' red gowd flowered doun.

"Now ye maun kame my yellow hair
Doun wi' my pearlie kame;
Then rowe me in thy green mantle,
And tak' me maiden hame.

"But first come tak' me 'neath the chin;
And, syne, come kiss my cheek;
And spread my hanks o' watery hair
I' the new moonbeam to dreep."

Sae first he kissed her dimpled chin,
Syne kissed her rosie cheek,
And lang he wooed her willing lips,
Like heather-hinnie sweet.

"O, if ye'll come to bonnie Cowehill,
'Mang primrose banks to woo,
I'll wash thee ilk day i' the new-milked milk,
And bind wi' gowd your brow.

"And, a' for a drink o' the clear water,
Ye'se hae the rosie wine;
And, a' for the water-lilie white,
Ye'se hae the arms o' mine!"

"But what will she say, your bonnie young bride,
Busked wi' the siller fine,
When the rich kisses ye keepit for her lips
Are left wi' vows on mine?"

He took his lips frae her red-rose mou',
His arm frae her waist sae sma';
"Sweet maiden, I'm in bridal speed,
It's time I were awa'.

"O gi'e me a token of luve, sweet may,
A leil love-token true;"
She crapped a lock o' her yellow hair,
And knotted it round his brow.

"O tie it nae sae strait, sweet may,
But wi' love's rose-knot kinde;
My heid is fu' o' burning pain,
Oh, saft ye maun it bind."

His skin turned a' o' the red-rose hue;
Wi' draps o' bludie sweat;
And he laid his head 'mang the water-lilies;
"Sweet maiden, I maun sleep."

She tyed a link o' her wat yellow hair
Abune his burning bree;
Amang his curling haffet locks
She knotted knurles three.

She waved ower his brow the white lilie,
With witch-knots mae than nine;
"Gif ye were seven times bridegroom ower,
This nicht ye sall be mine."

O, twice he turned his sinking head,
And twice he lifted his e'e;
O, twice he socht to lift the links
Were knotted owre his bree.

"Arise, sweet knight, your young bride waits,
And doubts her ale will soure;
And wistlie looks at the lilie-white sheets,
Doun-spread in ladie-bouir.

"And she has pinned the broidered silk
About her white hause bane;
Her princely petticoat is on,
Wi' gowd can stand its lane."

He faintlie, slowlie turned his cheek,
And faintlie lift his e'e;
And he strave to lowse the witching bands
Aboon his burning bree.

Then took she up his green mantle,
Of lowing gowd the hem;
Then took she up his silken cap,
Rich wi' a siller stem;
And she threw them wi' her lilie hand
Amang the white sea-faem.

She took the bride-ring frae his finger,
And threw it in the sea;
"That hand shall mense nae other ring,
But wi' the will o' me."

She faulded him in her lilie arms,
And left her pearlie kame;
Her fleecy locks trailed o'er the sand,
As she took the white sea-faem.

First rase the star out ower the hill,
And neist the lovelier moon;
While the beauteous bride of Gallowa'
Looked for her blythe bridegroom.

Lythlie she sang, while the new mune rase,
Blythe as a young bride may,
When the new mune lichts her lamp o' luve,
And blinks the bride away.

"Nithsdale, thou art a gay garden,
Wi' many a winsome flouir;
But the princeliest rose in that gay garden
Maun blossom in my bouir;

"And I will keep the drapping dew
From my red rose's tap,
And the balmy blobs o' lika leaf
I'll keep them drap by drap,
And I will wash my white bosom
A' wi' this heavenly sap."

And aye she sewed her silken snood,
And sang a bridal sang,
But aft the tears drapt frae her e'e,
Afore the gray morn cam'.

The sun lowed ruddy 'mang the dew,
Sae thick on bank and tree;
The plowboy whistled at his darg,
The milkmaid answered hie;
But the lovelie bryde o' Gallowa'
Sat wi' a wat-shod e'e.

Ilk breath o' wind 'mang the forest leaves,
She heard the bridegroom's tongue;
And she heard the bridal-coming lilt
In every bird that sung.

She sat high on the tap tower stane,
Nae waiting May was there;
She lowsed the gowd busk frae her breist,
The kame frae 'mang her hair;
She wypit the tear-blobs frae her e'e,
And lookit lang and sair.

First sang to her the blythe wee bird,
Frae aff the hawthorn green;
"Lowse out the love-curls frae your hair,
Ye plaited sae weel yestreen."

And the speckled woodlark frae 'mang the cluds
O' heaven cam' singing doun;
Tak' out the bride-knots frae your hair,
And let the locks hang doun."

"Come, byde wi' me, ye pair o' sweet birds,
Come doun and byde wi' me,
Ye sall peckle o' the bread and drink o' the wine,
And gowd your cage shall be."

She laid the bride-cake 'neath her head,
And syne below her feet,
And laid her doun 'tween the lilie-white sheets,
And soundly did she sleep.

It was in the mid hour o' the nicht
Her siller bell did ring,
And soun't as if nae earthly hand
Had pou'd the silken string.

There was a cheek touched that ladye's,
Cauld as the marble stane;
And a hand, cauld as the drifting snaw,
Was laid on her breist-bane.

"O, cauld is thy hand, my dear Willie,
O, cauld, cauld is thy cheek;
And wring thae locks o' yellow hair,
Frae which the cauld draps dreip."

"O, seek another bridegroom, Marie,
On thae bosom faulds to sleep;
My bride is the yellow water-lilie,
Its leaves my bridal sheet."

A DARING FEAT.

One of the most wonderful robberies ever perpetrated—wonderful, at least, when one considers the means at the disposal of the robber—was the achievement of a Frenchman, who, for a long time after it, was recognized in his profession as "the King of the Bandits."

His claim to this title was based upon a single exploit—the robbing of a diligence, which feat he not only planned, but carried into successful execution, without any assistance whatsoever. To do this, he made all his arrangements with the most careful completeness, and, we may be sure, fixed a night for the attack when the coach carried a freight worth robbing. He studied closely the country through which the journey was to be made, and selected a point on the road where there was a very steep hill, with hedges and underwood at either side. He then procured a number of stout sticks about the length and thickness of the barrel of a gun. These he stuck into the hedges, letting the ends of them appear, as if they were the muzzles of guns directed by persons in ambuscade behind the hedge.

As the diligence now came toiling slowly up the hill the driver saw a man standing on the pathway, and gesticulating violently. On approaching nearer the man could be heard distinctly haranguing them. "Ready! Obey orders! No firing if there be no resistance!" And then the robber, walking slowly forward, stopped the horses, told the guard to get down and to lie with his face and hands on the ground, and that no violence would be offered to him. He then went to the door of the vehicle, and assuring the ladies, who were screaming for help, that they need be under no alarm, begged each passenger, as he stepped out, to hand him his purse, and then to lie down on his face and hands near the guard. While all this drama was being enacted the robber-chief kept shouting to his assistants not to fire unless there was resistance; not to fire until they should get his signal. Thus, one by one, he handed all the passengers out, each giving up his purse as if it was a ticket, and then going and lying upon the wet grass side-by-side with the guard. When the diligence was empty our highwayman retired with all the movable property he desired to possess himself of, and escaped through the wood.

The most amusing part of the story was that amongst the travelers were several officers fully armed, who surrendered their swords at discretion, and joined the other dupes on the grass. It is well to add that the robber was ultimately apprehended, and the greater part of the stolen property was found upon him.

Another very extraordinary robbery was one which has only recently been detected; if it has less adventure in it than the other, it has certainly more system and ingenuity. The enterpriser in this case was also highly thought of amongst his brethren, and was well known to professional thieves as "Jack in the Box." His chief residence was in the capital, but he had offices for his business in many other towns. His system was this: He had a box so constructed that he could lie down in it with ease, and rely upon always having plenty of fresh air; it could also contain provisions, tools, false keys, a lantern, etc., etc., and the real mode of opening it was from the inside. Jack, having caused himself to be buried alive in this coffin, would get it booked, say from Chester to Euston Square by a goods train, and carefully labeled, "This side up; to be kept till called for." The box always was put in a train that arrived at the station at night, and was accordingly stored till called for the following day. It was in this interval that the robberies were committed.

When the whole station was shut up, the porters dismissed, and the place in darkness, Jack emerged from his box, lit his lantern and set to work. He got out his tools and his keys and took his time, for he had plenty of time to take. We all know what an insecure thing the lock of a trunk is, and how nearly all keys are made on the same pattern. They did not afford much trouble to the robber; he opened box after box, unpacking them with great care and tidiness—for long practice had made him perfect—and selecting as keepsakes the articles that were most valuable, most portable and most easily disposed of. With these gleanings he filled the box in which he had himself come up to town, and then lay in concealment till the morning. The stores would then be opened, porters would come in to remove goods, and Jack would choose his own time to effect his escape. Later in the day he would call for a parcel that had arrived from Chester by the last goods train of the preceding night, and that was directed to be called for; he would take it away with him in a cab, having first paid all the railway charges upon it.

But the day came when this little "coup" was made for the last time, and it was a policeman, and not his box, that Jack found waiting for him on application. The governor of a county jail showed me a collection of the photographs of all the prisoners who had ever been in his charge—"that is," said he, "of all except one." That honorable exception was our friend Jack; he positively declined to be photographed. He said, with some shrewdness, that it would ruin his future prospects.

Her Highness Kudsia Begum, an Indian Princess who recently died at Bhopal, dispensed in her lifetime a princely charity, and in her death was widely lamented. She was buried in her own garden, with ceremony which included the distribution to the poor of 100 marees of wheat and 1,000 rupees of money. Every fakir in the town—of whom there are about 300—had received from her in late years an annual donation of from five to thirty rupees. All her charities were accompanied by the words: "What the Almighty has caused to be given, that do I give." She was always fond of feeding sparrows that came to her palace, and never a poor dog failed of getting food from her store. Not long before she died some sparrows made a nest in the doorway of her bath. Rather than disturb them she is said to have stopped using this bath.

MINIATURE TREES.

THE Chinese have a mania for dwarfing not only their women's feet, but also for growing miniature pines and oaks in flower pots. For many years they have kept secret their method of procedure, which has at length been found out. Take a young plant or seedling, when only two or three inches high, cut off its top root as soon as it has sufficient small roots to live upon, then replant in a shallow earthen pot or pan. Alluvial clay is then put into the pot, in bits about the size of beans, only just enough to nourish the plant. The miniature trees are scantily supplied with light and warmth, and pegged and wired down in order to produce fantastic shapes; the gardener prunes and sears the roots with hot irons, and the poor little starvling gives up all attempts at growing; each fresh set of leaves becomes smaller and smaller, the buds and rootlets are equally dwarfed, and in a period ranging from ten to fifteen years the miniature tree has arrived at perfection.

"SHE SAT HIGH ON THE TAP TOWER STANE,
AND LOOKIT LANG AND SAIR."— SEE POEM ON PAGE 524.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE; OR, AUNT JUDITH'S DENUNCIATION.—"FORGETFUL OF RHEUMATISM, AND SHAKING HER STICK AT HIM, SHE SHRIEKED: 'OUT OF MY PRESENCE! GO—GO BEFORE MY POOR GIRL RETURNS! GO, AND I WILL BREAK THE DREADFUL FACT TO HER. GOOD HEAVENS, SHE'S HERE!'"

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE; OR, AUNT JUDITH'S DENUNCIATION.

By Frances Josephine Moore.

Aunt Judith! How shall I hope to describe her majesty! Tall, angular and strange of visage, yet with handsome features. A few years back, and Aunt Judith was as upright as the very straightest of pokers; now, however, she was slightly bent with rheumatism, and had to lean upon a substantial gold-headed stick when she walked. Report said that, in the days of her youth, Miss Judith Crampton had been both a belle and a coquette!

Accordingly, she was now straitlaced to a degree. No one could pounce upon the mildest flirtation with more hawk-like celerity than she—no one could preach a severe moral lesson with more awe-inspiring aspect than she. There were folks still living who spoke in whispers of a "love disappointment" which had once assailed this paragon amongst ancient virgins. Perhaps this was true, perhaps not. Anyway, she was perfectly safe from such assaults now.

Miss Judith had a heart underneath her stern exterior, although few found the way to it. The one who loved her best, and whom she loved best in the world, was her niece—pretty, merry, warm-hearted Katie Lorton, her dead sister's only daughter.

Katie was engaged to be married, and was coming on a short visit to her aunt, the last before her marriage with Mr. James Manly; "Manly Jimmy," as some of his bachelor friends called him.

Katie had written to say that she would be down in a week, adding:

"Jim is also paying some farewell visits, and if he can manage to make them fit in comfortably, will come down to see you and me for a day or two toward the end of my visit, and then take me back to New York. Won't that be nice, auntie?"

"Charming!" muttered the old lady, grimly; and, indeed, she had cause for grimaces just now, for there lay close beside her on the table another letter from a lady she knew well formerly, and who lived in a quiet seaside town not very far from New York.

* * * * * *

Miss Florinda Ferrett was, perhaps, the very cleverest

person at managing her neighbors' affairs that you ever came across. There was no mystery too deep for her.

"Bless you, I guess they can't deceive *me*. I *know* it's true," etc., etc.

The more difficult the prey, the keener the chase for Miss Florinda Ferrett. That she was no favorite in the small town you may be very sure.

This worthy creature had written to Aunt Judith, and here is her letter:

"My Valued Friend—You know how distasteful it is to my too-sensitive organization to find out anything against other people. Were it not for our long friendship" (they had been rivals in their youth) "I would keep silence for ever. As it is, however, I feel it my bounden duty to speak.

"I have, most unwillingly, discovered that Mr. James Manly, your sweet Katie's betrothed" (she hated Katie) "is a villain of the worst type—yes, my dear, *of the worst type!* One of my windows overlooks the garden of a pretty villa here—Rose Villa. My friend, prepare yourself. In that villa dwell James Manly's *wife* and *children*. Mrs. Manly has been down here about a month ago; *he* came a week ago. She appears to be a little older than he is (young men so often make fools of themselves in that way), a very fine-looking woman (sure to get coarse, and with very quiet manners (those very quiet people are generally sly). The children—a boy and a girl, about seven and five—are really very pretty.

"Mr. James Manly arrived one evening whilst I was sitting at my window—it *happened* to be the very one I mentioned to you—reading 'Paley's Evidences.' Such a meeting! 'Oh, Jim, I am so glad to see you!' she cried. 'Well, how are you all? Jolly as usual?' Then such kissing! It really made my blood curdle. I drew down the blind, but I could not avoid seeing through a little chink that they went back into the house arm-in-arm, laughing and talking.

"They are together all the time; he evidently adores the children, and, I suppose, *her*, too. They all walk together, drive together, and—I blush to name it, even—*bathe* together! Of course, the present age (dead to modesty) allows of such atrocities; but I must say it makes me creep to think of them.

"I have now told you all, and leave you to make what use you please of this letter (without bringing in my unblemished name, of course). Yours, with true friendship and in sorrow,

"Florinda Ferrett."

"And this young man seeks *my* niece!—seeks to ally himself to one of the best families in New York! I'll tell her—I'll tell the poor deluded child directly she arrives. Yet, no, I won't; she shall have a few more happy days. But when that fellow comes I'll confront him with all his villainy. Surely pride will cure my Katie—the pride of the Cramptons. Ah! how the dear girl takes after me, to be sure."

* * * * * *

Katie came, bright, pretty and so happy. She was never tired of talking about her Jim.

"Auntie, he is such a dear fellow—so frank and true."

"Ah, my dear," sighed Aunt Judith, wishful, in some sort, to prepare Katie, "youth is easily satisfied."

"Now, auntie, dear, that is cruel. I tell you my Jim is as utterly incapable of any sort of deceit as—as a little baby."

"Babies, child, are the most deceitful creatures breathing. They always squall and pretend pain when they want their own way."

"You know very well, Aunt Judith, that you are only pretending. Anyway, Jim is Jim, even if a baby *is* a baby—*and a deceitful, squalling one.*"

How Aunt Judith managed to contain herself during the next few days was a marvel, bursting, as she was, with indignation and pity combined.

The astute old lady groaned in spirit when she thought of how soon poor Katie's cup of happiness would be dashed from her young lips.

* * * * * *

At last the day arrived upon which James Manly was expected. Katie was in high spirits, with such a tender, happy light in her bright eyes! It was really heart-rending.

Aunt Judith began to wish herself at the North Pole, Kamtschatka, or any other equally remote district. But duty stared her sternly in the face, and when did Miss Judith Crampton ever shrink from that? She must nerve herself to her dreadful task.

Katie had to order some things for her aunt from the village, so she put on her hat.

"If Jim comes before I get back, you must amuse him, auntie. I don't think you have forgotten how to entertain a gentleman, you dear old thing!" cried the saucy girl, hugging the "dear old thing" rapturously.

Off she went, and again did the unhappy lady groan in spirit.

"Poor child! When she comes back—— Oh, that wretch!"

She sat in her trim parlor, grim, majestic, and full of wrath, but determined to face the worst, come what would.

Presently she heard the deafening shriek of the incoming train; in five minutes he would be there, for the station was close to her cottage. Five minutes! Good gracious! how should she begin? She wished Katie were back. Then she devoutly hoped Katie would *not* come back—just now, at all events.

Perhaps, after all, Providence, would be merciful to her, and he would not come at all! Ah, that was very likely. He knew, probably, that he was already found out, and therefore——

And lo! there he stood in the doorway! Such a fine-looking fellow, with laughing gray eyes and the figure of an athlete!

In he came.

"I suppose I need scarcely ring—need I? How do you do, Miss Crampton? I am glad to see you looking so well. I—I hope—I am welcome?" a little uncertainly, seeing no smile of greeting on the stern face before him.

"Sir—young man——" began Aunt Judith, rising, and then sitting down again, trembling.

Why on earth was this fellow so handsome and truthful-looking, making it so difficult for her to denounce him?

"Miss Crampton! Why, surely you have forgotten me. I am James Manly."

"Forgotten you! Young man, I wish I had never seen you!"

Jim stared at her. Then a thought flashed across him.

"Good heavens! she is mad! How shocking! I wish Katie had told me. Age and rheumatism. I wonder where her keeper is?"

She fathomed his suspicion.

"I see what you think, Mr. Manly, but I am not mad, although I wonder I retain my senses in presence of so much audacity. Are you not ashamed, sir?"

"Ashamed, Miss Crampton?" repeated Jim, utterly confounded.

"Yes, sir, ashamed of coming here in order to delude my poor niece up to the last moment."

The poor old lady almost broke down here. At last Jim said:

"Of what do you accuse me, may I ask?"

Now for the dreadful leap.

"I accuse you, young man, of seeking my niece, Miss Katie Lorton, in marriage, whilst—whilst—*you have a wife and children already!*"

The leap was taken.

"Wife and children!"

"Do not feign ignorance!" and Aunt Judith shook with

wrath. "Look here—do you see this letter, written from the very place you now come from? I conceal the name of the writer, from motives of honor—a thing you know nothing about, sir." Then tearing off the signature, she handed him the letter. "Read it, sir—read it for yourself. Never mind the style of the letter—it is the *subject* with which we have to do."

Jim read the letter, and a light dawned upon him. Returning it, he muttered, with a gloomy look:

"So I am discovered?"

"Discovered! Yes, to be the deepest-dyed wretch, the most heartless——"

"Well, where's the harm?" interrupted Jim, with a swagger of bravado. "Why shouldn't I walk and drive with a pretty Mrs. Manly? And as for bathing—by Jove, though," he said, meditatively, "that *was* a becoming costume she wore!"

"Shameless profligate!"

"Katie's figure is pretty, too," said Jim, with the air of a connoisseur.

Then Aunt Judith started up. Forgetful of rheumatism and shaking her stick at him, she shrieked:

"Out of my presence! Go—go before my poor girl returns! Go, and *I* will break the dreadful fact to her. Good heavens, she's here!"

"Why, auntie! Why, Jim! Whatever is the matter?" cried Katie, standing amazed in the doorway.

And well might she ask, for there stood Aunt Judith, furiously shaking her stick at Jim, who had rolled on to the sofa in a perfect convulsion of laughter.

"Oh, Katie!" he gasped, "come here—come and support me—or—I shall die—your athletic Jim will die!"

"You goose," said Katie, "get up and tell me what you've done to Aunt Judith."

"What he's *done!*"

Then came the whole story in a torrent. And then, what did Aunt Judith see? Instead of a poor stricken girl, flying to her arms for shelter and sympathy, she saw Katie run over to Jim, throw her arms round his neck, and off they *both* went into such fits of laughter that her aunt stood dumbfounded. At last Katie got her breath.

"Oh, auntie!" she cried. "Why have you been accusing Jim of being married to—oh, wait—or I shall choke—to *his stepmother!*"

Another explosion from Jim. A bombshell falling into the midst of Miss Judith Crampton's cottage and shattering its inmates would be but a faint description of the fearful revulsion which took place in that good lady's mind. She knew that Jim had a stepmother, but had never seen her—never thought of her as a *young* woman—in fact, she had not thought much about her.

"Stepmother!" she faltered, sinking into her chair.

"Yes, ma'am," said Jim, with mock humility. "Please, mayn't I have a pretty stepmother and a nice little brother and sister—Tommy and Tottie?"

"Stepmother!" repeated Miss Judith—then, with sudden alacrity: "Why, what a mischief-making, scandal-loving, prying fool——"

"*Is Miss Florinda Ferrett,*" interrupted Jim. "Yes, Miss Crampton, I have guessed your informant. She is well known in her immediate neighborhood."

Miss Judith Crampton was a true lady, in spite of her little eccentricities; she rose, and holding out her hand, said:

"James Manly, I ask your pardon—and Katie's, too. You were right, child. Your Jim and deceit don't fit together at all."

"That *was* a very becoming bathing-costume, though," said Jim, mischief brewing in his eye.

"Go along with you, sir!" said Aunt Judith, making a playful dive at him with her stick.

* * * * * *

Jim and Katie have been married some years now, and have three blooming children. Their home is very bright and happy, and one of its most welcome visitors is Aunt Judith. Often does Jim, when he and Katie are alone, rehearse the scene of Aunt Judith's denunciation. "Shall I ever forget it? *Bathed* together! shameless profligate!"

Then, brandishing an imaginary stick, or anything that comes handy, off he goes into one of his convulsions of laughter, and his little wife cannot help joining, although they both love Aunt Judith dearly, and have never told a soul about the absurd mistake made by the mischief-making old maid. Aunt Judith adores her children, and is not anything like as stern as she used to be. But if you wish to rouse within her the most righteous wrath, just mention Miss Florinda Ferrett.

COLONIAL DAYS AND TOBACCO.

By Frederic Daniel.

"Civilization is impossible without tobacco" would be a ticket unanimously voted by all lovers of the weed if threatened with a prevention-of-cruelty-to-window-curtains movement at the polls. The flesh of beasts, seasoned with parched corn and onions, suffices for life. Tobacco alone is the spice of life, rendering it enjoyable. Such is the verdict of smokers, who constitute the better half of the half of mankind by a large majority. No teetotaler can deny that tobacco has become an essential element, a ruling factor, in all known countries. No king, no edict, no revolution could suppress it; it is here on earth, and we must make the most of it. Wise legislators, indeed, will do all they can lest it receive harm in the Republic, and dealers say the best thing that could be done, to begin with, would be to abolish altogether the internal revenue tax on it. The thieves at Washington might kick, but a five cent imported Havana cigar would again be possible in the United States.

Being an artificial want, and such wants having always been on the improving side of man's career, tobacco will stand no defense at this late day. Quality and quantity, combined with cheapness, form the chief desiderata on the part of its subjects. Unlike whisky, it wears the robes of ethereal innocence, and no man need go into a barroom to get a cigar. There are plenty of cigar-shops scattered around town where old-fashioned good cigars are about as scarce as hens' teeth. An article of prime necessity, through natural and sexual selection, among men of whatsoever condition, tobacco's supremacy is not even threatened by the most hysterical reformers. It is allowed to be the most soothing of anodines. The rich man in his palace is wreathed with its fumes, and the poor man's hard-earned solace is a white clay pipe that only takes a penny out of the family till. Of course there must be a charm in an instrument that can so amply recompense the toil and prevention of the laborer, the discomfort of the sailor on a stormy ocean, of the soldier in the trenches. As a comfort to the poor and a luxury to the rich, tobacco unites all classes in a common pleasure.

It need scarcely be said that the weed stands pretty high up on the list of staple crops of the United States. In its early home, or the State in which it originated—namely, Virginia, it has ever been the staple crop *par excellence*, the chief source of business and wealth. In tracing up its origin and growth, many of the archives and parchments of Virginia's colonial record have been

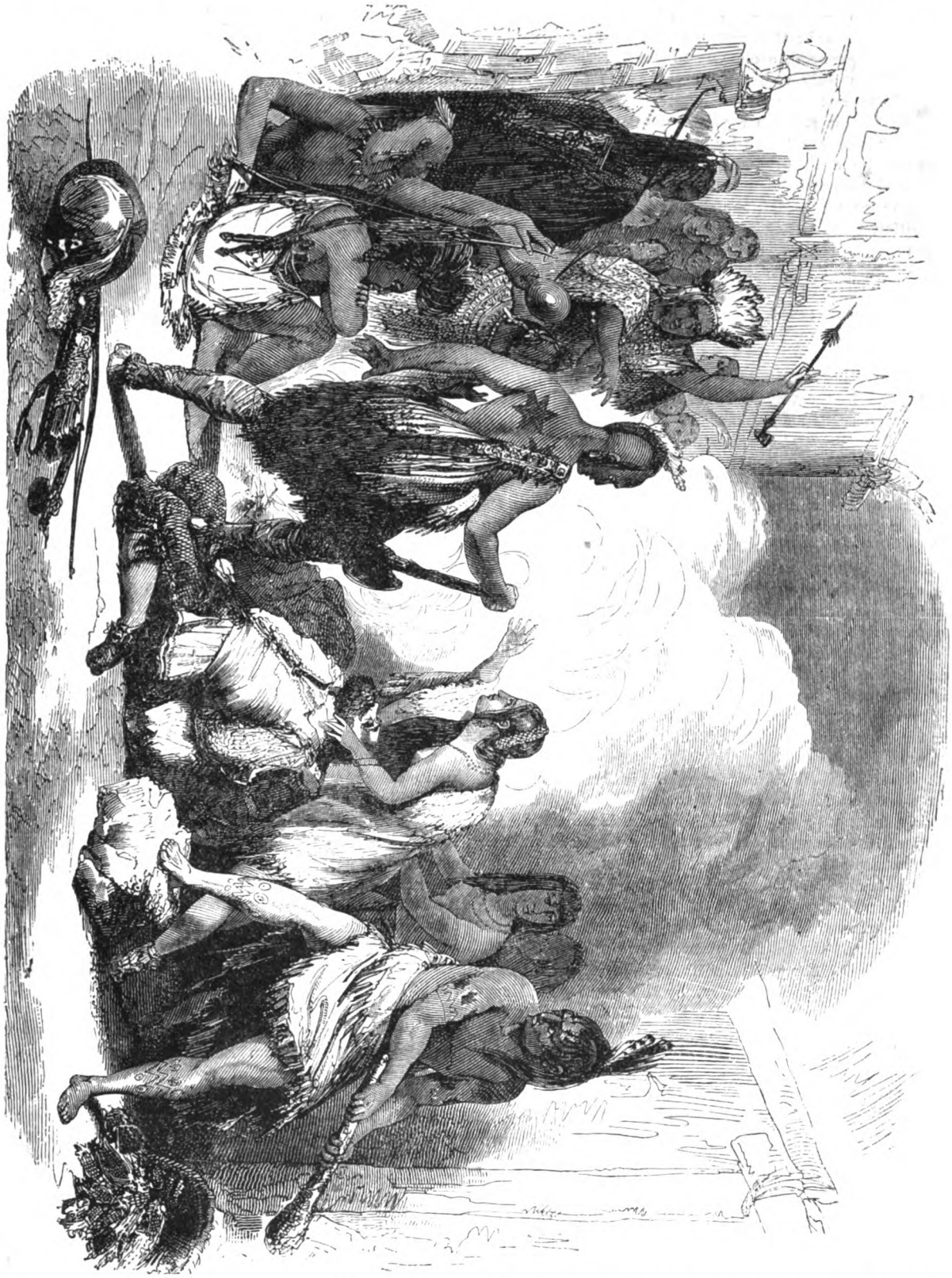
THE LAST REMNANT OF JAMESTOWN, THE FIRST CITY OF VIRGINIA.

ransacked by the writer, and the quaint ways and doings of the olden time have furnished an interesting budget. We have the most solid right to hold firmly the claim that tobacco is of American origin and perfection, as against the counter-claim that the Orient first produced it, an allegation as groundless as that to the effect that Columbus never discovered America. The crazy theories relating to the ante-Columbus uses of tobacco are only equaled by Kant's transcendentalism in his article on "Pure Reason." But though Virginia was the first home of the precious plant in the United States, a few definite facts testify to its use in another part of America prior to the colonization of the "Mother of Presidents." In November, 1492, its use was observed in Cuba by the sailors of Columbus. These clever gentlemen observed that tobacco was enjoyed in the form of a cigar having a corn-shuck wrapper. Time has not changed such a fancy in that quarter, for, though few pipes and absolutely no "all Havana-fillers and Connecticut wrappers" are indulged in on the island of Cuba, the corn-shuck wrapper for cigars and cigarettes still prevails there.

THE GRAVE OF POWHATAN.

Again, in 1503, the Spaniards found the natives of Paraguay chewing the weed, one of their war methods being to spurt the juice into their adversaries' eyes. Many Indian words were given to the plant by the early European philologists who landed on these shores. One Spanish gentleman found that tobacco was not the Indian name of the plant itself, but of the appliance used in smoking it.

Thus the Spaniards got up a list of the Indian names, such as cogiaba, cohiba, tobacco, piccelt, petum, and the English hatched out another list of quite a different pattern or sound. However, we know which one has been consecrated by time. Historian Ovieda says the Indian appliance in smoking was "about a span long, and when used the forked ends are inserted in the nostrils, the other end being applied to the burning leaves of the herb." This may be as clear as crystal, but it is not the way people smoke nowadays, at any rate.



POCAHONTAS INTERCEDING FOR THE LIFE OF JOHN SMITH.

In 1512 the Spanish navigators took it into their heads to travel north from Cuba, and so unexpectedly ran up against Florida, which they so named from the variety of flowers it displayed. There must have been no little

delight in those days for the coasting sailors in running up against big continents and islands by guesswork—that is, not knowing five minutes ahead of time what would come next into their nets. A respectable interval ensued until 1584, when the English dropped upon the continent further northward; the ground they seized was called Virginia, as a memorial, according to the historians, that the said soil was duly annexed in the reign of a "Virgin Queen," gay and happy Elizabeth.

To Sir Walter Raleigh royal letters patent were granted in 1584, "to search for and find such barbarous lands, not possessed by any Christian people, as to him may seem good, and the same to occupy and enjoy for ever." In pursuance of this grant, Sir Walter Raleigh fitted out an expedition to take possession of his newly-acquired and unbounded territory, and a small settlement was actually established August 25th, 1584, on Roanoke Island, in the present State of North Carolina. This was the first settlement made by the English in Virginia, and the first settlement by the same nation located anywhere on the North American Continent. This settlement was abandoned in 1590. No other attempt was made for settling the new found land in the reign of Elizabeth, who died in 1603, and was succeeded by James I., his name having been conferred on the first town founded in America.

It is generally believed that Sir Walter Raleigh came to Virginia in person, but such is not the fact. He never put his foot or smoked a pipe on American soil in the whole course of his life. The two vessels fitted out by him for the colonization of the new land were commanded by his friend, Sir Richard Grenville; some of Raleigh's kin crossed the ocean, and hence that family name was secured and transmitted by inheritance among the descendants of the early colonists. To this day the name of Walter Raleigh is borne in Virginia by families tracing up their blood-relationship to the nominal founder of the first settlement; children were not named after him for the reason that he was a great genius or warrior, for he was merely an ordinary "Sir," though a particular friend of Queen Elizabeth.

It is related that he once spread his fine velvet cloak over a mud-puddle, in order that she might not soil her queenly feet, and very likely the relation is true. French courtiers likewise used to fight for the honor of putting shirts on their kings.

The boundaries of the new English land were drawn up in additional letters patent, issued by James I., in 1606; they were extensive. The southern portion took the name of Virginia, and the northern portion was afterward called New England. The wide limits of Virginia were very much contracted subsequently, by the grant of "Maryland" to Cæcilius Calvert, Baron of Baltimore, in Ireland, made by Charles I., in 1632; by the grant of "North Carolina" to the Earl of Clarendon and others, proprietors of that province, made by Charles II., in 1665; by the grant of Pennsylvania to William Penn, by Charles II., in 1681. The remainder was Virginia proper, such as she was at the date of July 4th, 1776, when she became a State; it was only after this latter date that an immense portion of her western area was ceded to the United States for general settlement purposes and the welfare of the Union. Out of this free cession were carved what is now known as Kentucky, Ohio, Tennessee, Indiana, Illinois, south of the forty-first parallel.

It was in the year subsequent to the drawing up of the boundaries, or in 1607, that the first colony was planted on Virginia's soil, its founder being the adventurous Captain John Smith, who encountered during the job hard times, and suffered much at the hands of the Indians, of which more anon. The settlement was made on a peninsula found on the north side of the James River, about fifty miles from its mouth, and was called Jamestown, in honor of King James, under whose auspices the adventurers had sailed for the New World. This peninsula was bounded on the north by a small but deep and navigable river, which united on the east with the same stream; on the south by the main river itself, and on the west by the same, being connected with the mainland by a short neck, so low as to be entirely covered by very high tides, when the peninsula became an island. It contained about two thousand acres of arable land, low at the eastern end and rising gradually westward, together with several thousand acres of marsh, covered with water at high tide. Of this tract the settlers selected the west end, as the highest part, for the site of their town, calling it "Jamestowne." Here they proceeded to build their houses, knocking up small sheds or shanties in great haste, and thatching them with the long grass taken from the marshes—rude buildings, but affording shelter from sun and rain. For some years after this first building the history of the town is scarcely separable from that of the colony at large, of which it soon became the capital.

In 1611 Captain Smith, who was its executive, general and historian, wrote that "Jamestowne hath two rows of houses of framed timber, and some of them two stories, and a garret higher; three large storehouses, joined together in length, and hee (the governor) hath newly, strongly impaled the towne." The town continued to increase and improve in its slow way until 1641, when it took a sudden progressive start under Sir William Berkeley, who, in that year, came over as governor, and who, by way of signalizing his administration, caused thirty-two brick houses to be put up at public expense, and occupied one of them as his own dwelling. He caused, also, a brick church to be erected, and the burying-ground attached to it to be inclosed with a substantial brick wall. It is a fragment of the steeple of this church—or of one subsequently built on its site—that is still visible, and the same burying-ground is also traceable, in which are deposited the remains of the first white mothers and fathers of Virginia, among others, of Lady Berkeley, who remained behind when Governor Berkeley returned to England, in 1677, and who afterward inherited his Virginia estate, with which she enriched her third husband, a man of great influence in the colony. Her grave cannot now be identified, not being marked by any monument or tomb.

In October, 1660, an Act of Assembly was passed for the building of a State House in Jamestown "for the Right Hon. the Governor and Council, to keep court, and for future grand assemblies to meet in." It was built of bricks made in the town or near it. The State House was adjacent to Sir William Berkeley's residence, and the thirty-two brick houses erected at public expense. All these structures, including the church, were burned by Richard Lawrence, one of Bacon's men, during the "Bacon Rebellion," in 1676. Only one house was left, and that was standing up to the outbreak of hostilities in 1861. The great body of the town, which was never very large, was situated west of the old steeple, still visible, and is now entirely submerged in the river. This is clearly proved by the old deeds for lots recorded in the office of James City County Court, which call for bounds that are now under water, and still more palpably by vast numbers of broken bricks and other relics of buildings that are to-day visible on the western beach at low tide. But the famous old site, though never grand in any material respect, is sacred in the eyes of Virginia, and endowed with

an historical interest for a few manufacturers of colonial works in the rest of the Union. Boston cannot be expected to take any lively interest in "Jamestowne," nor Richmond in "Plymouth Rock"—to each his own.

At each new step in settling their new land, the colonists found themselves in contact with the swarms of Indians who possessed the soil. The white had to push back the red men, and the work was slow, often bloody. The savages were expert hunters and fighters on their own ground, and ever ready to hem in stragglers or cut off roving bands of the settlers. The skirmishing was incessant for a long period. The Indians were organized in several tribes. There were the Piscataways, Meherrins, etc., but over all, the Pamunkies, under King Powhatan, were the most numerous and dangerous for the settlers. The hereditary dominions of King Powhatan lay on James River, which originally bore his name, and last was called after King James.

Very strong, courageous and skillful, the great red chief had his seat or capital not far below Richmond. He was King over his own immediate tribe, and, at the same time ruling over all the other adjoining tribes, Emperor of Virginia, just as William is King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany. Powhatan quickly determined not to be cheated out of his own by the pale-faces, and so desperately opposed them, setting cunning traps to catch them when unable to attack them in front.

Captain John Smith was of a venturesome disposition naturally, and undertook the guidance and defense of the settlers who had followed his fortunes across the sea. It seems that on one occasion he and Emperor Powhatan came into very close quarters, for he was made prisoner, together with three hundred Englishmen of his suite. Lucky meeting—fortunate occurrence! If they had not met, the mystery which necessarily enters into the rise of every grand people would be totally lacking in the rise of the Commonwealth of Virginia. Rome had Romulus, Greece had the Olympian gods, and all other recorded nations had something of the same sort at their starting-point—something that "no feller could find out" by hook or by crook, and it could not be that the first settlement of the future United States could be laid without an appropriate mysterious occurrence attending it. Reference is, of course, made to the rescue of Captain Smith by Pocahontas. This is a very important affair, and it is useless to question its accuracy and veracity, though both have been of late years doubted. Call the affair a legend, a myth, a cobweb, yet is it indestructible, indeed inassailable, so warmly cherished is it in the very heart of the hearts of all true Virginians; and so true is it, that a thing of this kind once floated on the world can never be sunk or forgotten to the last syllable of time. The folks of the neighborhood will recollect it, and the people of the entire Union must bear it in mind, for the record of history will perpetually repeat it. Romulus and his wolf are not more indelibly treasured in Latin than the Princess Pocahontas and her gracious act will be treasured in English, all critics, skeptics, revilers and wits notwithstanding. And it is well. Virginia, among all nations, can lay claim to the tenderest, most pathetic epic.

The facts are these: In the presence of Emperor Powhatan, beautifully arrayed in paint, feathers and arrows, etc., attended by his gaudy court, John Smith is squatted on the grass. The imperial executioners have their stones and clubs ready at hand to beat out his brains, according to court etiquette, when, lo! the Emperor's daughter, our Princess Pocahontas, begs for the prisoner's life. All in vain. Then, giddy ten-year-old as she is, throwing her arms, red though they be, around the miserable white man's neck, she heroically shouts, "Kill us both, then!" Powhatan, being of course deeply moved, spares both and loves both with his entire heart. Here was a tableau worthy of the brush of Raphael; unfortunately, it has only been outlined in print, which accounts for the wretched engravings handed down by artists who tried to transpose print into picture. Smith was thus not only spared in life, but enabled to make with the father of the amiable princess an advantageous treaty of peace, which thereafter greatly benefited the colony and settlers at large. Pocahontas naturally became at once a heroine among the pale-faces; in 1616, when twenty-one years old, she was married to an estimable London merchant named John Rolf, and herself bore the name of Lady Matoaka, after due conversion into the Church of England. According to an original portrait representing her in the stiff feminine dress of the period, she seems to have been happy with her husband in their London home. Captain Smith tells the facts of his rescue in the history of Virginia, which he put forth in 1624—and they concerned him in the first instance more than they did any one else. Not only is the account true, but it is most plausible—true to nature and so just what might have been expected. Where does the full band of puny detractors crawl in? But seek not to know—they are one and all unworthy of notice, to commence with one Neil or Nell.

The first adventurers who came to Virginia as colonists were in general servants to the "Virginia Company of London," at the head of which was the Earl of Southampton. They were brought over at the expense of the company, supported by its means, bound by contract to obey all its orders, and subjected to the rigorous forms of martial-law. Five years was the agreed period during which this servitude was to continue; upon its expiration they were "set free," when they were entitled to one hundred acres of land, which was the allotted dividend (or divident, as then spelt) of the prospective planter. If the first grant was improved by building a house on it, clearing a small portion of its area and planting a few fruit trees within three years, one hundred acres additional were given, otherwise the original grant lapsed. Such grants were confined to those known as old planters. Subsequently any person removing to Virginia at his own expense to settle was granted by the company fifty acres, and the same number for his wife and each of his children, and for every individual brought over at his own cost. All of these rights were called "Head Rights," and were assignable. This was the most common method of acquiring land in Virginia for very many years after its settlement. It was, as it were, a forerunner of our present homestead law. The old records bear witness that a good many criminals were shipped over by order of the English authorities; lists are given of prisoners turned out of Newgate expressly for emigration, and many others were sent over to the new land in order to rid the kingdom of their presence. Yet it would be absurd to suppose that Virginia was regarded or treated in the light of a Botany Bay. The bulk of the emigrants were honest yeomanry and members of the gentry and nobility. The company was instrumental in settling not a few women in the new colony. At one time two ships freighted exclusively with young maidens of the most respectable parentage were sent over as wives for the farmer planters of Virginia and Maryland. The most delicate and strict arrangements were made for their proper treatment on landing. They were lodged in the most respectable families at the expense of the company until suitable husbands could be found for them, and only gentlemen were allowed to be their visitors. Lands were settled on them, and the outlay of their voyage and outfit

BACON'S REBELLION.

was borne by the company, to be reimbursed by their future husbands. The reimbursement was in the form of tobacco, which was then the currency or representative of cash; and of course in the adjustment of the delicate problem it often happened that for a first-class wife in-

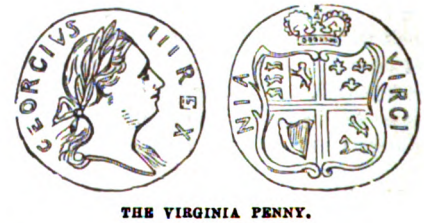
POCAHONTAS.

demnity to the company took the shape of the best grade of tobacco, or say gold; a wife of middling attractions was indemnified in a brand of middling tobacco, and so on down to the lower grades, or lugs. The tobacco was disposed of at auction for the benefit of the company, but it does not appear that the women themselves were put on the block. An assertion by some writers to this effect is universally stamped in Virginia as a malicious slander.

The settlers in the colony were incessantly harassed and attacked by the Indians. Like the Pilgrims to Massachusetts, who went to church with their rifles to protect their wives and sweethearts on the way from the fierce savages, no settler in Virginia could feel himself secure without his gun. As an instance of Indian ferocity so late as 1700, the following queer epistle may be cited:

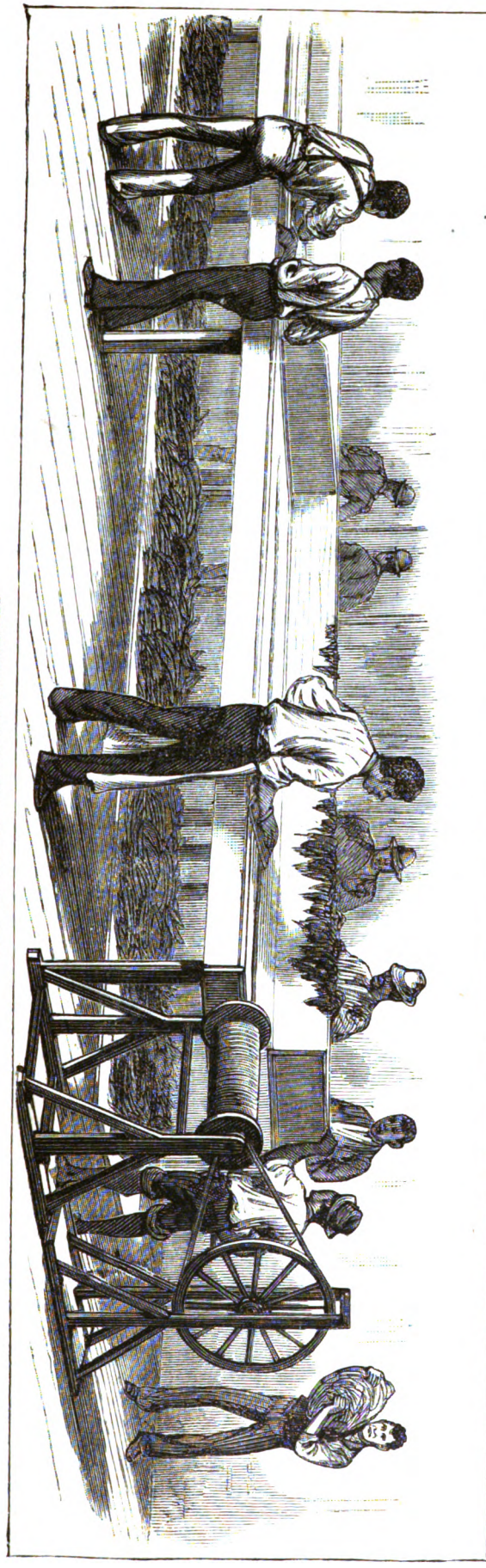
"STAFFORD Co., *June* 18, 1700.

"May it please yo'r Exce'lly on Munday early came late in ye night a Poast to give an acct. of a murder don in these parts. On Sunday, ye 16th, about 3 of ye clock in ye afternoon, came about 20 or 30 Indians to Thomas Barton, about 20 miles above my house. The man & his wife & brother being abroad, & left his 3 children, & an orphant boy at home & had gott a man & his wife & his 3 children from a plantation of mine, about 2 miles from him to stay to look after his house untell they came home. The



THE VIRGINIA PENNY.

Indians fell on them & killed Barton's 3 children, ye man & his wife & his 3 children. The orphant boy run away, he being out at play blessed be God, gott to a nabor's house & is safe. They killed them with arrows & wooden tommahawkes; they skinned all their heades, cutt of ye man and woman private parts, cutt 2 of ye children under jawys, plundered all ye huse, and carryed everything away, killed a mare of ye man's that was tied at ye dore. They left ugly wooden tomkks 5. On ye news, I went imediately with a small p'sell of men, burryed ye poore people. This murder was ye horrablest that ever was in Stafford, but I thankee God wee



THE SPINNING PROCESS FOR WORKING INTO PLUG.

PICKING AND SORTING THE LEAVES FOR FILLERS.

have not had the leaste harme on this side of Ocoquan since I have kept ye people bravely on their plantations, but God knows what I shall doe now, for this has almost ffrighted our people out of their lives & interests, & besides, ye Emp. & his Indians being still out, w.h did so surely done ye murder as God's in heaven, & am of opinion that great part of them is gone to Maryland & ye rest back. W.thout imediate care, I shall have but few plantations in Stafford. Nott to ad. but my humbl serviss to yor Exce.lly, conclude, as in duety, I am yor Exce.llys most hum.bl sev.t G. MASON."

This gentleman was the ancestor of the famous George Mason, the author of the "Bill of Rights" of Virginia.

The colony had made considerable progress at the date of the above letter; but in its infancy many of the emigrants proved to be of a very unacceptable kind. As early as 1631 Captain John Smith reports as follows: "Some gallants in this goodly colony there are that would rather starve than work; yet, if it had not been for some few that were gentlemen, both by birth, industry and discretion, we could not possibly have subsisted. Now having glutted the world with their too much over-abounding tobacco, they may make better use of their gross trials as to increase the prosperity."

About the same time John Rolf, the London merchant, and husband of Pocahontas, wrote, in a letter: "The country is as worthy of good report as can be declared; a country spacious and wide, capable of many hundred thousands of inhabitants. Reproaches and scandals against Virginia are stated by those who condemned the new colony from discontent, and would like to be back home."

During the usurpation of Cromwell the colony of Virginia refused to acknowledge his authority, and declared itself independent. Cromwell threatened to reduce it, when, distrustful of its feebleness, it sent a messenger to Charless II., then an exile in Flanders, inviting him to come over and be King of Virginia. Charles accepted the invitation, and was on the eve of embarking, when recalled to the throne of his fathers. As soon as he was restored, in gratitude for the loyalty of Virginia, he caused her coat of arms to be quartered with those of England, Scotland and Ireland, as an independent member of the empire. Hence the origin of the phrase "Old Dominion," as frequently applied at this day to Virginia.

Land patents, state papers, colonial official communications, public and private correspondence of prominent individuals, miscellaneous manuscripts showing the customs and manners of the people at different periods of the colonial history, are religiously preserved in the archives at Richmond. Some of them have been printed and ably edited of late years under legislative authority; but many are yet bundled in heaps, scattered or lying in the lofts of county courthouses. They are exceedingly curious to the antiquarian, and are yet capable of being used by the historian. There have been half a dozen historians of the colony, but none had the material which is now at command for making a first-class picture of early American times; and besides, each was singularly deficient in ability. Their sketches are so deficient in all save wordiness, that it is no little punishment on any ordinarily intelligent person to have to read them. The manuscripts and prints now collected would afford a good basis for a colonial history, which should be undertaken by some one fitted for the task.

To the modern reader, the inherited eccentricities, the quaintness of style and language of the colonial era are rather puzzling; but in turn they display considerable polish, if compared with those of the stone age of the ancient Saxon tongue, before it had been smoothed down by the Norman element and by elegant writers. A striking peculiarity of the epistolary intercourse during the colonial days is found in the way gentlemen vied with each other in the exchange of polite condescensions, actually practicing, in letters of the most trifling import, all the deferential pantomime of court etiquette. "I have the honor to be your most obedient, humble servant," was by no means equivalent to saying, "I'll whitewash you," or "black your shoes." In many of the old documents are also to be discovered traces of the broad distinction in social life, which, even to a very late period, continued to exercise an important influence upon the inhabitants both of the colony and State; an influence which impressed its effects more upon Virginians than upon the people of any of the older commonwealths. The gentleman was distinguished from the peasant, the tradesman or factor from the mechanic, the servant from the slave. The force of example was chiefly potential in forming those manners of decorum, subordination and respect for authority which was formerly so characteristic of the Virginia people.

It was through the spirit of adventure, and under the pressure of the struggle for commercial and maritime supremacy, excited by the enterprises of Queen Elizabeth's favorites, that the young men of old England, cavaliers and commoners, were stirred to penetrate the wilderness beyond the Atlantic, and see for themselves the wonders of the Western World. Some, indeed, inspired with a romantic idea of dangers, left their homes in pursuit of fame; but the greater part, cheered with the hope of gain, looked alone to improving their fortune. The "Virginia Company, of London," so fully succeeded in engaging the public attention, that emigration to the colony at one time amounted to a furore. People went crazy over it, as was afterward done over the "South Sea Bubble" and John Law's "Paper Banks."

The infant community felt the reviving spirit of this influence, and grew apace. The habits, manners, customs of the people from whom it was sprung formed the basis of its ordinary social life; the settlers, proud of the mother country, were wholly dependent upon it in respect of government, literature, religion, etc. At the end of a century and a half the feeble colony of 1607 had become a thriving and prosperous State. A continent was yielding to her conquests. The standard of Virginia had been borne to the waters of the Ohio and Mississippi, the seat of future empire. Sister-communities had come into existence, some through the same throes and trials with herself, while others had been carved out of the new territory. Consequently, when at last the great struggle for political independence came, Virginia, by virtue of her pre-eminent moral and physical position, was found standing foremost in founding the great American republic.

The old documents and papers attesting all these facts are treasured up all the more in Virginia, now that the critical and merciless researches of modern skepticism have been let loose on all that has been hitherto considered sacred throughout the earth. What a shocking attempt to the true conservative mind is that of trying to prove that Captain John Smith's account of his romantic adventure with the Princess Pocahontas was simply the figment of his brain (after a night of too much brandy and too little soda in a London club), and that no such event as that described by him ever occurred? If for a moment it could be granted that there had been no rescue by Powhatan's daughter, then not only would the epic age of the colony suffer the loss of an incident unrivaled for pathos in the records of any other people, Greece and Rome not excepted, but it might be greatly feared that the truth of any other statement advanced in his narrative,

or "General History," might with unblushing propriety be questioned.

Now, amidst this confused *mêlée* of attack and defense, there is a very curious point that may well be put forth in regard to the high perfection and value of the marble effigy of Washington in the Capitol at Richmond, as a correct representation of the great original. The subject has a practical interest, and the attention of the Treasury Department and the Internal Revenue Picture Department may well be called to its consideration. It is an undeniable fact that the American people and the world at large have been long taught to accept Gilbert Stuart's picture as the national portrait of Washington. This is proven by its reproduction in every possible relation, appearing, as it does, upon postal stamps and financial promises to pay, adorning the walls of the palace and the hovel alike, decorating the prints of the insurance companies and the halls of public departments, and by being exhibited as *the* portrait canonized above all others in the hearts and judgment of the American people. This should not be thus, and for cause. It may be argued that Stuart's picture was, as far as a mediocre painter's picture can be, entitled to all this subsequent credit from having been some kind of a likeness at the time it was taken; but that, that having been an unsuitable time, it does not convey a proper conception of the great hero as he appeared in the strength and pride of his manhood when he had just piloted the young nation through its struggle for independence; and, moreover, the sculptor took a life-cast of his model. Stuart's picture was done at the wrong time, because precisely then Washington's physiognomy was seriously distorted by a cumbrous set of artificial teeth inserted by an inexperienced hand, when dentistry was below its present par; hence the picture (and of course its reproductions) gives the peculiar expression of the human face when its framework has suffered from the effects of time and decay, and when the ineffectual attempts to restore its contour, as in this case, has but added deformity to its senile and wasting outlines. Such a condition cannot be detected in the strong lineameants of the face and head upon the statue at Richmond, the masterpiece of the sculptor Houdon. Although the statue has been, like the Pocahontas legend, attacked as a creation of the artist's fancy, it is too well authenticated to be overthrown. Houdon was the best sculptor of his day, the sculptor of Mirabeau, Franklin, Voltaire, the idol of the French Academy, and crossed the Altantic especially to take the measure of the great original. Washington stood before him and humored all his exactions. He was expected to make a statue acceptable to contemporaries and worthy of transmission to posterity. He found himself surrounded by those who had looked upon the beloved chief in battle and council, and who thus would be exceeding jealous of the least attempt to do violence to truth in perpetuating the features of that serene and majestic countenance, and the artist himself would have been the last to risk his well-earned reputation upon an occasion so important to his future fame.

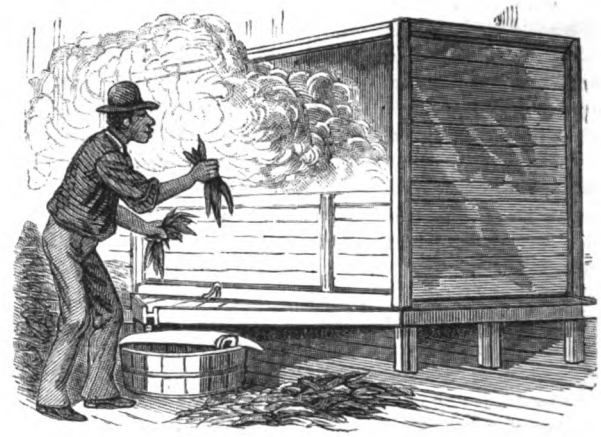
Proceeding on their wild course and in their reckless assertions, the modern skeptics even go so far as to doubt whether General George Rogers Clarke, in his military operations for the conquest of the great Northwest, was exclusively helped out by Virginian sharpshooters and riflemen of the day. However, Clarke himself records that he pushed on his course with what men he "could gather in West Augusta," or the territory now known as West Virginia. In addition, it is quite against the skeptics that the final ownership of the Northwest wrested from the British was allowed, at the close of the Revolutionary War, to vest exclusively in the State of Virginia through the daring enterprise of her heroic sons, the title being bestowed on account of honorable conquest.

A curious piece of witch-history appears in the musty old documents, but cannot be traced to any satisfactory solution—to wit, the well-known case of Grace Sherwood. This lady was supposed to be a witch in Princess Ann County, and was examined by a jury of her countrywomen, thrown into the water at a point called "Witch-duck (a central pond, doubtless, which the colonists kept for ducking witches), and thereafter removed in irons to prison for trial. There is no account of her ultimate fate. The notices show clearly that she was no witch; indeed, there never was at any time a witch in Virginia, unless possibly in prehistoric times.

The accounts in regard to the original Indian tribes brought in conflict with the earliest settlers are full. It is perhaps but little known at large that lineal descendants of the Queen of the tribes of the Pamunkies have continued to reside in Virginia after the disappearance of all other tribes; the soil is as sacred in their eyes as in those of the pale-faces. They now own and occupy about eight hundred acres of land in King William County. Including men, women and children, they number about eighty persons, none of whom are of pure Indian blood, as their progenitors for several generations intermarried with whites, mulattoes and blacks. Notwithstanding this fact, the distinct physiognomy of the Indian strongly asserts itself, and an observer will not fail to recognize at once the peaceful fishermen and peasants of "Pamunky Town" to be the direct descendants of Opeechancanough and his tawny warriors of 1607. The tribe have still a chief, and are untaxed either by State or Federal Governments. The land on which they live is now, and ever has been, held in trust for their benefit by commissioners appointed by the County Court. During the late war their rights as neutrals were respected by both belligerents, and they received compensation from the Government of the United States at the cessation of hostilities for damages done by the Federal troops. Although it is not required of them, it is the custom of their chiefs to make a complimentary visit to each newly inaugurated Governor at Richmond, and express their fealty to the State by a present of fish or game. Thus they have lived in perfect security for two hundred years among the descendants of their ancient enemies, a remnant of the original owners of the country ousted by the whites. During all this time their little settlement has remained as free as Andorra, in the Pyrenees, or San Marino, by the Adriatic Sea. They represent the only organized community of aboriginal Americans now left on the Atlantic slope, and with their disappearance will have passed away the last of that mysterious race east of the Mississippi.

The colonial machinery of government was rather intricate, after the model of the old country. There were twenty-six governors and lieutenant-governors from Lord Delaware, who was the first, until Dunmore, who was the last, or the one ousted by the revolution. Sir William Berkeley was the most distinguished among the earlier rulers, and Spotswood among the later. The governor was surrounded by a large executive council, which formed a species of cabinet. Each individual member of the local cabinet, who dispensed its patronage, was himself commissioned "colonel" by the royal authority. From this fact was traceable the traditional habit in Virginia of decorating prominent men with empty military titles up to the beginning of the late war, which, of course, left over a large number of genuine military titles—captains, majors, colonels and generals—still in use. Indeed, they are so

STEMMING THE TOBACCO-LEAVES.



THE STEAMING PROCESS.

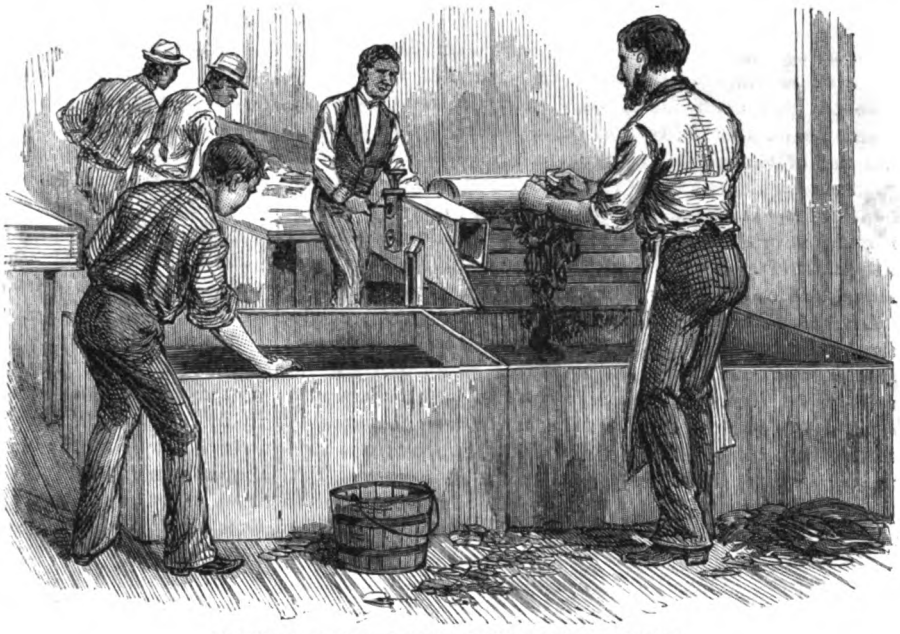
much in use that they have been adopted throughout all the cities of the Union, and "run into the ground." Few men nowadays in America are not popularly decorated with a generalship, colonelship, or at least a professorship. In a word, these titles have become meaningless, such has been their deterioation. The names of the colonial governors were Delaware, Dale, Argyle, Yeardley, Harvey, Berkeley, Bennett, Berkeley, Jeffreys, Chichester, Effingham, Andros, Morrison, Kemp, Nott, Nicholson, Jennings, Spotswood, Drysdale, Fauquier, Gooch, Dinwiddie, Nelson, Botetourt, Lee and Dunmore. Many of these names were given to counties.

The *bric-à-brac* of the colonial days is illustrated by several precious relics collected in the Virginia Historical Museum. The mace of the Speaker of the House of Burgesses, the same before which Patrick Henry outrageously declaimed for "liberty or death," stands first on the list. Then comes a specimen brick—that is, a brick bearing this inscription: "This brick was taken from the ruins of the house in which Pocahontas lived, as the wife of John Rolf, at Varina, in the County of Henrico. Brought to Richmond, April 15th, 1856, by Richard Randolph"—one of her descendants. It is a very good brick, its genuineness is undisputed, and a sufficient number like it would rear an excellent house. Some Indian bread, petrified, does not strike the beholder as very appetizing. The colonial paper currency on its shelf looks for all the world like the five-pound notes of the Bank of England of to-day, such is the similarity of style, print and paper. A French bronze tablet bears the inscription: "This tablet was placed as a mark of the domain of King Louis XV., on the river Oyo (Ohio), as a memorial of the taking possession of the territory from the savages in the King's name in 1749." A nugget of iron is surrounded with more than usual interest as being a memorial from Falling Creek on the James River, seven miles below Richmond, the site of the first iron furnace in America, which was operated by Archibald Cary, known as "Old Iron" in his day, from his persevering disposition. A picture representing the baptism of Pocahontas, sundry seals of the colony with the motto "*En dat Virginia quintum*," a china mug used by General Washington and a cannon-ball the size of an orange from Lafayette's battle-ground at Yorktown, complete the store of souvenirs. Bricks as specimens of colonial building are of course plentiful throughout the State. During the first years bricks glazed at one end were brought from England, but even then most of the houses were wooden, without nails, being put together by wooden pins. The majority of brick houses at Jamestown, Williamsburg, etc., were built from bricks made in the country, as it would have been excessively costly to bring them over in the small vessels, which rarely exceeded one hundred and twenty tons burden. The cost of the first plain piano brought into the colony from England is marked down in the records at $850, so dear was transportation only a few years after the date of the instrument's invention by an Italian in Padua, or in 1711.

Tobacco was exclusively the currency in colonial days, and the part it played may be characterized as universal, its ramifications being too numerous to mention. Even as late as the age of Jefferson, we find by the records lately exhumed from piles of dryasdust that that gentleman, according to a letter of acknowledgment from one Fitzgerald, purchased with tobacco a copy of his friends', the eighteenth century philosophers "Encyclopedie"—a work which beyond question led him up to writing the Declaration of Independence. In yet older times tobacco was the all-in-all. In the stained mass of documents one frequently falls upon regulations and letters in regard to the paying of tithes to the parsons in tobacco, and to the size of hogsheads for shipping the plant drawn up in the royal council at London; tables of fees charged by sheriffs in tobacco; directions as to making engagements for goods "either for cash or tobacco"; complaints from merchants to the "Home Government" that

ROLLING IN PLUG.

the colonial inspectors "pased very bad tobacco for some people, and often burned good tobacco, and made the people pick it over and over again," etc. The low price of the weed in the colony is often complained of, also, being rated at 3½d. per pound. In 1780 a hogshead of prime tobacco fetched in Richmond £75, low quality £30. One hundred years after the founding of the colony the traffic in tobacco yielded twenty millions of dollars, which was considered a handsome revenue. Virginia now pays six millions in tobacco taxes to the national treasury.



DRYING THE LEAVES AFTER COMING FROM THE TANK.

Tobacco, of course, is indissolubly connected with King Powhatan and his Indians. It is doubtless for this reason that the principal tobacco-store in Richmond to-day displays in its showcase two of the chief's teeth, decorated with ribbons and duly inscribed, "Jaw tooth and front tooth from mouth of King Powhatan." Their size is one and one-quarter inches long, one inch wide; one inch long, one-half inch wide, respectively. The owner of this stock of dentistry having been questioned as to their authenticity, quickly replied: "The identical spot where they were found can be seen any day on the Wicocomico, or Nine-mile Road, not far from the battle-field of Seven Pines, and I know the man who picked 'em up. I admit they look rather large, but it is said the King rarely used his club when his teeth were on edge, and I suppose they got so big from long practice on his enemies." Powhatan, for the rest, has always been a decided favorite in Virginia —largely, no doubt, out of gratitude for the heroic act of his daughter. Hundreds of boys continue to be dubbed at birth with the chieftain's name, and who has not seen or heard of the "Powhatan Pipe," with bowl shaped after the Indian pattern and reed stem? Tennyson smokes a Virginia Powhatan pipe and tobacco. Indeed, these pipes have gone all over the world, though the genuine article is only manufactured out of a special clay found at "Pamphin's Depot," near Appomattox Court House.

The tobacco-plant is as fine as one may wish to see in the vegetable kingdom. It grows to the maximum height of six feet, and from the centre of a tuft of leaves, of a beautiful green, shoot out elegant and graceful clusters of pink flowers. For ages and ages this magnificent luxury grew in the solitary wilds of America, prized only by its savage inhabitants. It was introduced into England in 1596, after the break up of Sir Walter Raleigh's colonial enterprise, and upon the return there of some of the members of the squadron that sailed under Sir Richard Grenville, in 1584. Raleigh himself, in his English home, smoked a pipe; but the weed first became fashionable in England in the form of snuff. The first snuff-takers were laughed at, and more or less persecuted. James I. wrote a book, entitled "Misocapnos," against snuff-takers. Some years later, Pope Urban VIII. excommunicated all persons who took snuff in churches; yet to-day snuff has gone out of fashion everywhere except at Rome, and there it remains in use, chiefly among the priests, who are not restrained from snuffing at will. Queen Elizabeth thought it necessary to add something to the Papal excommunication pronounced against those who used the black dust during divine service, and authorized the beadles to confiscate the snuff-boxes to their own use.

THE SECOND DRYING.

Amurath IV. forbade the use of snuff under pain of having the nose cut off.

Monarchs and ministers, however, soon discovered a mine of revenue in the weed, and found it very profitable to give snuff-boxes, with their portraits inlaid in diamonds on the lid, to poets and others, thus honoring the use of the plant. Copying after Napoleon I., many countries in Europe made tobacco a strict monopoly in the hands of the Government, and this is so to-day. Tobacco from its very start took well; it was adopted with wonderful quickness. The potato was far more difficult to popularize, and has still a greater number of adversaries.

The colonial authorities at an early day were at pains to impress upon the colonists the utility of tobacco as a crop, and the year 1616 witnessed its first planting by white men in Virginia. The Indians used to let it all run to seed, only succoring the leaves so as to keep the sprouts from growing upon and starving them; when it was ripe they pulled the leaves, cured them in the sun, and laid them away for use. At first the white planters found it very hard to supply or please the market, corners not even having been dreamed of. That important personage, Mr. John Rolf, took the lead in planting. Captain John Smith thought the Virginia "soyle" eminently adapted for tobacco. It would seem that the planters very soon began to raise too much tobacco, and therefore neglected a proper provision for crops on which their sustenance depended. The cotton planters in the South made the same mistake until within the very last few years. The large quantity produced by the early planters was at the cost of quality, so much so that the "London Company" wrote to its agents, in 1621: "We desire you to give notice to the colony that after this year they expect no further supply of any necessaries to be exchanged with them for their darling tobacco. We heartily wish that you would make some provision for the burning of all base and rotten stuff, and not suffer any but very good to be cured—at least sent home—whereby these would certainly be more advanced in price upon less in the quantity. However, we hope that no bad or ill-conditioned tobacco shall be by compelling authoritie putt upon our Factor. This overweening esteem of their darling tobacco, to the overthrow of all other staple comodities, should not be maintained in the colony."

The produce of an acre on the best land appears to have been about 1,660 pounds, and on poor land about 500 pounds. The tobacco put up by the colonists for export was in bundles of leaf, as at present; that from the West Indies was in balls, in the preparation of which molasses was used. The weight of the hogshead was, in 1652, 350 pounds, then 500 pounds, then 800 pounds, and then as much as 1,100 pounds, which latter figure was not often exceeded prior to the revolution. It is larger now, but varies, and there is general complaint that no universal standard size of the hogshead has yet come in vogue throughout the world. A common system of weights, measures and moneys must prevail, however, everywhere at no distant day; common sense and use demand the change.

Although tobacco had assumed such a dominant importance in the colony, James I. attacked it through his "Counterblaste," in which he described smoking as "loathsome to the eye, hurtful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black, stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless." James's practice differed from his opinion, as he was at the same time violently extorting a revenue from the sale of the weed; and even after his time the royal regulations in regard to its raising and profits were most burdensome and harassing.

As soon as tobacco had grown into its importance as an export, it became the currency of the colony. All values, whether of service or of property, were expressed in pounds of tobacco. Under such circumstances, inspectors were absolutely necessary to preserve the standard, and the laws made respecting these officers were very numerous and stringent. As time passed, and the producing power of the colony was increased through the introduction of negro slaves by the English and Dutch, the volume of the crop grew beyond the limits of consumption, when prices declined, of course. Both "seconds" and "primings" were put under the ban and burnt; indeed, to enhance price by curtailing supply, a portion of the good tobacco went in the same direction. One writer, in 1681, recorded that "the market is overstocked, and every crop overstocks it more; our thriving is our undoing, and our bringing of blacks hath extremely contributed thereto by making more tobacco." Many of the settlers had been landed gentry, with a taste for large estates and a country life. In the time of the "London Company" (which was dissolved in 1624), there was no difficulty about acquiring large estates, since every share of £12 10s. entitled the holder to fifty acres. After the dissolution the Government seems to have been careless in its grants of lands, and many acquired estates far larger than they could properly manage. The number of rivers, and the ease with which the settlers could transport themselves and their goods from one place to another, favored this mode of life.

The cultivation of tobacco and the use of slave-labor also helped to bring this about. Slaves can seldom learn to cultivate more than one kind of crop; and, as tobacco exhausts the soil, it was necessary to be always taking fresh land into cultivation, while leaving that which had been already tilled time to recover its strength. Thus each planter needed far more land than he would have done under a thriftier system. Various attempts were made to establish towns, but they failed, chiefly because every one wanted to have the town within easy reach of his own plantation.

In 1775 the export of tobacco was 101,828,617 pounds, which exhibits quite an increase in the crop from the earliest planting era. (The export was only 223,901,913 from Virginia in 1875.) The colonists had spread from tidewater up to the mountains, the plant had followed in their wake, and trade was established on a basis of reasonable regularity. Tobacco warehouses were erected at all convenient parts, ruled over by "inspectors," often complained of for their spiteful or arbitrary rulings. In Revolutionary War times the crop and the prices fluctuated. The marriage portion of a young lady in those days had grown to be generally as much as 50,000 pounds of tobacco, showing that the colonists had worked their way up and accumulated fortunes. No article, of course, was so highly prized by all, or received so much attention, as tobacco. It was the people's chief source of income, their surplus, moreover, to be sold abroad. As wealth increased the planter observed a style of living seldom found in new countries; indeed, in things generally, he was at once the artificer of a new empire and an actor of prominence in the old.

In view of the colonial progress in the cultivation of tobacco, the people of Europe and Asia, not willing to depend for their supply entirely on the New World, undertook the raising of the weed for themselves. It is, at the present day, a regular crop in nearly every country. The consumption in the Union is, taking official figures,

forty-eight cigars, two and nine-tenth pounds of chewing-leaf, and one and one-sixteenth pounds of smoking-leaf per head of population. The weed is chewed only to a very limited extent in other countries, but all the world are smokers. Germany, in her *per capita* consumption, ranks with the United States. As nearly as can be estimated, from the combined official international statistics, the total annual consumption of the world is 2,000,000 of tons!

Less than a century ago Virginia produced the bulk of the tobacco grown in the United States; now she is left behind as to quantity by Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri and Ohio. While Western tobacco made good headway abroad prior to the war, it was during the struggle, when Virginia was entirely cut off from supplying her usual customers, that it gained a foothold so firm that it is scarcely probable a dislodgment of her successful rivals will ever be effected. The West makes good tobacco in large quantities, but it has never yet raised any as good as the best Virginia brands, and good authorities maintain that the soil and climate of Virginia will ever produce the best quality.

The types of tobacco now produced in Virginia are three. First, a bright-yellow tobacco, which is used for plug-fillers to some extent, and for smoking-tobacco and cigarettes. It is grown in the counties bordering on the North Carolina line, and throughout all the northern and western counties of that State. The finest quality is generally held to be produced in Buncombe County, though by some the palm is awarded to Granville County. Dr. Voelcker, chemist to the Royal Agricultural Society in England, accords it a superior rank over all other pipe and cigarette tobaccoes, both from the small percentage of nicotine and of nitrates which convey a biting or burned taste. The cigarette trade of this particular brand is rapidly spreading at home and abroad, and it is thought by many that it will ultimately supplant the cigarette tobaccoes of Macedonia, Asia Minor and the Crimea—the regions that furnish the fine Turkish and Russian brands for smokers.

Secondly, there is the "Caroline sun-cured," which is admittedly the best plug-filler in the world. Its cultivation is confined to the counties of Caroline, Louisa, a part of Fluvanna and a part of King William Counties, in Virginia. The public taste has, however, of late years undergone a change, the chewers, especially in the North and West, preferring a filler of "White Burley," grown in Kentucky and Southern Ohio, and which is practically nothing but a vehicle for sugar and flavorings. The taste is an acquired one, as for chiccory in coffee.

Lastly, there is the heaviest and most profitable type of all, the "Shipping Tobacco." This grade of leaf, in its cultivation, is confined mainly to "Southside Virginia," and passes under the sub-heads of "English" and "Continental," being all exported. The competition of the dark tobaccoes of the West and of India, to say nothing of the endless "substitutes" grown throughout the world, has largely curtailed its consumption; besides, the type itself has suffered greatly through the inability of the colored laborers to grow and handle it properly, since their inexperience and lack of foresight have not been equal to the requirements of the situation. As the State is favored at many points in her area with the same soil as that prevailing in the Connecticut Valley, and in Lancaster County, Pa., it is claimed that it could surpass both in the direction of "seed-leaf," or cigar-tobacco. Thus far no cigar-tobacco, or cigars of any smokable value, have been produced in the State. The growth of the cigar-type would be a very great additional source of revenue to her people, who were so heavily and specially impoverished by the war.

Of all crops, tobacco is the most capable of universal cultivation, because it is the most hardy and the most tolerant of changes in temperature, altitude and general climate. From the equator to the fiftieth degree of latitude it can be raised without difficulty, though it flourishes best within thirty-five degrees of latitude on either side of the equator. The finest qualities are raised in the Philippine Islands and in Syria. The consumption of foreign tobacco in the United States is very limited, owing, of course, to the use of the domestic article, and Cuba furnishes almost our total foreign supply. Smokers of every nation on the globe are eager to obtain the cigars of Havana, but as they are not sufficient in quantity to "go around," and are hence very costly, this eagerness is most frequently balked. Spurious Havana cigars are found in abundance everywhere, from China to Peru. Great care is paid to the cultivation of tobacco in Cuba, owing to the general demand for it and the high fancy prices it fetches. A Cuban plantation consists of about thirty-three acres, and yields about 9,000 pounds of tobacco. In general it is classified as follows: First, 450 pounds from the leaves immediately at the top of the plant, and the best in quality, as they get more equally the sun's rays by day and the dew by night; second, 2,250 pounds from the inferior or small leaves about the top of the plant; thirdly, 6,300 pounds of leaves nearest the root. The plant beds are sown toward the end of September; the land is prepared and the plants are set out about the 1st of November. The plant grows to the height of six feet, is of a dark-green color, rather smooth in appearance, changing at maturity to a yellowish-green. As soon as it is cut (early in January) it is hung on poles in the house to dry; after drying for some time it is moistened and put in large heaps to ferment, and, after due fermentation, it is again dried, sorted and packed. When the tobacco is cured it is put into bundles called *gavillas*, four of which, tied together with strips of palm-leaf, make a *manejo*, from fifty to eighty of these composing a bale of an average weight of 200 pounds. Only a small portion of the island is cultivated in tobacco, and the value of the crop does not exceed $20,000,000. Taking the average, there is only one fine crop in every five years, two being bad crops and two tolerably good. Yet of all the cigars sold in the world, about one-fourth are called and sold as "Havanas," on account of the great prestige of the name.

Richmond sends her tobacco to all parts of the world, after paying the Government the heavy tax levied on it, amounting in that one city alone to more than $2,000,000 a year. Virginia tobacco is borne across the Atlantic to the land of the Christian and the Moslem, to the dusky tribes who bow in horror-stricken awe before their fetich gods. Tobacco comes forth from the Richmond factories in various forms, cigars and cigarettes for the more dainty; smoking tobacco for those who cling to the pipe, and plug for those who chew. The last form is, however, the most important branch of the tobacco trade in Richmond.

Plantations far and near send the tobacco in hogsheads to this great mart of the weed, which, unknown till a few centuries since, is now a necessity in all parts of the world.

When the hogsheads arrive they are opened, the bundles taken out, shaken and sorted by experienced women into five or six grades, as the leaf may be suitable for filler or wrapper.

Then begins the work of preparation for the market, a series of operations requiring judgment and care. The

"ORDERING" OR FLAVORING THE TOBACCO.

fillers are placed in vessels and steamed till they become soft and pliant; when this has been carried on to the proper point, they are taken out to be sweetened in a large tank containing a solution of sugar and licorice or molasses, in which the leaves are steeped. These tanks are of sufficient capacity to hold a thousand pounds at a time. It requires sometimes ten hours to steep and saturate the leaves with the liquid, to suit the various brands. When sufficiently sweetened the bundles are taken out and run through wringers like those used in our households in order to press out the superfluous moisture, and as this liquid flows back to the vat, the bundles are hung up on trestles to dry. This operation requires about twelve hours; but the removal of the moisture tends to make it too dry and brittle, so that it has to be again steamed to render it soft and pliant.

The next operation is the stemming, the careful removing of the middle of the leaf, after which the divided leaves are laid down on straight poles by the skilled hands, who perform this part of the work. The stemmers are paid according to the work performed; the most expert being able to stem 250 pounds a day, at the rate of a dollar a hundred, while others do not earn much more than half that amount.

The sweetened stems taken out are not a loss. They are shipped to Germany, where they are used in the manufacture of snuff. In some concerns the stems are removed before the leaf undergoes the sweetening process, and in

THE SHAPING-PRESS.

that case the stems are sold for fertilizers, bringing the manufacturer about four dollars a ton.

The divided leaves are next placed in bins with wire net bottoms, and exposed to heat from exhaust steam sent through pipes by a powerful blower; during this process the leaves have to be stirred constantly.

If not flavored during the sweetening operation, the tobacco undergoes this process, and is then piled up and covered with blankets. When required for further handling, it is *ordered* or made pliant by sprinkling the quantity needed.

If the tobacco is to be spun, the half leaves are laid along in a line lapping over each other three or four inches, and they are twisted on a wheel like a spinning-wheel into rope a third of an inch in diameter. This is then coiled into tubs or cut into lengths and packed in ten-pound trunks, locked, labeled, and stamped ready for sale.

If plug tobacco is required, the tobacco-leaves are stemmed, but are not subjected to the sweetening process; a batch of the leaves is packed in a shallow, movable

PRESSING THE PLUG IN THE BOXES.

iron bin, and this is run under a hydraulic press, by which the leaves are crushed into a solid mat, which is then taken to a revolving cylinder carrying knives, which cut it into cakes varying in size, according to the brand or variety. A wrapper of yellow Virginia tobacco is then skillfully folded around each cake, and they are placed in a drying-room with latticed floor, heated from below with steam-pipes. When sufficiently dry the plugs are shaped in a crimper, an iron frame filled with cells; after which each cake goes through two other mills, to give it the final shape.

The plugs are then placed in boxes, each layer being subjected to pressure, and when the box is full it is labeled, stamped and is ready for the market.

The wood of the box is generally buttonwood from Maine, that tree being preferred from the fact that its timber is free from taste and odor, so that it cannot affect the tobacco.

The operations can be followed in our illustrations, and as may be seen, the workmen are nearly all negroes, a happy, contented set, making good wages, although the introduction of machinery has necessarily diminished the number required at each factory.

Virginia stands second among the tobacco-producing

THE CROSS OF BLOOD.—"ELISE, WHITE AS A CORPSE, NEVER HEEDED THE SCAR, FIXING HER EYES, DILATED WITH HORROR, UPON A LARGE SEAL RING ON THE FOURTH FINGER OF THE DISFIGURED HAND,"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

States in the Union, being surpassed only by Kentucky; the annual product of the State, according to the last census, was more than 80,000,000 of pounds, 139,000 acres of the soil of the Old Dominion being devoted to the culture of the plant, which, from planting to shipping, employs thousands of the cheery negro population.

WHAT HAS VEXED THE LOVELY CLARE?

WHAT has vexed the lovely Clare,
That she stands at the window with troubled air?
Oh! a banker's daughter, rolling in wealth,
Has taken her lover away by stealth;
And 'twas only last night she learnt he was false,
For he pressed her rival's hand in the waltz,
And whispered soft speeches into her ear—
He scarce seemed conscious that Clare was near.
Oh! the banker's daughter, she has, I ween,
Full twenty suitors to choose between,
Daily and hourly besieged with offers,
Not for herself, but the gold in her coffers;
Why should she steal from lovely Clare
That gallant young lover, and débonnaire?

'Tis cruel to lose your heart, I ween,
For the ace or knave, or king or queen!
Ah! dainty lady, 'tis hard—'tis hard,
When your love is staked upon die and card;
For the dice will not fall as the wish is set,
And luck turns badly at lansquenet;
And a gallant young lover, say what you may,
Who has run into debt, must contrive to pay,
And a banker's daughter, with gold to spare,
Is a dangerous rival for lovely Clare.

'Tis this that vexes the lovely Clare,
And throws a cloud o'er her forehead fair;
'Tis this that is burning her breath to sighs,
And brings the teardrops into her eyes;
That sets that foot of hers tapping the Brussels
Till her pearl-gray poplin angrily rustles;
That lends to her lip that scornful turn,
And makes her glances so fiercely burn.
'Tis a mixture of jealousy, grief and despair
That is vexing so deeply the lovely Clare.

THE CROSS OF BLOOD.

I WAS not young, something over forty years of age, and a childless widow, when I accepted the position of governess and companion to Elise Manderson, the motherless daughter of Paul Manderson, the great iron merchant.

Elmdale, the superb mansion where Mr. Manderson established his home when he retired from the iron business, was a large stone country house of the last century, modernized with all the new contrivances for comfort, and splendidly furnished. The grounds were extensive and thoroughly cultivated, and the station where the railway trains stopped for passengers to and from New York was two miles away over a pleasant road.

The little village of L—— was near the station, but Elmdale was isolated from the other country-seats in the neighborhood by having a hill for its grounds, and proudly overlooking the country for miles from its summit.

The family consisted of Mr. and Miss Manderson, myself, and a large number of servants under the superintendence of the housekeeper, Mrs. King. I may as well introduce myself here as Mrs. Rutherford, commonly called madame, being myself of French birth, although my late husband was an American.

My position in the household may be best defined by the words of my employer when he welcomed me to Elmdale.

"My little girl, madame, will not tax your time for much instruction, as she has masters for languages, music and drawing, and pursues her Latin and English studies with me. But she wants a companion—one who will fill in some measure the place of her mother, who died two years ago in Italy. While we remained abroad, traveling constantly, I was sufficient companion and protection for Elise, but my business will call me from home very frequently, and I shall feel happier to leave her with a pleasant friend."

He then led me to the drawing-room, and introduced me to his "little girl."

Truly I thought she was a child when she rose from her chair to greet me, but in a moment I saw my error. The graceful courtesy of her manner, the gentle dignity and sweetness combined, were not those of a child, though the exquisitely lovely face and small delicate figure were very childlike. Her dress of rich violet silk, with black lace trimming, suited well the fair blooming complexion, large gray eyes and golden hair of the young heiress, and the rippling waves drawn from her face left clearly defined the regular features, and delicately arched dark eyebrows.

She was in her twenty-first year, but any stranger might have mistaken her for a girl of sixteen at most. In five minutes I was conversing easily with my beautiful charge, and had my position as friend and confidant well defined by the stately courtesy of the father and the sweetness of the daughter.

Our first evening passed pleasantly, and in a few days I was thoroughly at home in Elmdale, joining Elsie in her walks, rides and drives, and sitting with her when she was with her masters. She was no bookworm, but an enthusiast in music, a fair amateur artist, and an admirer of the poets of Germany, Italy and France.

I think if I were going to name the greatest charm of my young charge, I should embody it in one word, purity. Her very beauty was of that fragile fairness we associate with angels. Her thoughts were never coarse, her words never straying from a sweet maidenly decorum that was as natural to her as the dainty refinement of her manners and movements. Her dress was always spotless and tasteful, and seemed to be a very part of her, it was so invariably suitable and becoming.

We had plenty of visitors, and returned the calls and civilities of the neighbors, but there was no especially intimate friend to cause me jealousy. For I loved Elise in a week so fondly that I was gratefully happy in having her give me fond, confiding affection.

Our days were busy and pleasant, and our long, lonely evenings were spent in sewing, reading, or often entirely in music, Mr. Manderson being frequently absent for many days together.

It was in September when I went to Elmdale, and there was no break in our pleasant, quiet life until Christmas. It was from a large Christmas ball given by Mrs. Rierson, one of the magnates of the neighborhood, that I date the commencement of the train of events I am about to relate.

Mr. Manderson had gone South upon some business, for, although he had retired from the pursuits that made his fortune, he was constantly engrossed in speculations, the investments of his immense wealth, or other occupations. He had remembered the festive day by a large box of gifts sent to Elise from New York, in which was in-

closed a pair of heavy, costly bracelets for myself; but he was not coming home.

Being left as usual to our own devices, we had accepted Mrs. Rierson's invitation, and, after a late dinner, with Christmas luxuries for our solitary selves and the servants, we prepared for the ball.

I never saw a lovelier vision than Elise as she entered the drawing-room for my final touches to her dress, she having laughingly assured me that her maid could never put on the French finish in my fingers.

Over a pale peach-colored silk she wore a dress of white lace—a Parisian work of art—caught up on the overskirt with a garland of peach-blossom. Her shoulders and arms were bare, but the slender throat was clasped by a necklace of pearls, white pearl-drops hung from the dainty ears, and loops of the same costly stones confined the showers of golden curls.

"Papa's Christmas gift," she said, as I admired the pure stones. "It is too bad he is not here to see them. Am I all right?"

"Indeed you are. I would not touch a curl or a fold."

"Wrap up well," she said, folding her own tiny figure in a large ermine cloak, "for it is very cold."

The drive was not a long one, and we were soon at Mrs. Rierson's. The evening was on the verge of midnight when the hostess came to my side.

"Madame," she said, "have I your permission to introduce Mr. Baxter to your pupil? I do not like myself to take the responsibility, because he is quite a stranger amongst us, and his story is rather too romantic for my taste."

"What is his story?" I asked.

"Mr. Murray, the lawyer at L——, introduces him, and vouches for the fact that he is the heir of an eccentric millionaire in San Francisco, who was a client and old friend of the lawyer's. Who or what he was before this benefactor adopted him, and left him his fortune, the story does not state. He is a very handsome man, about thirty, and heir to an immense fortune. That is all I know."

"But why must he be introduced to Elise?

"He has requested the introduction. Ah! we are too late. Mr. Murray is presenting him."

I followed the direction of Mrs. Rierson's eyes, and saw the old lawyer leading a gentleman to the side of Elise. The young girl looked up and smiled, then courteously greeted the newcomer. One of Strauss's waltzes broke from the band, and the stranger evidently asked for Elise's hand for the dance.

She smiled and bowed assent. I saw him put his arm around her delicate waist, and in a moment she was in the throng of gracefully moving waltzers.

She danced like a fairy, my dainty little darling, moving in that perfect accord to the music that only a lover of music can attain, and seeming to float along the current of the sweet, stirring melody. Twice she passed me, borne along on the strong arm of her tall partner, who danced well, and the third time she approached, leaning upon his arm, and seeking a seat beside me.

When she introduced me, I looked with some curiosity at the hero of Mrs. Rierson's romance. I saw a tall, eminently handsome man, with good features, a dark complexion, black hair and mustache, and large black eyes. His manner was gentlemanly, but reserved, and the impression he left upon my mind was that he carried some great sorrow, or perhaps secret.

He stood beside us for some time, conversing pleasantly, but always with grave reserve, and an expression of settled melancholy that was very sad in so young a face. Yet, I was favorably impressed, and certainly was forced to admire the gentle courtesy of manner that marks the breeding that is habitual, the inborn instincts of refinement.

"Whatever else Mr. Baxter may be, he is certainly a gentleman," I thought, before we had been five minutes together, and I never changed my opinion in all the doubts and fears that followed.

We met Mr. Baxter after this everywhere. He was evidently a favorite in the circle of society around us, as evidently he was more than pleased with Elise. Strongly contrasted as they were in every way, for she was as sunny and frank as he was sad and reserved, there was a mutual attraction that was fast developing into the deep love that makes or mars a lifetime.

My responsibility was soon over, for early in January Mr. Manderson returned, and his inquiries about the stranger resulted in a cordial extension of hospitality, and apparently perfect approval of his admiration for Elise.

So the old, old story, that is ever new, began at Elmdale, and I saw Elise learning, day after day, the sweet lesson of love from lips that could be dangerously eloquent, and eyes that softened and grew luminous for her alone.

He loved her devotedly, this tall, grave man, and I was sure his love was fully returned, when one lovely day in early Spring she showed me a glittering diamond ring, and whispered that Munro Baxter had placed it on her finger, the seal of their betrothal.

It was after I had embraced and congratulated her that Elise mentioned, for the first time, a peculiarity I had often noticed in her lover.

"Why is it, do you suppose?" she said, "that Munro always wears a glove on his left hand? Indoors or out, even at the table, he keeps that hand perpetually covered."

"It may be injured or disfigured in some way."

"I mean to ask him. I want to know all about him now," she said, gayly. "It is a mystery, and I dislike mysteries."

That same evening, when her lover came, she asked him the secret of the gloved hand.

"There is no mystery about it," he said, unbuttoning the delicate kid glove. "I wear it to conceal an unsightly scar I received in a fight when I was a miner in California."

I noticed a pallor on Elise's face as he spoke, and as he uncovered his hand I leaned forward with her to see the red scar, that was certainly unsightly enough to excuse its covering. But Elise, white as a corpse, never heeded the scar, fixing her eyes, dilated with horror, upon a large seal ring on the fourth finger of the disfigured hand.

Her very lips grew white as she struggled with some deep, painful emotion.

Her lover, looking with wonder at her white, agitated face, said:

"Elise, you are ill! What moves you so, darling?"

She looked up with a piteous, yearning expression, that was heart-breaking, and with a sigh that seemed like a death-knell, sank down, white and senseless, at our feet.

Mr. Manderson was summoned from the library and a physician sent for, as we could not revive her.

All the long night her father and myself worked over her, restoring her from one long fainting fit, only to cry, in a tone of agonized horror, "The cross of blood! the cross of blood!" and again fall back insensible.

The physican arrived when we were becoming seriously alarmed, and at once inquired if Miss Manderson had suffered from a mental shock.

Her father answered, promptly:

"No, sir. Miss Manderson lives a perfectly tranquil,

happy life. She has never had any mental affliction, excepting her mother's death."

But when the night of insensibility was over, and Elise passed into violent delirium, the doctor became positive in his conviction, and I grew fairly bewildered.

She raved incessantly of Munro, calling him by every endearing name, then crying out in horror:

"Munro! The cross of blood! the cross of blood! Oh! it cannot be you murdered him! Munro, my own love! Oh! God help me! The cross of blood!"

This was the never-ceasing refrain, and it became horrible to me, as it broke from her lips hour after hour, always associated with her lover's name and murder.

For one long, long day, after more than a week of illness, it seemed as if the secret was to be buried in the grave of the fair girl.

With bated breath the loving father and I watched for the waking from sleep that was to decide for life or death, and saw the large soft eyes open rational once more.

"Madame," she whispered, "have I been ill?"

"Yes, darling; and you must be very quiet."

"Who is that crying?"

Mr. Manderson checked the deep sobs of gratitude to come to her side.

"It is I, Elise. Thank God, you are spared to me."

"Yes, papa; but—but——" and her eyes wandered.

"Did you want to see Munro?" he asked.

"Munro?" she said, wistfully; and then, in a wild sob, "No, no! I want nobody but you!"

She wept till she slept, but did not speak again, and I crept away to tell her lover she would live.

For in those days of watching and fear, the lover had been hovering like a shadow around us, sympathizing with Mr. Manderson, ever ready to perform any outdoor service for us, and growing haggard and worn in his anxiety.

I had told no one of the ravings that so perplexed me. I felt there was some deep mystery hidden in my darling's pure young heart, and she alone must solve it.

Yet, as she grew stronger, I saw that the secret had become an ever-present burden of sorrow that was breaking her heart. With returning health came no returning gladness to the pale face.

She would lie for hours looking sadly into vacancy, and if she spoke, there was a thrill of pain in her low, sweet voice that was pitiful to hear.

Even after she was able to sit up, she shrank from seeing Munro, though even her father pleaded for his admittance.

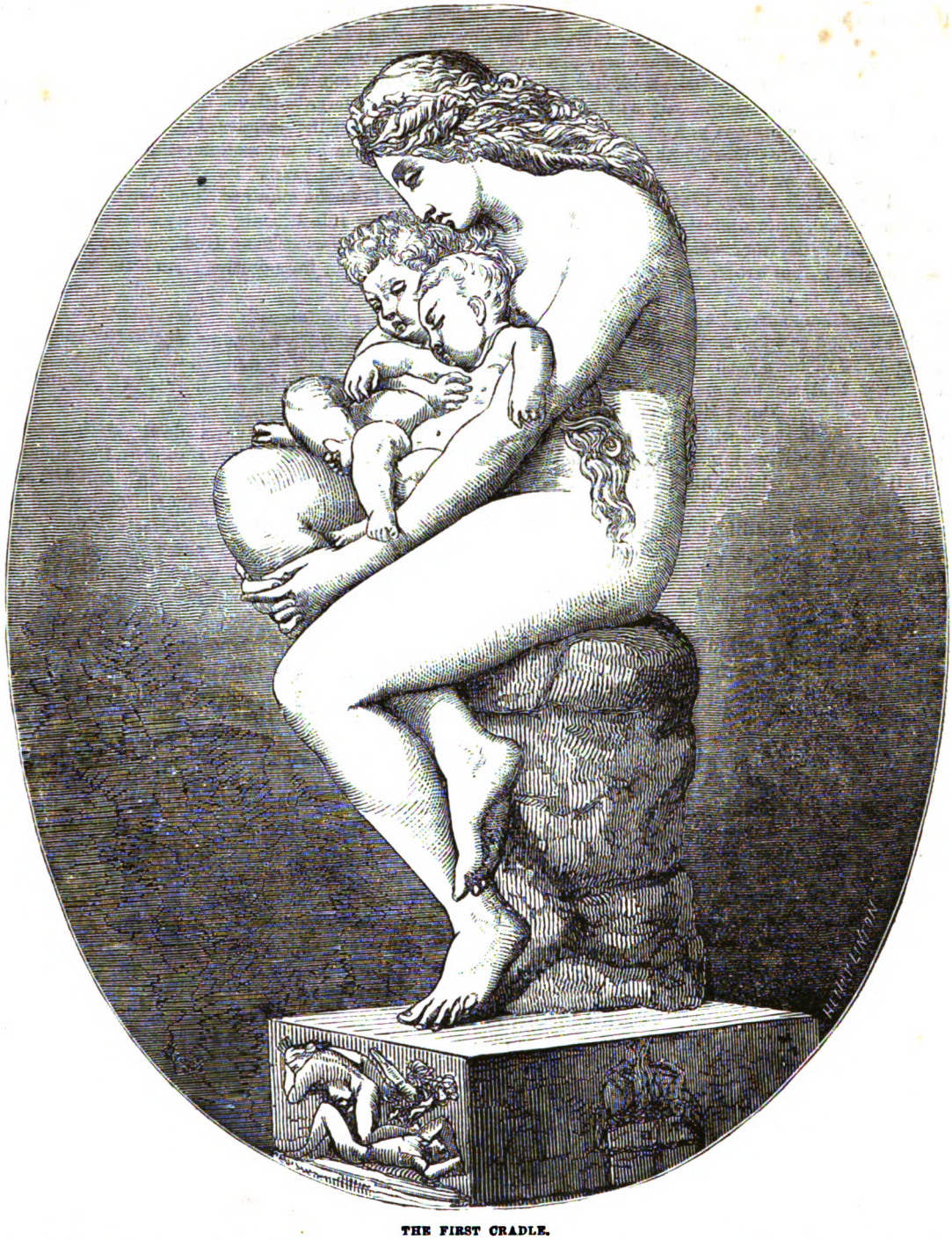
"To-morrow, when I am stronger," she would say, to turn to me when we were alone, and sob her deep, unspoken agony upon my breast.

She had not seen Munro, when one day her father came in, carrying a letter. After some little talk, he said, gayly:

"You must get well now, and look your prettiest, Elise. Claude Steadman has come home."

"He has not come!" she gasped.

WHAT HAS VEXED THE LOVELY CLARE?—SEE POEM ON PAGE 546.



THE FIRST CRADLE.

"He is in New York, and will call upon us to-day or to-morrow. I have told Mrs. King to prepare a room for him, for I shall not let him return, if I can keep him here."

There was no reply, and the father left us. Alone with me, Elise gave way to a burst of despairing anguish that fairly terrified me.

"What shall I do? What can I do?" she sobbed. "There will be bloodshed! They must not meet! I must warn Munro! Oh, my love! my love!"

I tried in vain to calm her, dreading a return of her first terrible illness, and after an hour or more of this suffering I finally persuaded her to take a quieting medicine, that held her fast in sleep in a short time.

My own brains were whirling. I knew that Claude Steadman was a young American artist the Mandersons had met in Italy, and that an exquisite oil-painting of Elise, that hung always in her father's room, was the work of his hands. But, often as I had heard him mentioned, I had never imagined that Elise regarded him with especial favor or interest.

She had spoken frequently of his talents, of their pleasant intercourse abroad, and her desire to see him when he returned to New York, but ever in a calm, friendly tone.

Could it be, I thought, looking at the sweet face, untroubled in its deep, placid sleep, that she was false, a coquette, who had given a true love-troth to two men, and so feared their meeting? I rejected the doubt as soon as

it arose. If ever there was pure truth in woman's heart, it was in the heart of Elise Manderson.

She awoke calm and rational. As I bent over her she drew me down to kiss me fondly.

"I cannot bear my secret alone," she said, her eyes full of unshed tears. "Will you hear it, and will you aid me, even if what I ask seems wrong to you?"

I promised. Surely there could be no deep wrong done by her little hands.

"You heard my father say Claude Steadman was coming here," she said, after a moment of silence. "He must not meet Munro Baxter *ungloved!* And yet, if to screen him, I am doing foul wrong to a noble, true nature! I will tell you all! You shall advise me.

"When we met Claude Steadman in Italy my father became much attached to him, and he was a constant visitor at our hotel. You have seen the picture he painted of me, and know that we became very friendly in the many long sittings I gave him. He was a very handsome man, in a boyish blonde style, with great blue eyes like a baby's, and a sweet, sensitive mouth. Young as I was, I felt, as did all who came within his influence, a kind of protecting affection for him.

He was full of vivacity and life, but subject to spells of deep mental depression. It was during one of these spells he told me his story.

"He was one of the twin-sons of a gentleman who was also a twin, and had lost father and mother when a mere child. His father's estate, carefully managed, had given himself and his brother support and education, but nothing more. There had been the usual strong love of twins between the brothers, though he told me they were most unlike in appearance and disposition. When they arrived at manhood their father's uncle died, and in his will left his nephews two rings, that had been made by their grandfather for his twin-boys. The rings were very peculiar, and Claude gave me his to examine closely. Upon a surface of onyx-stone, pure white, was a cross of deep red rubies, the family coat-of-arms being a cross of blood upon a snow-covered field.

"The brothers were just of age when they decided to separate for a time in pursuit of fortune, Claude coming to New York from their Western home, and Godfrey, the brother, going to California in search of gold.

"Six months after the separation, the artist brother in New York saw the account of a murderous attack upon a mining party who had found a large nugget, in which the entire number were killed, and the villains escaped with the plunder. Among the killed was Godfrey Steadman.

"When," said Elise, in a shivering tone, as she clung to me, "Claude said this, he held up the ring—the twin-ring with the cross of blood—crying:

"'Some day I shall find the mate to this, and the hand that carries it will be the hand of my brother's murderer! I am sure of it.'

"Madame," the girl whispered, "when Munro Baxter showed me the scar on his hand, I saw upon his finger the twin-ring bearing the cross of blood."

There was a deep silence fell upon us. In my arms the girl lay, white and exhausted, yet seeming relieved that she no longer bore her hideous secret alone. I tried to think how to advise her.

It seemed to me, as to her, impossible that Munro Baxter could be the vile murderer for gold. Yet the possession of the ring, the scar he owned was received in a fight in the California mines, were fearfully weighty evidence against him.

"Madame," said the low voice, "will you warn him? Will you send him away before Claude comes? Guilty or innocent, I love him, and I cannot take his punishment in my hands."

"I will warn him," I said. "Lie quiet, and I will speak to him at once."

It was no easy task. Mr. Manderson had gone to L—— early in the day, but I was quite sure Munro was in the library waiting the bulletin from the sick-room.

I found him pacing restlessly up and down.

"Will Elise see me?" he asked, eagerly.

"Elise has sent me to tell you——" I said, and paused, realizing the full difficulty of my errand.

"To tell me what?" he asked, impatiently.

"To tell you Claude Steadman will be here in a short time."

"Claude Steadman!"

He fairly shouted the name, not in the voice of terror or fear, but of rapturous delight.

"Claude! here!" he cried. "Not dead!"

"Dead!" I repeated.

"They told me he was dead when—oh, madame, madame, I am the happiest man alive! Claude! here!"

Even as he spoke the door opened, and Mr. Manderson entered, followed by a stranger. There was one awful moment when the two men, white as death, faced each other; then, with a cry I never imagined could spring from men's lips—a cry of womanly tenderness, of boyish love—they sprang to a strong mutual embrace, weeping like children.

When we were quiet again, and seated like rational beings, I thought of the anxious, loving heart up-stairs, and said:

"You must explain this quickly. Elise is dying, broken-hearted, Munro, trying to tear her heart from you, believing you are Godfrey Steadman's murderer."

"I! I am Godfrey Steadman himself!"

"But you were reported murdered," said the fair-haired artist, seeming to just awake to the wonder of the scene.

"I was left for dead, Claude, and with me my companion and sharer in a miner's toils and hardships, Munro Baxter. But I was not actually killed, though I lay for hours senseless and bleeding. When I revived I found Munro also still breathed. For days I tended him, scarcely alive myself, till we were able to crawl to the nearest station, and from there send for Munro's father, to San Francisco. When he came to us he had both of us removed to his house, and together he and I nursed his boy until he died of his injuries. The old man clung to me, looking upon me as the companion and friend of his son, and as he grew more and more feeble, gradually depended upon me for every care and attention. When he died he left me his fortune, upon condition that I took his son's name. But as soon as I had my senses and use of my hands, Claude, I wrote again and again to you. There was no answer, and when I was able, I came to New York. Mr. Jones, our old lawyer, told me you had died in Paris."

"I sailed for Italy soon after you were reported dead, Godfrey, trying to forget my sorrow in my art. It was our cousin Claude who died in Paris."

I stole away then, leaving them to exchange confidences, and went to Elise. How I told my story I cannot now recall; but when the brothers came to the drawing-room with their host, a pale little white-robed fairy glided to Munro's arms, to sob her thankfulness, and beg forgiveness for her distrust of him.

There was a wedding in the Fall, and Munro Baxter has built a superb mansion near ours for his bride, where Claude paints his new sister's fair face as angels, fairies, and every lovely phantasy of an artist's brain.

I say ours, because Mr. Manderson, when he lost his

child, concluded to sell Elmdale, unless I would still preside there as his wife, promising to remain with me, or make me his companion if he was called on business far away from his home. And I, knowing him true and good, gladly gave him my hand, where my heart had been for many long months.

"THE LORD OF THE WORLD."

By William Simpson.

The subject of this article is to be that of "Juggernaut"; but as that form of writing the word is now obsolete, it would scarcely do as a title; and the newer form of "Jagannatha" is so different, and as yet so little known, few would have recognized in it the name of the celebrated deification which has been so long notorious. Owing to some peculiarity in the articulating organs, there is a doubt as to how a number of Hindoostanee words should be pronounced; in some the letter R has been dropped, while in others it has been inserted where it had no right to be, and the word we have to deal with is an illustration of this last peculiarity.

Jagannatha is the form in which the word is now given by the best authorities; *Jagan* means "World," and *Natha* is usually rendered as "Lord," and thus we have "The Lord of the World," these words giving in English the title of the well-known divinity of Orissa. The name of the place where this particular idol resides also requires some correction. In maps and gazetteers it is found under the mispronounced word "Juggernauth." It will be easily understood that the Hindoos separate the name of the divinity they worship from that of the locality where it exists. A native of India would say that "the temple of Jagannatha is at Puri in Orissa." *Puri* means "City," and is only one of the many forms of the same word so common in Indian names, such as *poor*, *pore*, *puram*, etc., the new official orthography being *pur*. That this important religious centre should be called *par excellence* "The City," will so readily recall to most readers the names of other places which have received a similar title, although in different languages, it will not be necessary here to repeat them.

These are but slight corrections in comparison to what seems to be necessary in regard to the reputation of Jagannatha himself. In our own times the more extended and careful study of historical documents has led to the reversal of the ordinarily received ideas in regard to the character of prominent individuals who figured in the past; and it is quite possible that as the new science of comparative mythology makes progress it may very much modify the usually accepted notions we have of the deities belonging to the ancient religions. It is not beyond the bounds of possibility that Moloch may be whitewashed, and turn out to have been quite a respectable character. There is one old mythological personage whose character is so very bad, that his name is not even mentioned in polite society, and yet it has been long ago hinted that he is not quite so black as he is usually painted. The same may be said of Jagannatha. It would be difficult to justify everything done in connection with the worship of Puri, yet it is pretty clear that the most gross exaggerations have been indulged in.

These misrepresentations have been repeated until they have received implicit credence over the whole globe, and the name of "Juggernaut" is associated only with what is cruel and sanguinary. Whenever there is a sympathetic murderous destruction of human life to be denounced, "Juggernaut" becomes the type of such acts, and is called upon to do duty by all writers and public speakers. It is scarcely possible to conceive a more complete perversion of the truth; and it may be stated that Jagannatha would to a certainty get heavy damages in any court were he to prosecute his defamers.

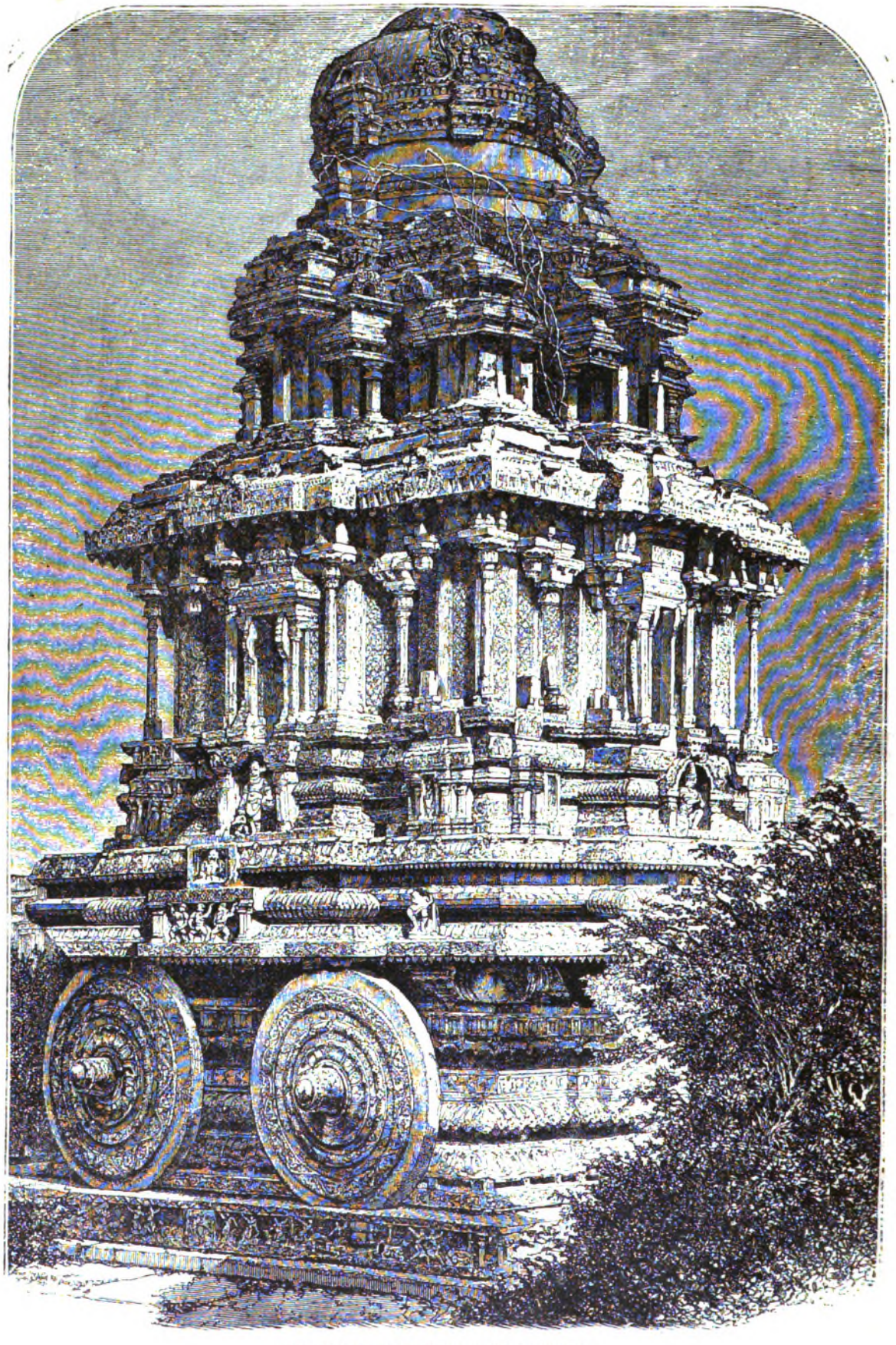
Jagannatha's relation to the Hindoo mythology will partly explain his true nature. He is one of the manifestations of Vishnu, and is supposed to be the same as Krishna. The forms under which Vishnu is worshiped are more or less connected with love, while the manifestations of Siva are, on the contrary, of a fierce and terrible kind. Had the character given to Jagannatha been attributed to Siva, something like justification might be found for it.

There is a well-known legend which illustrates the character of these deities. Among the innumerable gods of the Hindoo Pantheon a discussion had arisen as to the reputation of the principal personages. One of the Devas at last proposed to try a practical test by which the matter might be settled. So he went up and kicked Siva. The result was terrible; that god burst into a wild passion and destroyed millions of worlds before he calmed down again. The Deva then kicked Brahma. This deity became angry; he grumbled and growled a little, but did nothing in particular. The Deva then approached Vishnu, who was asleep, but awoke instantly on being kicked. He caught the foot that had given the blow, and stroking it with his hand, said he hoped it was not hurt, at the same time manifesting a warm anxiety as if he had been the cause of pain to the Deva, or as if he had done him an injury.

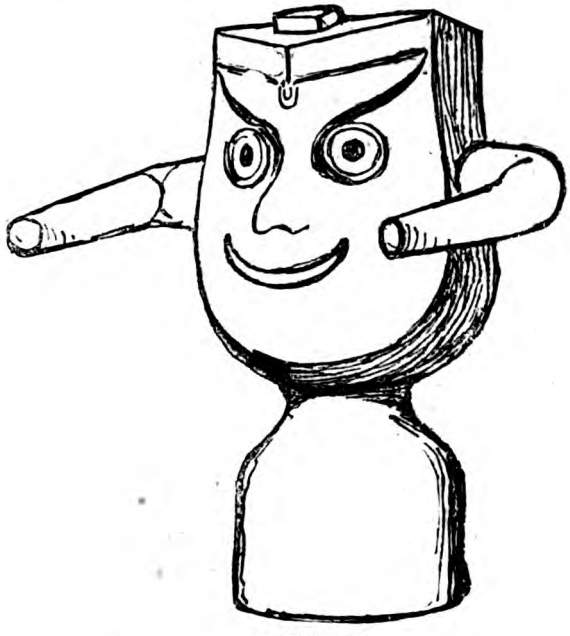
The feeling against taking life, even of the most insignificant insects, which the Hindoos carry at times to very extravagant extremes, is somehow connected with the worship of Vishnu, or is derived from Buddhism, two forms of faith which are thought to have been closely related, and both of which seem to have had something to do with the origin of the worship of Jagannatha at Puri. From this it will be seen that the destruction of life must be utterly opposed to such attributes, and that it would be out of harmony with the spirit which ought to guide in the worship of Vishnu or Jagannatha. The temple services present us with an illustration of this. Should by accident any person die within the temple walls, the ceremonies are at once stopped, the offerings are considered as polluted, and have to be carried away, and the whole place is looked upon as being unclean till it has been purified.

When the Ratha Yatra, or Car Festival, takes place, accidents do happen; there are thousands pulling the ropes by which the cars are moved. It is impossible to stop such a mass, and if any one should fall, he may be trampled upon by such a surging crowd, and the wheels of the car may also go over the body; but the frequency of such events have been exaggerated, and if there is blame, it is doubtful if Jagannatha should be made answerable. It has often happened when the Queen, or the Prince of Wales, has made a state visit to the city that very serious accidents have occurred, attended with loss of life—as a matter of fact such state processions through the streets of London have seldom taken place without some one in the crowd losing their life, yet no one ever dreams of ascribing to the royal personages just named such a character as has been given to Jagannatha.

During the Car Festival self-immolation takes place. This, also, has been very much exaggerated. Hamilton, in his "Gazetteer," states, "That during the four years prior to 1820 only three cases occurred, one said to be accidental, and the other two to get rid of excruciating diseases with which the victims were tormented." If this is



ORIGINAL FORM OF THE CAR OF JAGANNATHA.



JAGANNATHA.

BALARAMA, BROTHER OF JAGANNATHA.

anything like a fair estimate of the death-rate, there need be no hesitation in asserting, on the basis of statistics, that the British cab is a much more bloodthirsty institution than the car of Jagannatha.

It may be stated that this expression of doubt regarding a popular opinion is not the first which has appeared. The Indian press has at various times had letters and notices on this subject, and more than one author has expressed himself in very decided language against the commonly received notions. Dr. Hunter, a late writer on Orissa, puts it very strongly, that the character given to Jagannatha is totally unfounded and grossly calumnious. Other authorities could be quoted, but it will be enough to give the words of Mr. Fergusson, whose knowledge of things Indian is not by any means confined to the subject of architecture. He visited Puri, and the following is his graphic description: "So much has been written about the horrors of this festival—of the hundreds of dead and dying pilgrims that strew the road, and of their bones that whiten the plains, and of the victims that throw themselves under the wheels of the car—that I was most agreeably disappointed to find the pilgrims hurrying to the spot, talking and laughing like people going to a fair in England—which, in fact, it is. There were fanatics measuring the road with their length, and others rolling along, and devotees doing absurd things of all sorts, but not more than one sees in every town in India; and, as for victims, none had been heard of for many years before that time. Many threw themselves down before the cars, it is true, but a kick or a slap from those who were standing by started them long before the wheels came near, amidst the laughter and shouts of derision of the people. Nor were the bones more plentiful than the victims. I looked out everywhere for a pilgrim's skull, to examine his bump of veneration, and keep it as a curiosity if I found it large, but neither skulls nor bones were to be found anywhere that I could see."

SUBHADRA, SISTER OF JAGANNATHA.

Puri is situated about fifty miles south of Cuttack, where there is a level delta formed by the Mahanaddi River, and the space contains a most interesting collection of archæological remains. The Buddhist caves at Udayagiri and Khandagiri are among the oldest rock-cut excavations in India; and the temples of Bhuvaneswara and Kanaruc are, from their age as well as the elaborate work upon them, one of the most remarkable groups of Brahminical architecture. The great temple of Puri belongs to the same group, but as an example of Hindoo art it has not an equal interest with those at Bhuvaneswara. The shrine of Jagannatha is to a large extent only a copy of the great temple at Bhuvaneswara, the copy being much inferior to the model.

The great attraction to the student at Puri is the very peculiar worship at that place, and the questions connected with its origin, which are very obscure and doubtful. It strikes all visitors to Puri how it was possible a spot on a flat, bleak, sandy seashore could acquire a character of high sanctity. Yet such is the site on which we find the temple of Jagannatha. One of the supposed miracles of the place is, that the roar of the sea cannot be heard within the precincts of the temple; but from the outside of the inclosing walls such is not the case; the waves beating on the flat sands send a murmur which is distinctly audible. The only eminence is the mound on which the temple stands; it is about a mile from the sea. This elevation was anciently known as the Nilachila, or

GROUP OF THREE TRISULAS AT SANCHI.

"Blue Hill." Round this slight elevation, which has been raised to the dignity, only in its title, of being a hill, there has grown up a most wonderful collection of legendary lore—a collection so large that only a few of its leading points can be dealt with in this short article.

The temple inclosure is very nearly square, being 665 feet by 644, a space agreeing very closely with that of the temple courts of Jerusalem, according to Josephus; within this is a second inclosure, 400 by 278 feet. In addition to the great temple of Jagannatha itself, there are a number of lesser temples, and other buildings for purposes connected with the worship, among which is a dancing-hall, a refectory and a kitchen. This last is a large and very important part of Jagannatha's establishments. There are numerous wells, among which is the Rohini-Kunda; and a sacred tree, a banian or *Ficus Indica*, called "Kalpabriksha," which possesses many virtues, and is a source of revenue to the Brahmins. The Baradand, or road on which the cars are moved along at the Ratha Yatra, is a wide space extending about two miles to the northeast. The town surrounds the temple and extends along this road, and has a population of over 20,000, which are nearly all Hindoos. The high sanctity of the spot is attested by the Skanda Purana, where Narayana, or Vishnu, is made to say to Brahma:

"On the northern shore of the sea, to the south of the Mahanadi River, there is my favorite abode. Alone it can confer all blessings which are derivable from all other sacred places on the earth put together. Those wise sons of Manu who dwell there enjoy the fruits of all the good deeds performed by them in their previous births. Know this, Lotus-born, that none who is of little merit or wanting in faith can dwell there. Every step of the land from the Mango Forest to the shore of the southern sea is most precious, as I shall show you. The blue hill, which flourishes on the seashore, is the most secret place on earth—most difficultly accessible even to you. Enveloped by my illusion it remains unknown even to the gods and demons. Forsaking all company, I dwell there in a corporeal form. Rising above all mutability and eternity I abide at Purushottama, the holy spot, which is alike unassailable by creation and destruction. Even as you see me here in corporeal shape, with all my emblems, so will you, Brahma, see me there. On that blue hill, to the west of the Kalpa fig-tree, there is a fountain known under the name of Rohina; dwelling near it, men may behold me with their carnal eyes, and, washing off their sins with its water, attain equality with me."

Archæologists are pretty well agreed that the spot had attained to some importance in the Buddhist period. That Buddhism was strong in the region we have the evidence of the caves of Udayagiri and Khandagiri, as well as Asoka's inscription on the rocks at Dhauli. The well-known Tooth of Buddha, which is supposed to be the one still existing at Kandy, in Ceylon, was for a long time preserved in a place which derived its name from that relic, and was known as Dantapura, or "City of the Tooth." This city, situated somewhere on the coast, between the present Calcutta and Madras, is conjectured by some writers to have been Puri, and that the Blue Hill is the mound left by the Buddhist establishment in which the Tooth was preserved. This is probable enough, but it has only been given as a guess, as it might account for a legend that the bones of Krishna were found there, and placed in the first image of Jagannatha, made by Indradyumna. The preservation of human relics would be abhorrent to Brahminism, and a legend like the above is not likely to have originated from the votaries of that religion; while relic-worship, on the other hand, is a well-known characteristic of Buddhism.

An evidence is also derived from a remarkable feature of the customs at Puri, that is, the absence of all caste within the limits of the place. This is so utterly at variance with all Brahminical ideas, that it is assumed to be a continuation of a rule dating form the Buddhist period. One of the marked peculiarities of the Buddhist teaching was the doing away with all caste distinctions; and it is a reasonable conclusion, so far as we can see at present, that the origin of this rule, which ignores caste, points to a period when the faith of Buddha held sway in the locality. There is another curious coincidence which goes far to confirm the theory. Fah-Hian, the Chinese pilgrim, who visited India in the early part of the fifth century, describes very minutely a procession of Buddhist images in cars, which he saw at Khoten, and also at Patna. He gives the size of one of the cars at Khoten, which was thirty-five feet in height, and, so far as description goes, it must have been very like that used by Jagannatha. Luckily, the date of the festival is given, and Colonel Sykes discovered that it took place at the same time of the year as the Car Festival at Puri. To this should be added another point, noticed by Rajendralala Mitra, that in the common pictures produced in Puri and sold to the pilgrims, of the Ten Incarnations of Vishnu, the ninth, or Buddha Avatar, Jagannatha is represented instead of the usual figure of Buddha. Another evidence is derived from a theory that the images in the temple are only modifications of Buddhist symbols. This is an interesting point in connection with the subject, and will be dealt with more fully when describing the figures of Jagannatha and his brother and sister.

It will be noticed that it is only by inference that this theory of the place having been Buddhist is made out; still it is strong enough to make it highly probable that such was the case. There is no historical evidence except the temple records, and their statements, so far as they refer to this period, are few, and of small value as to accuracy. As to the pre-Buddhist times we have nothing but legend. According to the "Purushottama Mahatmya," Puri was a forest with the blue hill in its centre. Here was the Rohini-Kunda, or fountain, and the kalpa-tree, and an image of Vishnu in blue and sapphire, a dark-blue being the color in which that god is always represented.

We may take it that the fountain, which still exists, was the first cause of the spot becoming sacred. It will be found that almost every holy place has a source of water connected with it. Every sacred spring did not become a Jerusalem, a Mecca, a Benares, or a Puri; but these places would never have been known had there been no source of water at them. Indradyumna, a king of the Solar race who reigned at Avanti, in Central India, heard of the great fame of the blue god, and wishing to see and worship this divinity, he left his kingdom with a large army. On reaching Puri the blue stone had disappeared, and Indradyumna was in despair. As a mark of his devotion he erected a splendid temple, and held a great festival at its consecration, accompanied with the most elaborate sacrifices. During the ceremonies the king had a dream in which a tree appeared to him, and in the tree was Vishnu with all his emblems.

Along with the god was his wife Lakshmi in her most benign aspect; and also the Sudarsana-Chakra, or celestial wheel. This vision was looked upon as a good omen, and at the end of the ceremonies a log floated ashore with the emblems of Vishnu upon it. This was explained to be a hair from the body of the god, and that it had come from Sweta-Dwipa, or the "White Island." From this log the first images of Jagannatha, Balarama, Subhadra and the Sudarsana-Chakra were made. The resemblance between this story and others which have come down to us from various parts of the world will present itself to most readers, and need not be pointed out.

The peculiar form in which these images have been

made will now come to be considered. The representations of them here given are from a work lately published under the authority of the Government of India, entitled "The Antiquities of Orissa." It is in two large volumes, most elaborately illustrated with lithographs, photo-lithographs, and wood engravings. The author is Rajendralala Mitra, who is not only learned in the antiquities of India, but at the same time being a Vaishnavite Brahmin, had access to the Temple of Jagannatha, a privilege not allowed to Europeans; and I here acknowledge my indebtedness to that work, from which I have freely taken while writing this article.

The images are those of Jagannatha; of Balarama, also called Balabhadra, the elder brother of Krishna; Jagannatha being the same as Krishna, he is known as his brother; Subhadra is the sister of Jagannatha. These three figures, as well as the Sudarsana-Chakra, are placed on the Ratnavedi, or jeweled altar, in the principal shrine of the temple. Jagannatha is colored blue, that being the color of Vishnu and Krishna; Balarama is white, and Subhadra is yellow, and the so-called Chakra is of a checked pattern. They are large figures, Jagannatha and his brother being about six feet high, and the sister is about four feet; the Chakra is also about six feet.

The very peculiar form of these images has led to attempts to account for their shape. One popular theory is that the deity has no particular form, and hence the absence of resemblance to the human figure; another explanation is, that they received their fantastic appearance to frighten men from evil. There is also a curious legend, that when Indradyumna got the log, Viswakarma, the architect of the gods, a Hindoo Hephaistos, appeared and offered to carve the figures in fourteen days, during which he was to be locked up in the temple, and no one was to disturb him till the task was accomplished. The impatience of the king was too great, so before the appointed time he caused the doors to be opened. Viswakarma had gone, and nothing was found but the grotesque images, which, according to this story, are in an unfinished state, the sculptor having disappeared before the hands and feet had been made. Brahma made the god famous by officiating at the consecration, and endowing it with a soul, at the same time giving it eyes with which to see.

It was in General Cunningham's work on the Bhilsa Topes, published in 1854, the suggestion first appeared that the image of Jagannatha was only a modification of the Buddhist Trisula. This symbol appears in a variety of forms, and may be described as a trident. It is a Brahminical as well as a Buddhist symbol. The majority of the temples dedicated to the worship of Siva are surmounted by it. Siva, as well as his consort Parbutty, may be recognized in sculptures by having in their hands a rod, on the end of which is this trident, the symbol in this form being identical with that given in the representations of Britannia, Neptune, and "The Old Gentleman."

In the Brahminical instances just given this instrument is understood to be a kind of sceptre, which suggests a very probable explanation of it in the hands of Neptune, Britannia, as well as the other individual above alluded to. Even the royal sceptre of European monarchs, the top of which seems to have been copied from a *fleur de lis*, bears a remarkable resemblance to the trisula of Maha Deo; and the thunder-ball of Zeus on ancient coins is a trisula, which in shape is very similar to one of the forms of the Buddhist Vadjra, or sceptre, used at the present day by the Lamas of Thibet in their ritual. In a late article on the origin of the Prince of Wales's feathers, which appeared in "Fraser," I pointed out that a trisula, or trident, was one of the oldest, and most universal of symbols. It is found in one shape or another all over the ancient world, and it is still to be seen in use at the present day. I doubt if the Swastica, or fylfot cross, had even a wider sphere of existence. I believe that the celebrated "Eî," which was over the gate of the Temple of Apollo at Delphi was this emblem; and the three fingers held up in the episcopal benediction is so suspiciously near it in form, that we may suppose it is not quite unconnected in origin with this widespread symbol. General Cunningham's identification of Jagannatha with it, which seems to have been accepted by archæologists, becomes in itself a strong evidence of its importance; and, if the theory should be maintained by further knowledge and criticism, it will certainly be a most interesting point in relation to symbolism, as well as to comparative mythology. The use of feathers as personal ornaments, or as a distinctive cognizance, is old, and natural to the uncivilized man; this I alluded to in my article on the triple plume of the Prince of Wales.

The particular arrangement of the feathers in this case may have been imitated from the *fleur de lis*. Now, the *fleur de lis* is an emblem whose origin is not very clear. There is more than one popular explanation of it; but the French archæologists, if I understand right, say that it first appeared in Europe after the Crusades, thus making its Eastern origin highly probable. One point regarding it is much more certain—that is, that the early form of this symbol differs considerably from the later one. When it first appeared, and for centuries afterward, the shape was that of a trisula, the point of distinction being, that the three members did not pass down below the horizontal bar, as they are now represented in the modern *fleur de lis*. Examples of this may be seen in the Louvre of the date of St. Louis, which is the early part of the thirteenth century. We have thus the very curious probability that the cognizance of the Prince of Wales has had its particular form influenced from the same symbol to which the origin of the peculiar form of Jagannatha is ascribed.

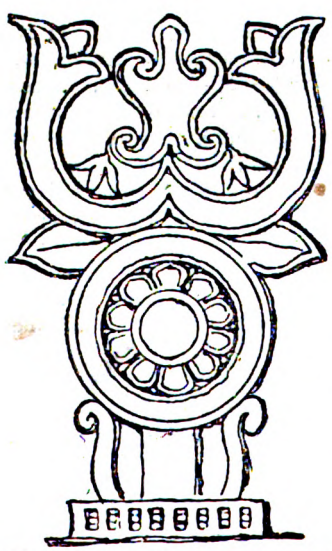
The Trisula occupied a very prominent position in Buddhist symbolism. It is represented on coins; it was placed on the end of flagstaffs or standards; and we find it on the sword-scabbards of soldiers. More prominent still, it is placed as a symbol over the gateways of topes, such as Sanchi, near Bhilsah, and Bharhut—thus resembling the "Eî" at Delphi—at the Amaravati tope; it is frequently represented as an object of adoration, with groups around it performing *pooja*, or worship. Amaravati is on the same coast as Puri, and at no great distance. We have in this an important link in favor of General Cunningham's theory, which is, that the worship of the Trisula had at Puri grown into the worship of Jagannatha. The supposition is that there had been a very celebrated object of this kind at that place, and that it was a great attraction to pilgrims; and that somehow or another a rude face had been added, and that the two side members of the trisula have been bent forward to make them look more like arms.

Among the sculptures at Sanchi there is a group of three trisulas, and General Cunningham thinks it may have been from such an arrangement that the trio of figures—Jagannatha, Balarama and Subhadra originated. This is no doubt possible, but it must be noticed that the lady in this case is without arms, and the explanation leaves out the question how the Sudarsana Chakra came into existence. It is most difficult to find the truth in all its details through a mass of legends extending over so many

PART OF A VERY ANCIENT CAR OF JAGANNATHA, PRESERVED NEAR THE TEMPLE.

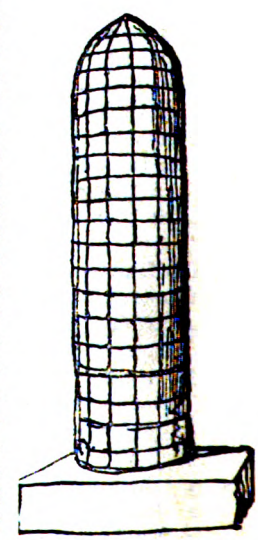
centuries. Out of such a tangled web we should be grateful to get even a few probabilities, and this theory of the origin of Jagannatha seems, so far as our knowledge at present goes, to be acceptable. It has been recognized by Mr. Fergusson, whose authority in such matters stands so high; and Rajendralala Mitra also gives his adherence to it.

The images are made from the wood of the *Nim* tree (*Melia Azadirachta*), and they are renewed at certain intervals of time. It is generally supposed that new images are made every twelve years; and two Hindoos from Puri, who told me this, said that a dream comes to the chief Brahmin as to where the wood will be found. The last time the renewal took place the wood was procured near Kalicot, in the Ganjam district. According to Rajendralala Mitra the time of renewal is regulated partly by astrological calculations and partly by local prejudices. It is believed that the Rajah in whose reign the renewal takes place dies soon afterward, and this naturally has an influence on the operation. The astronomical aspect which bears on the date is the occurrence of two moons in the month Ashadha; this gives a very irregular interval, for it varies from seven to thirty years.

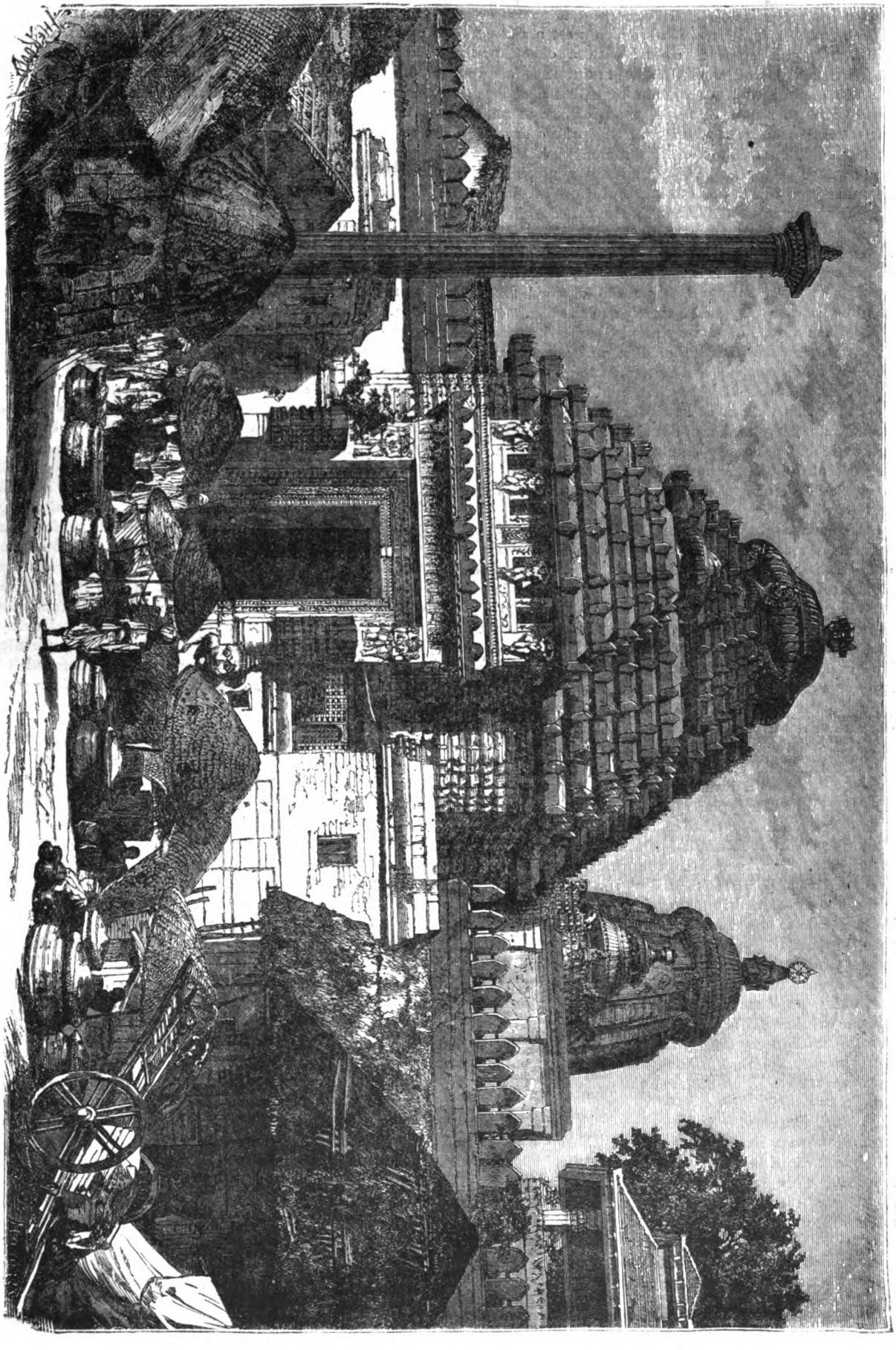


TRISULA, FROM THE GATEWAY OF THE SANCHI TOPE.

A very sacred object is preserved in one of the images; but what this is, no one seems to know. Even Rajendralala Mitra, although a Vaisnavite Hindoo, is unable to speak with certainty; he declares this something to be "the mystery of mysteries in Orissa." According to one account, it is a bit of the log which first came floating on the sea to Indradyumna; another, says it is a fragment of the original image; some say it is a box with quicksilver, which is considered to be the spirit which is removed from the old to the new image. My two Hindoo friends told me it was a salagram stone, and that it was placed in the breast of the figure — the breast of such an image being a rather indefinitive statement. The usually accepted story is that of its being one of the bones of Krishna. Whatever it is, it is



THE SUDARSANA CHAKRA.



GATEWAY OF THE TEMPLE OF JAGANNATHA AT PURI.

removed by a boy at midnight, and the boy is believed to die or disappear before a twelvemonth has passed away.

The Sudarsana Chakra is a wooden post about six feet high, and its surface is carved with a check pattern. Rajendralala Mitra, with all his minuteness of detail, fails to explain why this should be called a chakra; he even omits to notice that it is not a chakra at all. The word *chakra* means a wheel, and the priests say there is one marked on the top of this sacred post. The wheel was another of the important Buddhist symbols, and it is found very prominent among the sculptures of that period. The discus, or quoit of Vishnu, is also called a chakra. As we know the exact form of both these symbols, a doubt is reasonably raised regarding this so-called chakra. Its shape suggests that it may have been the well-known symbol of Siva, but its being made of wood instead of stone is, however, against a theory such as this.

The Hebrews had a very ample vocabulary for idols. Among their words was one *gillulim*, which means "rolling things," and was applied in contempt to gods of wood and stone, as helpless objects that could be rolled on the ground. The figures at Puri deserve to be included in this term. They are exceptional as specimens of Hindoo art, which is generally carefully executed, and is often very beautiful. Jagannatha has more the appearance of being an idol of a savage people than of the races of India.

At Bhuvaneswara, which is close to Puri, there exists the remains of a most splendid group of temples covered with a most lavish expenditure of sculpture. An inspection of Rajendralala Mitra's two volumes will convey some idea how beautiful the art upon them is; and yet, with this art so near, these rolling logs of wood at Puri are the objects that draw pilgrims from every part of Hindoostan. Mr. Ruskin has declared that intense religious devotion and love of art seldom are found together; and he might point to the abortions at Orissa and their worshipers as a good example of the theory. Yet if the explanation which has been given of their origin is correct, these icons are not the rude efforts of a savage people. They can scarcely be called a development, for they are a deterioration from a higher type.

The Trisul was a symbol of Dharma, the law or faith of Buddha; and symbolism belongs only to the higher forms of religion. As Jagannatha, the trisul, has ceased to be a symbol, it has become the lord of the world itself. This is the history of nearly all symbols—it is common to the West as it is to the East. Symbols almost always, through time, become to the worshiper the thing symbolized. It is the poetic power of our nature that evolves symbols, but the mob cares not for such things; they want realities, and hence the worship of such objects as Jagannatha and his relatives. Whatever the spiritual or more highly developed mind my desire, the multitude wish for something to worship that is tangible and real, and in most parts of the world we see that the demand produces the supply.

At Puri, Jagannatha is not only a god, but he is treated as if he were a living personage. With his brother and sister enthroned in a magnificent temple, which becomes a palace, they are as royal monarchs who receive the devotion of the people, and are attended by the priests as their officers and servants. At early dawn they are wakened by the ringing of bells; when the temple door is opened they are saluted in Oriental fashion; ablutions are performed; a ceremony is gone through which means that they are having their teeth washed. People who have been to India have seen this done by the natives with a bit of a particular kind of wood; the end is mashed out and made soft, and this is rubbed with water on the teeth. A similar bit of stick is moved about in front of Jagannatha, and his teeth are thereby cleaned; at a particular hour *Ballabha Bhoga*, which will be better understood as *Chotahazri*, or the slight breakfast, is served. Then comes a substantial breakfast. Tiffin is not omitted, and at midday the principal meal is spread out before the gods. After this a siesta is indulged in, from which they are awakened by the sounds of sweet music and the turning of lights, which is called *Arati*. After this comes more bathing, dressing, eating, and the turning of lights, and other ceremonies, ending in supper; and about eleven at night bedsteads are brought in, when the divine personages are requested to retire to rest for the night. To this ought to be added ritual mantras, or the utterance of words in a particular form adapted to each period of the day. There is also music and dancing, and a corps of Nautch girls are specially kept for the purpose. These persons are supposed to be of respectable character, and Rajendralala Mitra gives the case of Mira Bai, daughter of Surya, Rana of Jeypur, who became one, and devoted herself to the service of Rangchhodji. We have the curious statement given that these ladies are "formally married to the divinity of the temple, to which they remain attached for ever."

From dawn to eleven at night is a long day, and it will be seen that Jagannatha has as busy a time of it as any popular prince in our own western regions. He certainly escapes the laying of foundation-stones, and having to make speeches at public dinners; but to make up for these, he has a large number of festivals to go through, and which have to be performed with much minuteness of ceremony. Jagannatha does suffer from this hard work, and, like ordinary mortals, requires a rest; a fortnight's respite is given about the beginning of June, when the figures are placed in a chamber called *Andur Ghar*, or sick-chamber.

It would seem that the constant bathing and dressing does tell even on Jagannatha and his friends, and this interval is used to improve their complexions by a fresh coat of paint. When new images have to be made it is also done at this season. On the last day of the fortnight the eyes are painted, this being a distinct ceremony. At the Holi Festival it was at one time the custom to bring out the images and indulge them in the pleasure of a swing; but about three centuries ago the swing broke down, and Jagannatha got one of his arms damaged, and this part of the ceremony was given up.

The festivals connected with the worship of Puri are too numerous to describe, and they would be of but little interest unless something could be said about their origin and meaning. The space allowed in a paper of this kind is too small for the consideration of such a question. It will be enough to give the following from Professor Wilson. In an article on the Religious Festivals of the the Hindoos, he says: "The universal festivals, which are probably traceable among all nations elevated above barbarism, and which may have been handed down by tradition from the earliest periods in the history of the human race, are manifestly astronomical, and are intended to commemorate the revolutions of the planets, and the recurrence of cyclical intervals of longer and shorter durations."

The Rath Yatra, or Car Festival of Jagannatha, as it takes place about the end of June, has probably some connection with the Summer solstice. Its identity with the Buddhist ceremony of the Procession of images which Fah Hian describes at Khoten and Pataliputra, or Patna, in the fifth century, can scarcely be doubted.

The festival is not confined to Puri; Jagannatha has temples in other places, but they are more plentiful perhaps in the south of India than in the north; this may be accounted for by the statement that along the Ganges the worship of Siva prevails, and it has been explained that Jagannatha is a form of Vishnu; but wherever the Lord of the World has temples, the Rath Yatra is celebrated. In the south of India there are few places where the cars will not be found, and they are generally highly ornamented with carved figures. There are three cars at Puri, one for each of the idols. They are very large and heavy; by means of bamboos and colored cloth a high *Sikra* or tower is formed, about fifty feet in height. The tower is in shape the same as the steeple surmounting the sanctum of a Hindoo temple, thus making the car, in reality, a movable temple on wheels. The images are brought out of the temple, not by the priests, "but by a set of aboriginal men called Daityas, or barbarians, to which this class has belonged from time immemorial." They are supposed to be the descendants of Visvavasa, a rustic fowler who served at the primitive shrine of Vishnu on the Blue Hill on the arrival of Indradyumna, presenting us with a curious illustration of the conservatism of hereditary rights in India.

After the images are placed in the cars, they are richly appareled, and golden hands and feet are added to them. The Rajah of Khurda appears with a grand *Sowarie* of horses, elephants and followers. He is the hereditary sweeper of the temple; barefooted, and with a jeweled broom he sweeps the ground and worships the images, presenting flowers and incense. He then takes the ropes of each car successively, and pretends to drag them, but there are 4,200 coolies also pulling at the ropes; these coolies are a special class kept for this purpose, having lands, rent free, in some neighboring villages. In addition to these are the crowd of pilgrims all anxious to get a pull at the ropes, and by thus serving "Jagannathjee" to "rend asunder the bonds of sin for ever." As this crowd is very undisciplined, the cars move irregularly, and their progress is but slow, so that three or four afternoons are usually spent to get along the *Baradand*, which is the great broad road, about two miles long, to the *Gundicha Garh*, which is a temple in a garden. Here the figures remain for four or five days, and are brought back again in the cars. The return journey is often still slower than the other, for the greater portion of the pilgrims depart, and there is often a want of power to drag the cars along. When they get back to the great temple, a ceremony is gone through which symbolizes the re-conquest of the Blue Hill, and when this has been performed, the Daityas carry the images into the temple, and the ceremonies are at an end.

The above is but a slight sketch of what takes place, but it gives the more important details; whoever wishes to study the subject should consult Rajendralala Mitra's book. That author thinks that the ceremony marks the anniversary of Buddha's birthday, which is quite possible. It may have been connected with that as well as the solstice; but there is this difficulty, that a ceremony which lasts about a fortnight gives fourteen different days with which to make the identification, and Hindoo festivals depend on the dark or light half of the moon, adding much to the task of fixing them with the exact day in our Western calendars. Owing to changes in faith, as well as modes of regulating the calculations of time, old ceremonies have, in most cases, got detached from the exact point in the solar revolution they were intended to mark, so that it requires very great care to work out problems of this kind.

Taking out gods in procession, or carrying them from one place to another, is a very ancient kind of ceremony, and has been more or less common to all religions. Herodotus, ii. 63, gives an example, which took place at Papremis, in Egypt, which bears a strong resemblance to the Orissan ceremony. An image—placed in a wooden temple, gilded all over—was placed in a four-wheeled carriage, and drawn about. The most prominent point given by Herodotus was a fight which took place to get into a temple, and which might have been the counterpart of the re-conquest of the Blue Hill.

According to Homer, Zeus went to banquet with the blameless Ethiopians, and returned on the twelfth day; this is close on the time taken up with the Ratha Yatra. But the curious point is, Diodorus thought that the Greeks got this story from Egypt, and that it is founded on a ceremony connected with the Theban Jupiter, whose image in a shrine was carried every year into Ethiopia, where it staid for a certain time, and was brought back again to Thebes. There was, most probably, a solar signification in this ceremony, as there is in the Ratha Yatra; but we are far from being able as yet to give an opinion whether the people of India got their customs from Egypt or not; it is quite possible that the Greeks did not even get the idea of Zeus going to the Ethiopians from that source. That such ceremonies existed in Egypt, and were common to the Buddhists, is evidence of their great antiquity; it is evidence that the Car Festival of Jagannatha is a rite which has, at least, descended from a very remote period; and although like many other religious performances, it is associated with much that is absurd and ridiculous, we can see that it is a very important relic of far past ages, and its details may be of the utmost value in working out some of the problems of comparative mythology.

What might be called the Restaurant Department of the Temple at Puri ought to receive some short notice before closing this article. Jagannatha and his relatives breakfast, dine and sup; this part of the ceremonial is managed by placing large quantities of food in the hall of offerings, called the *Bhoga Mandapa*, one of the halls in front of the sanctuary, and by opening a door the divinities can see them from their throne. The Rajah of Khurda, who has already been mentioned, has a number of special rights; one of them being that he sends particular kinds of food, which is taken into the sanctuary; this is sold to the pilgrims, and the money is credited to the rajah. All the food brought in is sold, the proceeds going to the priests and the temple fund. The amount of food which has to be cooked is very large, so much so that a new and larger kitchen had to be added to the establishment, and the cooks are busy at work from three or four in the morning till ten or eleven at night. The cooks are of the lowest caste of people, and are supposed to be the descendants of Visvavasu, the fowler, and who have rights connected with the temple dating from the legendary Indradyumna. Visvavasu was a hunter, and these cooks are called *sawars*, from *savara*, a wild hunter.

The absence of caste within the limits of Puri has been noticed as an evidence that the customs must have been founded under Buddhist influences; this peculiarity appears in a more marked form in relation to the food than in any other. All who are familiar with India must know how particular the Brahmans are about the cooking of everything they eat. It is not mere touch that has to be avoided, even the shadow of a low caste person, or a European, will spoil any amount of food if it comes even near to it. I had an experience of this when traveling in the Himalayas. Among my coolies were some Brahmans;

they always separated from the others to do their cooking. One day, while passing them, and keeping wide of the ground they occupied, I noticed one was making a soup lifting the brass dish from the fire, he poured out its contents on the ground, and said it was "biggar gia," or spoiled. Understanding at once that I was the cause, I

GENERAL VIEW OF THE TEMPLE OF JAGANNATHA.

with vegetables. As we were in a high region, near to the source of the Ganges, I asked where he found the vegetables; he answered, "In the jungle;" at the same time, asked "How?" for I had preserved a distance from him of four or five yards. He pointed to my foot, which was touching the end of a fallen trunk, and he had made his

MERCEDES.—"SHE PULLED ASIDE THE CURTAIN, AND ENTERING THE ROOM, STOOD BEFORE THEM, STERN AND BEAUTIFUL AS AN AVENGING ANGEL."—SEE PAGE 563.

fire at the other end of it, so that I was actually touching a part of his fire. This was the contamination which had rendered his food unclean.

The contrast to the ideas here indicated will be conveyed by stating that if I had been able to put my hand in my pocket and produce some of the food cooked in the temple at Puri, this Brahman would have eaten it without a scruple, and would have considered that I had conferred the greatest of favors upon him.

The principal kind of food of which such large quantities are prepared is a young description of rice; it is beaten out, so that every grain of it is flattened. It is called "Atukulu," but it is, perhaps, better known as *Mahaprasad*, or "great offering." There are shops at the temple for the sale of it, and the pilgrims take it home with them to give to friends, by whom it is looked upon as the most precious of gifts. The water from the Zem-zem well at Mecca, which the Mohammedan pilgrims carry away with them, is as nothing in comparison to this sacred rice, although it is cooked by low-caste people. Should a coolie or a sweeper bring this consecrated food and present it to a Brahman, it would be at once accepted and eaten. "It should be eaten the moment it is received, without any discrimination of time, place or circumstance." Its inherent virtue is great. Should any one have killed a cow, or even taken the life of a Brahman, or committed any more heinous crime, if that were possible, the eating of a single grain of this rice would at once remove all taint of the sin, and render the person free from all the consequences hereafter. The books sold at Puri contain numerous tales illustrating the sin-destroying power of the Mahaprasad, and their character may be judged of by the following remarks from Hunter's "Orissa":

"Woe to him who denies the efficacy of the Mahaprasad, the Great Offering! A hundred tales among the people warn priestly arrogance of the wrath of a despised god. There came a proud man from Northern India, who swore he would look upon the Lord of the World, but that he would eat no leavings of mortal or immortal beings. But as he crossed the bridge outside the sacred city his arms and legs fell off, and there he lay on the roadside for two months, till a dog came out of the town eating a fragment of the holy food, and dropped some as he passed. The proud man crawled forward on his stomach, and grubbing with his mouth in the mire, ate the leavings, all slavered from the unclean animal. Thereupon the mercy of the good lord Jagannath visited him; new limbs were given him, and he entered the holy city as an humble disciple."

The worshipers of Vishnu in their sraddhas, or periodical funeral services to the dead, always place a grain of this rice on the cakes which are presented to the manes.

In December of 1875, when the Prince of Wales was in India, I took a steamer from Madras to Calcutta, in order to be at the latter place on the arrival of his Royal Highness. The vessel called at a number of places along the coast. At Gangam, Mr. Davidson, the collector, came on board, to proceed to Calcutta. As Puri was in his district I made some inquiries about it, and to answer my questions he called two of his native officials. I sat on the deck for some hours talking with these men, and got some of the information in this article from them. Where their statements differ from that of Rajendralala Mitra's, I have preferred the latter as an authority.

They were very pleased at the interest I took in relation to Jagannatha, and as a mark of their appreciation they presented me with a small quantity of the Mahaprasad, which I preserve as one of my most curious relics. They also presented me with two other kinds of food from their temple; they are rolled up in leaves and tied with grass, but I have not opened them. The Mahaprasad seems as if every grain had been beaten out singly, else it would be difficult to explain why none of it has escaped the process, and it is not likely that machinery is used in the kitchen of Jagannathjee. These men, after seeing Calcutta, intended to proceed to Buddha Gaya as a pilgrimage. It was at that place where Buddha attained to supreme intelligence, sitting under the sacred Bo Tree. Buddhists come from Burmah and other countries to it in pilgrimage, and so also do the worshipers of Vishnu from all parts of India. These two men from Puri were no doubt Vishnavas, and their journey to Buddha Gaya illustrates the connection between the worship of Buddha and Vishnu, which it has been one of the objects of this article to make out.

THE BROWN THRUSH.

THIS elegant songster is the mocking-bird of the North. He arrives in the Eastern and Middle States about the 10th of May. At that season he may be seen, perched on the hightest twig of a hedge, or on the topmost branch of a tree in a bushy locality, singing his loud and welcome song, that may be heard at a distance of half a mile.

The brown thrasher sings most just after sunrise and before sunset, but may be heard singing at intervals during the day.

By some people he is supposed to imitate the notes of other birds, but this is a mistake. I have never heard the brown thrasher sing any notes but its own, of which he has a variety. Some parts of his song resemble the notes of the cat-bird (*Mimus Carolinensis*), and may be taken for such by the common observer; but to the ear of the naturalist the difference is very perceptible. The brown thrasher sings most of the time for about two weeks after his arrival from the South. He then begins to look for a mate, until he finds one to suit him. They now both go in search of a place to build their nest. The place selected is generally under a fallen tree or fence-rail, but is often placed in a thick bush or tree, a few feet from the ground.

The brown thrasher often has severe battles with the black, garter, adder, and black water-snakes, who attempt to devour their eggs or young. In these battles the thrush is generally victorious; but on some occasions, when several snakes attack the old birds at once, they succeed in robbing the nest of its eggs or young, and sometimes destroy the parents.

Their nest is composed of the small dead twigs of trees, lined with the fine fibres of roots. They lay from three to five eggs, with a greenish background, thickly spotted with light-brown, giving the whole egg a brownish appearance. The eggs are hatched about twelve days after incubation has commenced.

The brown thrasher is very fond of cherries and berries, and helps himself from the nearest garden. His principal food consists of worms, insects and grubs. If he steals cherries, he is but taking his just dues, as he destroys hundreds of insects injurious to vegetation every week he stays with us.

The brown thrasher leaves the Eastern and Middle States, on his migration South, about the last of September, and does not make his appearance among us again until the following May.

REAL grief is never clamorous. It seeks to shun every eye; and breathes, in solitude and silence, the sighs that come from the heart.

THE GRAVE BY THE STREAM.

By Joel Bates Swett.

Down by the margin of our own loved stream,
Where, in the twilight hours, we used to roam,
And, arm-in-arm together, talk and dream
Of future days, and build our fancied home,
Beneath the hanging branches of a willow,
Can now be seen a little grass-grown mound,
Under whose sod her dear head found a pillow—
A resting-place low in the chilly ground.

There, where the rippling waters murmur by,
Was laid my Winnie, long, long years ago;
We thought the place was fit for her to lie,
Where she so loved to hear the waters flow;
And then, we thought, perhaps at times her spirit
Would hover near, around this cherished spot;
And laid her there that she might ever hear it,
The singing stream, that flowed so near our cot.

On noiseless wheels the chariot of Time
Has rolled along, and I am aged now;
Long pilgrim years, in many a foreign clime,
Have carved their wrinkles deep upon my brow;
Since Winnie died I've been a castaway—
Earth has to me been desolate and drear;
And now I've come to spend my fading day,
And rest, at last, along with Winnie here.

Oh, what sweet forms rise through the mists of years
What happy dreams I'm dreaming o'er and o'er!
What seraph tones salute my listening ears,
As I now stand upon the streamlet's shore!
'Tis but the silver music of the water,
Reviving all the memories of yore;
Oh, let my footsteps, until death comes, totter,
Where I, with Winnie, used to roam before.

MERCEDES.

By Mrs. Jane G. Austin.

"What a very handsome couple!" exclaimed one of a knot of devout old ladies in the porch of the French chapel, when by the light of a dismal mid-winter rainy morning a strictly private marriage had just been solemnized, and the bride and groom, passing through the aforesaid knot of old ladies without seeing them, had entered a quiet *coupé* and driven away.

"Handsome enough; but she was too pale and he too black to suit me," said another.

"But, my dear, he was evidently a foreigner—French, I suppose—and she American; and a bride should be pale, to show that she is properly sensitive."

"But this was a widow. You could tell by her costume," replied Number Two, a vivacious little French spinster, with a proper regard for her own estate and contempt of every other, especially that of widowhood merging into second wifehood.

Leaving the gossips to turn back into church and mutter another Ave and Paternoster for the new-married couple, we will follow them to the railway-station, for the rest of the wedding-day was to be spent in a visit to the bride's only relative—a sister of fifteen, pupil at the Convent of the Sacred Heart. The next morning the new-married couple were to sail for Havre.

"Gertrude has never seen or heard of you, I believe," said the bride, as the train rolled out of the station.

"No. Shall you explain the position?" inquired the bridegroom, who, although handsome, young, and evidently proud of his bride, treated her with a sort of reserve and deference very unusual, and which he was obviously trying to shake off; while she, sad, abstracted and silent, noticed neither him nor his manner, but sat staring with great unseeing eyes out of the window at the wintry view of the Hudson.

"Explain?" repeated she, vacantly, and then, rousing herself, looked at her husband meditatively, and said: "No, Victor, I shall never explain to anybody, and beg you will not."

"You are ashamed of me, madame!"

"No. There is nothing to be ashamed of," replied the bride, still considering him as if she had never really noticed him before. "You are handsome, well-made, well-mannered; speak perfect French and well enough English, and you are very quick at catching the tone of those around you. There is nothing to be ashamed of."

"If you were considering the points of a horse or a dog you could not do it more coolly, madame."

"Do not call me 'madame.' Use my name; it will perhaps make the thing real to me. At present it seems as if we were journeying as we have several times done before, and in our old relations. I want to break off the old life, absolutely—entirely."

She suddenly pressed her lips firmly together, and clinched her little hands in her lap as if a sudden spasm of recollection had stung through her listless mood.

Her husband, who jealously watched every movement, saw this, and, stooping toward her, murmured, passionately:

"But I love you, Lucia—I love you madly, desperately, as that man was incapable of loving, for I am ready to sacrifice myself, body and soul, to your lightest wish, and he always sacrificed you to himself."

"Hush, Victor! Respect the dead," replied Lucia, sternly.

"Dead! But he is not dead," said Victor, sullenly.

"He is dead to me, and if you love me so well, show it by never mentioning—never alluding to him. Will you promise, Victor?"

She put her hand in his and smiled, oh! so sadly; but it was something gained, and he eagerly replied:

"Smile on me, my queen, and I will promise anything, everything. I will be your slave, only smile and love me."

A chill pallor suddenly overspread the beautiful face of the bride, and she hastily drew away her hand. Her husband's dark brow grew yet darker, and he moved away from her side, nor was another word exchanged until the train rolled into the station and stopped.

A young girl, fresh, charming and innocent as the morning, came bounding into the drawing-room of the convent, and eagerly embraced her yet more beautiful sister, exclaiming:

"Oh, I am so delighted, you darling child! What under the sun brought you up here, this horrid day?"

"I came to say good-by, Gertie," replied the bride, returning the caresses with moderation. "I was married this morning, and sail for Europe to-morrow. I have arranged with the Superior that you should remain here until I come or send for you. You are happy?"

"Happy with you away for years!" exclaimed the

THE GRAVE BY THE STREAM.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 563.

girl, bursting into tears. "And married! Why, Lucia, you never told me that you were engaged."

"It was a secret, darling. This gentleman is—my husband, Monsieur de Maisonblanc."

Gertrude coldly and resentfully shook hands with her brother-in-law, who smiled approvingly at her, and then returned to caress and scold her sister, who bore all patiently, always half-absorbed in some engrossing inner thought which drew a vail between her and the world.

"And Mercedes is going, too," exclaimed the girl, passionately, at length. "I am to be left all—all alone! Oh, it is too hard, too bad. I can't stand it!"

"Mercedes de Acuna?" asked Lucia, bitterly.

"Yes; her father is dead. Got killed there in Cuba a year ago, I should think, and robbed."

Victor, who had strolled to a little distance, leaving his wife and her sister more at liberty, started and turned around, listening attentively, but not speaking as Gertrude went on.

"They took everything he had, and he had sold his plantation a little while before, saying he was going to invest the money, but they suppose it was stolen, or gambled away, for nothing at all was found on him or anywhere, and poor Mercedes hasn't another friend in the world, not one. Her mother died ever so long ago, and she has grown up here at the Sacred Heart, and her papa always paid all her bills, and gave her the loveliest clothes and jewels and everything, though he never came to see her, and so the Sisters have kept her a whole year in charity; but they can't always do that, and she don't want to be a nun, so she can't stay that way, and she is looking for a situation—just fancy that dear, darling, lovely child in a situation!"

"What sort of a situation could she fill?" asked Lucia.

"Oh! governess to little children, or companion to some lady, or something of that sort. She talks lovely French, and perfect English, and Spanish of course, for there are two or three Cubans here, and they keep it up together; and then she sings so charmingly and writes letters for all the girls, and is so sweet and good-tempered and sunny. Oh, Lucia, you might take her for your companion!"

"I, child?" exclaimed her sister; and then glancing at her husband, she murmured: "A companion? Well——"

"Why not have a companion, madame, if you like?" said Victor, restraining the strangely eager tone of his voice, and speaking as carelessly as he could. "You perceive that it would be a charity to this young girl, and if she proves agreeable, I should be more willing to leave you when my affairs call me abroad."

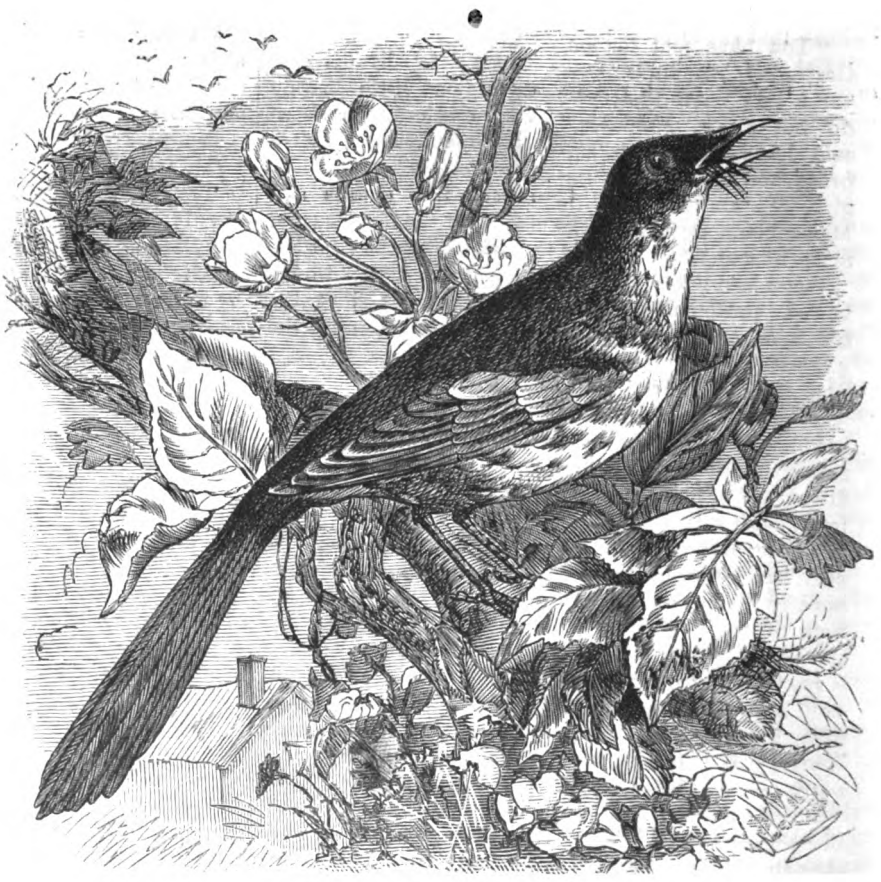
One would have said that this last consideration was a temptation, for Lucia replied far more decidedly:

"Well, if you think it a good plan, and I like the girl—in fact, I do like her already; I have often seen her."

"Mercedes de Acuna," repeated Victor, slowly—"De Acuna."

"Yes, De Acuna," echoed Lucia, surprised. "Do you know anybody of that name? It is common enough in Cuba and other Spanish places."

"No, I know no one of that name," replied Victor, abstractedly, and moved away as if to avoid questioning.



THE BROWN THRUSH.— SEE PAGE 562.

The door softly opened, and a young girl glided in, looking about the room with soft startled eyes, dark and dreamy, and capable of depths of feeling yet unstirred in this pure and virginal heart of seventeen. She was rather tall, or, perhaps, seemed so, because of her slight figure; her complexion of a luminous pallor, like tropic moonlight; her pretty mouth tremulous with sensitive feeling—a child that one instinctively longed to gather up in one's arms and shield from every rude breath or gaze—shield even from herself, for those eyes, that mouth, a certain intense and restrained air hanging about the whole person said: Here is one born to enjoy or to suffer greatly, one to whom life will be no level flowery path of gentlest sun and shade, but a flinty, thorny track, leading steeply up to summits of breathless bliss, and down to valleys of black despair—shield her, shield her from herself, from her own life!

"You have sent for me, Gertrude! Ah, madame—"

"A new name that you do not know, Mercedes," said Lucia, rising to embrace and kiss the young girl. "I am Madame de Maisonblanc now, and this is my husband."

Victor came forward, and bowed profoundly, fixing his eyes upon the young girl with strange interest. She, timidly self-possessed, as a very young girl of good blood should be, seated herself and talked with Lucia, who gently questioned her of her orphaned and friendless condition, and of her prospects. Mercedes spoke of her father freely, and with passionate regret.

GRANDMA'S CAP.

"Poor darling," said she, in her pretty French, "the very last letter he wrote was so full of enthusiasm and hope! He spoke of some mysterious good fortune for both of us; I think he had, perhaps, bought a ticket in the Royal Lottery, and had hopes more than ordinary of a grand success, for he said: 'Wait for my next letter until after the fifteenth of next month, and I shall perhaps give you great and glorious news, and follow close upon it myself to take you away with me.' Dear, dear papa! I never heard of him again."

"Nor of the lottery ticket?" inquired Victor, abruptly.

"No, monsieur," replied the orphan, coldly, "I never thought of it in my grief for my father's loss."

Lucia glanced impatiently, almost contemptuously at her husband, and she said in her own heart:

"Sordid! Low! He cannot see beyond the money that has bought me—a lottery ticket, too!"

Then she turned to Mercedes, and taking her slender little brown hand in her own ivory-white and smooth one, said:

"Well, little one, will you come with me, and be my younger sister and companion, until this lazy child has finished her lessons?"

"If you will have me, madame," replied the girl, with incredulous delight; and so it was arranged, the system and industry of the Sisters enabling them to make their charge ready to start upon a journey of indefinite length and duration at an hour's notice, which hour Victor spent in pacing up and down the wintry walks outside the convent door, his head bent abstractedly upon his breast, his brow frowning, his lips tight shut. Only once they stirred, and then it was to mutter:

"The tickets were soaked in—what? And he raved of Juan Baptiste de Acuna, and that was her father's name!"

The carriage drove to the door. Madame de Maisonblanc, her sister, and the slender, sable-clad figure of Mercedes appeared at the top of the steps—three lovely women, and one of them his bride, but Victor looked only at the last.

"God se deal with me as I with this orphan!" whispered he, under his great mustache.

Two months later the three sat in a box of the Grand Opera House in Paris, listening to Gerster in "Lucia."

Madame De Maisonblanc was not looking as well as Mrs. Murray was wont to look. Thinner, in spite of Worth's art in concealing the fact; paler, in spite of almost imperceptible rouge; abstracted and wandering of eye, in spite of every courteous effort to listen to the persons around her, or to fix her attention upon the stage.

Mercedes, developed already from the convent-bred schoolgirl to the young lady of society, sat beside her, all her soul absorbed in the music, and only an impatient nod or word of reply for the handsome young vicomte who leaned over her chair and whispered adulation in her ear.

Suddenly she felt her arm grasped by slender, nervous fingers that left their print on the tender flesh for hours after. Turning eyes of mute inquiry upon her mistress, she saw her dilated and startled gaze fixed upon an opposite box, and heard a sharp, hissing gasp rush in and out of her parted lips.

Following those straining eyes, Mercedes saw a man's face looking through the little window in the door of the box—a face pale, strained, ominous, evil, with close-cut, foxy eyes, a narrow forehead, and thin, cunning features. He was looking intently across the house in her direction, but, as Mercedes instinctively felt, not at her. Sh turned again toward Lucia, and this time spoke softly.

"Is it some one you know, madame?"

"Who? What are you talking of, child? Look at the stage," replied Lucia, almost sharply, and Mercedes, a little wounded, but always sweet and simple, quietly obeyed.

Victor saw and heard nothing of the little scene, and presently went to call the carriage. As the party passed down the grand staircase, it was mixed with another in some confusion, and Mercedes suddenly felt a note slipped into her hand, while a voice whispered:

"Will you give that to Madame de Maisonblanc, and oblige me very much indeed?"

An agitated, smiling face was close to her own, the same face that had stared so steadfastly through the little window, and Mercedes felt a strange thrill of magnetic power curdle through her veins as those burning eyes closely met her own.

The next instant all was passed, and only the rapid chatter of the young vicomte fell upon her ear. Crushing the note into her glove, she closed her hand upon it with a novel sense of importance and authority. Would she give it, or not? Was it right? Was it honorable? Was it good?

In the carriage a cold, nervous little hand was slipped into hers, a little chilled bird seeking warmth and shelter; a sudden impulse stirred the girl's heart, and pulling the crumpled note from her glove, she slipped it into those tremulous, frozen fingers, which closed upon it with avidity, recognizing the whole story without a word.

An hour later, as Lucia kissed her pretty companion for good-night, she whispered, "Thanks—silence!" into her ear, and Mercedes, whispering back, "Yes," felt as if a subtle, intangible, yet irresistible, chain were being wound about her, with no power of her own to evade it.

The next day, at the Louvre, a gentleman, encountering Madame de Maisonblanc and her companion, bowed in a slightly ceremonious manner, and joined the group.

Madame presented him to Mercedes as Mr. Williams, from London. The girl bowed, and fixed her dark eyes upon him so keenly that he winced and changed color. She was wondering if that were really his name and country—wondering, too, if she had done well to deliver the note that no doubt had led to this rencontre—wondering if, in her wish to serve Lucia, whom she dearly loved, she had not played traitor to Victor, always so kind, so generous, so thoughtful for her, so wonderfully kind and careful, indeed, that she sometimes was astonished, and asked herself why she should be so important in his eyes.

After this they met Mr. Williams very often at the Louvre, at churches, in the Bois, on excursions to St. Denis, Versailles, everywhere; and Mercedes grew silent, pallid, anxious, all that was unlike herself, and, as if there were some malign spell in the air, Lucia, hitherto all that was tender and sisterly, caressing and confidential toward her, became sharp, reserved and overbearing, until the clear, white glow of the girl's cheek became a dull pallor, and bluish tints settled beneath her eyes.

Victor, who had set himself to win his wife's heart by delicate forbearance and cautious tact, seldom insisted upon accompanying her on excursions, and at home saw nothing to alarm him, except Mercedes's face.

Finding her one day alone, he anxiously inquired:

"Aren't you well, my child? You don't look so?"

"Quite well, thank you, monsieur," replied she, raising her heavy eyes with a smile.

"And happy? Tell me as frankly as if I were your own brother, Mercedes, for I wish to supply to you the place of—of all you have lost. Tell me, are you in any manner unhappy?"

"No—that is—dear monsieur, it is nothing that I can tell—thank you so much—but——"

And she escaped out of the room. Victor shook his head as he looked after her.

"Some love affair—some mystery," muttered he. "Madame must find out, and set it right. If she marries she shall have the dowry of my own child, or——"

But madame made light of Mercedes's indispositions and reserves. A girl's whims, a little sentiment for Monsieur de Rivière, who had been attentive for a while, and now was *épris* of Mademoiselle de Fontage and her *dot*—it was nothing; the child should have a new costume and go to the grand ball at the Tuileries, and all would be well. And Victor himself—was he going to visit the relatives near Bordeaux of whom he spoke? If so, why not now that there was a little lull in Parisian gayeties on account of Lent coming in? When he returned they might get on to Rome for Holy Week, and so to Naples, which he had never seen.

In fact, she was so amiable and almost affectionate and wifely of speech and manner that Victor, still the slave of her charms, quietly forgot Mercedes and her griefs, and went away to Bordeaux on a rosy cloud of hope and joy, fancying, poor fellow, that his haughty wife had at last forgiven him for marrying her, and forgotten all that went before her marriage.

That evening Mr. Williams, from London, called, and after a while invited the two ladies to go and take an ice at Vèry's—the ice developing into a *petit souper* of the most refined yet convivial nature.

An excursion to Fontainbleau was planned for the next day; the next evening Mr. Williams met them at the Française—in fact, every day and every evening found him in their society, and every day and every evening

deepened the gloom and doubt of Mercedes's heart, and heightened the reckless and defiant gayety that had replaced Lucia's sombre moods.

At last there came an evening when Mercedes, really ill with nervous headache, was forced to retire to her own little room, opening of Lucia's, at a very early hour; and after lying in the dark for a while, found herself so much better that she resolved to return to the *salon*.

As she laid her hand on the *portière* dividing this room from the bedchamber, she heard the false, silky voice of Markham Floyd saying:

"In twenty-four hours we should be beyond the reach of pursuit, and this ex-valet of yours need never hear of you again. Come, darling, come!"

Mercedes pulled aside the curtain, and entering the room, stood before them, silent, stern and beautiful as an avenging angel. Lucia, reclined in a deep chair, was weeping bitterly, her hands before her eyes; Floyd, kneeling at her side, was trying to draw her to his breast. As Mercedes entered he started guiltily to his feet, and glared at her.

Lucia, roused by his action, looked up and sharply inquired:

"What do you want now, Mercedes? I thought you had retired."

"I felt better and came back," replied the girl, quietly and sorrowfully. "I thought you wished me to stay with you, especially while monsieur is away. Was I wrong?"

"You are wrong to turn yourself into a spy. Pray, does monsieur pay handsomely for your services?" replied the mistress, in so contemptuous a tone that the young girl shrank and clung to a chair for support.

"Oh, madame, you are wrong to speak so to an orphan without a friend in the world but yourself," said she. "Monsieur does not know—does not suspect——"

"Know or suspect what? Come, say out your vile and immodest thought freely, and see how it looks?" demanded madame, haughtily; while Floyd, staring superciliously at the intruder, said, with a sneer:

"Mademoiselle seems to confound the offices of companion and *duenna*, and to be wise beyond her years in discovering evil where no evil exists."

"I heard you say that in twenty-four hours you and madame could be beyond pursuit, and I saw you put your arms around her and call her 'darling!'" said Mercedes, with the desperate courage of a timid creature driven to bay.

The two exchanged a glance, somewhat, perhaps, like that of another pair hearing the voice of Truth demanding, "Adam, where art thou?"

The man was first to rally, and he smoothly said:

"Well, Mercedes, since you have surprised my secret, I will, for your own sake as well as for that of the mistress whom you so dreadfully wrong by your suspicion, tell you the whole truth. It is quite true that I am in love with a married woman—one of the middle class, a friend and connection of Victor Pelletier, Monsieur de Maisonblanc as he is now called—and should I elope with her, he will be extremely indignant. Still, I intend to do it, and as madame here is one of my very dearest and most intimate friends, and a valued adviser, I wished to secure her promise not to share in her husband's anger, and not to quite throw me off for my sins. So now you see, little girl, that this is not a matter in which you are in any manner bound to interfere, and of which you had much better have remained ignorant."

"And I hope you feel thoroughly ashamed to have peeped and listened and spied yourself into such a ridiculous and unmaidenly state of mind," added Lucia, severely. "Go back to your own room, if you please, and see what apology you can frame to Mr. Williams, not to mention myself, for your insults."

"Indeed, madame, dear madame, I would so gladly apologize if I could believe that I had been mistaken. Oh, tell me yourself, madame, that I am! Tell me that Mr. Williams has spoken God's truth in what he has just said. I will believe you, madame."

"You are crazy with presumption and jealousy!" exclaimed Lucia, with freezing indignation. "Do you suppose I will allow my guest to be so insulted as to require his statements proved before his face? Go to your own room immediately. I think you really are insane."

Pale, sorrowful and bewildered, Mercedes obeyed, and in her own room wrote to Victor

"Come home, monsieur; we need you, although I cannot explain how. Come at once, and please say nothing of this letter to madame, and please do not ask me to explain it, for I never shall. But come. MERCEDES."

A *garçon* passing through the corridor received the letter and took it to the mail-box as soon as it was written; and when, an hour later, Floyd, in departing, said to Lucia: "Watch that girl at every moment; see that she has no opportunity to write or telegraph to Pelletier," it was already too late. The letter was *en route*.

The next day Mr. Williams, of London, did not once appear at the Grand Hotel, and Madame de Maisonblanc spent most of the day in her own room, keeping the door of communication between it and Mercedes closed and locked, thus virtually making a prisoner of the young girl, who wept and waited all day long.

Toward night her mistress unlocked the door to coldly say:

"I am going out to dine with some American friends. You will ring for what you wish and remain in these rooms."

Mercedes silently bent her head, and cast one timid, appealing glance at her mistress, who turned away with a contemptuous gesture and left the room.

"It must be a dinner at a restaurant, since she wears a walking dress," was the half-unconscious comment flashing through Mercedes's mind; and then, "Will Mr. Williams be of the party? Will he come home with her? Will monsieur arrive before they do? What shall I say to him when he does come?"

He was coming at that moment. Reclining in the corner of a seat of a second-class car—for Victor was too near a gentleman from the beginning to become a snob when he became rich, he sat—his hat pulled over his eyes, his brows knitted, pulling at his long mustache, and pondering heavily and in vague terror the meaning of the little note between his fingers. If sometimes the ugly truth loomed up before him, he put it indignantly aside.

"She is too proud, too honorable, too delicate for all that. She would not stoop to cheat me," said he, again and again, yet did not convince himself.

A horrible shriek from the engine, mingling discordantly with another at a little distance; a frantic rushing of brakemen, a jerking of the bell-pull, whistling of steam, a dislocating jar of the whole train, a crash—a collision—a meeting of heaven and earth in one wild chaos, and Victor Pelletier found himself lying upon his back beneath the stars, Mercedes's note still clasped in his fingers, and nothing but a slight disarrangement of his toilet and a shaken, confused feeling in his head, to tell that he had escaped unscathed from a frightful accident—the northern express train having, by misplacement of the switches, encountered the southern, to the almost total

destruction of both and loss of life or serious harm to at least half the passengers.

An active young fellow like Victor was not long to be held motionless by so slight hurt as he had received, and was presently up and about, helping to remove such of the sufferers as could be reached, to a field close beside the track, and peering about the ruins to discover the poor creatures buried among them.

The next instant a sickly pallor overspread his face, and springing forward with a convulsive movement, he dragged the clinging female figure from the dead man's embrace and turned the face toward the light.

It was Lucia, and she was dead!

Money and quick wit will do a great deal in this world; and no important account of the great accident appeared next day without the feeling mention of the charming

SCENE ON THE RIVER MAGALLOWAY, MAINE.— SEE PAGE 570.

"See here! The poor creatures—and both dead!" exclaimed an official close behind Victor, as he rose from his hands and knees after looking under a broken carriage.

He turned, and saw two figures, a man and woman, fast locked in each other's embrace, her face hidden in his breast. His face, bare and uninjured, lay full in the light of the brakeman's lantern, and as Victor read its lineaments—the staring, close-set brown eyes, the thin-lipped mouth, the retreating chin and mean outline—he started violently, and muttered a bitter curse.

young wife of Monsieur de Maisonblanc, who, hastening to join her husband at Bordeaux, where he had been visiting his relatives, met him, indeed, but only in death; and how the bereaved gentleman had returned to Paris, bringing with him the lifeless body of his adored wife, to bury it at Père la Chaise.

Nobody said anything about Mr. Williams, of England, nor yet of Markham Floyd, of New York.

Mercedes, at her own request, spent the year succeeding Lucia's death at the Convent of the Sacré Cœur, near

LEWIS AND THE RATTLESNAKE.—"HE HAD FALLEN ALMOST DIRECTLY UPON A LARGE RATTLESNAKE, WHICH HAD THROWN ITSELF INTO THE DEADLY COIL SO NEAR HIS FACE THAT ITS FANGS WERE WITHIN A FEW INCHES OF HIS NOSE."

Paris, and tried to think she had a vocation for the religious life, and would always remain there; but, poor child, the days grew very long, the offices very monotonous; her young blood and muscles and nerves were weary of inaction.

At last one day Victor came. She received him with unfeigned joy, and the loveliest blushes.

He looked at her kindly, almost affectionately, and said:

"Mercedes, I am very ill, the doctors say. It is not probable that I shall live a year, certainly not two; for reasons that I cannot now explain, I shall make you my heiress, but, poor child, you are so ignorant of the world and of mankind, that you will be a veritable lamb among wolves if you remain as you are. Now tell me, do you wish to become a nun? In that case, you shall have a splendid dowry, and I shall leave the rest of my property to the Beneficenzia in Havana. But if you do not desire the religious life, I can do nothing to secure your safety in this world, unless you will marry me and become my widow. I do not ask you to love me. I do not promise to you more than the affection of an elder brother, but I will be very kind, very careful of you, poor child. It is a forlorn sort of thing to offer to your bright, beautiful youth, but it is all I have. Will you take it?"

"But yes, monsieur," replied the girl, putting both hands in his, "for I, too, will be kind and careful and faithful, and try to make you happy. It is all I wish. I am content."

So they were married in the convent chapel, and went away to Egypt, Victor fancying to die upon the Nile; but the droll part of the whole story is, that he did not die at all, but throve and grew happy, and got well, and fell in love with Mercedes, who had always been in love with him, and they both are alive, well and happy this very day.

LEWIS AND THE RATTLESNAKE.

THE family of John Lewis were the first settlers of Augusta, in the State of Virginia, and consisted of himself, his wife and four sons—Thomas, William, Andrew and Charles. Of these, the first three were born in Ireland, from whence the family came, and the last was a native of Virginia.

Lewis was a man of wealth and station in the old country, and the cause of his emigration to America was an attempt on the part of a man of whom he hired some property to eject him therefrom, which led to an affray in which the noble landlord lost his life.

Fearing, from the high standing of his antagonist, the desperate character of his surviving assailants, and the want of evidence to substantiate his case, that his life would be in danger if he staid, Lewis fled the country, accompanied by a party of his tenantry, and settled in the then western wilds of Virginia.

The father appears to have been a man of remarkable force and energy, and all four of his sons rendered themselves conspicuous for deeds of daring and determined bravery during the early history of Western Virginia, and

that of her infant sisters, Ohio and Kentucky, which would require volumes to relate.

Charles Lewis, the hero of my present sketch, was, even in early youth, distinguished for those qualifications which have rendered the class to which he belonged—the Indian fighters—so remarkable among men.

He was a young man when the Indians commenced their attacks upon the settlements of Western Virginia, but entered the contests with a zeal and courage which outstripped many of his older and more boastful compeers. His astonishing self-possession and presence of mind carried him safely through many a gallant exploit, which has rendered his name as familiar and his fame as dear to the memories of the descendants of the early settlers as household words.

Cool, calm and collected in the face of danger, and quick-witted where others would be apt to be excited and tremulous, he was able to grasp on the instant the propitious moment for action, and render subservient to his own advantage the most trifling incident.

He was so unfortunate, on one occasion, as to be taken prisoner by a party of Indians while on a hunting excursion. Separated from his companions, he was surprised and surrounded before he was aware of his danger, and, when he did become aware of his critical situation, he saw how futile it was to contend, and how reckless and fatal it must be to himself should he kill one of his antagonists.

He knew full well that the blood of his enemy would be washed out in his own, and that, too, at the stake; whereas, if he surrendered peaceably, he stood a chance of being adopted by the Indians as one of themselves. Revolving these things in his mind, he quietly delivered up his rifle to his enemies, and was led away by his captors, who rejoiced exceedingly over their prisoner.

Bareheaded, with his arms bound tightly behind him, without a coat, and barefooted, he was driven forward some two hundred miles toward the Indian towns, his inhuman captors urging him on, when he lagged, with their knives, and tauntingly reminding him of the trials which awaited him at the end of the journey.

Nothing daunted, however, by their threats and their menaces, he marched on in the weary path which led him further and further from his friends, perfectly tractable, so far as his body was concerned, but constantly busy in his mind with schemes of escape. He bided his time, and at length the wished-for moment came.

As the distance from the white settlements increased, the vigilance of the Indians relaxed, and his hopes increased. As the party passed along the edge of a precipice some twenty feet high, at the foot of which ran a mountain torrent, he, by a powerful effort, broke the cords which bound his arms and made the leap.

The Indians, whose aim it was to take him alive, followed him, and then commenced a race for life and liberty, which was rendered the more exciting by the fact that his pursuers were close upon him, and could at any moment have dispatched him; but such was not their desire, and on he sped, now buoyed up by hope as his recent captors were lost to sight, and anon despairing of success as he crossed an open space which showed them almost at his heels.

At length, taking advantage of a thicket through which he passed, and which hid him from their sight for a moment, he darted aside and essayed to leap a fallen tree which lay across his path. The tangled underbrush and reeds which grew thickly around and almost covered the decaying trunk, tripped him as he leaped, and he fell with considerable force on the opposite side.

For an instant he was so stunned by the fall as to lose his consciousness, but soon recovered it to find that the Indians were actively searching every nook in his immediate vicinity, and that he had fallen almost directly upon a large rattlesnake, which had thrown itself into the deadly coil so near his face that his fangs were within a few inches of his nose.

Is it possible for the most vivid imagination to conceive of a more horrible and terrifying situation? The pursuit of his now highly exasperated and savage enemies, who thirsted for his recapture, that they might wreak upon him a fearful revenge, which of itself was a fearful danger, calculated to thrill the nerves of the stoutest system, had now become a secondary fear, for death in one of its most terrifying and soul-sickening forms was vibrating on the tongue and darting from the eye of the fearful reptile before him; so near, too, that the vibratory motion of his rattle, as it waved to and fro, caused it to strike his ear.

The slightest movement of a muscle, a convulsive shudder—almost the winking of an eyelid—would have been the signal for his death; yet, in the midst of this terrible danger his presence of mind did not leave him, but, like a faithful friend, did him good service in his hour of trial.

Knowing the awful nature of his impending fate, and conscious that the slightest quivering of a nerve would precipitate it, he scarcely breathed, and the blood flowed feebly through his veins, as he lay looking death in the eye.

Surrounded thus by the most appalling danger, he was conscious that three of the Indians had passed over the log behind which he lay without observing him, and disappeared in the dark recesses of the forest.

Several minutes—which to him were as many hours—passed in this truly terrifying situation, until the snake, apparently satisfied that he was dead, loosed his deadly coil, and passing *directly over his body*, was lost to sight in the luxuriant growth of weeds which grew up around the fallen tree.

Oh! what a thrill—what a revulsion of feeling shook his frame as he was relieved from his awful situation! Tears—tears of joyous gratitude—coursed down his cheeks as he poured out his heart to God in thankfulness for his escape.

"I had eaten nothing," said he to his companions, after his return, "for many days; I had no firearms, and I ran the risk of dying with hunger before I could reach the settlements; but rather would I have died than have made a meal of that generous beast."

He was still in imminent danger from the Indians, who knew that he had hidden in some secluded spot, and were searching with the utmost zeal every nook and corner to find him. He was fortunate enough, however, to escape them, and after a weary march through the wilderness, during which he suffered intensely from hunger, he reached the settlements.

SCENE ON THE RIVER MAGALLOWAY, MAINE.

Although the River Magalloway is not much known to the world, it is known to the sportsmen. It runs through what is known as the Wilderness of Maine, a large tract of forest land, lying far beyond the settlements, which is inhabited only by game and the sturdy lumberman. But here in the pleasant days come the health-seeking tourist and the eager fisher for trout. The scenery is marvelously wild and beautiful—at some places tender and poetic, at others rugged and grand. "It is the forest primeval," still retaining all its sublime characteristics. The picture we give shows the little steamer that runs

from Errold Dam to the upper settlement. On its deck are gathered a motley group of rough countrymen, swells, sportsmen, and a few adventurous ladies. The steamer itself is rather a primitive affair, with its smoke-stack arranged in a lopsided manner on one side. The ducks that haunt this river have been so little molested that they can be shot from the deck.

ON THE SHORE.

My love and I went wandering, hand-in-hand,
Upon the gray seashore one Winter day;
The small white waves crept slowly toward the land,
Then turned again like children in their play,
But to return once more, methought they'd greet
My love, and lay their homage at her feet.

"Ah! they would kiss thy feet, my dear," I cried.
"E'en nature yearns to pay thee homage due,
The ocean sprites would woo thee from my side,
And deem thee like their kindred aye untrue.
They shall not touch thee!" Then I took her hand,
And drew her nearer to the wide, safe land.

Swift then the envious sea came nearer by,
And washed her footsteps from the darkling shore;
It would not even let them silent lie,
Lest other touch than his should sweep them o'er.
"So, dearest," said I, "would thy love should be
But mine alone, as mine is but for thee!"

THROUGH FLOOD—THROUGH FIRE.

ASSURE you, my dear boy, I am extremely sorry to appear unkind in this matter; but, believe me, I am acting for the best."

"But surely I may see Rosie, as usual?" I asked.

"I am afraid not," replied Mr. Temple. "It would be very injudicious. You are both too young and too romantic at present. Besides, your means are utterly inadequate to maintain a wife."

"May I not bid Rosie good-by, then?" I persisted.

"Rosie is not at home," replied her father, gently, almost sympathetically, as he shook me by the hand. "She went to stay with some friends yesterday. Good-night; and hope for better days."

"Good-night," I replied. "I suppose you don't mean to be unkind, Mr. Temple; but you have made me very miserable."

"My dear young friend," he replied, putting his hand kindly on my shoulder, "were you in a position to maintain a wife, I would sanction your engagement in time; but now such a course, though painful for us all, is the only one Mrs. Temple and I can in justice adopt. We shall be pleased to see you again after our return from the Continent. Good-night."

I made no reply—indeed, I could not have spoken just then. My throat was choked with tears, and big drops welled slowly from my eyes as I walked away across the open space facing the house. This was to be the termination of our engagement, then!

Rosie Temple and I had flattered ourselves that a series of dances, picnics and charade-parties, with a very good knowledge of lawn-tennis and croquet, constituted housekeeping. We had £300 a year between us, and dear Rose always spent £40 at least on her dress annually. She had lately been very economical in the matter of gloves, and had made herself a bonnet which was in every sense becoming; still we were not much nearer to matrimony; and now——!

So I pursued my way across the common, and I do not mind confessing that I shed tears as I walked in the dark evening beneath the trees, and into the gloomy and desolate highroad, caring for nothing and for nobody except Rosie, my pretty, *piquante* Rose; wondering whither she had gone—or had she *really* gone. Was it not a pardonable subterfuge on the part of Mr. Temple to induce me to leave the neighborhood?

At that time I had, unfortunately, no occupation. I had been a clerk in a banking-house, but the "bad times" had necessitated a reduction in the "staff," and I was one of those sent away at a month's notice and a month's salary. True, I had a small income derivable from a legacy, but this was scarcely enough to keep me in bread-and-cheese and clothing.

It will therefore be seen that Mr. Temple was quite right. Matrimony was a luxury I could not afford. I acknowledged it even then as I went home desponding.

When I reached my lodgings I found two letters awaiting me. One was from my brother, who was commanding a detachment of his regiment in Ireland; the other was from my late father's solicitor. I opened the "official" note first.

It contained only a few lines, requesting me to call on him in London in a day or two, as perhaps I might be able to do some work for the good-natured lawyer.

The other letter was most cheerful, and bore a warm invitation to share my brother's country quarters for a fortnight, "or longer if I liked," next month.

Before I went to bed I replied to both my kind correspondents, accepting both invitations.

Next day I went up to London, and in the afternoon I called upon the solicitor, nervously.

His business was simple. Did I know French? I did. Was I acquainted with bookkeeping? I was.

"Well, then," said he, "will you go to Geneva, and transact this business, particulars of which I will give you to-morrow? You shall be paid as my clerk, and have your expenses and something besides."

"Agreed," I said, gladly; "I will go. When am I to set out?"

"As soon as you can get ready. If you do this well I think I can help you to something better."

I wrung his hand and left him, took the first train home, packed up, and next morning at eleven o'clock was at the office in London again. I wrote to my brother telling him the facts, mastered my instructions, and next morning I was in Paris.

I found the business at Geneva much more complicated than I expected. It was a liquidation case. Day after day passed; the days ran into weeks; and at last, after six weeks' hard work and a run to Chamouni, I was on my way home again.

"Well done!" was the verdict passed upon my efforts, and was very welcome, accompanied as it was with a check for fifty guineas.

"Call on me when I return to town," said my friend, "in about five weeks' time, and I will tell you something I think you will be glad to hear."

My thoughts immediately flew to Rosie. Not that I had by any means forgotten her, but now I was idle again I felt even more dejected than ever. Liquidation cases are not romantic! I was now at liberty to join my brother. I telegraphed at once, and at eleven o'clock that evening I was knocked up to take in the reply.

It was short and to the point. It ran thus—"*Come along, old fellow; stay as long as you like.*"

I went. I lived with the detachment; and what fun we had! Fishing in a fine river close by; cricket; a little shooting, for September was upon us now; rowing up and down the stream, and dining with the hospitable Irish residents, made up the total of our days after parade or inspection.

One guest-night—for we had our little social parties occasionally—we were sitting at the open windows, when the sub. of the party exclaimed:

"What a glare there is yonder! It's a fire, I believe."

"Bedad, you're right!" said one of our guests. "It's down by Sir John's; he has a house full. I hope it's not the house itself."

"Shall I turn out the picket?" asked my brother. "Why, look, it's increasing; they may want assistance."

As he spoke the flames mounted up and the lurid smoke rose high into the glare above.

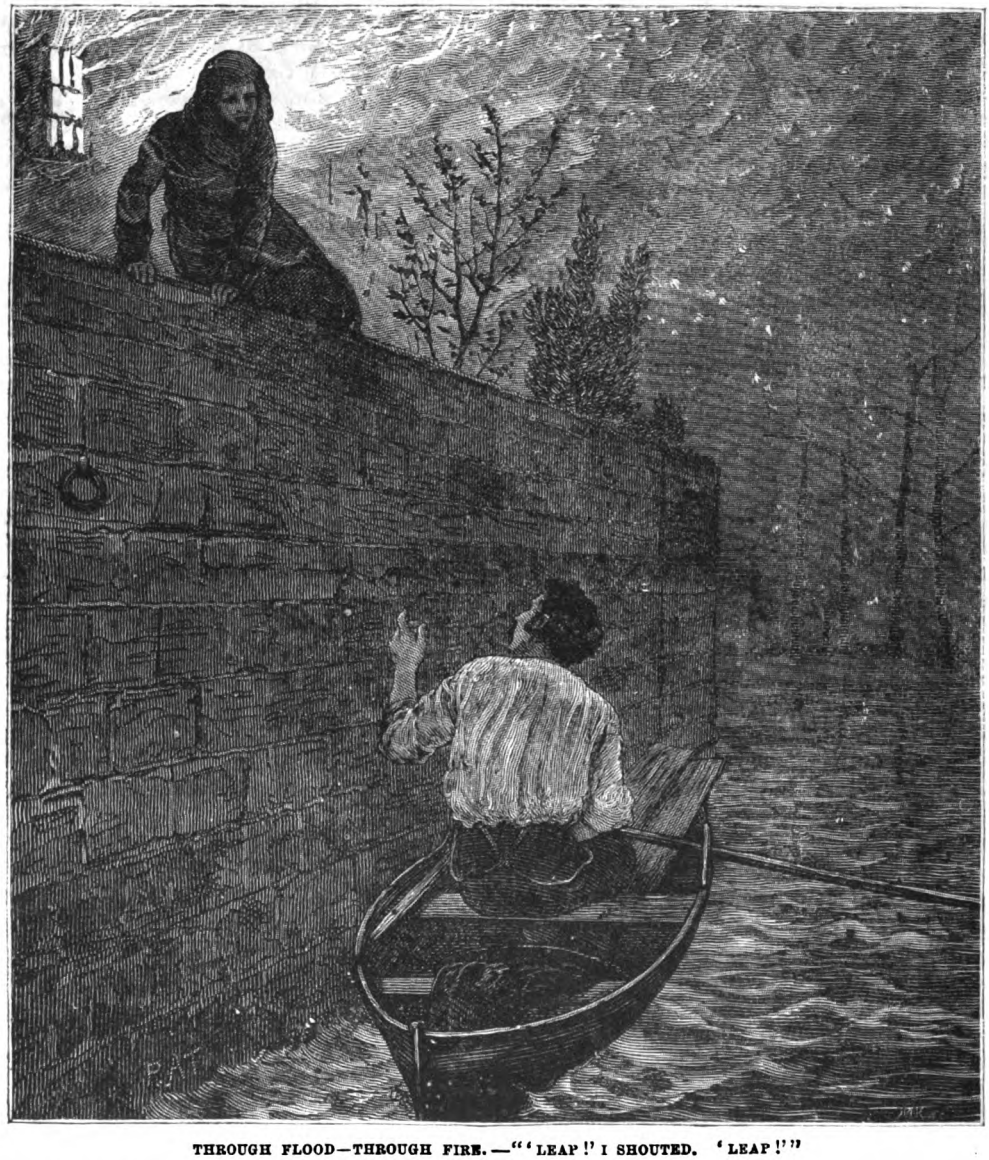
"Sound the fire-call and turn out the pickets, Hamblyn," said my brother. "Take the men down at the double. We'll drive over. Come along. Look sharp!"

I hurried out for a coat to cover my dress-clothes. Of course, being in a hurry, I was delayed. In the dark I groped unsuccessfully, and at length when I crossed from my room I found that the others had driven off in the cars our guests had come over in.

The sentry at the gate civilly "shouldered" his rifle as I passed, and in reply to my question told me that the captain and the whole party had gone, leaving word for me to follow, if I liked.

Yes; but how? "They've taken all the cars, sentry."

"Yes, sir; but there's the gig, sir."



THROUGH FLOOD—THROUGH FIRE.—"'LEAP!' I SHOUTED. 'LEAP!'"

"Whose gig?"

"The boat, sir. You can scull down almost as quick as they'll drive, yer honor.

"Good!" I would pull down. It was not far; the moon was still bright. I knew the river pretty well.

No sooner thought than done. A soldier from the guard-room came across and helped me to launch the gig.

"That's a big fire, sir; they do say it's at the Hall below. Poor creatures! I hope they'll all escape. All right, sir?"

I replied in the affirmative. He let go the painter, and

with two vigorous strokes of the light scull I was in the stream. Fortunately, I knew almost every turn and bend of the fine river, or I should have more than once had a very narrow escape, if I had not been quickly upset. It is all very well to row in daylight, but in the gloom, when the banks and the water along are equally shrouded, so that where one begins and the other ends is an extremely difficult problem to solve, and snags and submerged shoals are quite invisible, and pulling down a rapid stream is no joke. But I did not mind it then. Urged by a reckless daring, I sculled rapidly on alone.

Alone, all but for the company of two good planks. Whence came they, and whither they were bound, I did not think; but I noticed they kept close to me—now swirling away, now in the dim light meeting, then dividing, turning round, separating themselves, and soon inclosing my sculls, so as to impede my way and endanger my safety. They hugged me so closely at last that I lay on my oars, and clutching the intrusive boards, pulled them into the boat, where, under the thwarts, they exchanged dripping confidences as to what they would do next. What they did shall be told in due course.

"Such *great* effects from trivial causes spring."

The blazing house was now almost visible. The reflection was caught by the water just beyond me. On I scudded, round the bend of the bank, the stream hurrying me down, and now I have opened up the town reach, and the burning and half-demolished building is crackling and roaring half a mile off. The smoke, dotted with a million sparks, flies up to heaven, while screams and cries and the roar of falling timbers ascend with them to the lurid sky. Those tiny jets of water only serve to aggravate the thirst in that fiery throat, and not to quench it; no man can live near such a fire as that; the heat, even in my gig, was soon felt distinctly, and the two planks beneath my feet winked to each other in the glare, and glistened side by side at the thought of what was coming.

A yell, a roar! Four people had got upon the crumbling parapet, some feet above the stable-roofs, and were crying and shrieking for assistance. Twenty men at once rushed in to offer ropes and help. What could they do? The unhappy inmates, clad in evening-dress, looked weird

AN AFFRONT AVENGED.—THEY MADE THE ABBE SING HALF THE SONGS HE KNEW.—SEE PAGE 575.

AN AFFRONT AVENGED.—THE ABBE, WITH A LOADED PISTOL, COMPELLING THE COUNT TO DANCE.

and unearthly in the fiery glare. One was a lady, three were men. Taking off their coats, they knotted them by the sleeves, and let down the lady to the lower roof in safety. Such a cheer arose for this. Well done, brave men, well done! British chivalry is not yet dead when Englishmen and Irishmen can act like this. I watched and waited; pulling in, the heat was great. I pulled away to the opposite wing, abutting on the river, now almost wholly clad in flame and smoke, but still itself unburning.

What is that? Can it be a man or woman kneeling there, and unobserved amid the shrouding smoke by all the rest, who are gazing at the gallant men around the stables? The soldiers had arrived and were doing good service; but no one else perceived the solitary form wrapped in an ulster coat, and trembling on the wall above the river.

Not a moment was to be lost. I pulled in hastily.

"Leap," I shouted, "leap!" As I spoke I rose up in the boat. The planks winked once more and rattled. "Jump!" I yelled, in my excitement.

One look to heaven—a glance down to the swiftly running river, and the person I addressed leaped feet first. Unthinkingly, I moved suddenly; the light gig rocked. In vain I attempted to recover my balance; the boat tipped over, and I fell headlong into the water, now covered with *débris*.

The two planks started after me together from beneath the thwarts.

I sank; and as I did so I thought of Rosie, and made up my mind to die, if I must, but I struggled manfully for life the while.

* * * * * *

When one is unwillingly under water the brain seems to become busier than at all other times. I know not why, but in that half minute or so I was underneath I saw many acts of my life. Circumstances looked, from my mental point of view, very different from what they had to my bodily eyes. I had plenty of time to repent of my rashness, to utter a prayer and to forgive my enemies; and then I struggled, knocked my head, half sank again, put out my right arm and grasped something. It was a plank.

Seeing a body rising up close by, I raised the head. The person I had tried to save was sensible, evidently.

I was delighted to find that he, too, was floating on a plank, the twin supporter of my arm; and how these good friends tossed about, and drove up against each other in sheer delight, as we all floated away fast down-stream together, baffles description.

I impelled my plank toward the other, and, no doubt aided by that wondrous law of attraction and sympathy which exists even in wood, I succeeded in getting close to my companion. Leaning my arms upon the trusty planks, I managed to support the form near me; but all this time we neither of us spoke a word, nor could we discern each other's features. The fast subsiding fire was far behind us now.

The steady planks kept floating with us toward the bank, but I was not very anxious to go ashore just then, as the river-sides were steep, and certain curling eddies did not look attractive.

The moon had been obscured by heavy clouds; but we could discern the stones which here and there rose up from out the water, from a shoal in mid-stream. We should soon be in safety. The planks apparently thought otherwise. They bobbed about and grew very impatient to reach the shore.

There's distant thunder! A storm is coming up. No, it must be a train passing the the bridge above. No; the noise increases! the sound is borne continuously on the wind. The planks got very restless now. The banks even came closer to us, but the stream ran all the faster. the noise was getting louder every minute.

I knew what it was at last. I knew too well. It was the Mill Weir!

If the sluice were open to the huge overshot wheel our doom was sealed. Nothing much short of a miracle could save us. Striking out for the bank, I called to my companion to do the same, but encumbered with the ulster coat, his progress was not great.

We would find footing on the lasher, probably; the eddy would assist us.

We floated round the turn in the stream. The wheel was revolving. I could plainly hear the splash, splash of its monotonous clank and dash; the water dripped and ran away from the grinding woodwork, and gladly escaped beneath to save being crushed to air on the top of those mighty paddles.

We had two channels to chose from—one over the weir, the other beneath the wheel. The suction to the latter was tremendous. I swam strongly for the former. I reached the slippery piles and caught them. A bright light was burning in a small window in the mill, twenty yards or so away. We were in an eddy for a moment. I called out loudly. A head was put out. I yelled again. The plank whereon I lay slipped from beneath me, rose up again, and carried me headlong down the foaming lasher like an arrow from a bow, while my companion was wrenched away and darted for the wheel. A loud cry escaped me as we parted. All was over now. Death at last.

"Oh, Rosie! my darling Rosie; till we meet in heaven—farewell!" I had time to think so much—no more.

* * * * * *

"He's all right; don't you lubbers keep around like that; sheer off, can't ye? Let a chap have a mouthful of air! Hurrah, yer sowls! he's breathin'!"

He was. It was I. But how weak, how very ill, mentally and bodily, I felt when first I woke again to life and asked for "Rosie!"

"Shure he's wanderin' in his mind, so he is. Dinny, run up and tell the captain the gintleman's alive. Hurry, now!"

I remember nothing more until I found myself in barracks, in my brother's quarters. Then I suppose I fell asleep. But when I again awoke to consciousness, they told me, in muffled tones, that I had only just pulled through brain-fever, and had been in bed nearly five weeks.

Five weeks! I was due in London! I told the doctor so, or somebody spoke for me—at least, the voice was not like my own.

"Indeed, then, it's out o' this ye don't stir, me lad, lawyers or no lawyers. Quiet now, or I'll give ye a composer, and send ye to sleep for another month!"

I submitted, and got better. In a fortnight I was down again in the ante-room, where I was welcomed as a "hero of romance." The good-natured quizzing and congratulations on my recovery were incessant. At last, noticing my puzzled look, my brother said:

"Perhaps he hasn't heard the real facts—have you, H——?"

"I have not the very slightest idea what you are all talking about," I replied. "If it's a joke, I don't see it."

"Now, look—here she is again! Lucky fellow!"

"Not a day but what she rides over to inquire."

"Her father's here, too."

"Tell them to come in, Hamblyn, and see the preserver of the 'sole daughter of his house and heart.'"

I heard, but scarcely heeded, all this "chaff."

The door opened—a lady in well-fitting habit appeared. Mechanically I rose as she came in. I looked at her for one brief second, the next I had clasped her in my arms.

"Rosie, my darling Rosie, can it be you, indeed?"

No doubt about it. She had come to thank me. For what? For saving her life that night when Sir John Carney's house was burned.

It was Rosie I had rescued, then. No wonder my heart had beat so fast while we floated down the stream.

Rosie was my own at last. She is mine still, thank Heaven!

Very little explanation is necessary. Mrs. Temp'e and her daughter had been paying a round of visits, and while staying at Sir John Carney's house the fire had broken out.

Rosie had been my companion during that twenty minutes in the water. Wrapped up as she was, and silent as we both were, we did not recognize each other in the dark. The miller had stopped the wheel and pulled Rosie out of the eddie just in time.

For a day or two Rosie had been quite unable to give an account of her rescue from the fire; and when her father arrived, in obedience to a telegram, he learned at the barracks—where he had called with Sir John to thank the commanding-officer for his timely assistance—that his daughter's preserver was myself.

The reader will almost guess the sequel. Soon after my return to London I was appointed secretary of a nice little company, with a nice little salary, and work to match, all through the influence of the good solicitor. This employment left me leisure for other work which I was lucky enough to obtain, and my success emboldened me to ask for Rosie once more.

This time I was not refused. We were married the year following; and now when we wander "over hill, over dale," we often recall how we struggled together for life that memorable night, through flood—through fire."

SELF-RESPECT is the key to, and generator of, a more elevated tone of sentiment; and where this is not quite lost, efforts will still be made to preserve it.

BRAVERY.

'Tis a grand word, and one to which all pay homage. A quality wherewithal we naturally invest those ideal personages whom youth's romance elevates to a hero's pedestal. What a variety ours included—warriors of every realm, from the yellow-haired Viking, battle-ax in hand, to the dark-browed Norman Crusader in coat of mail! How the pulse throbs and the eye glistens when reading for the first time of the Pass of Thermopylæ and its heroic band! Or the reacting of that story in later days, told in the page

"That genius has made golden with its glow!"

Then we come to individual acts of heroism; and humanity seems a higher and a worthier thing, and the world a prouder place, when hearing of these noble men, each at his post of duty, intrepidly encountering almost certain death. The engineer who, holding on with iron grip, perils his own life to save those within his charge; the captain, who remains with the sinking ship to the very last; the fireman, who boldly rushes into the burning dwelling. And these hear no trumpet-call, nor beat of drum, nor battle-cry, to urge them onward. And with perhaps a greater bravery, for 'tis more perilous, does the grimed and coarsely clad miner (ah, what a contrast to our plumed and martial heroes of old!) go down into the darksome pit, to the rescue of his fellow-men. But is there no other courage than that which dares to die? Ay, assuredly there is a yet greater one—to bravely live! 'Tis easy, when Fortune showers upon us her golden favors, and the world smiles approvingly—'tis very easy to steer our little bark over Life's smooth waters; but let the fickle goddess forsake us, that gold change to the withered leaves of Eastern fable, and too often the faltering spirit asks:

"Who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The proud man's contumely?"

And the coward hand is raised to take away that life his God has given! All honor to the brave heart, serene in the light of day; and in the darkness, with upward gaze, hopefully and truthfully remembering

"We never see the stars,
Till we see naught but them."

THE PART SOME VEGETABLES PLAY.

Asparagus is a strong diuretic—that is, it acts on the kidneys, and forms part, remarks a contemporary, of the cure for rheumatic patients at such health-resorts as Aix-les-Bains. Sorrel is cooling, and forms the staple of that *soupe aux herbes* which a French lady will order for herself after a tiring journey. Carrots, as containing a quantity of sugar, are avoided by some people, while others complain of them as indigestible. With regard to the latter accusation, it may be remarked that it is the yellow core of the carrot that is difficult of digestion—the outer, a red layer, is tender enough. In Savoy the peasants have recourse to an infusion of carrots as a specific for jaundice. The large sweet onion is very rich in those alkaline elements which counteract the poison of rheumatic gout. If slowly stewed in weak broth and eaten with a little good pepper, it will be found to be an admirable article of diet for patients of studious and sedentary habits. The stalks of cauliflowers have the same sort of value, only too often the stalk of a cauliflower is so ill-boiled and unpalatable that few persons would thank one for proposing to them to make part of their meal consist of so uninviting an article. Turnips, in the same way, are often thought to be indigestible, and better suited for cows and sheep than for delicate people. But here the fault lies with the cook quite as much as with the root. The cook boils the turnip badly, and then pours some butter over it, and the eater of such a dish is sure to be the worse for it. Try a better way. Half boil the turnip, and cut it in slices like half-dollars. Butter a pie-dish, put in the slices, mix it with a little milk and weak broth, dust once with bread-crumbs and pepper and salt, and bake in the oven till it gains a bright golden brown. This dish, which is the Piedmontese fashion of eating turnips, ought to be popular.

AN AFFRONT AVENGED.

Some young persons were walking, some time since, in the Wood of Boulogne, when they saw an abbé singing at the foot of a tree. They drew near and surrounded him; the abbé at once stopped short. The most forward then spoke, and said that, attracted by the charms of his voice, they had come there to listen.

The singer excused himself—they insisted. He refused again; the speaker then lifted his cane, and threatened to lay it across his shoulders if he required any further entreaty.

The poor abbé, seeing there was no reasoning with these gentlemen, set about his part, and sang, as one may imagine, very ill.

"Do it again, sir," said the spokesman of the company. "You will sing better the second time."

In short, they made him rehearse half of the songs he knew, after which they left him, with many compliments on his voice, and, above all, on his style of singing.

The abbé, who naturally had taken the affair much to heart, lost no time. While the gentlemen continued their walk, laughing at his expense, he hastened to the gate of Boulogne, and, by the description he gave of them, found out their coachman. From him he learned that he who had threatened to cane him if he did not sing was the Count of ———, a Black Musketeer, and he got particular information as to his residence.

The next morning, very early, the abbé hastened to his house, and, being admitted, told the count that he was come to demand satisfaction for the affront given the evening before.

"Do you understand the sword?" asked the count.

"That is no business of yours," answered the abbé; "you will see that by-and-by."

"Be it so," said the count. "But where shall we fix the field of battle?"

"On the very spot where the affront was given," rejoined the abbé.

"With all my heart," said the count, and getting ready instantly, he ordered his horses to be put to the carriage.

Our two repaired to the scene of the previous evening's proceedings. While the musketeer was taking off his coat, the abbé took a pistol out of his pocket and clapped it to his breast.

"We are not come here to fight, sir," said he. "You made me sing yesterday against my will. I take you to be a good dancer, and you shall dance, or I will blow out your brains."

In vain the soldier, startled at the pistol, would have pleaded the laws of honor.

"You were a stranger to them yesterday," said the abbé, "and deserve no other usage. No more talk, or I will avenge myself immediately, let what will come of it."

The musketeer was obliged to comply. Accordingly, he asked, submissively, what he must dance.

"Cupri's minuet is what I am going to sing," said the abbé, who thereupon warbled out the tune, directing his pupil all the while by the pistol.

When the minuet was over the abbé required a hornpipe, rigadoon, etc. At last, throwing aside his pistol and drawing his sword, he said, quietly:

"We have now nothing to reproach each other with. Let us fight."

"No," cried the count, "we will not. "You are too brave a conqueror. You have corrected my folly. I have to thank you for the lesson. Let us be friends for the future."

The two then embraced each other; and so commenced what proved, let us hope, a lasting friendship.

A CAT HATCHING CHICKENS.

I WISH to tell you a little anecdote about the doings of a bantam hen and cat that I had in the Summer of 1876. I put seven eggs under the hen for her to sit upon, and this she did with the help of the cat. When the hen came off to eat and drink in the daytime, the cat would go on the eggs and keep them warm until the hen came in; then the cat would leave for the hen to go on the nest, while she would sit upon the next box and watch for the rats and mice that came to disturb the hen. When the chicks were hatched puss would sit and watch them, so that no harm came to them when they strayed from the hen; and I think, if it had not been for the cat, they would have been taken by the rats. I am happy to say that all the chicks escaped harm.

A CAT HATCHING CHICKENS.

A WHITED SEPULCHRE.—"SHE CAME TO HIS SIDE EAGERLY. 'THE BURIAL IS OVER. THEY TOLD ME OF IT. OH, WHEN ARE WE TO START FOR ENGLAND?'"

A WHITED SEPULCHRE.

By M. T. CALDOR.

Chapter V.

Philip Markham took his way from the *pension* down to the town the next morning at an early hour. He had carefully but vainly searched the few papers to be found among the dead Englishman's effects for any address in England which might give him a clew to the young lady's relatives. But finding in the well-worn pocket-book a card on which was written, "Address all letters to Caleb J. Howe, Darmocke, Wales," he had ventured to telegraph the night before to that address. He cherished a strong hope that this morning's visit would find a telegram from the aunt counseling the young girl's course, or assuring her of a friend waiting for her upon her arrival in London. But he was doomed to disappointment. No message whatever had been returned.

He went on to the hotel, a little chagrined and downcast for this failure. Mr. Anderson met him at the door.

"Good-morning, sir," he said, cheerily. "This is a bad business, is it not? I don't think the poor child has slept any, judging from my wife's account. She and Kitty are both rather knocked up by the night's experience. Why, sir, this lovely girl is as unsophisticated as a baby. She knows nothing of society—nothing at all. Yet it seems she has been a regular Bohemian, wandering over the Continent here and there for years, all alone with her father. He seems to have taught her plenty of book-knowledge, but to have given her no opportunity for anything else. I really believe she has never had an intimate friend of her own sex."

"But she seems very fond of this aunt," suggested Philip.

"Bless your soul, man, she has never seen her! She does not know where she lives, even, nor in what part of England her father was born. It is a most extraordinary case. Something wrong somewhere, depend upon it, with the father; because she tells how he loved England, and yet was never able to return to it. Poor little thing! It is a sad case."

"I should think so, indeed," said Philip, ruefully. "You say she never saw the aunt."

"So she says; but has kept a close correspondence with her all the time since she was able to write, and it has been the longing of their two lives, she says, to meet each other in England."

"Oh, well, if she has letters, that is enough. I will telegraph the aunt, and let her know exactly when we start," exclaimed Philip, reassured from an unexpected dilemma.

"Well, come in and see her for yourself. Kitty says 'she is too sweet for anything,' if you can understand the meaning of that feminine gibberish. But I do wish she would rouse into a little plainer realization of her situation."

Philip followed the speaker into the hotel reception-room. Mrs. Anderson was there, but neither of the younger ladies was visible. The former came to meet Philip with a cordial smile and an extended hand.

"Good-morning, Mr. Markham. I am afraid you will be disappointed. I don't think the poor child has slept at all, and Kitty doesn't even feel sure that she has made any advance into her confidence. She is sitting there at the window which gives the castle view and the glimpse of the *pension*. And, oh, such dreary, desolate eyes as they are! It makes my heart ache. It is very difficult to make her talk."

"That is not strange," said Philip, compassionately. "She is so completely bewildered by this dreadful shock."

"Yes, and then she has been—peculiarly educated. Do you know, I don't think she has learned how to be at ease in the society of other ladies! She is painfully at a loss with Kitty, though my daughter's whole heart has gone out to her."

"I must ascertain her aunt's address. I meant to have surprised her with a telegram this morning. But my address was probably of no use, for there has been no response."

"It is very fortunate for you that Miss Van Benthuysen is going with you. I wish she could be a little more genial in her manners. Still it is certainly very kind in her to go, for I know she intended a long tour abroad. But I will bring the girls down to you."

And she left the room, to return very quickly, followed by their sorrowful guest and Kitty, her cheery face sobered into an unusual gravity.

The sudden glow of interest which broke over the young, weary countenance as the blue eyes fell upon Philip was painfully apparent to them all. She came to his side eagerly.

"The burial is over. They have told me of it. Oh, when are we to start for England?"

"To-morrow morning, I hope. That is, if you are able. I am sorry to hear that you have not slept. It would very much retard the journey if you were ill."

"But I shall not be. And when I find my aunt I shall be comforted and shall rest, and shall know——" She paused, and the pale lips quivered as she looked up appealingly into Philip's face, and added: "I am so strange now. I seem to be two or three persons, but all strange to me. I don't find myself any more than I find my father, and I cannot talk. I can scarcely think, because the horrible strangeness swallows everything else."

Mr. Anderson coughed, to hide a choking of the throat. His wife and daughter furtively wiped away a tear. And Philip knew that his own eyes had dimmed with a sudden dew, so pathetic were the words and the wistful tone.

"We will find your aunt as speedily as we can. I think it would be wise to send a telegram announcing your coming. Will you give me her address?" he said, gently.

She seemed to catch the meaning of all he said to her, without that painful effort to acquire it which marked her reception of other people's conversation.

"Aunt Anne's address! Why—why——" And then suddenly she wrung her hands wildly, and faltered in a hoarse whisper: "Why, I do not know it. I wrote my letters and papa always inclosed them in his."

"Never mind," Philip hastened to say, soothingly. "We can find it out, of course, when we reach London. You said she lived in London?"

"No, not in London, but in the country outside somewhere. I do not know the name, but, oh! I know it so well by her descriptions that I shall recognize everything. I am sure that I shall. And though she has never seen me, she loves me—she loves me dearly."

"I should like to have her meet you in London. If we could telegraph to her we might insure it. And you never saw your father's letters after they were directed?"

The violet eyes deepened till the purple depths seemed almost black; another quiver caught the sensitive lips.

"Once, a long time ago," she said, slowly, in an almost inarticulate voice, "I was conquered by curiosity, and I waited till he had gone out. I went to his desk and looked at the letter, and he found it out, and he talked to me for the first time about his trouble. He said when I was old enough to comprehend, and it was prudent for him to impart the knowledge, he would tell me everything. And until that time I was never to ask or seek to know. Oh, father, father!"

"If you could recollect that name it might answer," said Philip.

The others tacitly admitted that he was most successful in dealing with the girl, and they stood aside listening, but not interfering in the conversation.

"I know it was to be sent to Darmoche, Wales, for I looked up the name on the map, and had hard work to find it. I think all letters were sent there," she said, presently.

"Ah, perhaps I have already found it. Caleb J. Howe, Darmoche, Wales," said Philip.

"Yes, that is the name, I am sure."

"I will go back to the telegraph-office again, then. An answer may yet come," he said, with renewed hope. "But you think we had best start for England, whether we hear or not?"

"Oh, yes, yes! It is all there is left for me, to reach England and my Aunt Anne," was answered, eagerly.

"By-the-way, she was your father's sister. But is she unmarried? Would her name still be Miss Anne Younge?"

"Yes, oh, yes, she is unmarried, and was my father's only sister."

Here Miss Van Benthuysen's tall figure appeared, unannounced, within the doorway. She looked even more strange and weird than at first to Philip's eyes, but he bowed with due deference. Words could not explain to her how thankful he should be for her company back to England, however little she might assist his melancholy task.

"I presume the arrangements are unchanged, Mr.

Markham. We shall start for England in the morning?"

"If your convenience will permit, madam," replied Philip.

"And this child hears nothing—from England? I understood that you had telegraphed?"

"As yet there is no response. But I still hope to hear during the day."

She gave a short nod, as sole response, and turned to Kitty Anderson, who was evidently as much of a favorite as it was possible for any one to be with so unsympathetic a nature.

"Will you believe it, Kitty, that shopman undertook to cheat me—a matter of fifty marks—on those ivories I selected the other day? But he found his match. I showed him my memoranda, and told him he must abide by it, or not a pfenning of my whole order would be his. He blustered and whined, and sputtered an indefinite amount of gibberish, but he yielded at last. I didn't leave the shop till I saw everything securely packed and in the carrier's hands."

"The ivories were exquisite," said Kitty, laughing, "but I suspect that mamma was thoroughly swindled, so I am glad if you have redressed her wrongs."

"I am not very often imposed upon in that fashion," asserted Miss Van Benthuysen, triumphantly, "though I am a little chagrined by my defeat at the jeweler's. The wretch saw that I was perfectly in love with that set of Berlin jewelry. I never saw such bracelets; if a spider had woven them they could not have been more ethereal-looking. Why, lace itself was coarse beside them! I haggled over them for two hours, if a minute, and he never abated one mark."

"It seems strange that so rude a material as that iron can be wrought so daintily," observed Mrs. Anderson. "I must say, though, that I prefer Genoese filigree."

"The Berlin suits *me*," said Miss Van Benthuysen. "I confess I would like to set a diamond in those bracelets. Then for *my* wearing they would be perfect."

"*Iron* setting for diamonds!" ejaculated Kitty. "You are determined to be *bizarre*, Miss Van Benthuysen."

"Nature projected that determination, I suspect," said the lady, with a steady flash of her eyes. "Odd people are apt to like odd surroundings. At least, I do. I shall be very proud of my beautiful Berlin set, when I wear it at home."

"Then you were conquered *once*. You took it at his price," laughed Kitty.

"Yes; the little wretch was too keen-eyed. He knew I meant to have it. If I could have remained a week I would have managed it on my own terms. The only satisfaction I have is that two of the gold pieces I gave him were pierced and short of weight. If only the next person to whom he offers them demands a reduction, I shall be comforted."

She joined Kitty's laugh.

Philip glanced toward Miss Younge. She sat with hands dropped listlessly into her lap, and weary eyes gazing dully at the gray sky, which was threatening the usual Heidelberg experience of mist and rain.

It was very evident that she had not heard a word that passed between the others.

"I will go down to the office again. A telegram may have arrived by this time," he said, feeling that in this way only could he do anything to comfort her desolation.

Mr. Anderson rose with alacrity.

"I will go with you and bring back the word."

And as they strolled down around the little garden square before the hotel, out upon the public street, the two men talked with tender sympathy about this peculiarly desolate child, thrown thus strangely upon their care.

"Miss Van Benthuysen may be a most valuable friend, provided you do not find the aunt," said Mr. Anderson.

A sudden inspiration flashed upon Philip as the thought came.

"She can help me to find the aunt—of course she can. Miss Van Benthuysen must know her name and her address. Thank Heaven, that difficulty will be avoided if no telegram appears."

Consequently, on his own account he felt less disappointment to find no message waiting for him.

"I am very sorry for Miss Younge. It would make me very happy to put a loving message from this aunt into her hands to-day. But I can't think it will appear now. I can only hope to find her friends promptly when we reach England," he said, as he parted from Mr. Anderson. "I will see that all the luggage is cared for, and call at the hotel early enough to take leave of your kind wife and daughter. I can only repeat again how grateful I am for your assistance in this sorrowful affair."

"It is little enough we have been able to do; and, indeed, it is not much you have needed, for, as I told my wife this morning, I never saw a clearer-headed young fellow, nor a more discreet one, than you have proved yourself. I shall hope to renew our acquaintance in England, where you must promise to call promptly when we return. I think I gave you the card yesterday."

"You are very kind," returned Philip, the color rising a little upon his ingenuous countenance at this unexpected tribute.

"Mind that you obey me. We shall all wish to know more of you."

And with a warm handclasp, they parted at the corner of the street, and Philip pursued his way up the mountain to take his last dinner with Frau Heller at the *pension*.

While it was still early in the morning, the last adieux to Heidelberg and the Andersons were spoken, and it seemed almost as dreamlike to Philip as to the pale girl who leaned her head back wearily against the cushioned side of the railway carriage, when he found himself seated opposite Miss Van Benthuysen, whizzing away from the pleasant old town and the placid Nechar. He leaned out from the window, and gazed wistfully as long as he had a glimpse of the Königsstahl or the castle.

He had been so absorbed in another's experience that he had given little thought to himself. He realized now that it also meant a great deal to him to leave his pleasant student life and go out into the unknown world which awaited him. Perhaps one reason why his sympathies had gone forth so freely to this desolate girl was because he was himself so isolated from ties of home and kindred. An only child, with his parents both dead, and the nearest relatives a family of grown-up cousins, he had felt often enough an alien and a wanderer on the face of the earth. But he possessed a cheery, courageous disposition which made him friends wherever he went; and one unexpected piece of good fortune had given him a happy faith in a continually favoring Providence.

Four years before, when he was counting up his meagre resources, and wondering to what path of life he must turn his steps, he received a brief and business-like letter from the solicitors of Colonel Malcolm Trente. They announced that, on account of a warm interest in his dead mother, that gentleman required her son to be educated as thoroughly as might be, and recommended a faithful devotion to the course at Heidelberg University. Accompanying the letter was a generous check, with the intimation that good conduct would be likely to insure the

semi-annual appearance of the same important document. Philip wrote an enthusiastic letter of thanks, directed to Colonel Trente through the solicitors.

He had no reason to doubt of its arrival at its proper destination. But no answer ever came back. It gave the warm-hearted boy a pang; he had so ardently hoped to win the affection as well as the good-will of this unknown benefactor. Every year, on receipt of his generous allowance, he wrote a similar letter, detailing the particulars of his work; what he planned; how much he had accomplished. Twice he had respectfully hinted his desire for a scrap of advice in regard to a certain course. Not a word had ever come in response. And now, since advancing manhood had broadened his ideas and deepened his aspirations, he recognized the wisdom of the course pursued with him, though his heart was still hungry for a word of interest and sympathy in the man instead of the student.

And now, at last, he was summoned to meet Colonel Trente face to face. Philip was as full of romantic curiosity as a girl concerning this meeting and its consequences. But until now these thoughts had been held in abeyance by his deeper interest in Miss Younge's trouble. For a few moments he gave himself up to selfish absorption and the rapid changes of his mobile face, the flushing and darkening of the eyes, that clung fondly to the fading outlines of the grand old ruin, awakened Miss Van Benthuysen's interest, for that keen eye had not lost a single flitting expression on the goodly young countenance opposite her.

"Well," she said, her jarring laugh breaking the silence rather discordantly, "it is evidently quite as much a pleasure for you to turn your face toward England, Mr. Markham, as for the rest of us. You may keep a strong rein upon it, but I see that you have a vivid imagination. You hope for something brilliant to greet you there."

Philip gave a little start, and came back from his day-dreams. Yes; Heidelberg was behind him, and he was setting out for England. He was the protector of this little traveling party. Here was Miss Van Benthuysen bolt upright in the corner opposite him, with her sable cloak well wrapped about her. There was the pale orphan, drooping listlessly against the cushions of the seat beside himself, and Mitkens was, doubtless, still snugly ensconced amidst the bundles in the third-class compartment, where he himself had consigned her by her mistress's orders.

He gave himself a little shake to scatter the cobwebs.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Van Benthuysen; you made a remark, and I scarcely caught its drift."

She repeated it, giving the same meaning, in substance, if she changed the words a little.

Philip smiled good humoredly.

"I suppose I should be the exceptional man if I did not sometimes build castles. But I assure you they are very vague and exceedingly Spanish."

"Raze them down promptly," said the lady, briskly; "none of our beautiful dreams come true."

"None of them," repeated Philip. "I don't like you to say that, Miss Van Benthuysen."

"There are a great many things that children don't like," returned she, grimly.

"I accept the little slap, but I still take exception to the declaration," he returned with a pleasant smile. "I insist that a great deal comes true."

"Certainly, all our evil forebodings, our grim glimpses of black, overhanging clouds. They all are true—every one, young man." And the cold, steely glitter of the eyes confronting him made him wince. But he shook his head and maintained his position manfully.

"Not more than the others, Miss Benthuysen. I can go to grand old authorities to prove it. I don't venture to assert my own experience, but theirs.

"I tell you any other view is arrant nonsense—consummate folly. And that man or woman is wise who waves back the deceitful visions of hope. When you have lived to my time you will know."

"Please Heaven, I shall, and know that patient effort wins success; that unselfish love receives back its own rich largesse of answering love; that faith in the good, and true, and pure leads far up the heights above the black clouds and tempests," answered Philip, respectfully, but with sturdy persistence.

Miss Van Benthuysen glared at him savagely.

"Love, answering love! bah!" she spit forth, contemptuously. "It wins deceit, fraud, treachery—and it receives back, sometimes—its richly merited punishment. Young people are such fools! I have no patience with them. Come now, I can see some of your visions for myself. You are thinking of taking your present knightly prowess"—and she nodded her head significantly toward the still figure beyond him—"to a worthy field. You picture eager arms stretched out to take the burden from you—everlasting gratitude to be your guerdon. I dare say you are building up the most extravagant hopes—ancestral home, family honors, boundless wealth, all to be hunted up, to fall back into your arms at length." She laughed fiercely and sarcastically as she concluded. "Wait and see—see what you will find."

"I trust it will be the one I shall seek, Miss Van Benthuysen," responded Philip, the color rising in his cheeks, and his voice betraying something of the indignation he felt. "If I only find the affectionate heart for which this needy child is yearning, my efforts will be amply rewarded and my part will be ended. I build no other anticipations here."

"And if you don't find what you seek?" questioned the strange woman, bending eagerly toward him.

"Then I shall ask *you* to find it for me," answered he, promptly; and, with his recovered cheeriness he added, "And my faith still serves me well. Miss Van Benthuysen, I believe you will do it."

"Do you think me capable of impossibilities?"

"I think that if that address is not to be had in London, you can show me where to find it," he answered again.

"I never knew or heard of that name until yesterday at the hotel in Heidelberg," she said, speaking every syllable slowly and impressively.

He looked at her steadily for a moment, then, smiling still, returned:

"But I have faith that, if the need comes, you will find a way to learn it. What I hope most is that the need shall not come."

"I made a mistake in sending Mitkins to the other carriage," said Miss Van Benthuysen, dryly; "it would have been wiser to keep her here."

"I can remedy it, if you like, when we get to Frankfort. I have a place for myself in the second-class carriage, and I dare say I shall occupy it a good deal of the time when I am not needed here. At all events, you shall have Mitkins as much as you please, because she will take my seat whenever you wish her in, or—me out." He laughed, roguishly, as he said it, and added, "Shall I go now?"

"No. After all, you are only a boy. I may teach you something before we reach England, young sir."

"By all means lawful I beseech you to do it. Now, then, are we friends again?"

He put out his hand, playfully, and, much to his surprise, that long, lank member of hers was laid within it.

Chapter VI.

Colonel Trente went away with Warde on the day of the lawyer's visit, and did not return until the next day, quite late in the evening.

Roger followed immediately to his master's chamber, and found him seated at the dressing-table, looking so worn and weary that the faithful friend and servant gave a most audible sigh.

"Are you there, Roger? I wish your leal old heart would not quiver under every pang of grief that transfixes mine," he said, regretfully. "Yet I am selfish enough to rejoice in your thorough sympathy."

"Ah, sir, if I might have taken all this trouble on myself," sighed Roger, "and spared you."

"My faithful friend, I must tell you what I have learned to-day. You must read the letter Miss Annette left me, and that strange one she wrote to Warde. It is possible you may understand what she means by saying that my mother promised her she would leave some explanation for me. Sit down in the chair there, Roger. Forget, as I do, that you are my servant, and read the letters. Let me see what you will think of this startling development."

And Malcolm Trente leaned back in his own chair and watched the old servitor, while he adjusted the glasses, which he first carefully polished, upon a broad bandana handkerchief, and then slowly unfolded the letters and read them standing, despite the injunction to the contrary. Not a word was spoken by either until each letter was slowly and carefully mastered. Though Colonel Trente's face bore evidence of excitement and impatience, and Roger's hand presently shook so that the paper rattled audibly. But when the reading was accomplished master and man faced each other with eagerly questioning eyes.

"Oh, Colonel! Mr. Malcolm, what do you think?" burst forth Roger.

"Tell me your opinion, Roger," demanded the other, peremptorily.

The old man lifted one hand to sweep away the gray hair dropping down over his forehead, and swallowed twice before he could articulate his answer.

"I am afraid, Mr. Malcolm—I'm desperately afraid that there's something in it."

Colonel Trente groaned.

"Roger, have you ever had such a doubt before—in the years gone, I mean?" he added, hoarsely.

"I can't deny that I did, but I never could find any proof, and I laid it to my dislike of him."

"Your dislike of him? You never told me that, Roger. I might have trusted to your instincts, for I have always said they were something superhuman. When did you dislike him, Roger?"

"Always, Mr. Malcolm. I used to blame myself and say I was jealous because you loved him so much."

"I *did* love him. God knows, I gave him what was left of a bruised and rifled heart," muttered Colonel Trente, fiercely. "And was he the viper who stung all my hopes to their death? Roger, there is no more rest for me, night or day—there is no more rest for me till I sift this to the bottom."

Roger's honest face overflowed with commiserating devotion as he gazed back to those appealing eyes.

"I think I remember the day, sir, that Madame Trente met Miss Annette; I was driving her myself in the pony phaeton. She got out at the park, and the two ladies walked together round and round the square which has the fountain in it. I watched them, and I knew it was nothing of the common sort of talk, for they used their handkerchiefs more than once; both of them did, sir. And my lady, when she came back to the phaeton, was very grave and thoughtful—I wondered——"

He stopped abruptly, and rubbed his hand tremulously across his forehead.

"Well, Roger, why did you stop?"

"I thought of something she said, sir. Oh, my old brain! Why can't I think what I answered her?"

Colonel Trente saw that some perplexed thought was worrying the old man, and waited in silence, though his whole frame quivered beneath his impatience.

"Oh, sir, it's of no use. I can't think," groaned Roger, presently.

"About what, Roger?"

"What I answered her. It flashed across me that she said to me, just before we drove into the avenue, 'Roger, if I wanted to put a paper, or a letter, for your Mr. Malcolm to find—not right away, but to certainly find, by-and-by, what place should I put it in?'"

"Good Heavens! you think Miss Annette was right; that she wrote something, as she promised, and put it away for me to find? You think my mother went home and wrote something meant for my eye alone?" exclaimed Malcolm Trente.

"I know she went into the library, and was there a long time. I remember that she called me for a glass of wine, and that when I carried it in her eyes were red, and she looked as if she had been crying, and that there was a sealed letter on the table. Yes, sir, I do believe she wrote it for you."

"Her papers are all in the escritoire where she left them. But I was certain that I looked them all through. Bring the escritoire here, Roger. The keys are on my ring. I will look everything carefully over to-night."

"It won't be there, Mr. Malcolm. I am sure it won't. Why can't I think what I told her when she asked that? Stupid dolt that I am! But it will come to me, it *must* come to me," declared Roger, vehemently.

"But I will look over the escritoire and satisfy myself concerning those papers; that is the least I can do," said Colonel Trente, gravely. "I would rather you should bring it than Jean, if you please, Roger."

Roger started quickly in answer to this appeal, and promptly appeared again, wheeling in the light desk from the adjoining apartment until he had placed it before his master.

"It will take you a long time, Mr. Malcolm, and you are so tired now," he said, deprecatingly. "Couldn't I help you a little?"

The master looked over to him with a grateful gleam in his melancholy eye.

"Yes, Roger, if you will share my vigil. I think it will help me just to see you here. Only I don't like to deprive you of your sleep."

"I couldn't sleep, knowing you were awake here. I'll tell Jean to go to bed, sir; that I can attend to his duties, sir, if you are willing."

"Certainly. Only, Roger, you must be sparing of your strength. Remember, you are twice ten years ahead of me, and we must manage to last each other out. My good fellow, it will be a sorry day for either that sees the other taken away. Your strength offsets my age. We must manage to wear out together, Roger."

"Please God, sir," responded, Roger, fervently.

Then for two hours they were busy over the papers. Every bundle was untied, every envelope carefully opened, but all in vain. Colonel Trente put them all back at last, with a sigh of disappointment.

"I didn't expect it, sir," said Roger. "She put it

where I told her you would be likely to find it. If I can only think. Perhaps I shall to-night—when I go to bed."

"And you ought to be there, Roger," said the master—"you ought to be there this moment. Just look to the grate, and throw out my dressing-gown. Jean will be in early enough to get out the morning clothes. And now, good-night—good-night, leal old Roger."

But very early in the morning Roger was at his master's door with the cup of coffee to be carried in to him. Jean remonstrated indignantly at this infringement upon his own especial duties; but Roger waved him back with an authoritative gesture.

"I am to see the colonel this morning at once, Jean, and I may as well take the coffee along. You know he'll agree to what I say about it."

Yes, Jean knew that very well, and shrugged his French shoulders in disgust at the master's taste, but dared not give any further sign of his wrathful jealousy of old Roger's influence.

And Roger went on into the bedroom with the coffee.

"What, Roger, *you?*" said the master, reproachfully. "Why did you leave your bed so early, after our late hours last night?"

"Oh, Mr. Malcolm, I dreamed that ride all over last night. I saw my lady so plainly. I heard her talk!"

"Did the *whole* come back to you?" he asked, quickly, raising himself up against the pillows.

"Ah, no, sir! She asked it—the question—and then I gave a great start, and thought, 'Now I shall know where to tell Mr. Malcolm to look,' and at that I woke up. But never fear, I shall dream it again; I shall know the whole soon; I am quite certain of it."

"Let us hope so. What else have you to tell? I can read your face, Roger—there is something more."

"Yes, sir. I was out walking an hour ago, trying to seize upon the clew, and I saw a horseman at the turnpike. I knew him at once, and I followed to see where Mr. Algernon Thornton was going so early in the morning."

"Algernon Thornton!" ejaculated Colonel Trente.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Thornton himself; and he rode over to Miss Henchman's house and stopped at the door to ask of the housekeeper the particulars of her death. She thinks he was wonderfully kind and feeling for poor Miss Annette. He talked with her twenty minutes or more, and then he rode off at a rattling pace, and—I went in. He asked a good many questions, among them if you had called on Miss Annette lately, and if Miss Annette had ever sent for you, and if—Mr. Warde had any special business here—that he was down yesterday."

"Roger," spoke out Malcolm Trente, hoarsely, "that man is guilty!"

"If he is, we will find him out at last," said Roger, sternly.

"Ah, Roger, we can never unravel the bitter sorrow of my life. But we will penetrate this mystery. We will find what was the fate of Eveline. We will tear away this silence and invisibility which hides Horace Henchman. You, Roger, only you beside myself know the darkest secret of the whole—why I live alone in this once happy home of mine, a wifeless, childless man. Not even Warde, who has conducted the secret search for so many years, suspects the real truth. Many a time have I seen that he almost despised me as an infatuated man, absurdly devoted to the memory of a perfidious woman. And I kept silent, for *her* sake—for hers, living or dead, since in either case it must be danger to peace and dishonor to memory. Dear Mr. Roger, I think we shall learn the truth now. But I wish it could be done without troubling you with all these ugly memories. I wish that those young men were coming to-day to divert your mind. It is possible they may arrive. At all events, the house will soon be full. I have invited a pleasant set. Major Chilson and his wife and daughters will be with us as long as the Thorntons stay. Now you may call Jean; I shall be in the library in an hour."

Roger passed out of the chamber, casting a last wistful glance behind him.

The old man's heart was full of tenderest commiseration. He alone knew what a dreary life had been endured by this grand, brave, loving man. And when, scarcely two hours later, the Hon. Algernon Thornton stepped airily across the hall and awed the other servants with that grand, benign presence of his, old Roger clinched his hands and said, within his angry thought:

"Algernon Thornton, if I thought it was you, if I was sure it was you, I am not certain but these old hands of mine should throttle you where you stand this minute."

But he stepped briskly into the library and closed the door behind him.

"Mr. Thornton is outside, Colonel Trente," he announced, in a lowered voice.

"Ah!" and a quick-drawn breath accompanied the monosyllable.

The next moment Malcolm Trente spoke quietly.

"Will you hand me that portfolio, Roger?"

And when Mr. Thornton was shown into the grand old room he found its master standing up before a table, with both hands occupied in slipping a valuable engraving into its proper fastening. He spoke promptly, in a natural and cheery voice.

"Ah, Algernon, is it you? You are quite a stranger in these parts. Pray, excuse my not coming forward, for you see my hands just now are imperatively occupied. Take a seat. I was hoping to see you soon. Here, Roger, come and help me. These cuttings are too close, and there is danger of the print's being bent."

It took a few seconds of Roger's help to get the picture back into its place; by that time the visitor was seated, and Colonel Trente, dropping the portfolio into its place, and falling back into his own chair, quite forgot to come forward for the accustomed handshaking.

Algernon Thornton's keen eye took a furtive survey of his host's countenance. It was lighted by a bland smile, but had a worn and pallid look that, somehow, deepened his secret uneasiness.

"Are you quite well, Malcolm? It seems to me your color is not as good as usual," he asked, with an air of extreme solicitude.

"Oh, I dare say. I've been indoors rather more than usual, and without much to enliven me. So, of course, I get *triste* and wilted. But I am to have an improvement soon, I trust. By-the-way, I hope Mrs. Thornton and her daughter have listened favorably to my plea. I trust I am to see them next week at The Towers?"

"To refuse such a favor would be far from their thoughts, I assure you. Maude is quite wild over the prospect. And it chimes in most harmoniously with my plans. I am at work on that shooting-box again."

"Of course you will make your headquarters here with Mrs. Thornton," said the host, in the most courteous tones. "Now, then, tell me about yourself—what the papers don't tell, you know. Of course, I comprehend the political height to which you have mounted, the dignities and the honors and applause, and all that. It was always more in your line than mine. I never cared for such glittering baubles. You have scolded me many a time for my lack of ambition, and my foolish apprecia-

tion of happiness and love. Well, well, you have attained both, and I sit here alone, possessing neither. This life of ours is a curious thing, is it not, Algernon? Now I suppose that you will claim that you have made your own way, seized your own triumphs, and that I, sitting passive and spiritless, have deserved to hold empty hands?"

He looked over to his guest with tranquil eyes, half lighted with the listless smile on his lips.

The Honorable Mr. Thornton swept another swift survey, and then answered, promptly:

"Now, Malcolm, old fellow, how can you attribute anything so unkind to me? I do not hold that your hands are empty. You occupy an honorable position, you are the head of a fine old estate, and you fill the position worthily. Heigh ho! how do you know that I do not envy you your freedom from 'carking care,' from the buzz and whirr of the world's turmoil and feverish strife?"

"Can that be so?" retorted the other, lightly. "Why, then, of course, we are quits. Besides, I ought to be satisfied with your success. You know you were always my hero, Algernon. From the time I was your devoted fag at college till I grew up to manhood you were always my admiration and delight."

"I am proud and grateful to remember it, Malcolm," spoke the other, quickly, and his voice was a little husky.

"It is odd, now that I look back upon it in a sort of outside way. I see how very odd it is that I was so devoted to you; my love for you was really a sort of womanish weakness," pursued Colonel Trente, musingly. "I did not believe there could be a flaw in your character, nor a selfish element in your affection."

The Honorable Mr. Thornton stirred uneasily in his comfortable easy-chair. He did not enjoy the drift of the conversation.

"How beautiful your estate is looking now, Malcolm! You care for it with the generosity of your character," he remarked.

"Yes," returned the other, gravely, "and why shouldn't I? It is all I have; it takes the place of father and mother, wife and child. Why shouldn't I love my trees, my lawns and meadows?"

"To be sure. It is most natural and very commendable. Ah! by-the-way," and the fluent member hesitated and stammered, as he had not done since he was a plodding schoolboy, asking himself where should he find a safe and comfortable subject for conversation. "You must allow Maud to see all the beauties of your woods. She is an enthusiast in such things, perhaps because she has been condemned to so much city life."

"I am told she is a great belle and very beautiful," observed Malcolm Trente. "Tell me, Algernon, are not your worldly success, your political triumphs, dust and ashes beside the love of this child, bone of your bone, flesh of your flesh? How many times I have tried to picture to myself what it would be to me to have a child of my own! Algernon, was not that hand pitiless—should it not be accursed—which struck away from me such beautiful hopes?"

The man addressed felt a sharp stab within, but his smile was self-possessed and bland as he returned:

"My poor Malcolm, you brood over those memories till they are morbid. Surely it lay in your own hands to remedy the lack. It is not even yet too late for—you—to marry."

Malcolm Trente lifted his eyes and fixed a quiet but steady look upon him, until, despite his marvelous self-control, those pale-blue eyes of the other wavered and turned aside.

Then the host laughed, softly, and as he touched the bell he said, in a more animated tone than he had yet used: "Well, to be sure, we have drifted off from present matters. Roger, ask some one to bring in some wine and a tray of refreshments. Mr. Thornton has rode some distance this morning, I judge. And now, Algernon, when may I have the happiness of seeing the ladies here?"

"Early in the week."

And the speaker eagerly accepted the wine, which Roger poured for him before he left the room again. As he filled it again he held it up to the light to admire its sparkling purity, and while his face was thus half concealed from view, he said:

"I was much pained to see Miss Henchman's death in the papers. Poor thing! I am afraid hers was a dreary life. Have you seen anything of her lately, Malcolm?"

"No; and it pained me to remember how I had kept away from her, when it was too late to remedy my selfishness. I have not spoken with her for twenty years. I have not seen her, except in her carriage, for two years, certainly."

Mr. Thornton's face brightened.

"Perhaps she was thankful to go," he said.

"Yes, I dare say," answered Colonel Trente; "it is one of the unsolved problems why. That was a tragic affair, after all, Algernon, though you used to tell me it would pass away and be forgotten by every one. How many spoiled lives can be counted for it, I wonder? Mine and Miss Annette's, certainly, and poor Henchman's, too, I am positive, and—well, never mind. If we believe in a watchful Providence, I suppose we must trust that some time the vengeance some one has deserved will fall. Ah, Roger——"

"A visitor, sir," and Roger laid a card beside his master.

"GEOFFREY CARLINGFORD."

"Ah, my young Oxford graduate. Let him come in. Don't rise, Algernon."

"Thank you; but I promised to see the keeper at twelve, and I have just time to do it. Good-morning."

"Good-morning. Come and see the ladies frequently, and make your headquarters here with them."

And again Colonel Trente bowed courteously, but did not come forward with extended hand.

Was it accidental or intentional? The Hon. Algernon Thornton pondered upon this question all the time occupied by his ride back to the little house in Thornton Wood.

And when he dismounted he was no more satisfied than when he set out.

"For he urges our coming to him as guests," he soliloquized, "and he has not seen Miss Annette."

CHAPTER VII.

"I CAN do nothing with the child," said Miss Van Benthuysen to Philip Markham, as she walked into one of the little waiting-rooms of the refreshment-station upon his arm, instead of following her usual custom of having Mitkins bring her up of tea and sandwich into the railway carriage.

"You mean," began Philip, with a half-smile and in an interrogative tone of voice, understanding her well enough by this time to know that she would promptly fill in his blanks, if she were in a loquacious mood.

"That she will not talk to me of her own accord? Yes that is what I mean. I have asked her a score of questions. To the direct ones I get 'Yes' or 'No,' and to the others generally, 'I don't know.' The girl doesn't know how to talk."

"Perhaps not. But you will allow that this is a very sad time to test her abilities that way," he answered. "I have my own theory about her. This ungirlish reserve and reticence is not, I imagine, entirely the consequence of the daze of this sudden sorrow. I think it is also the result of habit and her peculiar education. I should not be surprised to learn that she talked very little even with her father. All her enthusiasm seems to have flowered out toward this silent aunt in England."

Miss Van Benthuysen nodded her acknowledgment of his speech, but was just then too busy in arguing with a pretty German girl about the price of a basket of cherries to answer. But as they went back toward the train and their carriage, she said:

"Don't be sulky, young man. Mitkins is a great deal better in the other class, and I like you to talk to. Come in and see if you can have better success than mine with this young Sphinx."

Philip smiled, not without a momentary gratification at his consciousness of having conquered more than Sphinx in thus vanquishing the redoubtable dragon of Miss Van Benthuysen's distrust.

And he entered the carriage, and carefully examined the waiter set in the young girl's lap, saying, playfully:

"Have you been obedient, Miss Younge? I must not find a drop of coffee in that cup, nor a crumb of the sandwich."

The wistful blue eyes looked up to his trustfully.

"I did the best I could—that you might see I tried to please you."

"Then I mustn't scold at finding all the cake untouched," he returned. "Here, *garçon*," and he thrust the waiter forth to the white-aproned lad waiting for it.

He saw the look of relief breaking over the pale young face as he took his seat; so she was glad to have him remain in the carriage. The next instant he checked the little throb of vanity with the thought.

But who could help it after being shut up with Miss Van Benthuysen and her merciless questioning?

"At the next stopping-place you must get out and take a turn up and down the platform," he added, as the train started off amidst the incessant little tinkle of the electric bell and the rush of an inbound train.

"You think we may go on without any delay?" she asked, presently.

"Certainly, if the ladies of my company are very obedient, and obey all my instructions, so that they will be fit for the Channel. You have been on this route before, I imagine?"

"Yes; we stopped more than a month at the little village you see behind the hill. We were always wandering into these out-of-the-way places. Papa liked them."

"And you?" suggested Philip.

"Yes, I often was very happy here. I found such lovely flowers, and sometimes such charming woods," she answered.

"And your father accompanied you always? I suppose he told you a great deal about the flowers—he made you love the beautiful scenery?"

"He did not go so often with me. He liked to be alone," she returned, and a low sigh accompanied the words.

"But you had a companion, of course—some other girl, no doubt?" continued Philip, understanding the glint of Miss Van Benthuysen's glassy eye, and gently leading the unconscious girl to reveal a closer glimpse of her strange Bohemian life.

"There was a time I had Flossy. Oh, how I enjoyed Flossy!" and now the blue eyes lighted again.

"A young friend?" suggested Philip.

"Poor little Flossy! She could comfort me now, for she loved me."

"Can I not find her for you?" began Philip, eagerly.

"Oh, no! Flossy is dead. I buried her myself, and how hard it was for papa to comfort me! He was a little angry with me for being so grieved at my dog's death. He said I was too old to be such a baby."

"A dog?" ejaculated Miss Van Benthuysen, her lip curling.

"A dog is a very dear friend, when it is all you have to love you. And Flossy was very fond of me," said Miss Younge, turning upon her indignantly.

Philip did not smile, for it was a pathetic picture conjured up by these simple words.

"I am sorry Flossy is dead," he said, gently. "But an aunt is better even than Flossy."

"Oh, my Aunt Anne. I should think so!" exclaimed Miss Younge, a quiver shaking the delicate features out of their apathetic look, while she turned her eyes again toward England's sky, or what she imagined to be the quarter toward which they were journeying.

"Supposing your aunt proves to be a very different person from the one your fancy has created, Miss Younge," spoke up Miss Van Benthuysen, sharply, "what then?"

"Ah, but she will not—she cannot!" answered the girl, promptly.

"And pray, why not? Come, picture to me what you expect to see."

The blue eyes widened, and deepened in tint.

"She will be sweet and good and loving."

"Pshaw! Come, now, child, that is absurd. Supposing you find her like *me?* Am I sweet and good and loving?"

But though she laughed the short, sarcastic sound so many knew and dreaded, there came an eager look into the cold, hard eyes.

"If you were my aunt—my own real aunt—you would be to *me*," was the low but emphatic response.

Miss Van Benthuysen turned hastily to the window, and despite Philip's quickly proffered assistance, occupied herself in lowering the glass, so no one but herself knew of the hard lump which rose up in her throat, and the great drops of bitter rain that dashed from those icy eyes.

She fell into a profound reverie after that, and left the young people to themselves. But, though her eyes were closed, she had never been further from the desire or thought of sleep.

Philip talked on. It was, indeed, a subtle, if an unconscious flattery, which this young girl's innocent trustfulness induced in him. Miss Van Benthuysen had only been able to obtain the monosyllables, while he had but to give the faintest suggestion and her quick sympathy took the idea and carried it on.

He learned a great deal, during that long afternoon ride, of this simple girl's life and ways; and better still, he saw into a clear, transparent soul, and beheld its beauty and truthfulness.

A strange life, truly. He asked himself again and again if there was ever another girl so educated. There was scarcely anything in art throughout Germany, and France and Italy, with which she did not seem as well acquainted as with her alphabet. Greek and Latin axioms tripped as unconsciously from her tongue as the flippant tricks of fashion or flirtation from the lips of gay young ladies. There was no noted book outside the sciences with whose drift, at least, she was not familiar. She knew all the byways of Europe, and could tell over its palaces as well. But of the conventionalities of society—the social life of

CORNFLOWERS.— FROM A PAINTING BY C. LANDELLE.

gentlemen and ladies—she was more ignorant than many a child of ten. Of female society she knew nothing whatever. It came out naturally that her father had disliked to have her intimate with other girls; had forbidden her to be known to her countrywomen; had instilled into her a distrust of them, which had almost become an instinct now. He had educated her himself, even in music. He had given all his time to her, and to this dreary waiting for permission to return to England—to a home the love for which made his only passion left in life.

Her graphic yet artless words revealed more of the real truth than a whole treatise on the subject could have done.

She had loved the strange, reticent recluse, because he was her father, and the only object present with her, to whom her warm heart could offer up its tribute. But she had been shy with him. She had even feared that he did not love her. He would never caress her voluntarily, and whenever he had met her eyes he would start away and shrink aside; something in them pained and hurt him. She had asked him once, and he had stammered out that he could not bear them, because they were so like her mother's. "And he loved my mother. Oh! I shall never forget, when I asked him once, how he flung up his hands, and looking up into the sky, answered, 'Loved her, child! Child! I loved her better than my own life, or than my own soul. But I lost her!'" she concluded, while now the first slow tears ran down her cheeks.

There was a sound from Miss Van Benthuysen's corner. Turning hastily toward it, Philip started nervously to see her face pallid as that of a corpse, and her eyes flashing with a baleful light that made him shudder.

"My head is snapping. Will you find my salts-bottle in the basket there?" she said, hastily, as she discovered his observation.

"I am afraid we were talking too much," he said, apologetically, when he found and presented the bottle.

"No, I like it. Go on, and perhaps I shall fall asleep."

And this time she pulled down the vail over her face.

"Don't look so frightened," he said, in a very low voice, as Miss Younge shrank back into her corner.

"How came I to talk so much? You should have stopped me," she answered back, in a whisper. "Papa was right. He said I should talk too much if I associated with English people. He said I must deserve my name—that violets were timid and shy."

"Is that your name—Violet? I did not know it before. Violet! it is a sweet name," said Philip. "Well, you have obeyed him. You are like your name. I shall never see one again without thinking of you."

"My aunt used to call me her precious pansy sometimes in the letters. Oh! such dear letters as she wrote to me!"

"Your aunt is your saint, and your hope, and your love. One can see that so easy," said Philip, softly.

"And I am going to her," said Violet Younge, clasping those small hands over her heart, and looking out into the twilight.

The railroad employé was just clambering over the roof of the carriage to place the lamp in its socket, and as its soft rays fell upon the uplifted face, framed in that fair ripple of hair, the young man thought of every beautiful Madonna face he had seen in the famous galleries, and mentally declared that there was not one with so sweet, and fair, and holy a look.

From under the folds of the vail, which she still kept hanging over her face, Miss Van Benthuysen saw it all, and read Philip's thoughts quite accurately; but she gave no sign. Her own heart was full of bitterness and impotent anger with fate. She felt herself like an inmate of purgatory, who had obtained a glimpse of the joys of that heaven which might have been won but was willfully forfeited.

Full half an hour's silence fell upon them. Violet Younge was gazing out with eyes which saw not the swiftly-passing views of lonely waysides, or lighted towns, or towering cathedral spires, or deep, dark sweeps of majestic woods.

Philip's thoughts still refused to look forward to his own affairs, but clung to the conjectures concerning this lonely girl's life in the unknown England for which she yearned so fondly.

Suddenly the long silence was broken by Miss Van Benthuysen's thin, high voice.

"Mr. Markham," she asked, "where are you going? Where is your home in England?"

"I have no home at present. I have an uncle in Derby, but I am going directly to Trente Towers, in —— shire. I have promised to make a visit there."

"Are we the playthings of fate? Or is a master hand moving us upon the chessboard of life as fits His mighty plan?" exclaimed Miss Van Benthuysen, with little gasps of astonishment between the words.

Such profound surprise was in the tone that even Violet Younge turned her head, and Philip leaned eagerly toward her.

"You know Colonel Trente?" he declared, in a voice of keen satisfaction. "How pleased I shall be to have you tell me something about him!"

"Do you mean that you are going there without knowing him at all?" she questioned back.

He told her the little in his power to tell.

"I shall not help you much," she said, after a moment's thoughtful consideration. "At least, not now. But I am well pleased to know that I shall not lose sight of you. Trente Towers is in the neighborhood of my own home. Perhaps I guess something of Malcolm Trente's intentions in regard to you. Perhaps I am mistaken. I shall not commit myself until I have had further observation. But this is all very strange. I wish we were in England now. I grow feverishly impatient, as if"—she paused, and drew a long breath—"as if a bolt of fate were somewhere launched to fall upon us then and there."

"I verily believe something of the same premonition is in my own mind," spoke up Philip, cheerily. "But I think I can meet it without fear."

"Ah, how many miles are between us yet!" sighed Violet Younge.

"But every hour is diminishing them. We shall soon be in England, believe me," he returned.

"And I shall find my aunt," she responded, with a pathetic longing in her look and voice.

He carried the look and the words with him when at length they reached London, and having left Miss Van Benthuysen and his young charge at the hotel adjoining the Victoria Station, he set forth in a hansom to find the one business address attached to a letter of Horace Younge's.

He was almost amazed at the eager anticipation of his thoughts—at the delight he promised himself when he should put this desolate girl into the arms of the unknown aunt who was yet so fondly loved.

He presented the opened letter envelope at the office of the firm, which was easily found. Could they tell him where to find the lady who had written the letter—who had sent it through their office?

The clerk promptly brought forward an elderly man, who examined the young man with evident interest.

The letter? Oh, yes, he recognized it. Such letters had been sent to them for inclosure with drafts occasionally sent. The party who forwarded them lived in Wales. The telegram had been brought to them with instructions, simply saying that the aunt asked for was dead. That he knew nothing about the Miss Younge in Heidelberg, nor if there were any other relatives living. But the aunt was certainly dead, and now a fortnight buried, and that this was every possible information they were able to give in the matter, if inquiries should be made at their office.

No question he asked received any more satisfactory answer. The firm knew nothing themselves of either party; had never seen the Welsh person nor the aunt. The matter had elicited much comment for years, but their curiosity had never been gratified in the least degree.

Philip went back with a heavy heart. What should he say to this poor, bereaved girl? All the way that look and tone of her haunted him, "And I shall find my aunt!"

He hoped to find Miss Van Benthuysen alone, but the moment he opened the door Violet sprang forward.

"Have you found Aunt Anne? Ah, you don't mean that she is here?"

Oh, the beauty of the young face, under that glad light shining in the blue eyes, quivering in tremulous smiles about the sweet young lips. How could he quench it all? Philip's eyes filled with tears.

"My dear Miss Younge, I am afraid you are not to be so promptly satisfied," he began. "I have not seen your aunt, but——"

"I know," said Miss Van Benthuysen, dropping a newspaper she held in her hand, and sweeping forward, "but you have heard from her, and the news is not—good news. Miss Younge, will you go down with me to my residence in ——shire? Mr. Markham must go that way also, if he proceeds to Trente Towers. We will all go down at once."

"Go down with you!" repeated the girl, with trembling lips. I don't understand. My Aunt Ann——"

"Your aunt is dead, my dear, dear child," said Philip, hastily, because he feared Miss Van Benthuysen would be before him, and break the sad intelligence more harshly. "She has met your father, dear; the father you say she loved so dearly. Try and think only of that."

The great blue eyes dilated wildly as she came forward and seized his hands.

"No, no," she said, "you cannot be so cruel as to tell me that. Why, it leaves me alone—alone in the world!"

Miss Van Benthuysen swept forward again, a strangely tender smile on her thin lips, in her cold eyes, those long thin hands stretched out in eager supplication. She looked as if she might have clasped the forlorn child in her arms.

But Violet gave no heed; she turned away from her and clung to Philip's hands, repeating:

"Do not be so cruel as to tell me that."

And slowly the strange woman's face hardened, the dim eyes flashed out again their steely glitter. She drew back and waited coldly for Philip to soothe this wild appeal.

"My dear Miss Younge, would to heaven I might spare all this to you," faltered Philip. "But I fear it is the inexorable truth. However, there is a strange mystery somewhere; I will do my best to clear it."

"Yes, there was always mystery," sighed poor Violet. "My father promised that when I came to England all should be explained. Oh, why did he not know that even men cannot be sure of keeping such a promise?"

"But meantime, Miss Younge, you have no home open to you in all England, and no friend to come forward to your assistance," spoke up Miss Van Benthuysen, coldly and incisively. "I offer you the shelter of my roof and protection, for the present, at least. Do you accept or reject it?"

"Of course she accepts it, and by-and-by she will be able to tell you how much she appreciates your kindness," said Philip, hastily. "She has one friend beside ready to do everything in his power to protect her from sorrow and want, Miss Van Benthuysen, and he thanks you warmly for your offer. We will all go down at once to ——shire. I shall be near enough to come and see you often, Miss Younge. I assure you I will do all I can to find your relatives, if there are any left in England."

Violet made no reply. She sank down into a chair and covered her face with her hands. It seemed to her that her last hope in life was swept away from her. Let them do with her what they pleased, why should she care?

Chapter VIII.

"Now, mamma, you must really waken. And, pray, look out! See what an elegant horse, and what a handsome rider! Why, it might be a young Viking. We are not often treated to a sight like this."

"What are you talking about, Maude?" responded Mrs. Thornton, in an injured tone. "You are always tiring one with your sudden exclamations."

Maude Thornton's laugh in response was a curious one, albeit very musical.

It held a little self-reproach, and something that was thinly vailed scorn.

Why did she ever forget herself in this way before her languid lady-mother.

"Never mind, mamma. I suppose I forgot that my father was not here. But this is our station; and yonder must be the Trente carriage waiting for us."

Miss Thornton was leaning out the carriage-window as she spoke.

The next instant another horseman, an elderly man, mounted upon a powerful chestnut charger, wheeled about from behind the barouche, and waved his hand toward the train and their carriage. Before the guard could open the door the young Viking, as Maude Thornton had so swiftly christened him, swung himself out of the saddle, and bounded lightly to it and opened the door for them.

"Mrs. and Miss Thornton, I presume. The Trente carriage is waiting for you, ladies," he said, in a bright, cheery voice.

Mrs. Thornton rose with a face all wreathed in smiles.

"And so we are really here. I see Colonel Trente is waiting, also. We are very much honored. Thank you. Jane will collect the packages and wraps. I presume she can come on with the luggage."

By this time Colonel Trente was also at the platform, and one of his tall footmen behind him.

"Welcome, my dear Mrs. Thornton — my fair Miss Maude. This man will look after your maid and luggage. This is Mr. Geoffrey Carlingford, ladies. We turned our afternoon gallop in this direction, that we might have the honor of escorting you to Trente Towers."

He gave his arm to the mother, and Geoffrey Carlingford most willingly proffered the same support to the lovely daughter.

Maude Thornton could not refrain from stealing a side-long glance at the tall, manly figure at her side; and in doing this, black eyes and blue met in one quick flash of mutual admiration.

A pink flush stained the ivory fairness of her cheek as she took her seat in the barouche, and there was a little

roguish quiver of the red lips under his tawny mustache as he vaulted gracefully into his saddle again; but they exchanged no words.

Colonel Trente gave his horse into the groom's keeping and took his seat in the carriage.

He noticed Maude's eyes following the horseman, who galloped within view.

"Well, Mrs. Thornton, you have a glimpse of one of my guests during your stay at The Towers," he said. "A fine, handsome young fellow is this Oxford graduate of mine. I am quite proud of him."

"Carlingford," spoke Mrs. Thornton, in a puzzled tone. "I don't quite remember what family it is."

"I dare say. It is almost extinct. Geoffrey Carlingford has neither father nor mother. He would scarcely be a *protégé* of mine if it were otherwise. But Miss Maude has not given me her opinion yet. Is he not a handsome fellow?"

"I told mamma that all I could think of was a young Viking when I first got a glimpse of him," said Maude, frankly. "You do not often see such a rose-and-lily complexion on a gentleman. Yet he is not in the least effeminate-looking, with that tall, broad figure of his, for all his bright-blue eyes and golden hair."

"I should think not. He is a young Hercules when he chooses to exert himself. And he is a genial and right cheery companion. I count myself very fortunate to have him here to help me entertain a gay young lady and—a London belle," said Colonel Trente, smiling. "What is the fellow after now? Oh, I see—taking the kinks out of Spitfire's spirits, and his own, too. What a seat he has?"

And he pointed toward the hedge which Geoffrey Carlingford had just cleared with a flying leap that brought out every graceful curve of his own superb physique to full advantage, as well as displayed the noble points of the fine old hunter. They saw him take off his hat and wave it to them gleefully and then come flying over the hedge again.

"The conceited boy!" laughed Colonel Trente, "does he challenge our admiration? If I were on Brown Royal I would lead him a race to a hedge that is not quite so smooth as that. But he does it well. I must admit that—remarkably well for a fellow immured at college so long."

"Does he come off there also with flying colors?" asked Maude, eagerly.

The colonel laughed.

"Nothing beyond the average rank, I suspect. I think the honors were mostly won in the gymnasuim and on the river. There, he is off again! He is as full of pranks as a boy."

For the chestnut was off like a streak of whirlwind, and only a flying cloud of dust revealed the track he took upon the highway.

Mrs. Thornton was well pleased to see the horseman no more. She had her own little plans and schemes to talk about. She began eagerly now to unfold to Colonel Trente her strong desire for a country seat at Thornton Woods in place of the insignificant little shooting-box. Colonel Trente listened politely, but without any interest. Maude was aware of this last, but was likewise quite as well convinced of the uselessness of trying to stem the stream of voluble petty complaint and appeal when once her mother was fairly launched upon it.

She leaned back in her seat in silence, smilingly reviewing the equestrian feat they had just witnessed, and vaguely hoping, for Colonel Trente's sake, that they would soon arrive at The Towers.

Which hope was speedily fulfilled. The spanking grays bowled them along at a fine pace, and they were presently sweeping up the oak-lined avenue, and then drawn up at the massive flight of stone steps before the main entrance.

A chestnut horse with smoking flanks was being led away by a groom, and on the steps stood the young athlete, with a spray of lovely wild roses in his hand.

How handsome he was! How those bright blue eyes sparkled! What vivid color shone rosily upon his cheeks! Even his fair hair, blowing lightly about his forehead, seemed to catch a glitter and brightness such as suited the girl's first fancy of him.

A Viking, indeed, or an Apollo.

She could not help a sudden throb of the heart as he came forward, eagerly, twirling the rose spray in his fingers.

"See, Miss Thornton, I remembered admiring these roses when we rode by them this morning, and though they were a mile out of the way I determined they should be here to give you their welcome when you arrived. Will you honor them and me by their acceptance?"

She took them with a smile of frank delight.

"Thank you very much. They are lovely, and have a grace all unknown to our garden-beds. It is a very sweet welcome they speak, I am sure."

"They would cruelly belie my wishes were it otherwise," he answered, with another smile.

And they passed on into the grand old hall, and there were met by a butler and housekeeper in best attire. The latter took possession of the ladies and led the way up-stairs to the suite allotted them, where a maid started up to attend to their needs until their own Jane should arrive upon the scene.

Mrs. Thornton sank down into an easychair, giving ample employment to the maid, even after her wraps and bonnet had been removed.

But Maude walked up to the great mullioned window of her apartment and stood there, looking off dreamily upon the prospect below. And yet she did not take in any of its beauties. She did not see the lovely stretch of emerald meadow along the winding river; nor the wooded sweep of stately trees below the hill; nor take in the picturesque situation of the pretty village, with its ivy-hung church-tower, rising from amidst the flock of clustering roofs and quaint chimney-pots; nor the long line of purple hills that guarded the horizon like a band of mighty sentinels.

She certainly saw none of these to recognize their claims for admiration; nor was she thinking of them when she murmured, softly:

"Beauty and strength combined—I never saw it before. I never thought to see it at all out of poetry and romance."

When Jane arrived, the first charge she received from Miss Thornton was an earnest command that a spray of wild roses should be put in water and set where they would be kept cool. And the young lady went down to the drawing-room, just before the dinner-bell rang, clad in a dress of rich black lace, with a necklace of pale-pink coral about her white throat, and in her corsage a spray of wild roses; no other ornament, whatever.

"An effective but studied dress," whispered Miss Mary Chilson to her sister Bella after the introductions were over. For all the company was newly arrived, and but just made acquainted with each other. "How beautiful it makes her look!"

The sister murmured back, discontentedly:

"I wish we hadn't selected these fussy French things, Molly. She quite extinguishes us."

"She is a famous London beauty, child, and up to all the highest tricks of art. What could you expect?" returned the other, still *sotto voce*. "She will receive all

THE HOPEFUL WORD OF SYMPATHY.

the incense she expected. See all the gentlemen stare in admiration. And look at that elegant Mr. Carlingford; he is going to meet her. He will have eyes for no one else."

The Chilsons were average girls—pretty enough in their way, and really kind-hearted and good-natured upon ordinary occasions. But they must be pardoned now if they looked upon this graceful and elegant intruder with angry eyes, and indulged a few spiteful thoughts. It was really hard for them to be thus summarily and thoroughly extinguished; they who had come down from their chambers believing themselves quite charming both in dress and personal appearance. Very few girls could have subsided into nothingness in the presence of this young Adonis with much better grace.

Geoffrey Carlingford did go forward to meet Miss Thornton, and to set her chair for her beside a table heaped with flowers from the fine gardens in the rear of the great mansion.

"Ah, Miss Thornton," he said, in a voice wonderfully musical in itself, but thrilled now by a tender chord which he knew so well how to infuse into its mellow tones, "how that spray of roses must bless me! They will surely blush out their tender hearts in joy at this honor vouchsafed them. Lovely as I thought them this morning, they dawn upon me now with a new surprise."

"They are very sweet," she answered, giving him one brilliant glance from those fine eyes of hers.

But she did not take the proffered chair. She advanced to meet Colonel Trente's outstretched hand, and then turned eagerly to greet her father, who appeared at that moment at a rear door.

Two lovers could scarcely have met with more manifest delight, not noisily expressed, but plainly evident in the glistening eyes and happy smiles.

She came forward again, leaning upon his arm, her white fingers clasped fondly over it.

"What an elegant couple!" whispered Miss Molly to her sister. "I do believe the father is as handsome as the daughter, so *distingué* in every look and motion."

Malcolm Trente was looking at them also. What thought was it which sent that steely glitter to his mild eyes? that set the gentle lips into such stern lines?

Major Chilson was extremely anxious to court the great man's favor, to confer with him concerning certain political movements that were projected by the party. He came forward with a great deal of eager, though deferential interest.

But the honorable Mr. Thornton would not yield a place to him while his daughter's bright eyes were turned upon him, and the gentle pressure of those white fingers rested on his arm.

The entrance of new arrivals, families from the neighborhood, and then the summons to dinner, made a diversion, however. Colonel Trente took out Mrs. Thornton, and Mrs. Chilson was fluttered into something very like a panic by the honor of the great man's escort. And the others followed in due order. The fair Maude could not deny to herself that she was quite content to find herself allotted to Geoffrey Carlingford.

That young gentleman did not fail to improve his opportunity. He was not such a novice in ladies' society as Colonel Trente believed. What handsome young student could be, even in sedate old Oxford? The grim professors had pretty daughters, the other fellows had fair sisters. Was it likely this young Adonis should entirely escape notice? Besides, there was something in this sunny-dispositioned young man that, without the beauty, would have been irresistible to the gentle sex. Geoffrey Carlingford was by no means without practice at flirtation. He knew just what subtle flattery it was that harmonized with elegant dress and flowers and music. No one understood more accurately than he the power of a look, an inflection of voice, even in the utterance of commonplace words. He made himself very agreeable to Miss Thornton. And the dinner, with its slow and stately courses and ceremonies, was none too long for either of them.

Maude passed through the door, which he opened for her himself with a whispered assurance that he should escape from the gentlemen as soon as possible, wondering vaguely what it could be which had suddenly made a new delight for her in the long formalities she had hitherto declared were so tedious and fatiguing.

The ladies scattered about the handsome room, something after the fashion of a flock of birds, and not unlike its effect, either, with their fleecy or glossy drapery falling like so much gay plumage about them. The matrons gathered in a group, and were presently engaged in an animated conversation, which they would never have allowed to be gossip, but which, after all, was pretty thoroughly flavored with the same.

Maude Thornton glanced carelessly toward the few young ladies of the party. There were enough of them to prevent their feeling shy and deserted, she said to herself. Why should she trouble herself to be social with them?

So she sauntered to a cozy seat by the engraving-easel, and sank gracefully into it.

She was not particularly interested in engravings now, but she might be by-and-by, and she gave herself up to a pleasant reverie.

It was certainly a novelty to the brilliant London belle to find herself so thoroughly enjoying any sensation. She concluded that it must be owing to the fresh atmosphere of Trente Towers, and she said to herself that she must thank Colonel Trente more warmly for his kind invitation.

Mary and Belle Chilson, and two or three other shy young women, walked up to the grand piano, and over the sheets of music, which they passed one to another, not too amicably discussed the haughty young London belle.

"It is quite evident she cares nothing for our acquaintance," said one.

"Of course not. Her interest will not be aroused again until the gentlemen appear," retorted another.

"How coolly she sits there all alone! I should feel myself painfully deserted."

"You might as well expect Her Majesty to feel alone and deserted when sitting on the throne," laughed Belle Chilson.

"Or the moon, sailing majestically on her lonely course, to be supremely conscious of the lesser twinkling sparks," added her sister.

At which they all laughed. Maude heard the laughter and saw the looks. She was by no means obtuse. She read as accurately as if every one of their thoughts had been printed on the little velvet-covered book she held what they had said and thought.

But she only smiled languidly. Why should she break away from the new delicious spell which was upon her to secure their approbation? There would be time enough hereafter, if occasion required.

No, she would not yet be aroused. If this was a lotus dream, she would enjoy it. She sat with one dainty finger toying with a spray of wild roses, and eyes really as dreamy as the lotus-eaters'. She had wondered so many times what her realized ideal would be like. Did she know now? A Viking with eyes as blue as the sea of the North, with hair shining with the golden glint of the early

sunbeams; a presence gracious, beautiful, and yet full of strength and power.

She was softly smiling over these thoughts when Geoffrey Carlingford came in with the coffee, the first to desert the gentlemen.

He came over to the table, beckoning one of the waiters to follow him with a tray.

"May I drink my coffee here, Miss Thornton?" he asked, with an affectation of boyish eagerness. "I watched the butler's movements, to be sure to be in time."

"Why not?" she asked, carelessly.

Possibly there was affectation on her side, also.

"But I mean with you. Let me serve you myself, please, and then I shall dare to ask a favor."

He set the cup for her upon the table, and presented the tiny silver jar of cream and the golden bowl of sugar.

"And the favor?" she asked, as she sipped the fragrant beverage slowly.

"That I might be allowed to earn the gratitude of other flowers, Miss Thornton. Will you let me find you the wild-flowers and the garden-flowers, too, which you will wear while you are here at The Towers?"

With a pleading smile he looked up into her face.

Again the slow, dreamy look crossed her eyes.

"Why not?" she answered again; and then, seeing the triumph in his eyes, she added, "If I find them suitable. Flowers must harmonize, you know. Perhaps I had better not promise, because you may not be able to select judiciously. Gentlemen seldom understand the fitness of colors."

"Ah, but I shall always know what will harmonize with —you. But you will allow me to present my choice for your judgment?"

"That will be but very little to promise," she returned. "Besides, I think it will be vastly entertaining. I shall be curious to see what I am to wear to-morrow."

"It shall harmonize as well as the wild-roses, Miss Thornton," he said, confidently. "And could anything be more perfect than they with that dress?"

Maude smiled archly.

"Perhaps the dress was chosen to fit the flowers. Don't be too confident, young sir."

"I am not afraid," he answered, giving his handsome head a toss. "Ah, they are going to sing! Miss Thornton, must I turn that music? Pray, be merciful if you can."

"Certainly you must. Those young ladies have been abominably slighted. Where is the other young man? There was one, I think."

"Oh, he could not tear himself away from the major's jokes. If I must go, adieu. Keep the seat, please. Ah, I can secure it with this engraving."

And catching one from the easel, he laid it across the chair beside her, and went forward to daze the eyes and turn the simple heads at the piano.

(To be continued.)

FISHING IN A CORNFIELD.

In Colorado is a ten-acre field which is no more nor less than a subterranean lake covered with soil about eighteen inches deep. On the soil is cultivated a field of corn, which produces thirty bushels to the acre. If any one will take the trouble to dig a hole to the depth of a spade-handle he will find it to fill with water, and by using a hook and line fish four or five inches long may be caught. The fish have neither scales nor eyes, and are perch-like in shape. The ground is a black marl in nature, and in all probability was at one time an open body of water, on which accumulated vegetable matter, which has been increased from time to time, until now it has a crust sufficiently strong and rich to produce fine corn, although it has to be cultivated by hand, as it is not strong enough to bear the weight of a horse. While harvesting, the hands catch great strings of fish by making a hole through the earth. A person rising on his heel and coming down suddenly can see the growing corn shake all around him.

LOVE'S DEPTH.

Love's height is easy scaling; skies allure;
  Who feels the day-warmth needs must find it fair;
  Strong eagles ride the lofty sunlit air,
Risking no rivals while their wings endure.
Yet is thy noblest still thy least secure,
  And failing thee—shall then thy love despair?
  Shall not thy heart more holily prepare
Some depth unfathomable—perfect-pure?

Say that to thee there came love's dreadful call
  The downward swiftness of thy Best to see:
  Say that he sin or sicken, what of thee?
Are thine arms deeper yet to stay his fall?
  Scarcely love's utmost may in heaven be;
To hell it reacheth so 'tis love at all.

A TRADITION OF ELBOW LANE.

By Julius Chambers.

THE PROLOGUE.

It was an unusually narrow and ill-kept street. The wall of St. John's churchyard checked its ambition at the end of a hundred feet, and by forming a nave-like recess, converted the by-way into a semi-inclosed court. Its peculiarity of form secured for the court the name of "The Elbow Lane."

Even in the sunshine the place was cheerless and deserted; but, as night came on, the wall of the churchyard—sole barrier between the living and the dead—was swallowed up in the lowering gloom, and the little court became only a fallow corner of the drear cemetery beyond. There it was that the "corpse-stones" were clustered so thickly together that the cramped dead beneath, in their writhing, had heaved them from their grim propriety. They stood haughtily shrinking from their neighbors or wearily leaning on the dank mounds before them. These tottering slabs were a ghostly people, for whom darkness was day and shadows sunshine. In the moonlight they slept, white and still and cold as the human dead upon which they rested; but with the deepening gloom they lost their rigidity, and the darkness, as a garment, warmed them into life. The wall under the shadowing trees grew unreal. The residents in the neighborhood, as long ago as Forty-odd, asserted that, as the gloom deepened, life-in-death stirred these weird ranks 'till they woke to their dark day, stiffly stalked about the court, and gathered in strange groups where the night was blackest.

With its ghostly people, the lane remained in the heart of a great commercial city, a slumbering, solemn solitude.

CHAPTER I.

THE COUNCIL OF ST. JOHN.

On a bleak November night, in the year eighteen fifty-odd, an old, blind beggar, guided by the hand of a frail and bonnetless child, threaded the long maze of streets

THE LAMB AND ITS GUARDIANS.

intervening between his lodgings and the Elbow Lane. Although there may have seemed a mystery in his mission, there was no hesitation on the part of his girlish guide as to the route. It clearly led toward a well-understood destination.

At St. John's Lane, in Canal Street, the couple halted. There was a moment's hurried leave-taking, in which the girl's voice was heard in the simple words:

"Tell 'em about 'Happy Sam.'"

With a timid, startled fleetness she then retraced her steps.

Slowly, and with hesitancy, the old man felt his way along the little street toward the court beyond. Reaching the churchyard wall, the locality became familiar to him, and thence he took his "bearings"—for was not he piloting himself through a waste of eternal darkness? A stone ledge, projecting from the base of the wall, was followed until the darkest recess of the Elbow was reached. Upon this shelf the visitor then sat down.

He seemed to realize, through that mesmeric influence which tells of the presence of persons unseen, that there were others near. Slowly edging along the seat, he raised his hand to his mouth, and whispered—"Old Teddy!"

Just a perceptible interval of silence followed; then a low voice answered—"Friends!"

A long period of quiet succeeded, interrupted by each arrival, until there had assembled more than twenty individuals. All were inhabitants of that great zone where is eternal night.

Here were assembled the members of the Blind Beggars' Protective League," and a regular monthly meeting—reverently styled "The Council of St. John"—was about to be held.

A TRADITION OF ELBOW LANE.—"THE PECULIARITY OF FORM SECURED FOR THE COURT THE NAME OF "THE ELBOW LANE."

No one moved nor spoke. The clock, with its great owlish eye, in the old church-tower, was striking midnight.

Far off, up the little street, the sound of a regular footstep was heard coming from the great thoroughfare toward the court. There was a shuffling of the feet, a slouchiness in the gait, which the ear readily detected. The silent watchers heard the footfall, and, intensified as were their other senses by the loss of sight, they listened with evident curiosity.

As the man of shuffling gait turned from the great, silent thoroughfare into the street leading to the court, the rays from the last gaslight on his route shone full in his face.

The figure disclosed was that of a man fifty years of age, low in stature, and slim of build. A very red, coarse face, with a lean Roman nose, was surrounded with long white hair and beard. He was dressed in a poor fashion. A brown topcoat, patched with various colors, and threadbare; a murky, greasy pair of black breeches, and a drab felt hat, included all his visible wardrobe. He carried a staff fully as tall as himself. And one fact more curious still—the man *looked* up at the clock!

Yet he came to a blind beggars' council. There was no movement among the members until the newcomer had shuffled into the midst of the court and rapped three times on the pavement with his staff.

The silent audience then rose to its feet.

This individual at once took rank as the presiding officer, and opened the session with due formality.

"What supports us?" he began.

"Asking," was the response.

"What is the hour?"

"The hour of need."

The ritual over, the chairman now took charge of the

proceedings. The roll was called, each absentee being liable to a shilling fine.

The white-haired man stood out in the centre of the court, and a stray ray of light from the church-clock's face played about his withered form.

"We will now hear any complaints or suggestions from our brothers," said the chairman.

"My station is on the Gridiron, most worthy president," began a member, rising.

"Listen to the voice of Owen Brown," commanded the head of the meeting.

"On yesterday morning a card was thrust into my hand, as the persuasive voice of a woman whispered: 'This will warm your heart in the cold weather.' I was happy all the rest of the day. I carefully concealed the precious pasteboard in my pocket. When my wife brought my dinner, I told her to come for me in the evening an hour earlier than usual. After we got home to our fifth floor, back, I couldn't keep the secret any longer. At my request, she guessed every species of good luck which could happen; but she did not think of anything equal to an order on a grocer for food—for such I had settled it to be. I drew the frail cardboard from my pocket and passed it carefully into her hands. Never shall I forget the doubting, half-disappointed way in which she said, 'Something's printed on it! Shall I run to Dunlap's and find out what it says?' I remembered then that my poor Molly didn't know her letters. I said, 'Yes, do, old pet!' As I heard her feet pattering down the stairs, just as they used to do when we were young, and I—not blind—was able to protect her, I felt both sad and happy. I was alone; my thoughts ran on aloud: 'Benevolent lady; has orders for flour, beefsteaks, clothing, and shoes printed on cards to give away to the deserving poor. An Angel knows how to make people happy.' But I heard Mary returning along the hall below. Was she carrying home the provisions, that she came so slowly? Nearer, step by step; I feared to speak, and waited. As she crossed the doorway I detected, not a suppressed cry of joy, but a bitter sob. She threw her arms about my neck and kissed my face. The galling disappointment came—she cried. I asked no questions then, but tried to comfort her. 'Be virtuous, and you shall be happy,' were the words upon the card; and she said the cruel grocery men had laughed in her innocent face. It's hard to break the heart of the girl who loves you—but what revenge have I?"

"This woman may impose upon others," said the chairman, savagely. "Beware of her. Alas! we have no remedy! Who speaks? Oh, yes—it's Teddy Moran!"

"I speak in behalf of Happy Sam," began the member. "He now lies upon a bed of sickness, and his relatives—if he has any—have forsaken their blind kinsman. But it is not for the want of kindness that he suffers most; it's better food and proper medicine he needs. I know we all want his life spared to him, and I do, therefore, move that our treasurer be directed to visit Sam at my lodgings, prepared to furnish delicacies for the invalid to the amount of ten shillings. He'd have done the same for any of us!"

"This will require a two-third vote," said the chairman. "Those in favor of making an appropriation of ten shillings for Happy Sam will, as your names are called, answer 'Ay!' those opposed, 'No!' The secretary will call!"

A voice, so different from that before heard that none present could have suspected that it belonged to the presiding officer, called the roll, and the money was unanimously appropriated.

"The treasurer will execute the will of the Order," said the squeaky voice of the chairman.

This man was a corporate body, in whose person were united the offices of secretary, treasurer and president. He was a thief, and robbed the blind.

In the face of the next member who rose could have been recognized the thoughtful organ-grinder of Bowling Green.

"Among you," he began, "I am known as 'Organ Johnny,' but my claim to that title has ceased to exist. For twelve years—early and late, in sunshine and in rain—I have turned the long hours into melody. As was only natural, I grew to love the box, which was my companion and the centre of all my hopes. Its safety became my greatest anxiety; its preservation my tenderest care. But one by one its notes have grown fewer, until on Saturday last it broke down entirely. I would ask where I could rent a new machine, and what the expense would be?"

"I think *I* could find you one," said the chairman, in a way most business-like. "My cousin has a store and——"

"The price would be——?"

"Two dollars a month in advance."

But a new and unexpected sound prevented the completion of the bargain.

There came from out of the little street into that dark court the sound of rapidly flying footsteps—the pattering of a child's feet. A few moments of breathless silence followed, at the end of which a thinly-clad girl turned the corner.

She rushed into the midst of a solemn council and to the side of Teddy Moran, who, trembling with terror, grasped her tiny hands.

"Oh, daddy!" she said, grasping for breath. "Happy Sam is worse—convulsions. Just afore he was took he called for you."

Fragile, wan, unhandsome, wanting in attractiveness of figure and dress, anxiety far beyond her years penciled upon her face; pale from want, chilly from scanty clothing; timid, yet bold in her agitation—she stood before that sightless assemblage, the truest picture of unproclaimed wretchedness pen had ever writ of. The highest of her station may have thought her comely; the lowest could not have believed her wicked. A guileless, palpitating heart in a homely tenement of earth.

Dragging the shaking man to his feet, all impulse and fire, she gave the word of command—"Come!"

The meeting broke up at once, and in squads of three the blind men emerged from the narrow street into the wide thoroughfare.

The chairman lingered behind; his small, restless eyes glistened with hope, and, kneading his hands meanwhile, he muttered:

"As well for Sam; better for us."

CHAPTER II.

DROPPED FROM THE ROLL.

HOMEWARD, over the same route—skirting the curbstones, crossing the ditches, courting the darkness—hurried the man and child.

The dismal region of their habitation reached, the girl led the way up three flights of shattered steps to the open door of an unearpeted room. The light from the hall only sufficed to show that on a bed of straw lay the body of a man. Otherwise the apartment was deserted.

The child hurried her guardian toward the bundle of straw. A woman came along the hall, bearing a light, and entering the room, her candle revealed the fact that Happy Sam was dead.

"Poor man! He niver come to at all, at all," were the woman's only words.

Old blind Teddy groped his way to the pallet and knelt by the corpse's side.

Bending over the dreary bed of death, the child strove to console her parent for the loss of his friend, while the woman held aloft the candle, when the shadow of a sharp-visaged man crossed the doorway and hovered over the group. As the figure took form, its eyes were fixed upon the sorrowful pair, and its lips moved with the words:

"Better for us."

But the quick ear of the child detected the step of the human ghoul, and her eyes caught the reflection from his *glacé* orbs.

Upon the first opportunity the girl imparted the discovery regarding the presiding officer of the League to "Organ Johnny," and the latter took a solemn oath to kill the man who robbed the blind.

The days that came after were drear and sad. The death of "Happy Sam" sundered the last links which held the home together; and the long period of rain and snow increased the want which had already caused so much bodily suffering.

To end all doubt and hope, an exacting landlord, to whom their rent was sadly in arrears, turned into the street this lone couple in the antipodes of life.

Accidentally, as it then appeared, the girl ascertained that cheap lodgings could be had at a tenement in a rear court, near Cherubim Square. She visited the house, and, on the principle that any place was preferable to the streets or the station-houses, secured a small apartment on the fourth floor.

Day had followed day in long succession since the indomitable "Organ Johnny" had started upon his groping search for his enemy, when, late on a rainy afternoon—in this dreary Spring of 1857—he recognized the man and the voice, issuing from an open shop-door, in the crowd: "Two dollars a month, in advance."

He stopped instantly, for in his vast, lone land he seemed very near the one object of his life; yet, he knew quite well that should his enemy elude him, a lifetime might be exhausted in again striking the trail.

The throughfare, usually so crowded, was almost deserted, but the beggar stopped the first man who passed, and asked the street and the number of the shop. Then lowering his hat, he opened a place of business near the door. He began asking alms. From afternoon until nearly midnight—his hunger feeding upon the hope of revenge—the beggar lingered.

The clerks in the adjacent shops pitied the mendicant's blindness, which prevented him from seeing how ill-chosen was the locality for alms-gathering; but they reasoned that he would not annoy their vision a second day.

"Organ Johnny" heard the shutters going up on the windows. The man with the voice, having given some directions to his employés, left the shop.

The mendicant suddenly put on his hat and followed the slouchy footsteps.

Through all sorts of crowds the groping beggar traced the slipping gait. Incredible as it may seem, the possibility of recognition by his enemy did not occur to him.

In a narrow and deserted street, the pursued suddenly turned upon his pursuer, and, clutching him by the arm in a familiar way, invited him to his house.

So unlooked-for was the proposal that, before the mendicant could stammer out a refusal, he felt himself hurried onward. Between surprise and indecision, he kept silent.

A short walk and a climb up four flights of stairs landed the couple in the attic of an old brick tenement, in a rear court near Cherubim Square.

Although the act was performed never so craftily, the acute ear of the mendicant detected the locking of the door.

At once the horror of his situation burst upon the prisoner, and feeling along the wall for a window, out of which he might shout for assistance, he found one heavily barred within, and closed by a solid wooden shutter without.

For a few moments the host was busied with some occupation at the end of the room. The blind man heard him strike a match, and knew that a lamp was lighting by the noise made in attaching the glass chimney.

Then approaching his guest, the treacherous host hissed, in accents full of rage:

"You'll beg no more, you dog!" A moment of silence passed. "No, nor follow me, you imp of darkness!" as he kneaded his hands.

The blind man seized a broken stool which he had encountered in his gropings about the apartment, and described with it a radius about his head. Now he heard his foe cunningly crawling toward his feet, and with irresistible force he flung his weapon down in front. Again his antagonist essayed to get behind him, but the thoroughly desperate beggar retreated against the wall. Then an awful reality burst upon his senses, for he heard slowly approaching—pushed by his enemy's hands—a heavy object, seemingly a chest. With his legs pinned against the wall, he would be an easy victim.

"Ha! the light!" exclaimed the mendicant, realizing that it was an unequal combat.

Remembering that the lamp stood near at hand, actuated by this sudden impulse, he bounded to the left, and with one blow dashed it in fragments upon the floor. There was only an instant of darkness—in the next the bed and the floor were a mass of flame.

The man of the voice and the slouchy gait unlocked the door and stepped without. Before closing it for ever he called to his victim:

"You'll beg no more, you dog!"

CHAPTER III.

THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW.

There was a fire at night in the most densely populated district of the city.

The engines were hurrying to the scene, and the firemen were preparing the attack; but, fed by dry and crumbling woodwork, and fanned by a strong breeze, the fire defied its assailants. Crackling, roaring and hissing, it poured its burning passion forth, and piled up dense clouds of smoke between itself and the cold, sombre sky above. Out of every window it showed its lurid visage until even the walls glowed in its fierce embrace.

The small court swarmed with men bearing coils of hose with which the fire was to be beaten down; but it only roared louder, as if it would have said, "I only mock you!"

The landings were thick with smoke and the stairs were ablaze, when down and out of the house fled a frantic child, pursued by a wrinkled, white-haired man. In words of fierce invective, the man denounced the girl as the author of the conflagration. It was in vain that she protested her innocence and begged release from the two policemen who seized her. She seemed frantic with grief as, again and again, amid her sobs, she entreated, "I didn't do it; please let me go back into the house!"

The fire raged on. Brave men swarmed up ladders to attack the rampant monster from without—all efforts to curb its fury from within proving futile.

A TRADITION OF ELBOW LANE.—"THE WHITE-HAIRED MAN STOOD OUT IN THE CENTRE OF THE COURT."

A smoke-begrimed man, whose clothes were dripping wet, soon made his appearance, and was asked to tell his story. Touching his hat, he addressed the officer:

"There must have been two persons burned, although I saw only one. From the attic I heard a loud and piercing scream; but before I could reach the place the blazing shutters fell off, and the flames burst out of the window; I heard no more. It seemed as though the wretched victim had hid or covered himself in a closet or chest, thus escaping, for a short time, the flames in the room, only to be driven out into certain death at last. As I descended the ladder I saw through a third-story window an old man kneeling upon the floor, while the smoke issued through the burning woodwork above him. I called to him twice, and had just kicked out the window to enter the room when the ceiling and roof came crashing down, carrying with it, into the cellar, the whole inside of the house. Following the descending mass with my eyes, I saw the living and the dead man swallowed up together."

"A dreadful death," remarked a reporter, as he worked away at his "copy," which a boy stood waiting for.

A simultaneous shout from the ground to the men aloft, and from those upon the ladders to the crowd below, was heard. Reluctantly, it seemed, the men obeyed the command and descended to the ground.

Crash after crash was heard within the blazing pile. The firemen fled before the portent, only in time to see the walls crumble inward as the floors went down. In the naked majesty of hell the fire leaped forth—a defiant but vanquished Lucifer.

Prostrate, its assailants only mocked it, and the captain of engine "Big Six" dispatched a messenger with the usual memoranda, written on a printed form:

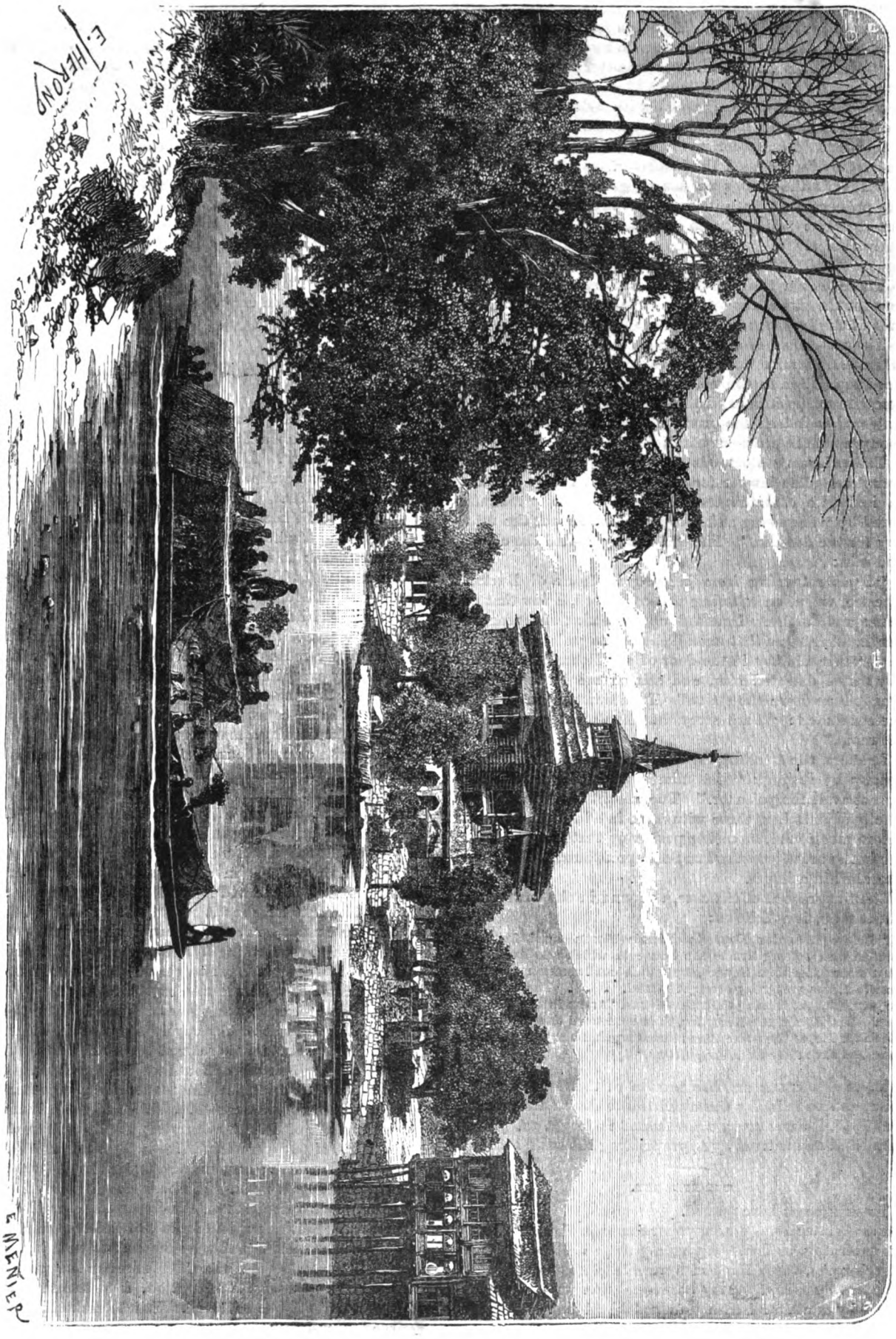
"Fire in Cow Lane, Cherubim Square, now under control. House a total loss; two inmates perished."

Inside the police lines a fire inspector had just arrived, and was engaged in gathering data for his report to the Board of Commissioners and Underwriters.

"'Tis a pity you couldn't have saved the two men, captain," said he to the commander of the fire-squad.

"It was impossible," replied the captain of "Big Six." "I'll summon the hoseman who was on the ladder."

"REMEMBERING THAT THE LAMP STOOD NEAR AT HAND, ACTUATED BY THE SUDDEN IMPULSE, THE MENDICANT WITH ONE BLOW DASHED IT INTO FRAGMENTS."



THE LAND OF THE PERI.—MOSQUE AT SERINAGUR, CASHMERE, INDIA.—SEE PAGE 599.

"We get used to such things," said a policeman, who formed a part of the cordon. "It's fully as bad to think that a girl like that one could commit such a crime."

"What does he mean?" the reporter asked of the inspector.

"A child has been charged with setting fire to the house, because the landlord had threatened to charge her father rent. The father was burned, and the child is now in custody," concluded the inspector.

"Them's the things we has to get used to," repeated the policeman; then, pitching his voice in a louder key, he shouted: "Make room for the hose-cart. Move on there, I say!"

* * * * * *

There was a trial. The evidence seemed conclusive against the girl, although no one in the court-room, outside of the jury-box, could believe the child guilty.

The statement of the owner of the building—a small, white-haired man named Shadrach Pileser, who bore a good reputation in the neighborhood—was clear, circumstantial and positive, and the young lawyer who had volunteered to defend the prisoner could not shake his testimony upon the cross-examination.

The prisoner's story was said to be very brief and incomplete. The lawyer for the State even went so far as to insinuate that the testimony was evidently manufactured by "his young and inexperienced friend, the attorney for the defense." The girl simply denied the charge, and said:

"I was returning from begging in front of Burton's Theatre, when, on entering the courtyard, I saw that our house was on fire. I rushed up the stairs, and reaching our landing, saw that man" (here she pointed out the Jew) "turn the key in the door of my father's room. He saw that I detected him, and seizing me by the arm he dragged me down the stairs." Then bursting out in tears, she concluded: "I am sorry that he didn't push me into the room."

In short, the attorney for the State disposed of her testimony by saying: "The flimsy trick of recrimination cannot avail the prisoner." The weight of testimony was wholly against her, three witnesses, in addition to the one before mentioned, swearing positively that they had seen her in the act of pouring lamp-oil upon the attic-stairs, and afterward lighting it.

The final record of the case, as found in the newspapers of the time, is as follows:

"Before Recorder Nogood: Nannie Moran, aged fourteen, charged with setting fire to the house in which she lived, in a court near Cherubim Square, by which conflagration two lives were lost, was yesterday brought to trial. . . . The verdict of the jury, without leaving their seats, was, 'Arson in the first degree.' His Honor, the Recorder, then sentenced the prisoner to prison for life, at the same time remarking that her youth and sex alone had saved her from the gallows."

There never was another session of the Council of St. John, and to this day there exists a tradition that, in the year 1855, its treasurer, whose name is forgotten, proved unfaithful to his trust by appropriating the bank account.

THE EPILOGUE.

TWENTY years have passed.

Last Winter I was a newspaper correspondent at Albany. One morning, as I was paying my daily visit to the Governor's room, three blind men were led into the Executive presence by a boy. They bore a petition with the signatures, by mark, of half a hundred blind beggars in the City of New York, praying for the pardon of one Nannie Moran. Every year, during the last two decades, has this same pardon been asked, but the result has been always the same. Consulting the record, the Governor finds that the prisoner was convicted of burning to death her father, and shuddering, refuses his assent. Counter-affidavits, establishing the woman's guilt, are always presented by a quiet old gentleman, who, grown no whiter as to his hair, may be found to-day behind the counter of a pawnshop in Chatham Street, robbing, by his ruinous bargains, those who see.

The ruined woman, haggard and prematurely aged, friendless yet uncomplaining, wears a felon's garb.

Unaffected by her surroundings, she is pure at heart even now. A good old lady, kind to a fault, occasionally visits the prison and leaves a tract, or drops through the grated door of poor Nan's cell a card inscribed:

"Virtue has its own reward!"

CURIOSITIES OF WILL-MAKING.

THE journals of a year past have mentioned an extraordinary number of queer or contested wills. Are people becoming more disposed to draw their own wills without employing lawyers? There is no reason why any one should not draw a will who has fair business-like ability to write out the gifts. Common sense suggests that the paper ought to be headed as a will, and it is not difficult to learn by inquiry how many witnesses are required in the particular State; this, by-the-way, is the State where the testator resides (at his death); a will drawn for a man on a journey should follow the law of the State where he has his home. Neither bad grammar nor misspelling in a body of a will vitiates it; if the judges can understand what the paper means they will order that done. Wills having nearly every important word misspelled, and almost destitute of all punctuation have been accepted. Maine papers say that a court has lately taken proof of a will made in pantomime by a man who was deaf and dumb, and could not write or use the manual alphabet. But mistakes which obscure the meaning make trouble. A story last Summer was that Mr. Matthew Vassar, when drawing his own will, meant to leave $7,000 to seven churches—*i.e.*, $1,000 apiece—but in copying his rough draft he inadvertently inserted the word "each," giving the churches $7,000 each, or $49,000 in all. The general rule as to mistakes is that if the will is lucid and intelligible, and can be carried into effect as it reads, this must be done; the language cannot be altered because witnesses say that the testator meant something different from what he wrote. But if what is written cannot be performed the courts will then take proofs of what the man meant to write.

Curious conditions are sometimes imposed. One testator declared in his will that if any legatee should attempt to break it he should be debarred from all share. Another cut off any heir who should wear mustachios. Another said that each legatee must take the pledge before receiving his share, and should forfeit a half-year's income for every breach of it. Another left to his family physician $10,000 if testator should live two years, or $15,000 if he should live five; but, unluckily for the doctor, the patient lived only a week. Whether conditions of this kind are operative depends on the circumstances; if they are lucid and practicable the courts will enforce them, but many are so expressed that they amount to nothing. If you wish that your legatee should not receive the property unless he complies with a condition, if not contrary to law, it will probably be enforced. But to make him give back the legacy because of breaking the condition after it has been paid may not be so easy. And do not mention

the request at all in the will, but write them in a letter, separately, unless you mean that, if they are not obeyed, the legacy shall be forfeited. Requests which are not peremptory conditions often make trouble.

When Heller, the magician, died, he bequeathed his apparatus to be destroyed. In some instances a testator has directed that a favorite horse or other pet should be killed, "lest it fall into unkind hands." It is doubtful whether a court would compel an executor to destroy property because the will so desired. Wills are allowed for giving one's property; that useful animals or articles should be destroyed is not for public benefit. Directions given in a will as to mode of burial, or for cremation, are also subjects of the sanitary law of the place.

It is only when one designs to give his property outright in simple ways that he should draw his own will, for complicated trusts, endowing new institutions, or tying up property for a future time, a lawyer's aid may be very needful. Every lawyer sometimes makes mistakes. A New York lawyer named Rose drew his own will, leaving about $2,000,000 to be held for five years, to see whether other givers would add $300,000; if they would, the whole to go to endow a "Rose Beneficent Association"; if they would not, then his money was to go to other charities. Now the law does not allow property to be held in suspense for a definite term of years; therefore his gift was pronounced void. Some most absurd blunders have been made by lawyers in drawing wills for themselves. It is not obligatory to appoint an executor, but doing so is wise, and if a testator has enough confidence in the person named to direct that "he shall not be required to give security," this may prove a great convenience.

As respects signing and witnessing, wills often fail for some informality in these, especially in New York, where the form is stricter than in most States. A story of last Summer was that a will was presented written partly in black pencil, partly in blue (a will is not void because in pencil, though ink is far better); about half was written on one page, and the witnesses signed on the other page, and then came the testator's signature. This instrument was discarded because the witnesses did not sign at the end of the will.

Common sense ought to tell any one that any important paper ought to be completed before the signatures are affixed. The New York rule as to signing and witnessing is that there must be two witnesses; the testator must sign in their presence, inform them that the paper is his will—he need not tell them what is in it—and ask them to witness it; and they must sign their names and residences at the end of the will. They usually sign below a brief memorandum certifying that these things were done, but this memorandum is not strictly essential. Keep the will when completed in a safe place.

In Massachusetts, lately, a will was contested because rats had eaten the signature. Lord St. Leonard's will was lost, and was established only by the fortunate fact that his daughter was able to repeat the substance of it from memory.

WHAT THEY KNEW FOUR THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

From one of these books, compiled after the manner of encyclopædias, and the compilation of which is shown to have been made more than 2,000 years B.C., it has been ascertained, which has long been supposed, that Chaldea was the parent land of astronomy; for it is found from this compilation, and from other bricks, that the Babylonians catalogued the stars, and distinguished and named the constellations; that they arranged the twelve constellations that form our present zodiac to show the course of the sun's path in the heavens; divided time into weeks, months, and years; that they divided the week, as we now have it, into seven days, six being days of labor, and the seventh a day of rest, to which they gave a name from which we have derived our word "Sabbath," and which day, as a day of rest from all labor of every kind, they observed as rigorously as the Jew or the Puritan.

The motion of the heavenly bodies and the phenomena of the weather were noted down and a connection detected, as M. de Perville claims to have discovered, between the weather and the change of the moon.

They invented the sun-dial to mark the movements of the heavenly bodies, the water-clock to measure time, and they speak in this work of the spots on the sun—a fact they only could have known by the aid of telescopes, which it is supposed they possessed, from observations that they have noted down of the rising of Tenus and the fact that Layard found a crystal lens in the ruins of Nineveh.

The "bricks" contain an account of the deluge, substantially the same as the narrative in the Bible, except that the names are different. They disclose that houses and lands were then sold, leased, and mortgaged; that money was loaned at interest, and that the market-gardeners, to use an American phrase, "worked on shares"; that the farmer, when plowing with his oxen, beguiled his labor with short and homely songs, two of which have been found; and, to connect this very remote civilization with the usages of to-day, I may, in conclusion, refer to one of the bricks of this library, in the form of a note, which is to the effect that visitors are requested to give to the librarian the number of the book they wish to consult, and that it will be brought to them; at the perusal of which one is disposed to fall back upon the exclamation of Solomon, "There is nothing new under the sun."

THE LAND OF THE PERI.

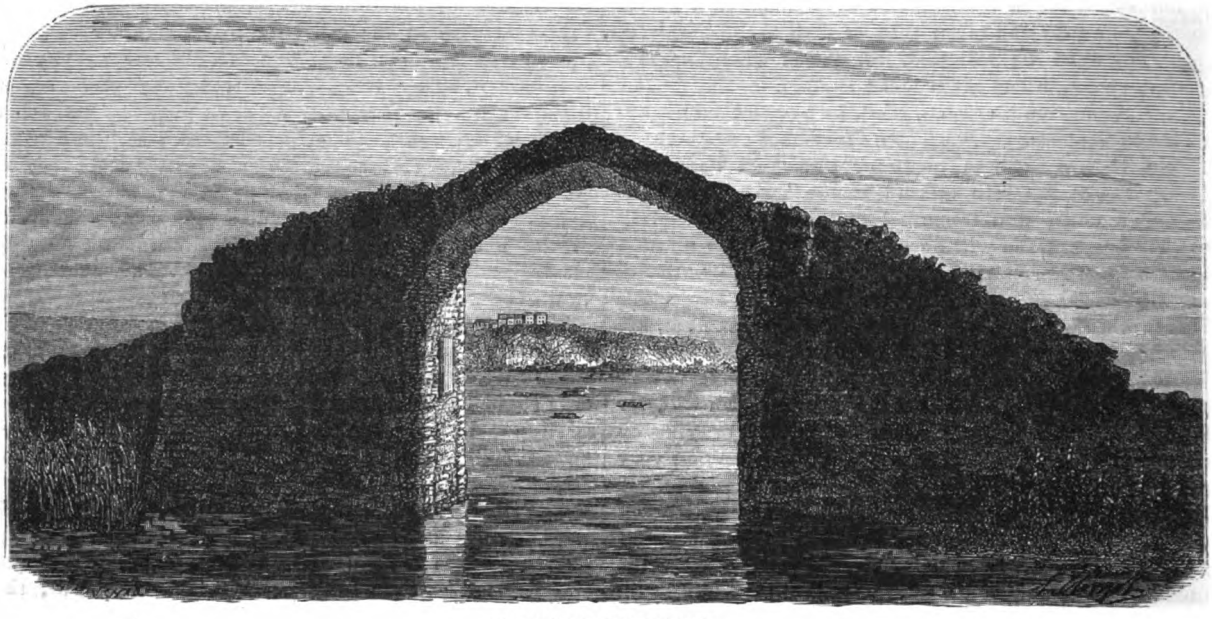
A SKETCH OF LIFE AND SCENES IN THE VALE OF CASHMERE.

By M. F. Vallette.

"Who has not heard of the vale of Cashmere,
With its roses, the brightest that earth ever gave,
Its temples and grottos, and fountains as clear
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over the wave?
Oh! to see it at sunset, when warm o'er the Lake
Its splendor at parting a Summer eve throws,
Like a bride full of blushes when lingering to take
A last look of her mirror at night ere she goes!"
—*Lalla Rookh.*

Thus sang the bard as his imagination wandered along the banks of the Indus, among Persian bowers and through the delightful Valley of Cashmere. Who can wonder that his soul went out in rapture over the scenes that met his bewildered gaze within this mountain-walled region? Its history goes back, through colossal monuments, chiefly of marble, beyond the dawn of authentic annals, and the envy that history has excited, like that of beautiful queens, wrought its destruction. Thus the beautiful Vale of Cashmere did not escape the fate of Mary Stuart and Marie Antoinette.

Nearly five hundred years ago Cashmere, then an independent country, was the scene of a religious and political struggle, which resulted in the triumph of Islamism. It was at this time that Shah Mir, a Mohammedan, probably of Persian origin, dethroned the Hindoo prince whose minister he had been, and reigned in his stead under the title of Shams-uddin. This new Mohammedan dynasty lasted for more than two hundred years, and during that



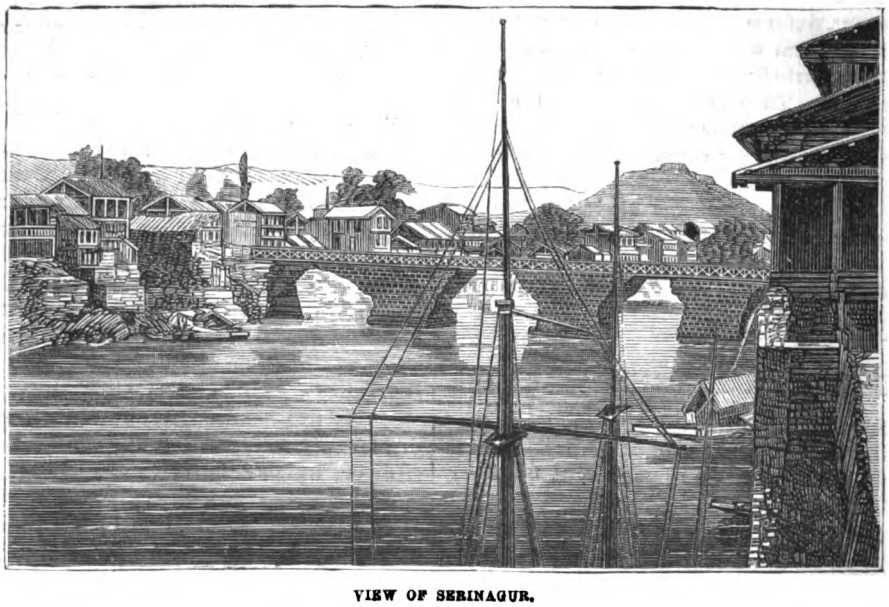
THE HARI-PARBAT BRIDGE.

period Cashmere enjoyed independence. One of its princes, Sikandor, surnamed Butshikan (the Iconoclast), and whose accession dates as far back as 1396, distinguished himself, as his name implies, by the merciless destruction of the idols and temples of the ancient worship. One of his successors, Zainulab-uddin, the Solomon of Cashmere, left happier memories after him, for he built a number of beautiful edifices, some of which are still standing.

In 1588 Cashmere was delivered into the hands of the Mogul Emperor Akbar, by one of its last princes, who, far from defending his realms against the invader, facilitated his coming. From this time forth the country entirely lost its autonomy. It was for more than a century the favorite *sanitarium* of the Grand Moguls. In 1752 it fell a prey to the merciless Afghans, and remained under their sway until 1819, when it was rescued by Runjit Singh, founder of the mighty but ephemeral empire of the Sikhs. Eleven Sikh governors succeeded one another between 1819 and 1846, the period when the British Government obtained control of it.

The Vale of Cashmere, properly so called, is still, as in the seventeenth century, the most beautiful and picturesque landscape in the world—a vast park, some ninety miles long by from thirty to forty wide. Everything appears arranged by a superhuman hand to delight the eye; fair fields and habitations; rivers and lakes interspersed with verdant and flowery isles; "the low whispering in boats," of all shapes and sizes, plied by *hanjis* with intelligent countenances, shapely forms and costumes harmonizing most beautifully with that enchanting prospect; countless streams and canals winding along through waving rice-fields, and green banks, whose limpid and rippling waters glisten in the sun like bands of silver.

The greatest attraction of this fairy region is the happy arrangement of the vast amphitheatre of mountains by which it is surrounded, and forming a sort of elongated oval around it. In this respect it excels the celebrated basin in Mexico. In most valleys thus surrounded by lofty summits these latter are often so arranged that the effect of the tallest is impaired by the interposition of the crests of the nearest, which appear to overtop them, while in reality they are much lower. This optical illusion, well understood by all who have journeyed in very hilly lands, suggested to John Paul Richter, the celebrated German writer, one of his most ingenious comparisons: "It is thus," says he, "that amid its contemporaries the verdant hill of learning eclipses the bald Alps of genius."



VIEW OF SERINAGUR.

In Cashmere there is nothing of the kind; here everything appears to have been planned and calculated to produce the grandest effect, the gradual transitions from pleasing to *grandiose*, and

A BAYADERE, OR DANCING-GIRL.

from *grandiose* to terrible. Above the first undulations, covered with habitations and orchards teeming with all the fruits of Europe, rise pasture hills, on which feed countless herds, such as the goats whose wool is used in the manufacture of those cashmeres so famous in the annals of the world. Above these first elevations rises a chain of hills, surmounted in their turn by one, and sometimes a series of circles of higher mountains, above which loom up, here and there, summits which belong to the regions of perpetual snows. These lofty peaks look down complacently upon the smiling valley below. One would almost imagine they sought to impart greater force and attractiveness to the landscape by lifting their lofty, snowcapped heads to be lighted up by the sun, and decked out with all the rich hues of the rainbow. Hence it is that Mogul despots, so fierce elsewhere, seem to melt into human beings during their sojourn in Cashmere. These tyrants, like Nero, had artistic aspirations. Enchanted with the beautiful land, they took pride in embellishing it still more, by erecting palaces and mosques, arranging terraces and laying out parks in the most picturesque sites, and by liberally rewarding poets for singing the delights of that enchanting abode. No wonder the Moguls called it the earthly paradise of the Indies, and that Akbar strove so hard to wrest it from its lawful kings. It is related that Jehan-Guir, his son and successor, took such a fancy to this beautiful region that he could never leave it, and that he declared that the loss of his crown would affect him less than that of Cashmere.

Serinagur is the ancient Hindoo name for the capital of Cashmere; it was resumed after the conquest of the Sikhs in 1819. The appearance of this city of chalets has not materially changed since the seventeenth century. Although stone is by no means scarce in that region, the inhabitants still find their building material in the cedar wood which abounds upon the neighboring declivities, and which can be obtained at little cost, because of its easy transportation on rafts. The Jhelam, which is very broad at this point, divides the city into two unequal parts, and is spanned by seven bridges.

Viewed from the lake, Serinagur delights the eye by the capricious irregularity of the dwellings along its shores, some being built out over the water on piles, and others almost lost in the surrounding verdure. The more humble dwellings, too, with their thatched and boarded roofs, suggestive of the Jura, are truly picturesque. The city itself is nestled away in a vast amphitheatre, and flanked by two isolated hills, surmounted by fortifications and temples of worship. On one of these elevations—the *Takht*—may still be seen an old mosque, but no trace remains of an old Hindoo temple, which the inhabitants claim was built by Solomon. The other elevation—Hari-Parbat (the mountain of verdure)—was some two centuries ago the site of another mosque, "accompanied by a hermitage and a number of beautiful green trees which overshadowed it." That mosque is now replaced by a fortification. Upon the sides of this hill may be seen a number of cottages built for English tourists.

Of the many beautiful gardens to be found in this vicinity the best preserved is the Shalamar Bagh, situated at the base of an amphitheatre of wooded heights rising gradually to an elevation of some fourteen thousand feet, between the valleys of Jhelam and Scind, and overtopped by one of the finest mountains in Cashmere. This garden was the work of the unfortunate Shah Jehan, father and victim of Aureng Zeb. It was magnificently laid out, and was entered by a grand canal bordered with greensward and rows of beautiful poplars. This led to a large bungalow in the centre of the garden. Here was another canal, far more beautiful, leading to the extremity of the inclosure. Along its banks were numerous fountains and jets playing in the sunlight. It terminated at another bungalow, more beautiful than the first, quadrangular in shape, and surmounted by a dome. It consisted of a central building and four smaller ones at the corners, all ornamented with gildings and inscriptions. There were four doors, two of which opened upon a noble flight of steps leading into the canal, and the other two opening upon bridges spanning the canal and connecting with side avenues. On every side may be seen columns of a black and gray marble, supposed to have been brought from an ancient Hindoo temple destroyed by Shah Jehan.

The Cashmerians are a stout, well-formed people, of Hindoo stock. Their complexion is brunette, and the women are very handsome. The Mohammedan women are seldom seen abroad, and then so closely vailed are they that it is almost impossible to get even the slightest glimpse of their hidden beauties. The Hanji women, on the contrary, never cover their faces, and are remarkably handsome in childhood; but as they soon share their husband's occupation (that of boatmen), and live mostly in the open air, their beauty fades very rapidly, but their features never cease to be attractive. The Cashmerians, as a rule, are brave, active, and industrious, and fond of music, literature and art. Their language offers many curious analogies with the Sanskrit, but their songs are in Persian.

The Hanji class is that with which tourists are brought most in contact. They are, perhaps, the best of the Cashmerians, and their disposition is not unlike that of the Venetian gondoliers. There is the same charm about them, the same vivacity, the same wealth of imagination. If they do not sing the *barcarolis* as they ply their boats they are never at a loss for stories about their beautiful home with which to entertain their passengers. Their calling develops their muscles, and makes them more vigorous than the upper classes, but it does not make them more courageous, as they sometimes become demoralized when caught in a gale upon their lakes, which, however, is rare enough. They use a sort of paddle, shaped like a heart, which they handle with extraordinary dexterity in fine weather. Women, and even children, lend a hand in rowing. In the Valley of Cashmere, as in Venice, water is the chief and nearly the only means of communication.

This will account for the numerous boats, of various shapes and sizes, that are found constantly plying along its rivers, lakes and canals. Of these the *bangala* is the largest. It is a veritable floating palace, used by the sovereign or his representative, the governor. The *parinda* is another boat of vast proportions, with cabin and deck forward, and only used by persons of distinction. These large boats require some twenty oarsmen, at the very least. Besides these, there is the *bahl*, used for the transportation of grain; the *dungas*, for lighter merchandise and for passengers; the *skiraris*, a light craft plied by six oarsmen, for day travel, and the *bandugir*, the lightest of all, used for hunting wild fowl on the lakes.

The Cashmerian nobles find much pleasure in their boats, and on pleasant evenings may be heard

"Sounds from the Lake, the low whispering in boats
As they shoot through the moonlight, the dipping of oars,
And the wild, airy warbling that everywhere floats
Through the groves, round the island, as if the shores,
Like those of Kathay, uttered music, and gave
An answer in song to the kiss of each wave.
But the gentlest of all are those sounds full of feeling
That soft from the lute of some lover are stealing—
Some lover who knows all the heart-touching power
Of a lute and a sigh in this magical hour."

The marriage observances of the Cashmerians are not devoid of interest. Up to the time of the marriage of one of the Maharajah's daughters, in 1871, there has been no such solemnity celebrated for nearly a century, as the custom of destroying female infants at birth prevailed to a very recent period among the upper classes.

Many opinions have been advanced as to the origin of this barbarous custom; but the most probable, odd as it may appear to us, is economy. Girls were done away with to avoid, in future years, ruinous expenses which pride and custom exacted in "setting up" a young married couple. It is also probable that this practice prevailed among the *Mians*, or military nobles, devoted exclusively to the profession of arms. Gulab-Singh was the first to lead the way toward a return to a more humane manner by betrothing his grandchild, the daughter of the present Maharajah, to the son of a neighboring Rajah. The two *fiancés* were yet quite young—the groom only twenty-one and the bride but fifteen, which is rather old for these regions.

The Maharajah did things on a grand scale; the dower, in money and vessels, jewels, trousseau, herds, camels, cows, elephants and superbly caparisoned horses, amounted at least to $350,000, exclusive of the presents made to the young couple by the officers of the sovereign. The jewelry, and vessels of massive gold and silver; the money in gold and silver; the footwear of cloth-of-gold, set with precious stones; the fans of every style and shape; the wearing apparel of rich materials—brocades, silks and linens, trimmed with gold—filled several rooms in the palace. Another room contained objects of saddlery, which were no less richly ornamented than the apparel of the bride, for collars, saddles and bridles abounded in massive silver ornaments, and little silver bells of the same material. Then there was the *Dhola*, or palanquin, for the young couple, all covered with gold brocade; any quantity of beautiful tapestry, splendid arms, and even cooking utensils and a supply of horseshoes.

This wedding lasted three days. On the first there was a general public parade of the groom and his father, who repaired to the Maharajah's residence, attended by a brilliant escort. They were received with great ceremony by Renbir and his chief officers in the finest hall in the palace—the *Shish-Mahal*, or the Hall of Mirrors. During this visit of ceremony, as well as in going to and from the palace, there was a grand display of fireworks. It was on the following night that, according to custom, the celebration of the marriage ceremony, properly so called, took place. This is done with great privacy, even the groom's father being excluded. The only persons present besides the contracting parties were the Maharajah, father of the bride, two of her nearest relatives, and the *Pundits*, or officiating priests. The *Maharani* (the bride's mother) was also present, concealed behind a curtain, but connected with her husband by a scarf, each of whom held one end.

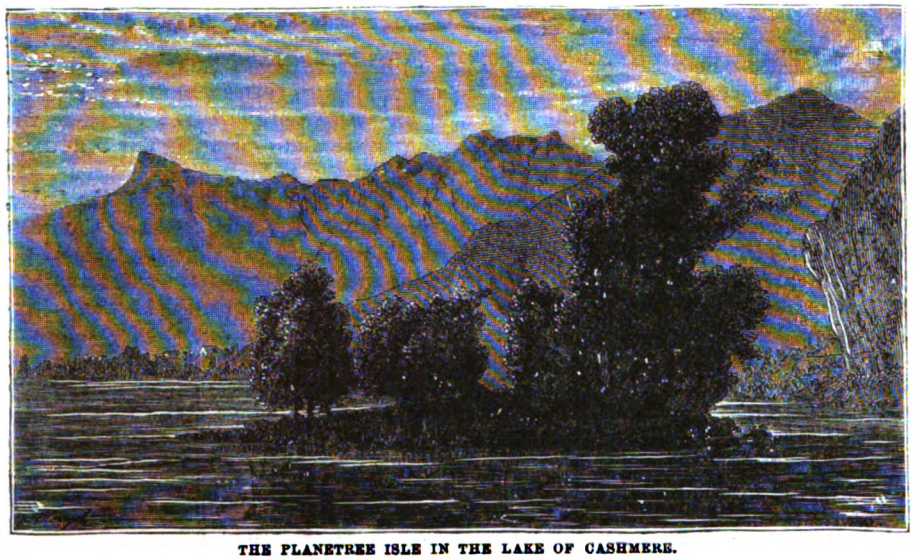
The ceremony, the rites of which are very complicated, lasted over two hours, at the end of which the groom returned to his father's, as if nothing had happened. The only pleasure accorded him on this wedding-night is that of being overwhelmed with abuse on his arrival and departure by the women of the bride's house, who sing all manner of the most insulting songs to him. This abuse, be it well understood, is of strict etiquette. Indeed, in some parts of India the poor groom fares far worse than this.

On the second day the rejoicings were all confined to the groom's house. At the bride's the greatest silence prevailed, and the Maharajah gave his usual audiences of state. On the morning of the third and last day a solemn banquet for seven hundred persons was given in the inner court of the palace, over which the Maharajah presided. Each guest was served with fifteen different courses, finishing up with an ample portion of rice. There was nothing to drink but water, and everything was conducted with becoming dignity.

This day was signalized by the departure of the bride, and the *moving* in procession of all her possessions, animate and inanimate, which made up her dower. This is the last and most curious episode in these pompous nuptials. All the sovereign's officers were assembled at the palace-door; next came the inhabitants of Jummoo, who formed a line on either side through which the procession passed. First came fifty-one (a sacred number) cows, and as many bulls with red and yellow trappings and silver collars; then fifty-one choice camels, likewise covered with red and yellow, which were followed by 300 Cashmere sheep and goats. Next came the bride's trousseau, in covered baskets carried by coolies, who walked two-by-two. These were followed by 100 guards in full uniform, each carrying a purse of 1,000 rupees, which formed the total amount of the dower money (one lac or 100,000 rupees, or $150,000) promised by the Maharajah. Next, came the horses and three elephants, richly caparisoned, and forming likewise a portion of the dower.

At last there appeared, not the bride and groom, but the sumptuous palanquin in which they were, and so carefully was it closed on every side that it was impossible to get the slightest glimpse of them. It is during this procession that the young couple first see each other, for they have, up to this time, been kept sedulously apart. Not even during the marriage ceremony were they permitted to get so much as a peep at each other, for they were both vailed from head to foot. The Maharajah accompanied the palanquin to the threshold of the palace, but not a step further, and immediately repaired to his own apartments, where he remained. This sudden disappearance of the bride's father is of the strictest etiquette. A brother of the groom walked after the palanquin, his hand resting upon it. The procession was closed by a troop of singers and musicians, beating furiously upon tom-toms and other instruments, and by the treasurers of the Maharajah, mounted upon an elephant, whence they scattered an occasional gold and many silver rupees among the people.

Through the influence of the British Government young married ladies have no longer before them the horrible prospect of being burned to death upon the funeral pile of their husbands. This inhuman custom, so long prevalent in this region, only began to disappear quite recently, for in 1843, on the death of Soonchet-Sing, uncle of the Maharajah, the *five hundred wives* which constituted his principal harem were burned alive with his body at Ramnagar, and twenty-five others, that he had at Jummoo, shared the same fate. In 1863 another similar immolation took place at the violent and mysterious death of Jowahir-Singh, the Maharajah's cousin. Thirty-two of his widows were consumed with the remains of their late husband. On another occasion a solitary widow is described by an English tourist as sitting on a funeral-pile with her husband's head upon her lap. Seized with terror at the approach of the hissing flames, she sprang from the pile and sought to escape, but the attending priests, horrified at her scandalous conduct, caught her and threw her back upon the burning pile, where she perished, uttering screams that would have moved the hardest hearts. In our day the custom of incinerating widows (*sutty*) has entirely disappeared from the states of Renbir-Singh.



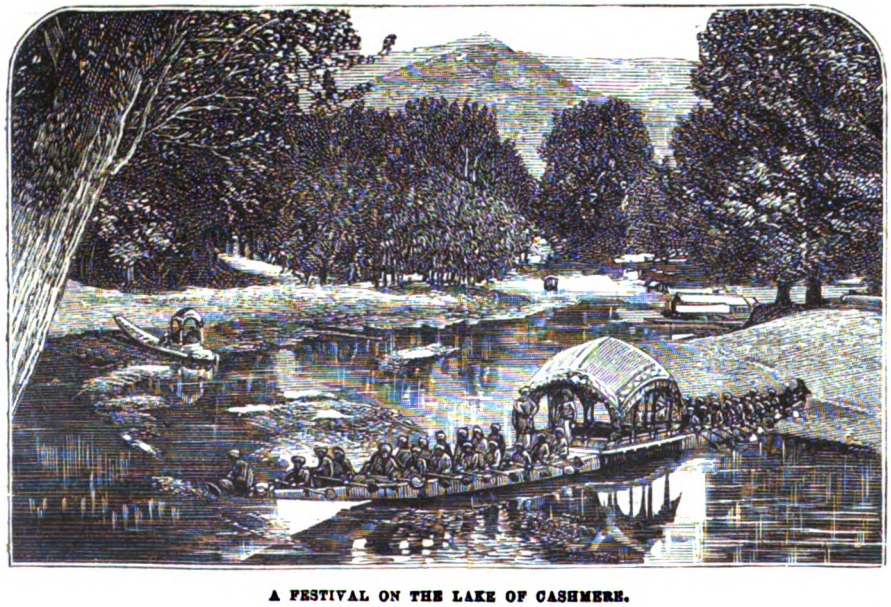
THE PLANETREE ISLE IN THE LAKE OF CASHMERE.

In considering the different castes which make up the population of Cashmere, we must not forget its race of outcasts. Among these may be mentioned the Batals, who engage in none but the lowest occupations. Nor is this miserable class without its degrees. Some are Mussulmans, and are so recognized by their co-religionists; others, rejected by the Mohammedans as Hindoos, have no religious observances, and live in the most abject misery, being compelled to subsist upon the flesh of animals that have died from disease. They occupy a similar position to the *caquins* or cagots of Europe. A close study of the various types of these despised people reveals the fact that, while they differ essentially from other people in physiognomy and complexion, there is a strong resemblance among themselves. This would seem to indicate that the Batals of Cashmere, the Dums of the Dogras, and the Dardis, and others spring more or less directly from an aboriginal race, dispossessed and destroyed by the conquering Aryans.

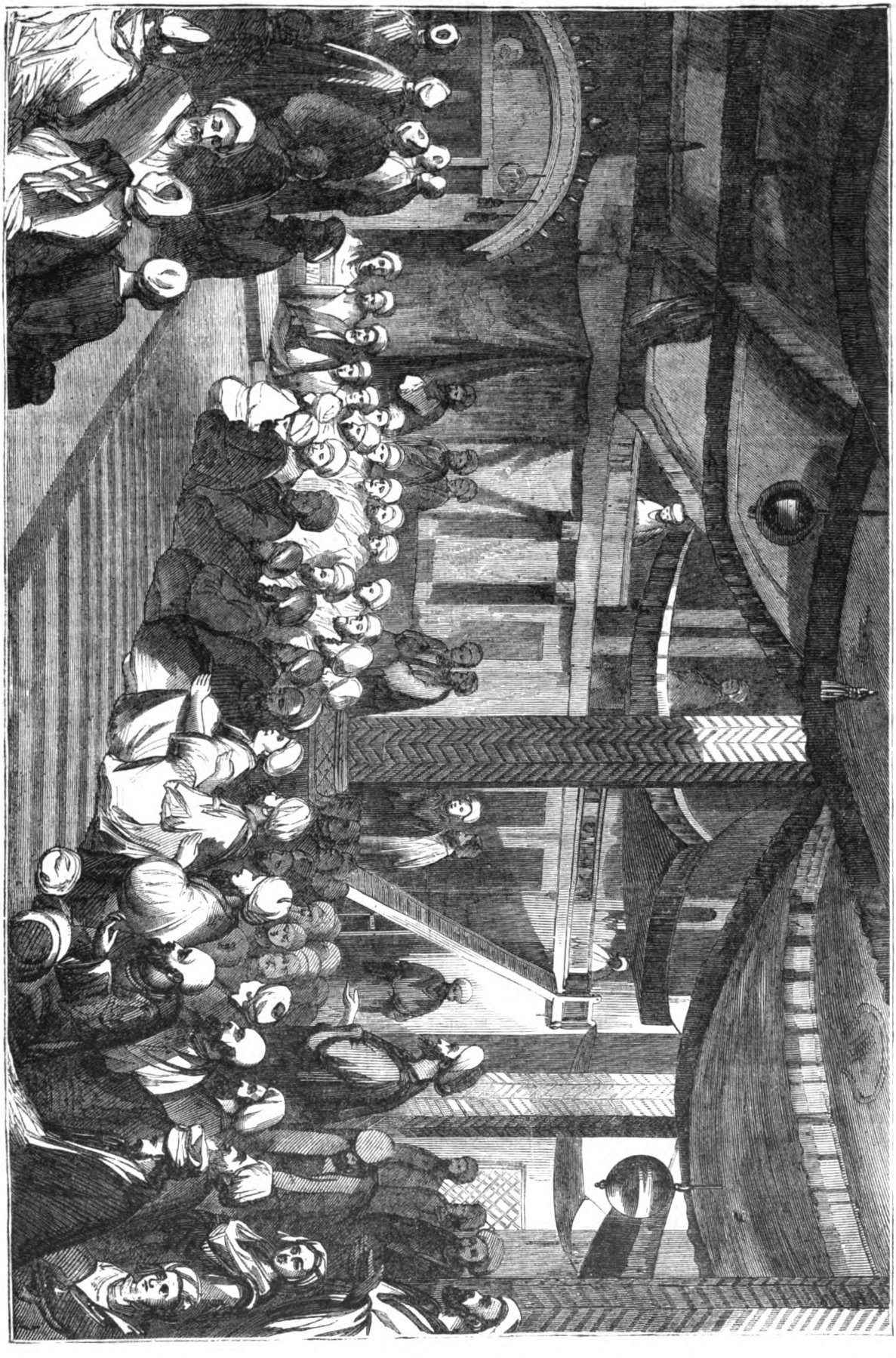
It is from this class of people that musicians and dancers of both sexes are recruited. The dancing girls who figure prominently in all public festivals belong to this

The funerals of persons who had attained to an advanced age are attended with manifestations of great rejoicing among the Dogras, as if congratulating them on being relieved from the burden of a life already too prolonged. When the father or mother of a family dies, leaving grown-up sons, they shave off their beards and hair as a sign of mourning. In conformity with this custom all the men shave at the death of the King or Queen, who are regarded as the father and mother of their subjects. This took place notably at Jummoo, in 1865, on the occasion of the death of the Maharani, the wife of Renbir-Singh.

AN ORPHAN-HOUSE AFTER A FAMINE.



A FESTIVAL ON THE LAKE OF CASHMERE.



INTERIOR OF A MOSQUE AT SEBINAGUR.

class of outcasts; and these women, naturally exempt from all manner of prejudice, are the only ones whose photographs it has been possible to obtain. It would be well, then, to guard against judging of the moral and physical condition of genuine Cashmerians by this proscribed class, as superficial travelers are very apt to do. There are, however, many beautiful forms and faces among these dancing girls, if we can judge from an English engraving representing an entertainment given to the Prince of Wales, at Jummoo, by Renbir-Singh, in 1875.

The foregoing sketch of life and scenes in Cashmere undoubtedly leaves much to be desired. We might have taken the reader through the Valley of Roses, and described the festivities that enliven that "wilderness of flowers," or through the fairy land of Candahar, or to those enchanting "waters of Cashmere," from which Cashmerian maidens are supposed "to drink beams of beauty"; but to do this would have taken us far beyond our limits, and we prefer to let the reader disposed to visit these enchanting scenes accompany Tom Moore through the pages of his inimitable "Lalla Rookh."

LOVE AND AGE.

FROM MADAME D'HOUDETOT.

WHEN young, I lov'd. At that enchanting age,
So sweet, so short, love was my sole delight;
And when I reach'd the time for being sage,
Still I lov'd on, for reason gave me right.

Snows come at length, and livelier joys depart,
Yet gentle ones still kiss these eyelids dim:
For still I love, and love consoles my heart;
What could console me for this loss of him?

A YOUNG WOMAN'S STORY.

A MOUNTAIN road, shrouded in sudden, driving Summer rain, as the evening sky was vailed in huge masses of inky clouds, ruby-veined with tongues of lightning. The maddening, exhilarating rush of the welcome rain—blessed rain after a lengthening drought—mingling with the grand roll of thunder beating in huge cascades of stirring sound from the rocky sides of the mountain, and with the rhythmical clang, clash, clamor of a wayside forge, nestled under a jutting cliff on the lonely road leading across the mountain from one quiet hamlet to another.

From the open door of the forge a cheery glow flooding the outer darkness, as the sparks flew and the fire leaped up the vast chimney, eager, it seemed, to join the revel of the elements outside.

At the forge a colossal young figure with bare chest and naked, mighty arms, swinging his smithy hammer lightly as Vulcan himself might have done when he welded thunderbolts on Lemnos—the fierce red glow of the glaring iron and leaping fire bringing out every line of a bright, dark face, full of restless energy, and every cord and muscle of the vast chest and arms.

The echo of the thunder rolled about him, the lightning struck in at him, paling the smithy fire with its brief glare; the storm dashed and howled and roared about the forge, and his face literally blazed as he clashed and clamored in concert at his anvil.

The wild electricity of the tempest poured along his veins, and found something akin to itself in his soul.

A lengthened diapason rolled across the sky, and thundered away in majestic salvoes amongst the crags.

He flung down his hammer, and smote his mighty hands together exultantly.

"Good!" he cried. "Such a night! A real good thunderstorm for *my* money, say I!"

"*I* hate the din," said a finer, more musical voice, fretfully, and a young lad, who had been working the bellows, looked shrinkingly toward the door, and cowered back as another yellow glare and rattling peal chorused his words.

Given the most ordinary advantages of refinement and culture, this smithy boy would, in face and bearing, have graced any court under the sun, but his eyes were those of a young Judas.

The thunder went leaping "the rattling crags among," down to the wooded valley, and the other swung up his hammer with a pleased face.

"It's better than a score of your poetry-books," he said, good-humoredly. "It's *real*, Altie."

"Much *you* know!" said Altie, with bitter disdain, tugging again at the bellows. "*You!* a poor grubber, trying to scare up enough to eat, and without a second idea in your skull, to talk like that! *You!*"

The disdain in his voice and face was bitter, with a touch of something more malignant still in it.

"Well, and supposing it's my taste?" said the young smith, with imperturbable good humor. "When I'm a rich man, if God prospers me, you'll let a fellow speak his mind, I dare say."

"*You* rich!" with the same disdainful emphasis. "Pah! Is it by swinging that hammer in this mountain-hole you expect to be a millionaire?"

"I expect to work it somehow," said the elder, a fine glow in his eyes and cheek, "and you'll have your share, Altie. You can be a gentleman, then, to your heart's content."

"And be sneered at as the blacksmith's brother!" said Altie, indignantly. "I'd rather live and die the pauper I am than——"

"If you please, you two boys," said a voice like a "falling star," so silvery, sweet and clear amid the tempest was it, and the two lads started and turned—the light of the smithy fire streaming over the classic perfection of one face, the mighty, if latent, power, and ineffable rude grandeur of the other, and over a little form standing just within the door; a form that might have been a spirit driven on the tempest, but in reality was a little girl, her clothing saturated with rain, her drifts of pale hair torn by the wind—the loveliest of all created things—a beautiful and pure-looking child.

Her grave eyes looked seriously from one brother to the other, and her slender arms hugged tightly to her bosom a stout Scotch terrier, as rough and hairy as a Kelpie. The warm smithy light bathed her from her pure brow to the dainty feet, and behind her loomed the pall-like sky with its veinings of sudden fire.

"If you please, you two boys," said the sweet child-voice again, "I and Kelpie are lost. You'll get money if you find us."

Lyon dropped his hammer, and Altie stopped the bellows, amazement in every feature.

"Well, here's a sight!" said Lyon, slowly, pushing his ebon curls until they stood erect all over his round head. "Who are you, anyway, you little innocent?"

She came a step nearer, and, alas!" the angelic beauty was marred—touched by human imperfection. She was very lame.

She looked at Altie, frowned; looked at Lyon, and smiled.

"I'm a lady," she said, "and my name is Dorothea Vance, and I'm *nobody's business!*"

Altie's keen, calculating eyes roved over her as she spoke, and he pushed past Lyon and went to her.

"I'll take you home," he said, "if you'll say where you came from."

"I live at the hotel in the valley," said Dorothea, haughtily; "but I don't want *you*. You other boy."

"Yes," said Lyon, looking pitifully down at her as she limped toward him.

"Take me home, directly," commanded Miss Vance. "Kelpie is hungry, and so am I. You're a good boy, aren't you?"

"Tolerable," said Lyon, smiling. "Now, miss if it weren't that your people would be frightened about you, there's mother, she'd dry your things, and give you some supper."

"I'm nobody's business," said Dorothea, "and I'll go to your mother."

Lyon lifted the fairy mite in his great arms, and carried her out of the forge into the driving rain, while Altie followed, doggedly.

Beside the forge stood a little yellow cottage with a light in the window, and into it strode Lyon, and set Dorothea Vance, in her dripping finery, at the feet of a grave, noble-looking woman in widow's weeds, who was knitting by the lamp.

"Here's a half-drowned little stray, mother, dear," said Lyon, as she looked up.

"Mercy on me!" cried Mrs. Grey, and gazed in astonishment at the weird child looking solemnly at her from the misty vail of golden hair.

There was a fragrant smell of tea and hot biscuit, and Kelpie's black nose became moist.

A faint, wondrous rose came into Dorothea's exquisite little face, and she laid a fairy hand on Mrs. Grey's.

"We're tired and hungry, Kelpie and I. We came away from the hotel up the mountain after dinner, and the rain caught us, and we lost ourselves."

"You dear little soul!" cried Mrs. Grey. "What a state your mother will be in! Oh, Lyon! go down at once and let them know!"

She was down on her knees now, busy about the child.

"I never had a mamma or papa," said Dorothea, gravely. "There's only Sue down there, and I'm a rich person; but I'm nobody's business."

"Nobody's, indeed, I should think!" cried Mrs. Grey, indignantly. "French kid shoes, and pink silk stockings, and a low-necked silk dress, and no hat. Did you leave home like this, dear?"

"Yes; Sue went out, and I was lonesome. I'll stay with you to-night. I like to be here," said Dorothea, looking about the homely but cheerful room.

She did stay for that, and many others, for the morning found her in a raging fever, and it was Christmas before she left that humble roof which had given her such loving shelter.

A lovely friendship had blossomed up between the little Dorothea and Lyon Grey; on his side, an untaught reflex of the pure and beautiful chivalry of Arthur's Knights; on hers, a loving tenderness—an affection almost divine, because of its innocence.

With Dorothea's nominal guardian, an old bachelor cousin, who was only aware of her existence in a monetary sense, gold was no object, and the check placed in Mrs. Grey's hand the day Dorothea Vance was carried to the sleigh waiting for her was princely in its amount.

Lyon's mighty arm carried the child on to the vehicle, and when her pearly little face shone up at him from amongst the rich furs with a wistful look, not the less touching for that the great eyes were tearless, he took the the little hand and kissed it, and a hot tear burned on the tender flesh.

She looked at him in surprise, and caressed his face with her fairy fingers.

"Why do you cry?" she asked, wonderingly. "I am not going away for ever, you know."

"They won't let you back, I'm afraid," said Lyon, ruefully. "You'll be a great lady, you know."

"Yes," said Dorothea, with perfect gravity; "I'm a rich person, and I'll soon be grown-up. I am eight now, and when I'm a woman, I'll come and live here."

"They won't let you," repeated Lyon, not so sadly because of an undefined hope which brightened on him.

"I shall do as I please," replied Miss Vance, decidedly. "I intend to come back and marry you, for I'm nobody's business but my own."

Lyon watched the gay sleigh dash round the curve in a whirl of foamy snow, and a blithe pealing of fairy bells, and then, with a smile and a sigh, turned and faced Altie.

Faced him, and started as though struck by an iron hand.

Such a face might Lucifer, "the son of the morning," have worn when he toppled from his starry throne, as beautiful as horrible in its malignity. He smiled as his eye's met Lyon's, and, turning slowly, walked into the forge.

* * * * * *

A certain man had become famous in a certain district in California for his luck as a miner. Whatever claim he worked yielded its thousands, and as he spent but little, his store increased rapidly.

He lived alone, and no one knew anything of him, save that the hours not spent by him in physical toil were mostly devoted to mental toil as earnest and energetic.

He lived his life of isolation amongst the wild dwellers of the Water-hole Gulches for three or four years, and then one night he was shot down from behind like a dog, and his gold-dust stolen.

The wild spirit of justice was aroused amid the community, and search was made vigorously for the cowardly assassin, who had not dared to face his man in fair fight. But the search burned vainly, and then died out, no man having swung for the crime; for, though suspicion pointed to several, there was no proof, even what little those wild miners required. And so another man took his claim, and the Water-hole murder took its place as a mysterious annal of the past.

This occurred ten years after the opening of our story, and the name of the murdered man was—Lyon Grey.

* * * * * *

He was dazzlingly handsome, and had as bad a reputation as any man in New York for every vice that a rich man has it in his power to be guilty of. Unlike the *laches* of most men of the world, his vices were neither the result of training, impulse or circumstances, but the growth of a malignant *diablerie*, such as was first brought to view in the Garden of Eden when the serpent whispered at the ear of Eve.

In that he was wealthy, young and handsome, society hoped against hope that he would reform, and decked her fairest and sweetest to lure him into matrimonial propriety. But in vain.

In vain, until one day, walking down Central Park, a young lady, accompanied by an elderly one, stopped before him, and, as he paused in surprise, put out a dainty

THE LAND OF THE PERI.—A WIDOW IN CASHMERE.—SEE PAGE 599.

hand to him with a droll glance, and a sweet dash of rose in her pale, radiant face.

"Mr. Altamond Grey," she said. "You see, I recognize you."

He bent his imperial head and looked in the face of this radiant creature, who was stately and dainty as a lily in the sun, and then he bared his head while he answered, respectfully:

"I am sorry, indeed, that I cannot claim the identity of that gentleman. I am George Latten, at your service."

She looked at him and drew back. She might have felt embarrassed, but that his boyish beauty and crimsoning cheek disarmed her shyness at once.

"I beg your pardon," she said, sweetly and frankly. "You are very like."

Her companion had been looking with haughty disdain at Mr. Latten, and, with a frigid bow, drew the girl away.

George Latten turned and gazed after them, and he saw that the young lady was slightly lame, at the same time he said to himself:

"I have never seen such beauty."

The creole *danseuse*—a Cleopatra, with the eyes of a Circe—who drove by him in the exquisite park-phaeton he had presented her with yesterday, passed him unheeded, and her tawny eyes shot out lurid lightnings as she noted the circumstance.

After that, it really seemed as if George Latten altered. Of course, he met Dorothea Vance in society, and he became, as far as she would permit, her shadow.

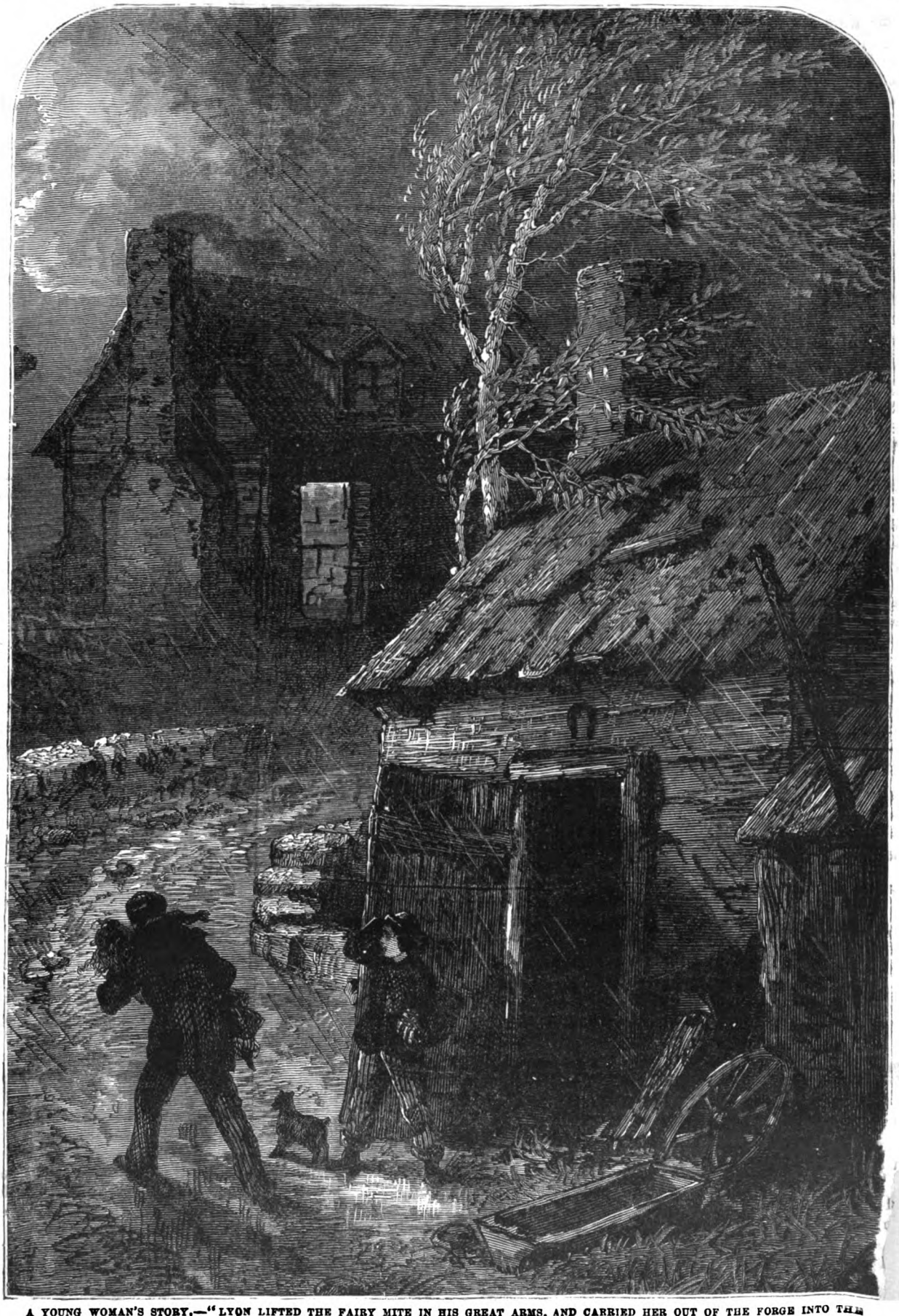
This pale, radiant girl, with the fragile beauty of a spirit, attracted him as no other had ever done. Had his been in reality a noble nature warped, her pure hands would have touched to life the sleeping good. As it was, while ostensibly checked in his career of evil, more than ever, day by day, as he saw how hopeless his case was, he was whispering to himself, "Evil, be *thou* my good."

One day he went to her in her beautiful home outside New York, and found her in her rose-garden, like Tennyson's Maude, "singing alone in the morning of life," and clipping roses busily.

He came upon her through a tortuous alley hedged in with bloom, and his heart beat in savage, exultant bounds as she started, and blushed like ruby wine over her delicate face and throat down to the fingers holding the roses, looking at him with startled eyes, the morning sun bathing her in its fresh glory.

As they stood thus, it was hard to say which was the fairer creature of the two, the man or the woman; which the purer — for Nature, in

A GIRL OF CASHMERE.



A YOUNG WOMAN'S STORY.—"LYON LIFTED THE FAIRY MITE IN HIS GREAT ARMS, AND CARRIED HER OUT OF THE FORGE INTO THE DRIVING RAIN, WHILE ALTIE FOLLOWED, DOGGEDLY."— SEE PAGE 606.

some grim mood, had dowered George Latten with the boyish, spiritual beauty of one of Correggio's creations—the fresh, sparkling beauty of warm blonde tints of hair and skin; the sudden, sensitive ebbing and flowing of the rich hue in the oval cheeks. He wore a heavy imperial of dusky gold.

He came toward her through the roses, the sensitive color rising and dying in his face, the wind—frolicsome from the sea—blowing the rich curls from his full round brow, his brilliant eyes darkening to jet, his lips eager and smiling.

Some sudden agitation paled her to snow as he bent over her hand, and she looked hurriedly behind her at the villa—a fairy gleam of purest marble from darkening laurels—and turned toward it, he carrying her roses, and studying her downcast face.

"Come!" she said, "we must adjourn to the villa. The heat is insufferable."

"Be it so," he said, and then suddenly, closely questioning her with his eyes: "Miss Vance, will you hear me for a moment?"

"There, not here," she cried, trembling and shrinking from him.

Triumph sprang to his face and eyes, and to hide it he looked away from her out to the ocean—a Summer sea of calm and beauty. The sky above it was an unbroken blue, with one cloud springing from the horizon like an eagle from its nest—a dense black cloud—on which his glance fell.

The wind grew no colder; but as he gazed at it marring the perfect sapphire of the high-lifted dome, he shivered, and the words rose on his memory, "A cloud no bigger than a man's hand."

The words were so distinct in his ear that he started and looked at Dorothea. Had she spoken them? It would seem so, for she, too, was looking at the cloud, and her lips moved.

She ran up the steps of the villa, and he followed her across the marble-paved hall into the dainty drawing-room, all creamy-white and gold, and opening into a tiny conservatory, where a fountain played amongst the blossoms, and where some one was moving to and fro, busy amongst the plants, but indistinct through the stained-glass panels of the arched door separating the apartments.

Dorothea dropped into a low chair of azure velvet, suddenly arch, suddenly blushing.

"Come," she said, coquettishly, "you may speak."

He spoke to her in words of fire, which at length moved her strangely—moved her until she trembled like an aspen in his arms, for she whispered "Yes" to him, and he caught her to his heart.

She sprang as suddenly from him, and stood breathless, looking at him. There was a heavy fall and a faint cry in the conservatory, but unheeded by him as he faced her, overwhelmed by the sudden change in her face.

It was white as marble, the fine fair features nearly as rigid; the eyes dazzled and scorched him until he shrank back from her coweringly, spellbound, the freshness of his beauty marred and dimmed by some inexplicable terror of her.

The cloud "no bigger than a man's hand" had flown up the sky, and the mellow light in the pretty room was falling into gray—a sunless shadow.

George Latten spoke, absolutely because the weird silence was maddening him.

"Dorothea, are you ill? My love, speak to me!"

She was herself again now, and more than herself.

It had never dawned on him before how vivid she might become under the influence of strong emotion, what possibilities of fire and fervor lurked under her sweet maiden reserve. And he had deemed his case hopeless!

She came out on the marble steps with him, and clung to his arm there for a moment.

"See!" she said. "The cloud has spread. It was so little but half an hour since."

She drew her arm away and pointed upward; and, with a rapid wave of her hand to him, fled into the house; and he went his way back amongst the roses, his boyish face paling to as ashen a tint as the sky to which his eyes were raised, his steps faltering and stumbling.

Across the leaden sea lay a band of lurid light, which fell upon it in a track of ominous hue. A kind of cry forced itself from George Latten, and he dashed his hand across his eyes. When he looked up the blood-red track was gone, and the sky and sea were an uniform and melancholy gray.

So sped and prospered his wooing.

* * * * * *

"This is an unexpected pleasure," said George Latten. "I did not expect to see Dorothea until to-morrow, at church."

"Frankly," said Mrs. Dunscombe, Dorothea's resident *chaperone*, "if I had my way you should not be here. It is altogether out of the proper course of things; but Miss Vance's favorite axiom is, that she and her affairs are nobody's business but her own. Consequently, Mr. Latten, she does as she pleases."

Mrs. Dunscombe was the very ideal of a *chaperone*—her morals, manners, dresses and opinions being perfectly unexceptionable. She had tremendous black eyebrows, and made up effectively in ruby silk and white point.

"Until after to-morrow," said George, smiling. "I see you are all ready here."

Yes, they were prepared.

The pretty rooms formed a gay vista. Banks of bloom rising to the domed ceiling, with great mirrors between, supported on light Eastern pillows of fretted gold. Here and there, uprising from the flowers, nymphs in bronze, bearing airy candelebra of frosted silver, aglow with great waxen tapers. Wreaths of tuberoses clinging to the archways leading from room to room, falling against the pale-blue draperies like snowwreaths against an azure sky. Through the great open windows, moonlit glimpses of the garden, a statue gleaming here and there, and the glitter of the ocean beyond. The quiet of a Summer night over all.

"Another whim of Miss Vance's!" cried Mrs. Dunscombe, rising in astonishment, while George Latten followed her glance.

Dorothea Vance was coming toward them, through the radiant vista, slowly, and holding an antique silver lamp in her hand, in such a position that the light fell fully over her. She was in bridal dress. A robe of white lace, delicate as foam, fell around her; but, literally, she blazed like the sun with diamonds. Her priceless vail fell from a starry wreath of them; a collar and stomacher of them refracted the light blindingly, and her slender arms were bound with them. Her eyes, her scarlet cheeks, her crimson mouth, outshone the cold splendor radiating about her. She seemed to thread on air, as she came down the scented, brilliant silence, her eyes fixed, luminous and burning, on her lover.

George Latten started to meet her, and then—paused, uncertain, confused, once more the terror of her full upon him. There was an awful, spiritual air about her as she swept on, bright and silent, which the gross nature of the man shrank from, cowering. Her face was aglow with a

light he could not read, and in which he trembled. He was scarcely reassured when she touched his hand in greeting.

"The last of Dorothea Vance's caprices!" she said, placing the lamp on a small malachite stand, and facing George Latten, with a dazzling and bewitching smile, her pretty hands claspsed, her bright eyes shining on him.

"All your caprices are as beautiful as yourself," he managed to say, mechanically, through dry lips, for the intangible terror was closing in upon him, whence or how he knew not.

"Even to my whim of visiting hospitals, and bringing my dainty raiment in contact with my fellow-pieces of clay, whom we call the poor?" said Dorothea Vance, with a sudden flash of mockery in her eyes. "Your conversion, *parole d'honneur*, is sudden!"

"I loathe the poor and poverty," he said, looking coolly away from her and gnawing his full underlip.

And Dorothea Vance, the angel of consolation to the starving, the lame, the blind, the halt, was going to marry this man! Were not her *first* pure instincts of terror of him true and faithful witnesses?

The glamour of his beauty was upon her; she would awake, and—too late—words of anguish! Intolerable death of Hope, the flame of Life!

"George," she said, looking with arch eyes at Mrs. Dunscombe, "my last escapade is my worst. Will you marry me this evening, instead of to-morrow at church? All is prepared. The clergyman and witnesses are here, and *I*—I am ready!"

"Dorothea!"

"I am in earnest," she said, looking at him seriously.

"My dear," cried Mrs. Dunscombe, "think of what people will say! In your position, too! and the guests invited!

Dorothea caught her hands in hers affectionately.

"When I was a queer little elf of a child, you dear old goose!" she said, "I used to introduce myself as "nobody's business. I am in the same predicament yet!"

As in a dream, George Latten found himself standing with Dorothea before the clergyman, in the wide, bright silence of those rooms, with the first words of the marriage-service falling on his ears, as if from some high-lifted shore among the stars.

Then he heard Dorothea whisper to him, "Have you a ring?" and he began, mechanically, to remove one from his finger; but, in a sudden, silver, shrill voice, she said:

"Stay! I will furnish one!"

With a hasty movement, she started from his side, and stretched out her white arm to him, dropping into his hand a bruised ring of gold, a ruby heart dropped upon its shining circle.

She was facing him now, pale as some wondrous statue of ivory, her eyes outflashing the diamonds blazing about her—beside her a man with a haggard face and an almost skeleton frame, even yet magnificent in its colossal proportions—the miner of Water-hole Gulch, Lyon Grey!

The devil did not desert his angel. Altamond Grey flung the ring at his feet, and faced them, grand in his young beauty as some star-crowned creation of mythology.

"So!" he said, "the game is up! I thought when I stole on your solitude, you thinking me thousands of miles away, at the college at which your bounty kept me, that I had rid myself of you for ever, Lyon. *That* is the traitor;" and he kicked the ring at his feet. "I lost it in your shanty. Well, how is it to be?"

The young villain saw the unutterable anguish of compassion and hopelessness of him in that dark, kingly face, and he knew he would pass free from among them. He laughed bitterly, and looked from Lyon to Dorothea.

"And *you!*" he said—"you knew me from the first?"

"Yes," said Dorothea, fierce and beautiful as an avenging angel. "I knew you. I brought your mother here to identify you. I had you dogged by night and by day; and in my visits among the hospitals, I found your brother, who had come in pursuit of you—Cain, that you are!—lying, stricken down by an accident; and this is the result!"

"Very effective!" said Altamond Grey: "but you seem to forget that you are my promised wife, Miss Vance."

Dorothea turned to Lyon, and laid her hand in his.

"I was married to Lyon Grey an hour ago."

"Well," said Altamond Grey, coolly, "I suspect I must be rather *de trop* here, so I shall make my adieus. It is not likely we shall meet again!" and, with a wave of his hand and a smile, he left the room, and within an hour had left the city, with all the available funds he could collect.

Well, so the affair ended, except that it left Lyon an aged and melancholy man, to whom the wifely affection of Dorothea was as a glimpse of heaven, and yet had no power to blot out the memory of the past.

A man with the glorious face of Altamond Grey was swept away with yellow fever, during a terrific visitation of the scourge to New Orleans, and was huddled, a nameless pauper, into a common pit, with scores of others.

On his finger was a worn gold ring, with a ruby-heart dropped upon its circle.

THE HISTORY OF KISSING.

By T. F. Thistleton Dyer.

As an act expressive of endearment, kissing would appear to be the most natural. "'Tis certain," says Steele, "Nature was its author, and that it began with the first courtship." Although, however, the first symbol of affection throughout the civilized world, yet in days gone by it was entirely unknown to many races, such as the aborigines of Australia, the New Zealanders, and the Tahitians. Sir John Lubbock, in his "Prehistoric Times" (1878, p. 440), speaking of the various ways by which the feelings are expressed in different countries, has shown that by the Esquimaux kissing was formerly unknown, and remarks that the Hill tribes of Chittagong do not say "Kiss me," but "Smell me." Indeed, the circumstance that certain rude tribes have no knowledge of what may be regarded as one of the very earliest forms of primitive culture may be considered as a proof of primeval barbarism. The fact, too, is all the more remarkable because of the earliest ages in the world's history—from its very infancy—the act of kissing has been handed down as the natural expression of affection. And so one would have imagined that slightest intercourse of cultured races with uncivilized communities would at once have taught them almost intuitively to embrace so simple an exponent of feeling. Without, however, further discussing this subject, which is rather one for the student of anthropology, there can be no doubt that the custom of kissing is of all acts the most universal, and in the present paper we propose to give a brief survey of the numerous rites and ceremonies with which in the course of history it has been prominently associated.

In the first place, then, as a mode of salutation, we may trace the custom of kissing to a very remote period, numerous instances occurring in the Sacred Writings. Thus we read how men saluted the sun, moon, and stars by kissing the hand, a superstition of which Job says he was

THE KISSING BRIDGE, FIFTIETH STREET AND SECOND AVENUE, NEW YORK.

never guilty—the same honor having been tendered to Baal. But, apart from such reference as these, abundant evidence of the universality of this practice in past and modern times is to be found in the writings of most countries.

The Greeks, we know, were in the habit of kissing the lips, hands, knees, or feet, in salutations, according as they considered the person worthy of more or less respect.

In Homer we see Priam kissing the hands and embracing the knees of Achilles while he supplicates for the body of Hector. The custom also prevailed in ancient Rome, and Mr. Disraeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," referring to it, remarks how "the great respect paid to the tribunes, consuls, or dictators obliged individuals to live with them in a more distant and respectful manner; and instead of embracing them as they did formerly, they considered themselves as fortunate if allowed to kiss their hands. Under the emperors, kissing hands became an essential duty, even for the great themselves." The Carthaginians, as a mark of love and sign of friendship, were in the habit of kissing their right hands each together, and then would kiss one another. Indeed, under a variety of forms the act of kissing has entered largely in most countries into the ceremonies of salutation; and, at the present day, many of the kissing customs kept up, apart from their social usage, are interesting in so far as they have been handed down by our forefathers from the distant past.

Another important use to which kissing has been applied has been termed "the kiss of ceremony." Thus, in our courts of law and other places, the form of kissing the New Testament, as an acknowledgment of the juror's faith therein, in support of the sacred nature to him of the vow he has just taken, is an old-established usage. Indeed, there is a popular notion that if "kissing the Book" in taking an oath can by any means be avoided, the false witness escapes the risk of incurring the charge of perjury. "It has occasionally been advanced," we are informed, "as a plea of legal non-liability in actions for false swearing, that the accused kissed his or her own right thumb which held the volume, and never touched it with the lips at all."

Then there is in England the kissing the sovereign's hand at court, in connection with which may be related the following anecdote. In China, it appears, the person admitted to the presence of the Celestial Emperor prostrates himself nine times, each time beating his head against the ground. This act of ceremony is to be performed to the emperor's place, throne, or chair of state even though he himself should be absent. In the year 1816, when Lord Amherst went as ambassador to China, an imperial banquet was given to him and his suite; but when he was called to pay the usual mark of respect as though the emperor was present, he refused. When Napoleon at St. Helena heard of this, he said, "the English minister had acted wrongly in not ordering him to comply with the customs of the place he was sent to, otherwise they ought not to have sent him at all." He further added, "Different nations have different customs. In England you kiss the king's hand at court. Such a thing in France would be looked upon as ridiculous, and the person who did so would be held up to public scorn; but still, the French ambassador who performed such an act would not be considered as having degraded himself. In England, some hundred years back, the king was served kneeling; the

THE YOUNG MOTHER'S KISS.

THE KISS OF CHILDHOOD AND OF YOUTH.

certain woman, when making an offering to the Pope, not only kissed his hand, but committed the terrible outrage of squeezing it. The Pope, seeing the danger to which he was thus exposed, cut off his hand, and by this means escaped the contamination to which he had been rendered liable. Since that time the precaution has been taken of kissing the Pope's toe instead of his hand; and lest any one should doubt the accuracy of this account, the historian argues that the hand, which had been cut off five or six hundred years before, still existed at Rome — a standing miracle, since it was preserved in its original state, free from corruption. When the ceremony of kissing the Pope's toe takes place, he wears on the occasion a slipper with a cross. We may note here that kissing the foot is a common Oriental sign of respect, and is said to have been introduced into the West by the later Roman emperors, whose court ceremonies were mixed with so many servile customs.

Among other ceremonious acts in which kissing holds the prominent place may be noticed that of kissing the hand—an act supposed to indicate extreme gratitude; this custom, too, is still kept up amongst the lower orders, who often show their sense of thankfulness to a benefactor by kissing his hand. Then there is the practice of kissing one's hand as a mark of courtesy, to

same ceremony now takes place in Spain. A man who goes into a country must comply with the ceremonies in use there. And it would have been no degradation whatever for Lord Amherst to have submitted to such ceremonies before the Emperor of China as are performed by the first mandarins of that empire."

In Théophile Gautier's "Constantinople of To-day" there is an account of the ceremony of kissing the Sultan's toe, an honor which is reserved for the vizier, ministers and certain privileged pashas. This act of homage is performed with the utmost solemnity, and is marked by every sign of respect worthy of so important an occasion.

Referring, in the next place, to the custom of kissing the Pope's toe, Matthew of Westminster thus explains its origin. Formerly it was usual to kiss the hand of his Holiness, but toward the close of the eighth century a

which we find an allusion in Howell's "Familiar Letters" (1650)—"This letter comes to kisse your hands from fair Florence, a city so beautifull." In a less refined form this custom was termed "kissing the claws," to which Taylor refers:

"These men can kisse their claws, with—Jack, how is't?
And take and shake me kindly by the fist,
And put me off with dilatory cogges."

In former years the practice of saluting ladies with a kiss seems to have been very general, and many amusing anecdotes of this social custom are on record. It was, however, occasionally severely censured as being open to abuse. Thus, for instance, John Bunyan, in his "Grace Abounding," speaking of it, strongly condemns it. "The common salutation of women," he says, "I abhor; it is odious to me in whomsoever I see it. When I have seen good men salute those women that they have visited, or that have visited them, I have made my objections against it; and when they have answered that it was but a piece of civility, I have made my objections against it; I have told them that it was not a comely sight. Some, indeed, have urged the holy kiss; but then I have asked them why they made balks?—why they did salute the most handsome, and let the ill-favored go?" In spite, however of the censure poured on this old fashion by even conscientious moralists of the time, there can be no doubt that it found favor in the eyes of most of the ladies of our own and other countries.

It has been often remarked, with more or less truth, that there are few of the fair sex who are, in their inmost heart, indifferent to the admiration paid to them in daily life, and who would regard with disfavor a kiss politely offered to them from some gallant swain whom, it may be, they have captivated by their countless charms. History, we know, is daily repeating itself, and it is difficult to believe that human nature is different nowadays from what it was in years gone by, although the manners of society may have undergone certain changes. It is easy to criticise in unmeasured terms the social usages of our predecessors, but, after all, it must not be forgotten that in the present age the same customs are often as popular as ever; the only difference being that, instead of having public recognition, they find a tacit acceptance.

Returning again to some of the famous instances of salutation by kissing, it may be remembered how Cavendish, in his "Biography of Cardinal Wolsey," dwells on this custom, when describing his visit at Monsieur Crequi's castle: "I being in a fair, great dining-chamber," he tells us, "where the table was covered for dinner, and there I attended my lady's coming; and after she came thither out of her own chamber, she received me most gently, like one of noble estate, having a train of gentlewomen. And when she, with her train, came all out, she said to me: 'For as much,' quoth she, 'as ye be an Englishman whose custom it is in your country to kiss all ladies and gentlewomen without offense, and although it be not so in this realm (France), yet will I be so bold as to kiss you, and so shall all my maidens.' By means whereof I kissed my lady and all her maidens."

Chaucer frequently alludes to this old custom, and our readers may recollect how, in the "Sompnour's Tale," he notices the zeal with which the holy father performs this act of gallantry. When the mistress of the house enters the room, where he is busily engaged in "groping tenderly" her husband's conscience, we are told how—

"He riseth up full curtishly
And her embraceth in his armes narrow,
And kisseth her sweet, and chirketh as a sparrow
With his lippes."

Shakespeare, again, introduces it, as in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," where to kiss the hostess is indirectly spoken of as a common courtesy of the day. In Lupton's "London," too (1632), an established attraction of a country inn, we are told, was a pretty hostess or her daughter to salute the guests, without which, it would appear, there was small chance of its becoming a popular resort for the customers of that period. Again, amongst some of the old customs, in which kissing held a prominent place, may be mentioned the ceremony of betrothing, where it served as a kind of seal. Thus, in "Twelfth Night" (act v. sc. 1), Shakespeare makes the priest say—

"A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthened by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact,
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony."

We may also compare the following passage in "King John" (act ii. sc. 1), where King Philip says:

"Young princes, close your hands."

Whereupon the Duke of Austria says:

"And your lips, too; for I am well assured
That I did so when I was first assured."

A very early instance of this custom occurs in the "Life of St. Leobard," who flourished about the year 580 (written by Gregory of Tours), and who is related to have given to his affianced a ring, a kiss and a pair of shoes. Douce, in his "Illustrations of Shakespeare" (1839, p. 69), quotes a curious anecdote from the "Miracles of the Virgin Mary," compiled in the twelfth century by a French monk.

It appears that a young man, falling in love with an image of the Virgin, inadvertently placed on one of its fingers a ring which he had received from his mistress, accompanying the gift with the most tender language and mark of affection. A miracle instantly took place, and the ring remained immovable. The young man, greatly alarmed for his rash conduct, at once consulted his friends, who advised him by all means to devote himself entirely to the service of the Madonna. Unable, however, to relinquish his love for his former mistress, he married her. But, alas! on the wedding-night the newly betrothed lady appeared to him, and urged her claim with so many dreadful menaces that he felt himself compelled to abandon his bride, and that very night to retire privately to a hermitage, where he became a monk for the rest of his days.

Not only, too, did the kiss form a part of the old ceremony of affiancing, but it even constituted a portion of the marriage service itself, as appears from a rubric in one of the Salisbury missals. It may be remembered what an excellent use Shakespeare has made of this custom in the "Taming of the Shrew," where he relates how Petruchio (act iii. sc. 2):

"Took the bride about the neck;
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,
That at the parting all the church did echo."

Again, in "King Richard II." (act v. sc. 1), where the Duke of Northumberland announces to the King that he is to be sent to Pomfret, and his wife to be banished to France, the King pathetically exclaims:

"Doubly divorced! Bad men, you violate
A twofold marriage, 'twixt my crown and me,
And then betwixt me and my married wife.
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made."

Marston, too, in his "Insatiate Countess," says:

"The kisse thou'gavest me in the church, here take."

At the present day there is a popular notion in some parts of the country that it is the privilege of the parson who ties the knot to be the first to kiss the bride on the conclusion of the ceremony. Mr. Henderson, in his "Folklore of the Northern Counties" (1879, p. 39), relates how a clergyman, a stranger in the neighborhood, after performing a marriage in a Yorkshire village, was surprised to see the party keep together as if expecting something. "What are you waiting for?" he asked, at last. "Please, sir," was the bridegroom's answer, "ye've no kissed Molly."

Not many years ago, we are told how a fair lady from the County of Durham, who was married in the South of England, so undoubtedly reckoned for the clerical salute, that, after waiting for it in vain, she boldly took the initiative and bestowed a kiss on the much-amazed South-country vicar. The practice, too, was in years past much kept up in Scotland, as is referred to in the following old song, in which the bridegroom, addressing the minister, says:

"It's no very decent for you to be kissing;
It does not look weel in the black coat ava,
'Twould have set you far better tae hae gi'en your blessing
Than thus by such tricks to be breaking the law.
Dear Wattie, quo' Robin, it's just an old custom,
And the thing that is common should ne'er be ill ta'en,
For where ye are wrong, if ye had na a wished him,
You should ha' been first. It's yoursel' is to blame."

It has been suggested that this custom may be a relic of the *osculum pacis*, or the presentation of the Pax to the newly married pair. Mr. Henderson also informs us that some years ago it was customary in Ireland for the clergyman to conclude the marriage ceremony with the words, "Kiss your wife," and occasionally "the bridegroom was hard put to prevent one or other of his companions from intercepting the salute designed for himself."

Again, in years gone by, a kiss was the recognized fee of a lady's partner, and as such is noticed by Shakespeare in "Henry VIII." (act i. sc. 4):

"I were unmannerly to take you out
And not kiss you."

In an old treatise, too, entitled the "Use and Abuse of Dancing and Minstrelsie," we read:

"But some reply, what foole will daunce,
If that when daunce is doon;
He may not have at ladyes lips
That which in daunce he woon."

The custom is still prevalent among country people in many parts of the kingdom. "When," says Brand ("Pop. Antiq." ii. 140), "the fiddler thinks his young couple have had music enough, he makes his instrument squeak out the notes which all understand to say 'Kiss her!'"

In the sixteenth century it appears that English balls were usually opened with a kissing-dance entitled "A Brawl," to which Shakespeare refers in "Love's Labor's Lost" (act iii. sc. 1), where Moth asks:

"Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?"

The performers, we are told, first united hands in a circle, and then, after the leading couple had placed themselves in the centre of the ring, and the gentleman saluted all the ladies in turn, and his fair partner each gentleman; the figure continuing until every pair had followed the example set them.

The Puritans of the Elizabethan age strongly condemned this dance, and Stubbes exclaims, "What clipping, what culling, what kissing and bussing, and monching of one another!" In spite, however, of all opposition, a writer in the "Graphic and Historical Illustrator ("1834, p. 183) remarks that this kissing-dance "ran a career unparalleled in the history of salutation. It spread from land to land: and everywhere, from the court to the cottage, was enthusiastically welcomed." Wraxall, also, relates in his "History of France," how the Duke of Montpensier, only a few days before he expired, was removed from his bed purposely to witness "one of these dances, which was performed in his own palace by some of the young nobility."

In modern days we may compare with this once fashionable dance that popular game known as "Kiss in the Ring," which is kept up with so much enthusiasm amongst the lower orders. Once more, to quote another scene of merriment in which kissing constitutes the chief attraction, we may mention that Christmas gambol known as "Kissing under the Mistletoe," for, in accordance with an old notion formerly prevalent, the maid who was not kissed under it at Christmas would not be married in that year.

This custom is said to have originated thus: Balder, the Apollo of Scandinavian mythology, was killed by a mistletoe arrow given to the blind Höder, by Loki, the God of Mischief. Balder was, nevertheless, restored to life, but henceforth the mistletoe was placed under the care of Friga, and was never again to be an instrument of evil till it touched the earth, the empire of Loki. On this account it is always suspended from ceilings, and so whenever persons of opposite sexes pass under it they give one another the kiss of peace and love, in the full assurance that this plant is no longer an instrument of mischief.

Lastly, of the many kissing terms employed at different times, there was one formerly in use termed "Kissing the hare's foot," applied to those who came so late that they lost their dinner or supper; the meaning probably being that those who came too late to partake of the hare had no better chance than to kiss the foot, and get nothing to eat. In Browne's "British Pastorals" we read:

"'Tis supper-time with all, and we had need
Make haste away, unless we mean to speed
With those that kiss the hare's foot. Rhumes are bred,
Some say, by going supperless to bed,
And those I love not."

"To kiss the post," meant to be shut out, and occurs in Pasquil's "Night Cap" (1612):

"Men of all countries travel through the same
And, if they want money, may kisse the post."

Again, the "Lamourette's kiss," which is a term used for a reconciliation of policy without abatement of rancor, originated in the following circumstance: On July 7th, 1792, the Abbé Lamourette induced the different factions of the Legislative Assembly of France to lay aside their differences; so the deputies of the Royalists, Constitutionalists, Girondists, Jacobins, and Orientalists rushed into each other's arms, and the King was sent for to see "how these Christians loved one another"; but the reconciliation was hollow and unsound.

Once more, the pansy, from its habit of coquettishly hanging its head and half hiding its face, has had many quaint names applied to it, such as "Kiss me behind the

garden gate," "Jump up and kiss me," and "Kiss me ere I rise."

Without adding further illustrations to show how numerous and varied are the associations which have in the course of years clustered round the act of kissing, we must not omit to mention the celebrated "kissing-comfits"— sugar-plums which were once extensively used by fashionable persons to make the breath sweet. Falstaff, it may be remembered, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" (act v. sc. 5), alludes to these, for, when embracing Mrs. Ford, he exclaims, "Let it thunder to the tune of green sleeves, hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes;" and in Massinger's "Very Woman" (act i. sc. 1) they are probably referred to:

> "Faith, search our pockets, and if you find there
> Comfits of ambergrease to help our kisses,
> Conclude us faulty."

THE HISTORY OF KISSING.— A MORNING KISS.— SEE PAGE 611.

EARLY DEVELOPED POWER TO COMMAND.

The following list of great generals whose superior capacity was exhibited in early manhood was compiled by the late Brevet Major-General Emory Upton:

Philip of Macedon ascended the throne at twenty-two, was the conqueror of Greece at forty-five, and died at forty-seven.

Alexander the Great defeated the celebrated Theban band at Cheronea before arriving at the age of eighteen, ascended the throne at twenty, had conquered the world at twenty-five, and died at thirty-two.

Julius Cæsar commanded a fleet before Mitylene and distinguished himself before the age of twenty-two; completed his first war in Spain and was made consul before the age of forty; conquered Gaul, twice crossed the Rhine, and twice invaded Britain before the age of forty-five; won the battle of Pharsalia and obtained supreme power at fifty-two. He died at fifty-six, the victor of five hundred battles and the conqueror of one thousand cities.

Hannibal was made commander-in-chief of the Carthaginian army in Spain at twenty-six, and had won all his great battles in Italy, concluding with Cannæ, at thirty-one.

Scipio Africanus, the elder, distinguished himself at the battle of Ticinus at sixteen, and at twenty-nine overthrew the power of Carthage at Zama.

Scipio Africanus, the younger, had conquered the other Carthaginian armies and completed the destruction of Carthage at thirty-six.

Genghis-Khan achieved many of his victories and became emperor of the Monguls at forty.

Charlemange was crowned king at twenty-six, was master of France and the larger part of Germany at twenty-nine, placed on his head the iron crown of Italy at thirty-two, and conquered Spain at thirty-six.

Gonsalvo de Cordova, the great captain, had gained a great reputation and was made commander-in-chief of the army of Italy at forty-one.

Henry IV. of France was at the head of the Huguenot army

THE EASTER KISS IN RUSSIA.

at sixteen, became King of Navarre at nineteen, overthrew his enemies and became King of France before the age of forty.

Montecuculi, at the age of thirty-one, with 2,000 horse, attacked 10,000 Swedes, and captured all their baggage and artillery; gained the victory of Triebel at thirty-two; defeated the Swedes and saved Denmark at forty-nine; and at fifty-three defeated the Turks in the battle of St. Gothard.

Saxe was a *maréchal-de-camp* at twenty-four, marshal of France at forty-four, and at forty-nine gained the famous victory at Fontenoy.

Vauban, the great engineer, had conducted several sieges at twenty-five, was *maréchal-de-camp* at forty-three, and *commissaire-général* of fortifications of France at forty-five.

Turenne, passing through the grades of captain, colonel, major-general and lieutenant-general, became a marshal of France at thirty-two, and won all his distinction before he was forty.

The great Condé defeated the Spaniards at Rocroi at twenty-two, and won all his military fame before the age of twenty-five.

Prince Eugene of Savoy was colonel at twenty-one, lieutenant field-marshal at twenty-four, and shortly after general field marshal. He gained the battle of Zenta at thirty-four, and co-operated with Marlborough at Blenheim at forty-one.

Peter the Great of Russia was proclaimed Czar at ten years of age, organized a large army at twenty, won the victory of Embach at thirty, founded St. Petersburg at thirty-one, and died at the age of fifty-five.

Charles XII. completed his first campaign against Denmark at eighteen, overthrew 80,000 Russians at Narva before nineteen, conquered Poland and Saxony at twenty-four, and died at thirty-six.

Frederick the Great ascended the throne at twenty-eight, terminated the first Silesian war at thirty, and the second at thirty-three. Ten years later, with a population of but 5,000,000, he triumphed over a league of more than one hundred million of people.

Cortes effected the conquest of Mexico and completed his military career before the age of thirty-six.

Pizarro completed the conquest of Peru at thirty-five, and died at forty.

Lord Clive distinguished himself at twenty-two, attained his greatest fame at thirty-five, and died at fifty.

Wolfe was conqueror of Quebec at thirty-two.

Napoleon was a major at twenty-four, general of brigade at twenty-five, and commander-in-chief of the army of Italy at twenty-six; achieved all his victories and was finally overthrown before the age of forty-four.

A BOHEMIAN PRESENT.

La Bruyere, the classical author of the time of Louis XIV., was in the habit of dropping in, during his strolls about Paris, at the house of Michallet, the printer and

A KISS ON THE SLY.

bookseller. There he would poke among the old and new books and romp with Michallet's little daughter, a pretty child, to whom he had taken a fancy. One day in the year 1686 he took a roll of manuscript from his pocket and handed it to her father, saying:

"See here, will you print this? I cannot say if it will be worth your while, but should it produce anything, it will be my contribution to your little daughter's dowry."

In 1687 the "Caracteres de la Bruyere" was published. Half a dozen editions were snapped up, yielding a profit of over one hundred thousand francs. The honest bookseller went to the author, begging him to share the money with him. The generous author laughed at him.

"What are you talking about?" he demanded. "It is no business either of yours or mine. It is your child's property. I am only glad it has turned out so well."

So little Mlle. Michallet remained in possession of her fortune.

THE END.

The course of the weariest river
Ends in the great gray sea;
The acorn, for ever and ever,
Strives upward to the tree.
The rainbow, the sky adorning,
Shines promise through the storm;
The glimmer of coming morning
Through midnight gloom will form.
By time all knots are riven,
Complex although they be,
And peace at last be given,
Dear, both to you and to me.

Then though the path may be dreary,
Look onward to the goal;
Though the heart and the head be weary,
Let faith inspire the soul;
Seek the right, though the wrong be tempting,
Speak the truth at any cost;
Vain is all weak exempting
When once the gem is lost.
Let strong hand and keen eye be ready
For plain and ambushed foes;
Thought earnest and fancy steady
Bear best unto the close.

The heavy clouds may be raining,
But with evening comes the light;
Though the dark low winds are complaining,
Yet the sunrise gilds the height;
And Love has his hidden treasure
For the patient and the pure;
And Time gives his fullest measure
To the workers who endure;
And the Word that no law has shaken
Has the future pledge supplied;
For we know that when we "awaken"
We shall be "satisfied."

HAREMS.

Owing to the nature of the institution, our knowledge of harem life is entirely derived from the visits of European ladies. The Turkish authorities, it must be confessed, are very amiable in this respect, and little difficulty is experienced when the introductions are good. The Turk is commonly believed to be a sort of Bluebeard. It is not so. The lower classes never have more than one wife, and it is only in the case of wealthy Pashas that there are three or four wives, the latter number being legally allowed to every Mussulman, according to the Koran; this is exclusive of almost any number of slaves and concubines. The husband must have no acquaintance, however slight, with women other than those of his own harem, and should he observe slippers outside of the harem door, he knows that ladies are visiting, and therefore cannot enter his own house. Then, again, if perchance he strolls through the bazaar, there must be no recognition of any of his own women, although they may be throwing away his money right and left in a most lavish way on silks and jewels. He must not say a word, and so strokes his beard and passes on with an "Inshallah" ("Please God"), or "Allah kerim" (God is great and merciful"); for now he knows only too well how the money goes!

European ladies are the objects of much attention and curiosity on the part of the women of a harem. Their dresses are felt, they are pawed all over and asked childish questions incessantly; for it must be remembered that a large harem consists of wives and domestic slaves, the latter counted by hundreds. A young English lady, seventeen years old, of great personal attractions and engaging manners, some time back visited a harem, accompanied by her mother and friends. The women questioned her, and would not believe that she had no children, or even a husband. One of the wives, who took a great fancy to her, threw her arms round her neck and entreated her to stay with them for ever. She could have any husband she liked; and even was so kind as to especially recommend her own, adding that she was sure he would soon want another wife, and that she, the real wife, would much rather it was this nice English girl, as then there would always be the pleasure of having her as a friend and companion. Here was a most decided offer. A firm refusal, however, of these honors caused much surprise and disappointment.

A CURIOUS SNUFF-BOX.

Shortly after the breaking-out of the French Revolution its advocates denounced William Pitt as "an enemy to the human race," that man, "so easy to live with," who sang the song about himself, called "Billy Pitt, the Tory." His secretary one day told him that a foreigner who spoke English tolerably well had twice or thrice asked to see him, but not looking like a proper applicant, had been sent away, the great man's time being too precious for him to admit every stranger who on frivolous pretexts might seek to gratify an idle curiosity. This person, however, had said he should return in an hour; the secretary therefore thought it his duty to inform Mr. Pitt of such intention, and asking his further orders in the affair. "Have the goodness," said the Minister, "to open that top left-hand drawer in that cabinet, and bring me its contents." These were a pair of pistols and a morocco case. Opening the letter, he produced a snuff-box, in which was set a portrait. "Is that like our visitor?" asked Pitt. "It is the man, sir," answered the secretary. "Ha, I have expected him for some days! He is sent over to assassinate me; so, when he calls again, let him be shown up." "Sir," exclaimed the attached retainer, "will you expose to danger your life on which so much depends?" "There will be no danger, I thank you, but you may be within call, if you please." Accordingly, the Frenchman, on his return, was ushered into the room where William Pitt sat alone, a loaded pistol in one hand, the miniature in the other.

"Monsieur Mehée de la Touche," said Pitt calmly, "you see I am in every way prepared for you, thanks to an agent employed by our Government. Attempt my life, and you shall instantly pay the forfeit. In any case I

shall have you secured and given over to the law." The intended assassin stood paralyzed and dumb at this cool reception. "But," continued Pitt, "there is another alternative—personal safety and high rewards are in your power. Sell your services to Great Britain; make your market of whatever secret information you can procure that may guard us against the machinations of your country; be, in fact, one of the necessary evils which policy forces us to use in desperate cases; do what no honorable man could do to save yourself from speedy death; your conscience is stained by purposed murder. Comply perforce with these conditions, and you shall be as liberally paid as you must, by all parties, be justly despised." The secretary used to repeat his illustrious master's words, which were, as nearly as possible, to the foregoing effect. The clever miscreant joyfully accepted these terms, and for many years earned the bribes of a spy in our behalf.

A FORTUNATE CURE.

Perhaps the most fortunate cure ever performed by a physician, pecuniarily speaking, was that performed by the English surgeon Broughton, on the nabob's daughter. In the year 1636, Broughton was sent from Surat, on the Bombay coast, to Agra, an important city in the heart of India, to treat one of the daughters of the Emperor Shah-Jehan; and, as good fortune and his own skill would have it, the princess was cured. By way of recompense, the Emperor, among other favors, gave him the privilege of a free commerce throughout his dominions.

Broughton immediately repaired to Bengal, there to purchase goods; and scarcely had he arrived when he was summoned to attend the favorite of the nabob of the province, who was suffering under a dangerous and distressing disease. This patient, also, he restored to pristine health and vigor, whereupon the nabob settled a pension on him; and not only confirmed to him the privilege of the empire, but promised to allow the same to all the English who should come to Bengal.

Broughton communicated this to the English governor at Surat, and it was by the advice of the latter that the Company, in 1640, sent two ships from England to Bengal. Such was the origin of a commerce and of territorial acquisitions little dreamed of in Broughton's time.

A Mechanic's Real Wealth.—The mechanic may imagine that, when he had added together the amount of his savings, the value of his home and of his tools, he has accounted for all his wealth. But how much he has omitted! His strong arm, his expert hands, his knowledge of his trade, his physical endurance, his reputation as a superior and faithful workmen—these are of more worth to him in the future, even from a money point of view, than all his material possessions. With them he can repair losses and make good deficiencies, and, if need be, with good heart and courage begin the world anew; but, rob him of these, and he is poor and pitiable indeed.

It is eminently desirable that the practical and the speculative powers should be united as far as possible in every individual. He who can see both the near and the remote, who can take a comprehensive grasp of a subject, and yet arrange in every detail with precision, has a great advantage over him who can do only one. The very first step to supplying such deficiency is to be conscious of our own lack, and to respect and appreciate the needed power as soon as we discover it in others.

WARNING AGAINST HASTY CONCLUSIONS.

Some years ago, a poor woman was discovered lying dead on the floor of her room in a low part of Westminster, with such marks of violence upon her body—notably a deep longitudinal cut on the head, which had incised a bone of the skull itself—as to point to the conclusion that she had been the victim of foul-play. Her husband was taken into custody, and put upon trial for murder. In making his defense, he accounted for the bruises, blood-stains, and other collateral evidence in various plausible ways; and for the scalp-wound by showing that the room was an attic with a broken skylight in the roof, and insinuating that a sharp-edged piece of glass must have fallen on his wife's head as she stood underneath. The surgeon who had been called in to view the body, in giving his evidence, expressed his opinion that a piece of glass in falling would not have sufficient force to cut into a bone. Notwithstanding this and other facts tending to prove that there was no moral doubt as to the guilt of the accused, the balance of legal testimony against him was not strong enough to convict, and he escaped. The surgeon—long since risen to the top of the professional tree, and now a man of European reputation—was at that time curator of an anatomical museum, where, in the department devoted to zoology and comparative anatomy, stood the skeleton of a cow. A few weeks after the trial above quoted, a violent thunderstorm, accompanied by hail, burst over London one night, and much damage was done; amongst other things, the museum skylights were extensively shattered. When the curator arrived next morning, he found a spiculum of broken glass actually sticking upright in the very edge of one of the sharp prominences of the bone—technically, the *spinous processes*—projecting from the vertebræ of the cow! I have often heard him narrate the incident at lecture, as a warning to young men against conclusions jumped at on the strength of preconceived ideas instead of patient investigation and experience. The wound in the woman's skull *might*, after all, have been produced by falling glass.

AN ECCENTRIC WILL.

One of the most eccentric wills of modern times was lately quietly set aside by Vice-Chancellor Bacon, in the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice, England. The document in question was executed in May, 1868, by a Mrs. Anne Burdett, of Gilmorton, in Leicestershire, and her leading testamentary dispositions were made in a codicil, which directed certain appointed trustees, immediately after her funeral, to cause the windows and doors of every room in her dwelling-house to be bricked up in a solid and substantial manner, thus immuring all the goods and chattels in the house, even to the clock on the mantelpiece, and to continue the bricking-up for a period of twenty years. The kitchen only was to remain unsealed; and in this apartment some respectable married couple were to be installed, at a peppercorn rent of one halfpenny per week, their duty being to take care of the premises, and, in particular, to see that no attempts were made to raise the brick blockade of the doors and windows. In order that her directions should be carried out to the letter, certain benefits under the will were given to the trustees, which benefits they were to forfeit if the house ceased to be in a strictly bricked-up and barricaded state.

By another codicil this lively and genial testatrix directed that the windows should be boarded up and nailed with good long nails, bent down on the inside, and then

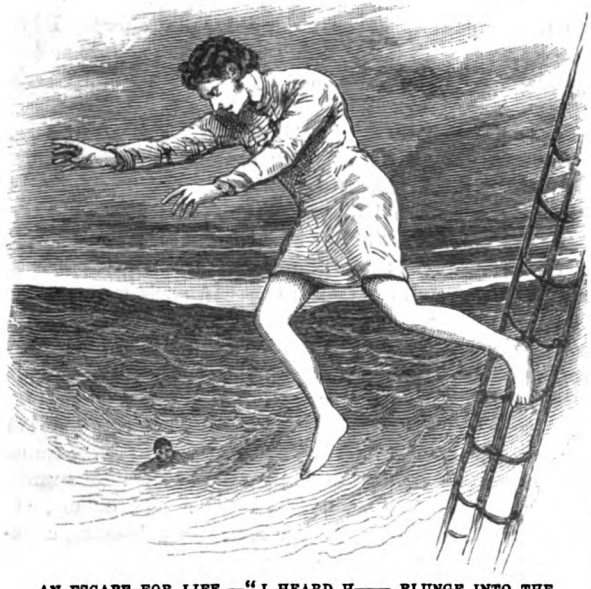
THE HISTORY OF KISSING.—THE KISS THAT WAKED THE SLEEPING BEAUTY AND HER COURT.—SEE PAGE 611.

covered up with sheet-iron and tin. Of the property thus hermetically sealed up no effectual devise was made. This extraordinary will was disputed in the Probate Court, but probate was eventually granted. Then the parties who were dissatisfied took the case into Chancery, and no fewer than eight counsel learned in the law appeared before the Vice-Chancellor, those who supported the validity of the devise quoting Pope's well-known lines, in which the poet says that a testator may "endow a college or a cat," and seeking to draw therefrom the inference that Mrs. Burdett was entitled to dispose of her own precisely as she liked, even though her testamentary injunctions were of the most capriciously grotesque nature. Sir James Bacon, however, very cogently pointed out that, in the case before him, the testator had endowed neither a cat nor a college; and he directed the trustees to unseal and release all this hitherto useless property, and distribute it as the undisposed residue of real and personal estate.

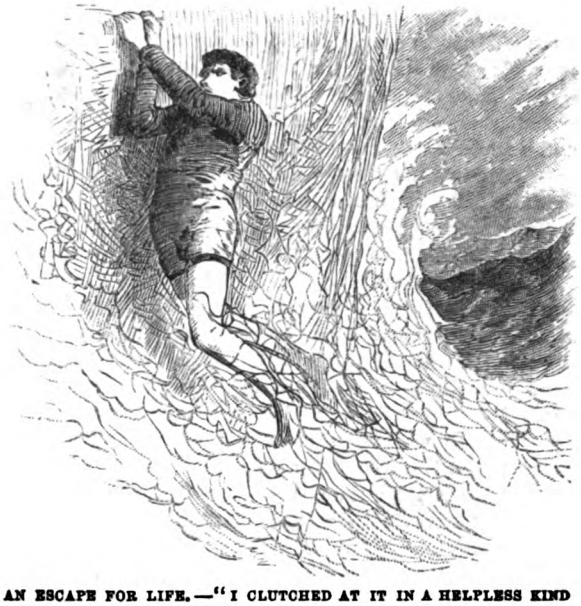
AN ESCAPE FOR LIFE FROM A FIJIAN CYCLONE.

SAVU SAVU BAY, THE FIJI ISLES,
15*th December*, 1881.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER—I arrived here only yesterday morning from Levuka, and very, very glad I am to get safe home at last, for we were shipwrecked on the way, and had to swim for our lives; it was a terrible time. I suffered all the awful horrors of a death by drowning, but my life has been preserved, I may truly say, in a wonderful manner. I don't know how to write about it; I am so full of thankfulness that you have been spared what I know would have been a great sorrow to you all; just simply rejoice that I am still to the fore, a good deal battered about, but safe and sound, and as well in health as ever, thank God for that. But I had better begin at the beginning, and give an account of the whole affair. I left Levuka last Tuesday morning, the 9th, at daylight, in a cutter of nine tons, the owner and captain in charge, his name H——, a man of few words, a quiet, honest, trustworthy fellow, for whom I have a great liking, thoroughly up to his work. As crew we had a half-caste and two strong Fijians, only one other passenger besides myself.



AN ESCAPE FOR LIFE.—"I HEARD H—— PLUNGE INTO THE SEA BEHIND ME."



AN ESCAPE FOR LIFE.—"I CLUTCHED AT IT IN A HELPLESS KIND OF WAY, AND, MOST MERCIFULLY, THREE FINGERS OF EACH HAND STUCK IN TWO SMALL NICHES IN THE ROCK."

This man, A——, was formerly captain in some merchant service, a very rough diamond, but at bottom a very good fellow; he came to Fiji about ten years ago, and is now a gray old fellow, with a wife and a large family of children. H—— is in partnership with C——, in Savu Savu Bay, brother to the one you know. They bought this cutter a few months ago, and have been running her regularly ever since.

We left Levuka, as I have said, at daylight last Tuesday, with a very light breeze. We made very little way that day, and anchored for the night close to an island. Next morning at daylight we started again; what little breeze there was, was in our favor, but by evening it had died away, and left us out in the open sea. All that night we kept bobbing on. As soon, however, as day dawned, we saw at once we were in for something hot—at all events, a very heavy squall was coming on—so we took in all our extra sails, and reefed close down, not a bit too soon. A terrific storm of wind and rain struck us, sending the cutter almost over on to her beam-ends; we feared our two small sails would be blown clean away, but being new and strong, they held, to our great relief. At first we thought we were only in for a very heavy squall, which would not last more than two or three hours, but instead of that, it increased in fury, and so rapidly, that within half an hour it was blowing a perfect hurricane, and as we have since found out, a regular cyclone. I have seldom seen such a sight; I never wish to experience it again in such a small craft. Our cutter of nine tons, in ordinary sailing weather, always boasted of five sails—a mainsail, square sail, gaff topsail, stay sail, and jib. We took in everything except the mainsail and jib, both of which we shortened as much as possible, and yet we lay over with our lee gunwale under water the whole time. At first the sea was comparatively smooth, for the wind was so strong that it literally prevented the sea from rising; it seemed at first that it was impossible for the waves to lift, or if one attempted to do so the wind caught it and sent it hissing along in spray; we were almost blinded with the heavy rain and spray; and although seven o'clock in the morning, it became quite dark, and we were enveloped in a thick fog, and could only see a few yards ahead.

The storm came up from the eastward, but soon shifted

round to the N.E., right dead ahead in our teeth; we then decided to try and make for the shelter of a small rocky barren islet, for we were out in the open sea, and this was our only refuge. We steered by compass, for we could not see any distance ahead. H—— steered, A—— went to the masthead, and Lui, the half-caste, and the two Fijians stood ready. As there were plenty of men to do what was wanted, I remained close to H——, to lend him a hand if necessary. We were of course drenched all the time with the heavy rain and spray, but that was nothing. To reach the island we had to pass through some dangerous reef patches, lying a mile and a half from it, the passage through the reef only a very narrow one, being but a few yards wide. Not one of us spoke a word; I knew afterward that we were all thinking the same thing, that it was indeed very doubtful whether any of us would see land again. We were close-hauled to endeavor to get as much as possible to windward of the passage, and we were anxious to get through before the wind shifted round any more. After a long time, A—— cried out that we were close upon the reef; there it was, a white seething mass of huge waves and foam. I looked at H——, his honest brown face as white as a sheet, and with such a desperate look upon it; we all saw at once that it was impossible to make the passage, close-hauled though we were, on that tack. There was not a second to be lost; we were almost on the reef; H—— tried to put the cutter about; she missed stays; we could not get her round; and the next moment we were broadside on, among the huge waves and white foam right on the reef, which here is some fifty to sixty yards wide; an awful sea was running, and we were tossed up and down like a cockleshell. A—— at the masthead roared out his orders in a hoarse voice of agony, "Luff, luff! keep her full!" and in that way we literally *dodged* between the huge rocks until we reached the deep water beyond. Our escape was a most miraculous one; at one time if we had been in the trough of the sea instead of on the top of a huge wave, we must have all lost our lives. When we were safe in the open sea again, A—— came down from the masthead, his face very white, and said to me, "Sonny, I would not have given five cents for any of our lives a minute ago." I looked on old H——; he was nearly crying with thankfulness.

That danger over, we had another difficulty before us—how to reach the island; for the wind was gradually hauling round, and was again blowing dead ahead, and a tremendous sea was running. After tacking and tacking with the greatest difficulty, we reached holding-ground on the lee side of our barren island, and threw out both anchors and sixty-five fathoms of chain. Lui and the Fijians went ashore in the boat to cook; she returned for A——, who also went ashore. H—— and I remained on board, not anticipating any danger. This was at nine o'clock in the morning. Soon after A—— left us the wind went round to the northward, and instead of our being on the lee side of the island, we were now on the windward side, exposed to the full fury of the gale; it was impossible then for the boat to return to us; the sight was a grand one, and believing that our chains would hold, and not dreaming that there was any danger, I thoroughly enjoyed it.

Where the boat had gone ashore was a narrow strip of white sand, with a blackground of trees, the rest of the island nothing but bluff barren rocks, rising straight out of the water; a tremendous sea was rolling in, and dashing furiously against these rocks, striking them and rising high in the air a mass of white foam; the trees on the island in their new Spring foliage forming a beautiful contrast. H—— said to me, "What an iron-bound coast." I made some remark, I think, that it was very grand; and H—— said, "Yes, old man, but I pity the poor fellows who get dashed up against those rocks."

Meanwhile, the storm was increasing rapidly in fury, the cutter dipping bows under to every wave, the spray flying clean over us. We went down below into the little cabin and had something to eat, a biscuit and salt beef. It was impossible for the boat to come out to us; nothing could have lived in the heavy sea, so we were obliged to remain on board, the storm raging worse and worse. A little before three o'clock in the afternoon I went down below, for I was very cold and wet. I was down but a few minutes, when H—— called to me, "Old man, stand by to swim; one chain has parted!"

The tone of his voice was quite enough. I did not say a word; I *felt* the worst had come; I went on deck at once; there was H——, with nothing but his shirt on, his face very white, and with the same look on it that I had noticed when we were *on* the reef. I went to the bows, and, of course, saw at once that one chain had gone. I said to H——, "Let us lash two oars together and get ashore on them." He said, "Not a bit of use; you will only be drifted upon those rocks; your only chance is to swim, and try and make for that bit of sandy beach. It is your only chance, old man; if you get upon those rocks you will be dashed to pieces." Now, in order to reach that sandy beach we had to swim in a great measure against wind, waves and tide. I merely said, "I suppose we had better go before the other chain parts." He said, "Yes, if you wait till then you will have less chance." I did not say another word. I stripped my clothes off. As I was taking my shirt off, H—— said, "You had better keep that on; you will want something on shore." But I took it off, for I knew I could not swim in it; I, however, kept my jersey on, and there I stood ready.

We both stood together hanging on to the shrouds, both of us silent, for a minute or two, very quiet, and our faces—for mine must have been the same as H——'s—very white. I looked at the huge breakers, at the rocks, at the distance from the strip of beach, and I felt my heart sink terribly. I did not say a word, but I felt I could not reach the shore; there was no time for any cowardice. H—— told afterward that I did not show the slightest fear, that he never saw any one behave in such a cool manner as I did. Just before I jumped into the sea I turned round to H—— and said, "Old man, I can't do it." The next moment I was among the waves, swimming for the shore. I kept up my presence of mind grandly. I swam slowly and deliberately, for I knew I stood a poor chance if I flurried myself.

I heard H—— plunge into the sea behind me; he soon passed me, swimming with far greater ease than I did; he is much more powerfully built than I am, stronger in every way, and has led a very rough life since his boyhood; he stood a far better chance of reaching the shore than I did. It was terrible work amongst those huge breakers; they followed each other in such quick succession, that when you did manage to rise to the surface after being overwhelmed with one, you had not time even to breathe before the next huge wave was upon you. I was getting very exhausted, my arms and legs so tired that I could scarcely move them, and I found it more difficult to rise from under the waves. I saw A—— (who cannot swim a stroke) on the beach, gesticulating and running about frantically. I saw H—— far ahead of me, still making good way; then I saw Lui, the half-caste, a perfect Hercules in strength, and a splendid swimmer, dash into the water followed by the two Fijians. I saw them reach H——; one Fijian remained with him to help him,

and Lui and the other came on toward me. It seemed child's play to them; the breakers were rolling in toward the shore; as they met each one they dived under it, and so they came on to me. I was afraid they would not reach me in time, for I was completely exhausted. I had no strength left in me, and I gave an awful yell, and sank before they reached me. When I came to the surface I found myself almost unconsciously between them, my left hand on Lui's shoulder, my right arm held up by the Fijian. We made for the shore; in a second a huge breaker was upon us, and separated us.

A——, who was watching from the beach, says he thought none of us would come to the surface again, we were so long beneath the waves; however, we came to the surface again, and Lui and the Fijian grasped me again; a huge wave separated us again, again we came together, and made a vain attempt. Lui said, *Sa oti* ("It is finished"), shook me off and made for the shore, followed by the Fijian. I then heard a yell from H——, the Fijian who came out to help him had deserted him also. When Lui said *Sa oti*, and the two men left me, the agony of mind I suffered is something indescribable; I gave up all hope of life, I was utterly exhausted, and down I sank. I heard the breakers roaring above me, I could just see my arms moving feebly about, my stomach began to swell most painfully with the amount of salt water I was swallowing, and then, in the most unaccountable manner, I came to the surface again, and saw them dragging H—— ashore.

Down I sank again, and so on, until at last I felt dashed against the rocks. I grasped at them, but they were smooth and slippery, and back I was sucked again by the waves; the next wave threw me up again, and I felt a hand clutch hold of me and drag me higher up; I fully realized then how a drowning man grasps at every straw; the wave *flattened* both of us against the rock, which rose sheer above us; I clutched at it in a helpless kind of way, and most mercifully three fingers of each hand stuck in two small niches in the rock; I could only get them in as far as the first joint, no more; how I held on is a marvel to me, a marvel to every one who saw the place afterward. The next wave lifted me clean off my feet, and towered high above us; how my fingers retained their hold I cannot tell, it was pure desperation; as the wave receded the suction was very great; it washed the Fijian, who had saved me, back again, amongst the breakers. I looked round for an instant, and saw him struggling in the water, but the next wave was upon me, a huge body of water, and I held on again like grim death; my strength was gone, my arms and legs numb, but I did not leave go. The wave washed the Fijian into a small hole in the rock hollowed out by the action of the water; into this the waves swept with fearful force, but the Fijian was fresh and stuck there.

After a while he clambered round the rocks, how I don't know, and went for help; he saw A—— and shouted to him for a rope, he (A——) chopped off the boat's painter with an ax, and sent Lui and the Fijians over the rocks to me. They came down from above, and let the rope down to me in a noose; it was too short—they called and yelled to me to catch hold of it, but I could not, I had no strength left; they let it down a little lower, it was now about two feet above me; I waited for the next wave, it lifted me up, I made one desperate effort and caught hold of the rope; they dragged me up to a small ledge, where there was just room for me to stand; they seized me by the wrists and legs, and there I vomited a quantity of blood and water; after a while they dragged me up higher to another ledge; as they were doing so the cutter, which had in the meantime parted the remaining chain, was dashed against the rocks, her topmast striking the rocks within a few feet of me. Well, they dragged me up from ledge to ledge, until we got to a safe place, and there I lay and vomited bucketsful. The Fijians, seeing I was numb with cold, lay upon me with their naked bodies like blankets until I had got some warmth into me; they then, between them, carried me down to the beach, into a sort of cave. A—— came up, and never shall I forget the rough fellow's tender kindness to me. "Old man, old man, I never thought I should see you again. I told H—— long ago that you were cooked. Lui and the Fijians when they came ashore said it was impossible to save you, that you were a drowned man, that it was written on your face; that they themselves were nearly drowned; that the sharks were already at you."

A—— fortunately had brought a rug ashore with him in the boat; he stripped off my wet jersey, took off his own dry fisherman's blue jersey, made me put it on, and wrapped me in his rug, and made the Fijians light a fire, and I lay close alongside. It was quite dark then—just think how awful it would have been if the storm had come upon us during the night. The shake of the hand old A—— gave me when he first saw me I shall never forget. Soon H—— came limping up; we said nothing at first, but just looked at each other in quiet thankfulness. He then told me he had never had such a narrow squeak for his life before, that he also gave up all hope, and yet *I* saw him dragged ashore. A—— told me that they all rushed into the water and dragged him ashore, and that when he saw his face he gave up all hope of ever seeing me again, for H——'s face was like a corpse's, his lips livid.

That night, when the tide went down, A——, Lui, and the Fijians went to the cutter to get some food and water, for we were on a barren island without either; although the waves were dashing over the cutter, they pluckily dived into her hold and brought up a box of tinned meats and a bag of flour belonging to me; they also secured a keg of water, so we were fortunately provided with provisions for a week. This was all that could be done then; the seas had broken open the hatches, and were washing the cargo out in the most merciless way. That night the wind went right round to the southward, and then gradually to the eastward, proving that we had experienced a regular cyclone. The gale raged all night, and we never expected to see the cutter in the morning. None of us slept that night, but we all lay down; an oar served us three for a pillow. A—— and H—— put me between them; no clothes had been saved from the wreck. A—— had fortunately his rug; we lay as close to each other as we possibly could, I close up to H——'s back, and A—— close up to mine with his arm round me. How bitterly cold it was, how the wind did roar! I could not sleep, my chest was paining me too much; I said, "I can't breathe." H—— said, "I am just the same, every breath I take pains me." I suppose this was the result of the quantity of salt water we had swallowed. We were very thankful when morning at last dawned. H—— and I could not move; his legs were much cut about, but I was in a far worse state. When they hauled me over the rocks I was bleeding, I may truly say, all over; it was a great mercy no limbs were broken. I was cut all over, my feet and legs terribly; when H—— and A—— looked over me next morning they said, "By Jove, old man, you would make a splendid zebra." I was afraid at first that my left knee was seriously damaged, for I could not move it; my feet were much swollen, and I had an ugly cut in my groin. My wounds were all full of dirt; there was no water to wash in, for we had but very little for drinking

AN ESCAPE FOR LIFE.—"THE FIJIANS, SEEING I WAS NUMB WITH THE COLD, LAY UPON ME WITH THEIR NAKED BODIES, UNTIL I HAD GOT SOME WARMTH INTO ME."

purposes, and it was necessary to husband that very carefully, for we did not know when we might be rescued. However, I bore all with the greatest cheerfulness—everything seemed so utterly trivial when I thought how mercifully my life had been spared. That night as I lay awake, a feeling of utter horror came over me when I thought of what I had gone through, and then it would change to intense thankfulness that I was still safe and sound in limb. A—— told me that I was at least three-quarters of an hour in the water, and two hours upon the rocks, so you can imagine what I endured.

When I gave up all hope in the water, I did not suffer one pang of remorse about my past life. I have always been told that when a man is drowning all his past life comes before him, and he suffers horrors of conscience; it was not so with me. I thought of you, my dear father and mother, and of you all at home, and what a sorrow the news of my death would be to you all, and then, strange to say, I thought how people do lie; I have always been told that death by drowning is the easiest death, and yet here I am suffering agonies of pain, and I remember wishing, If I am to be drowned, let it be done quickly. Then I thought, I am about to solve the problem about the future world, and I felt the same feeling of shyness and dread come over me that I have felt so often, and never could conquer, when I was outside a drawing-room door, and about to be ushered into the presence of a crowd of ladies and men. I have been asked if I never thought about the sharks which infest the place. I am thankful to say that they never entered my head; if I had remembered them I feel sure I should have gone down like a stone.

Next morning the cutter, to our great surprise, was still there; when she had drifted ashore it was high tide, and the waves wedged her in between the rocks most securely; twenty yards beyond the place where she struck, and she would have missed the island altogether, and been driven clean away; she came ashore at the very place where I did, thus showing how helplessly the wind and waves had driven me; twenty yards more and I should have been lost.

During the day the wind and waves went down; the trees, whose tender foliage I had admired the day before, looked as if a severe fire had passed through them, the leaves were all black and withered. I was bringing up a large stock of stores and necessaries for the plantation; remnants only saved, a quantity of silver for plantation use gone, my good heavy coats that are invaluable on these voyages all washed away, cases broken by the waves, and some of the contents washed ashore; even tinned meats strewn about on the reefs; sulus (cloth for plantation use)—found in strips all over the reef; my belt was picked up three days afterward. I cannot tell the extent of my loss at present, but I look upon it as nothing when I think how wonderfully my life has been spared.

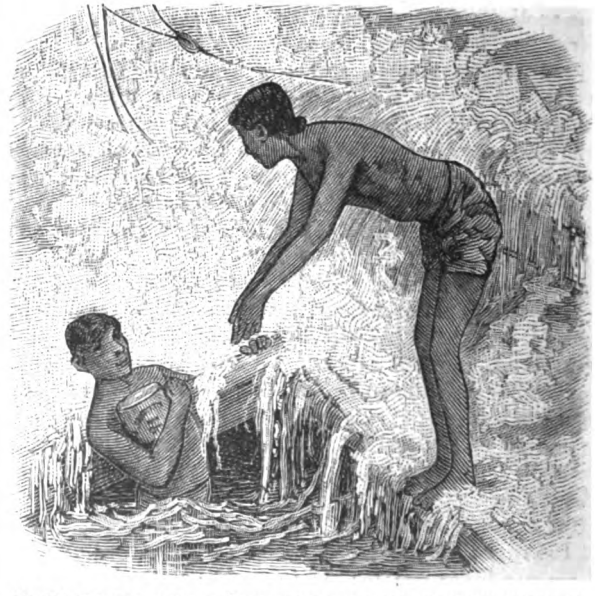
The third day the sea was almost calm. On Saturday a schooner came in sight; we hailed her and she lent us men. All ballast was taken out of the cutter, two strong tackles rove to the reef, the holes in her were then patched up, and at high tide she was hauled into deep water, and by constant pumping kept afloat. The schooner lent her an anchor and chain. Then it was decided that I should go on in the schooner to Savu Bay to break the news to H——'s partner, and send down a letter to A——'s wife to tell her that her husband was all right, for we knew that everybody would be very anxious about us. So I came on in the schooner and reached this full of thankfulness.

My wounds are showing no signs of festering; they cannot look more healthy. How I relished my first wash! My feet are so much cut about that I cannot do much walking at present, but I am in perfect health; the difficulty I suffered at first in breathing has entirely left me, so do not be in the least alarmed about me.

I shall give the Fijian who saved my life a handsome present; he indeed deserves one, although he did not come with the intention of saving my life; he said to A——, "I must go and see the white man die," and ran to the top of the rocks to get a good view. He saw I had life in me yet, and pluckily clambered down the rocks. How he found a footing I don't know, but Fijians are as sure-footed as goats; but at all events he got down in time to seize my hand and save my life.

I have written this letter in a great hurry, and at one sitting, so I am pretty well tired out; but I have a chance of sending to Levuka to-morrow; possibly I may not have another before the mail leaves.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE SON.



AN ESCAPE FOR LIFE.—"ALTHOUGH THE WAVES WERE DASHING OVER THE CUTTER, THEY PLUCKILY DIVED INTO THE HOLD AND BROUGHT UP A BOX OF TINNED MEATS AND A BAG OF FLOUR BELONGING TO ME."

WHY FETHERSTONAUGH PUZZLED HIM.—"'THIS IS SERIOUS,' THOUGHT THE LITTLE AMANUENSIS, AS SHE WATCHED HER VISITOR BEGIN TO NERVOUSLY STROKE HIS HUGE BEARD."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

FLORA.

O FOR that afternoon, that lane
Where I pick'd flowers! Never again
Will common wild-flowers look so well—
So freshly blush the pimpernel,
And modest blue and simple white
Stand in the grass to such delight!
I pick'd my flowers for Flora's sake,
Happy to have a chance to make
A nosegay she might chance to see,
And know that it was made by me.
I found a baby oak-leaf, too,
So I had green, white, red, and blue.

WHY FETHERSTONAUGH PUZZLED HIM.

By COLLINS SHACKELFORD.

THEY had traveled together on the morning express for thirty miles, seated side by side, and neither had spoken. She was a small woman, moving timidly, dressed in black, and with a sweet but sad face. He was a great bulk of a fellow, with a long, heavy, sunburnt beard, with an empty sleeve on his left side, and his eyes concealed by green goggles. His garments were coarse, ill-fitting, and with the store-creases embarrassingly conspicuous.

She had shrunk into her corner of the seat, and he hearing the rustle of her garments, had obligingly contracted the compass of his burly form.

She had, woman-like, studied him curiously out of the corner of her eye, while he, unconscious of revision, gazed stolidly ahead. She graded him as an unfortunate laborer whom accident had disabled. He, sensitive as a woman, was thrilled by a woman's presence, and manifested it by his continual changes of position.

So they rode in unsociable silence, both nervous, both uncomfortable, both glad when the journey was ended, and the train rolled into the echoing depot.

In the aisle the woman, halting for a second, looked backward. She saw her recent companion blindly groping in the rack overhead for a small package. His helplessness went to her heart. It was pitiful to see such a huge fellow unable to help himself.

"I will get it for you," she said, going back to him. "It has fallen down," and she placed it in his hands.

"Thank you, ma'am. I'm sorry to be of trouble, but I'm a'most blind."

The voice surprised her. It was a deep, liquid base, so sonorous that passengers hearing it turned, surprised, to look at him. If there was anything beautiful about the man it was his voice.

"Blind!" exclaimed the little woman, with a sudden feeling of compassion for his infirmity. "Blind! How very sad! And have you no one to lead you out?" gently catching hold of the empty sleeve.

"Wal, no! I spoke to the brakeman, but I guess he's forgotten me. But I can feel my way along, ma'am."

"I will lead you," was the reply, in a determined voice. "The idea of your trying to find your way out alone! Trust to me a minute. I'm the lady who sat in the same seat with you."

"Indeed!" in a tone of astonishment, as he slid along the aisle. "Why, I thought it was a small girl, 'cause there was so little fuss."

Her only response was a laugh, and a brief warning to be careful in going down the steps.

"I wasn't always blind," he said, apologetically, as he stumbled a bit. "I was blowed up out West in the mines, ma'am, while firing a blast. I've come here to see Dr. Ottorb."

"I've heard of him," she said. "He has a high reputation as an oculist. Will you have a carriage?"

"Of course, ma'am. I can afford it, for I've had good luck in the mines—struck it rich. This isn't said to brag, but because I am afraid I don't look like a man who can pay his way."

"That is pleasant to know. You'll need money more than if you were not injured. The best of people have to pay their way nowadays. Even civility has to be paid for. I'm going to pick out a hack for you."

And she beckoned to an honest-looking driver, to whose care she confided the miner."

"I don't know how to thank you——" he began.

"I'm glad you don't, sir, for it is not necessary. It has done me good to be of some service. My kindness is nothing to speak of."

"To me it has been something wonderful," he declared. "Why, it's the first I've known since I left Denver, and I'd like to prove that 'tain't lost on me. Won't you give me your name? I'd like very much to have it to remember."

She blushed a little, hesitated, and then replied, with a smile that lighted up her face until it looked beautiful:

"Fetherstonaugh."

He said it over several times, as if to fix it in his memory, and then inquired:

"Miss or Mrs.?"

"Mrs.;" and the weary, sad look came back again.

"Widow?" he queried.

"Yes, a widow."

"I thought so. Your voice sounds full of sorrow—sort o' choked. I wish I could see you. What're you like? It's a long time since I've seen a woman's face. We didn't have 'em up there in the mountains. Must you be going? Wait a second," settling back in the carriage and putting his hand to his head, as if in thought. "One question, ma'am. Can't I help you some way?"

From any one else the interrogation might have been considered an insult; but she saw he was honestly earnest, and wanted to be of service.

"Oh, dear me, no!" she exclaimed. "I work. I get my food and clothing. That is a great deal; most women do not succeed that well. I might do better, and it would not be difficult to do worse."

"But what do you do? I'd like to know?"

"I write letters."

"Letters? What do you mean?" pulling perplexedly at his tawny beard.

"Why, letters—business letters, love-letters, letters for people who cannot or will not write, confidential letters—in fact, all sorts of communications."

"Oh, I see!" and he began to laugh, his deep, musical voice rolling out like a song of joy—"I see! I see! There's fun in the business, isn't there? You have lots of secrets to keep, haven't you?"

She did not answer him. She was not sure but that in her effort to be of assistance she had talked too much to a stranger. Then, too, his stentorian voice attracted an unpleasant amount of attention. He shouted as if he were back in his mine.

"You will have no difficulty in getting to your hotel now," she said; "and I hope your eyes will speedily get well. Good-by, sir."

"Well, if you must say it, good-by, though you seem like a friend. Good-by, ma'am, good-by!" Then, to himself, as the carriage moved along, "That woman's true metal. Think of her helpin' a rough-looking cuss like me! And what a sweet voice she has! Sounds like one I used to hear years ago. 'D'rather hear it than the minstrels. Bet she's homely, of course, for a pretty woman would never help a man like me. 'Tain't in 'em. p'r'aps it's just as well, in this matter, that I can't see. An' her name's Fetherstonaugh. She never asked mine, an' I never thought to tell it. Granby—Fetherstonaugh; Fetherstonaugh—Granby. Not a bad sound together. But, bless my soul! that's the way marriage-notices begin. Odd, very odd, I should put those names together in that way."

After which he fell into a train of meditation that was ended by his arrival at his hotel.

* * * * * *

The oculist's remedies were slow in effecting a cure, and Granby, who at first fretted like a caged animal, gradually descended to a condition of profound despondency.

Confinement, to a man who had lived for years in the purest of open air, was like a quick and subtle rust. Solitude and a virtual imprisonment in his room bore heavily upon his spirits.

Weary at last of moping in the dark, he came to the sudden resolution one day of making a call upon Mrs. Fetherstonaugh. He did not believe she would take him to task when she knew how lonely he was in the great city.

After some searching by the hotel-clerk, the address of the little woman was found, a carriage obtained, and with childish delight the miner hastened to the home of the woman who had been so kind to him.

The house was a small cottage on a by-street, but close to a business artery of the city. Everything about it was neat and trim. On the side of the door was a little black sign on which was placed, in gilt letters, this announcement:

"MRS. FETHERSTONAUGH,
Letter-writer."

Mrs. Fetherstonaugh herself answered the summons of the bell, and her face was lighted up with a pleasant look as she recognized her visitor.

"This *is* a surprise," she exclaimed, in a cheering voice. "I never thought to see you again, sir," shaking his hand, heartily. "I hope you will come in."

Mr. Granby said he would be delighted to do so, as he had come for that very purpose, because he was afraid he would go mad with lonesomeness at his hotel.

"And your eyes, are they getting better?" she asked. "It's a month since you came to the city, and there ought to be an improvement in them by this time."

He shook his head, sadly.

"I'm just downright discouraged," he said. "I drag along, drag along. There's just a little change, enough to show me I can't see. I hope, ma'am, you're not displeased with my coming. I was hungry for some kind-hearted person to talk to me, and so hunted up your name in the directory."

"Displeased! Not in the least. Let me seat you in my business-shair. You are in my office now, the place where I transact business—write letters, you know."

"And do you have much to do?" he inquired, believing at the same time that though she might say Yes, it would not be exactly the truth, for he could not comprehend how there was to be any money made in writing letters.

But she not only said "Yes," but went further, and described her labors, and told what her profits were, and how she composed letters for all sorts of people, from the servant who could not write up to the lady or gentleman who did not care or dare to write, and who paid quite handsomely to have a discreet person to do it for them.

"It would surprise you to see my customers, the differences in them socially, and the variety of matters I am called upon to write about. I am making a profession of the work," she continued, "because I hold my tongue;" her voice had a tone of satisfaction as she said this.

"I came partly on that sort of business, Mrs. Fetherstonaugh," remarked Mr. Granby, after a little while. "Ye see, I can't write. An' I've no family an' no friends. But since I've been shut up in this city, I've come to the conclusion to try something—an experiment, so to speak, and to get you to help me as a matter of business, an' because I can't do it myself."

Mrs. Fetherstonaugh at once pulled pen, ink and paper toward her.

"I am prepared for business," she said, speaking with the penholder in her mouth, woman fashion.

"But I ain't," declared Granby. "I ain't writ a letter since I was a boy, an' though I feel what I want written, it's mighty hard for me to say it—you don't know how hard."

"I think I do. If there weren't a good many people in a fix like yours about writing, I would not have anything to do. They'd write their own letters. But let us begin before we're interrupted! Is the letter to be on love or business?"

Granby let loose one of his laughs, a fragment of his base voice, on a frolic up and down the gamut. Quieting down, he said:

"That did me good—asking me whether we should should write on love or business. How should I know until after it's written?"

"This is serious," thought the little amanuensis, as she watched her visitor begin to nervously stroke his huge beard. "That laugh wasn't natural. The man is trying to deceive me." Then, aloud: "Give me the name, please."

"The name? Oh, yes, yes. It is——"

He stopped, and began to drum with his fingers upon an arm of the chair, while his chin sank slowly down upon his breast as he became lost in a reverie.

The lady waited patiently, her pen poised like a lance between her fingers.

"The name, please. We must begin if we are to finish," she spoke at last, in a tone of slight impatience. "One of my regular customers may come in at any minute."

"Beg pardon, ma'am," said Granby, coming back with a nervous start from his brown study, and beginning to smooth out the wrinkles in his empty sleeve. "I had gone back fifteen years in my life. The name—eh? Well, perhaps you might begin, 'Dear Martha——' Wait, though. That's too affectionate, considering the years that hev gone. Let me think."

She had instantly penned the words he had given her; but she crumpled up the sheet, and tossing it into the waste-basket, waited.

"Write, please," he said. "'Dear Miss Inman.'"

Her pen was in the inkstand as soon as he began to speak.

At the utterance of the name a violent tremor convulsed her, and the outstretched arm overturned the ink. A little womanish cry, partly of alarm, partly of emotion, escaped her, and she began to soak up the fluid.

SHOCKING!

MRS. B. (lately bitten)—*"Fond o' bric-a-brac? Ao—h! Aw—f'ly. Brown says I'm becoming quite an atheist!!"*
PHILISTINE VISITOR (under his breath)—*"Ger-acious Heavens!"*

"What is the matter, ma'am?" asked Granby, morbidly sensitive to every noise, and partly rising in his chair. "Have you hurt yourself?"

"It was nothing," with a forced laugh. "I tipped over the ink."

"Tipped over the ink! A bad omen for me, and I believe in omens. But why are you so still?"

Still! Why, the man would have been frightened if he could have seen the pallid face, the trembling hands, the quivering lips, and the eyes, fierce with a questioning gaze, fixed upon his unconscious features—a gaze whose purpose was to read his very heart.

She was leaning forward, a wild expectancy in her attitude and apprehension in every motion. His question startled her into self-possession. Without a word in reply she picked up her pen and began to write, repeating aloud as she did so the words: "Dear Miss Inman."

"There, they are written," she aid. "What next?"

The question perplexed him. He stroked his long beard slowly and deliberately.

The great green goggles, like lidless green eyes, gazed unwinkingly upon the little woman. Then a long-drawn sigh escaped him.

"I give it up, Mrs. Fetherstonaugh. I don't know how to fix up the rest. I can handle the pick and the pan better'n the pen, and I ain't used to stringin' words together to read like a poem. I kin give you the idees, ma'am, and you must dress 'em up so as to tech the heart, eh? Money's no object to me in this matter."

"I guess we shall not have any trouble," said Mrs. Fetherstonaugh, once more composed.

"Tell her—I was dead in love with the girl then—that when I went off mad fifteen years ago—she'll know why I went—I was mighty sorry the next day, but too proud to give in. Tell her I went West, that I lived like an Indian an' starved like a white man until I struck it rich in Nevada; an'—put this just as strong as you know how—tell her that in all these years, day an' night, I've thought of her, an' been sorry for what I said an' did. Write that I loved her then, an' I love her now, an' that I'm rich—I don't know how rich. But I want to be fair with her, ma'am, an' to give her the truth. Say I'm a wreck and spoiled. Give her the facts as you see 'em. Put 'em strong. Then, when you've done that, ma'am, write that if she can be my wife, an' will have me, I'll be one of the lovingest husbands as ever was. There!" with a deep-drawn breath of relief, and wiping his forehead on his coat-sleeve—"that's what I want written. It 'aint as much as I feel. There's allus been a something about her pulling at my heart. Fix the idees up nice, jest as if you was me, or as if you was the woman, which is better."

He waited. There was a dead silence. The pen had fallen from her hands. Down her face ran tears. Her handkerchief was over her mouth. She was staring at him with a despairing look.

But, in spite of her struggles to repress her feelings, a moan escaped her. The miner's ear caught the sound. He rose to his feet, and, with outstretched hands, began to move toward her.

"What does this mean?" he exclaimed. "You are cryin'. I can't stand that. Please, don't. If I'd a-thought there was anything about my story as would a-made you feel bad, I'd——"

He drew back his hand as it almost touched her. He felt as if a coal of fire had fallen upon it. It was only a

tear, but it burned. His attitude became one of irresolution. This result of his narrative astounded him. A tear, and for him, a mutilated, helpless creature! No wonder that, accustomed for years to only the roughest phases of life, he could not comprehend an emotion so strong as to give this tribute to his misery.

The woman recovered her composure. Whatever the cause of her agitation, her will became supreme.

"There! Don't mind me. I'm nervous, half-sick. A kind word sometimes breaks me down. The letter is written. What is the address?"

"Send it to Greenpoint, Connecticut. She was there fifteen years ago." There was a sharp noise. Mrs. Fetherstonaugh had broken the penholder—had snapped the fragile thing between her fingers. But her voice was even in its tones as she quietly said:

"Fifteen years? She may be dead; had you thought of that?"

"Often. But I'm going to chance it. Have you signed my name?"

"Your name? I forgot that!" with a forced laugh. "What is it?" The question was almost a whisper, and so low that she had to repeat it to him.

"John Granby, ma'am."

"John Granby!" she echoed, as if writing it down.

Yet, if John Granby could have seen that woman's face then he would have been frightened. It became suddenly blue-white and pinched, and the lips began to quiver as if the poor thing were going to cry out. But again, after a struggle, she conquered her weakness. Granby, already made suspicious by her quietness, became uneasy.

"I don't quite understand your ways," he said. "You were to write a letter for me. I don't believe you have written a dozen words. Now that ain't business, and I leave it to you if it is."

"You are mistaken," she said. "I have written more than you say. I have not put down all that you have said, because it was not necessary."

"Not necessary?" exclaimed Granby. "An' why not?"

"Because—well, because I know a part of your story; and, perhaps, when I have told you something, you may not care to send the letter. Miss Inman was a dear friend of mine. She had spoken to me of you very often. She waited for six years for you to come back, or for you to write to her, but you did neither."

"I did neither," said Granby. "You are right."

"After the poor girl had waited those long six years, and nothing came from you, she married."

A BUTTERFLY.—THE PAPILIO MACHAO—CATERPILLAR AND CHRYSALIS.—SEE PAGE 631.

At this announcement, John Granby sprang up from his chair, exclaiming :

"I never thought of that. Another man's wife ! What a fool I've been !" and in his agitation he began to try to pace to and fro in the little room, stopping only after stumbling over a chair and against the table at which she was sitting. "But tell me the rest," he pleaded. "Don't keep me in suspense. There is something more—something very sorrowful, for you have been crying. Was it because she, Martha, is dead ?"

His clear, sonorous voice became choked as he asked the question, and his hand upon the little table caught the wood in a vise-like grasp.

"Dead ?" asked the woman. "No ! no ! It was her husband who died."

"An' his name—what was it ?" his voice and form showing the revival of hope. "Why do you hesitate ! Tell me his name ?"

She did not answer on the instant. Her eyes were studying his face ; they were bright with a strange expectation. Her face was aglow with a joy of the sight of which he was robbed. At last she spoke.

"Fetherstonaugh," she said, solemnly.

"Why, that—that is your name."

"Yes."

Then she stopped. The reply puzzled him. His fingers knit his beard with a nervous energy. His doubting and hesitancy were painful to the little creature who was watching his every motion.

"It's years since I've seen her face or heard her voice," he said, talking to himself, "but it seems to me that for the past hour I've been listening to tones I've heard before. But then—pshaw, it isn't likely. Mrs. Fetherstonaugh !"

"Yes !"

"Perhaps you are her sister-in-law ?"

"No ! But I almost wish I were. Martha is a poor woman, faded in looks, and broken-spirited. Perhaps if you could see her as I know her, you would not send that letter."

"I would—I swear I would," was Granby's vigorous response. "I know we've both changed. I'm as miserable a wreck as anybody can see. But I love her, an' if she can be found, I'd like her to get that letter. I know it's selfish to want her to like me, but I can't help it. That letter contains my sentiments," bringing his hand heavily down upon the table.

"It has not been written," said the woman, decisively.

"Not written ?" he cried, in astonishment.

"Not written," she echoed.

"An' why not, ma'am ?" his voice angry and his form tremulous with passion. "Why not, I ask you again, ma'am ?"

A transformed woman was now little Mrs. Fetherstonaugh. A glad light danced in her eyes ; her sad face glowed into a look of joy beyond description ; the timid creature became bold. As she rose to her feet she pushed back her hair, her hands shaking as with an ague fit.

"Why don't you answer ?" the man asked, once more, emphasizing his demand with a rap upon the table with his knuckles. "Why hasn't that letter been written ?"

"Because—because, John Granby, it would come back to me as you have come," and she burst out into a glad laugh.

"Come back to you, ma'am ? I don't understand you. Who are you ? You surely don't mean that—that——"

"I mean, John," interrupting him "that I am, or was, Martha Inman."

The words were scarcely out of her mouth before Granby's arm made a sweep through the air and caught the woman, who, half-laughing and half-crying, surrendered herself to his embraces.

"I thank the Lord for this—indeed, I do !" he cried, pressing her cheek to his, as if she were a little child. "What a fool I was not to understand all this ! Now—well, now I'm half-crazy. But you know what I want to say, Martha ! You've written it on your heart if not on paper. But wait !" seating her in the chair from which he rose—"wait, Martha. Perhaps I'm in too much of a hurry. You see me," standing erect and slowly turning himself around so that she might view him from all points. "You see me, a fellow all splintered to pieces. I ain't good for much. But my heart is sound. You know it wants you for my wife. What's my answer ?"

"But you haven't seen *me* yet, John," she replied.

"No matter. Give me my answer."

"Better wait until your eyes are well, and you can see how I've changed. The years have made me old and homely."

"Never mind that. I know what I'm asking, and it is not beauty, but goodness. My answer—yes or no ?"

He stood determinedly before her. There was no escape from a decision. She softly stepped up into the chair. Then she put her arms about his neck."

"John—dear John," she whispered, "if you will have me—yes !"

MEASURING THE SUNSHINE.

We all know how much our crops depend for prosperously maturing their seeds or their roots upon a good average display of the sun's rays. A correspondent has sent us the accompanying account and cut of a very pretty little instrument, by which any one can for himself keep a record of every ray of sunshine which falls upon his house.

One of the most powerful agents in nature for the maintenance of life, both animal and vegetable, on this earth is undoubtedly rain. This has been most carefully registered by meteorologists, and its ever varying quantity noted with great precision ; but another powerful agent, perhaps even more varying, viz., sunshine, has not, until lately, received that attention which it equally deserves.

Mr. John Campbell, of Niddry Lodge, Old Kensington, London, the author of "Frost and Fire" and that charming book, "Circular Notes," was the first person to systematize the due observance of the amount of sunshine, and to make regular observations of its duration and intensity, and for this purpose invented in 1853 what he called Campbell's Registering Sundial, described in an instructive and amusing article in "Good Words" for October, 1879. His instrument consisted of a glass sphere standing in a hollow semi-sphere of mahogany, at a distance form the internal surface of the wood equal to the burning focal distance of the ball. Mahogany was chosen for this "wooden bowl," as it does not ignite, but smolders away as the burning point moves over it, leaving unburnt those portions on which the sun did not shine, and so ridges of wood were left during passing clouds, and the wood was more or less deeply burnt as the sun's heat became more or less intense. Thus very interesting results were obtained, but in a comparatively rude manner, not suited to the precision of the more modern modes of registering such phenomena.

Mr. Campbell's invention was succeeded by the adoption of a grooved semi-hoop, containing a straight parallel strip of card, this hoop being fixed on a slide, so as to be set daily to the varying declination of the sun. This plan

has been in use up to a recent period at Kew and elsewhere, and is correct in theory when the sun is on the equator, but grievously wrong, however it may be set, at all other times. This was so apparent that the Meteorological Council (Royal Society) took the case in hand, and adopted the form of instrument of which a print heads this article. Professor Stokes, of Cambridge, a member of the council, turned his attention to its proper construction, and retaining a straight parallel card for a short time at the Equinoxes, he introduced curved cards to be used for the months nearest to the Summer and Winter solstices, which cards, varying only in length for each solstice, are curved in consequence of their forming the basis of cones, the apices of which fall on the axis of the sphere, thus giving the power of having them marked with correct converging hour lines, and so converting the instrument into a useful sundial.

Mr. Campbell's form of instrument is theoretically correct, and mounted in a bronze "bowl," is now in use at Greenwich; but the mode of inserting the cards for daily use is only adoptable where special hands can be spared to cut and mark them, which is done by templetts varying with the time of year.

The Meteorological Council has adopted Professor Stokes's form at all their first-class stations, and it has been furnished to a large number of observatories in England, on the Continent, Australia, India, etc. Most of these have been made for specified latitudes, but they have also been constructed so as to be used in any latitude, by the very simple addition of a graduated arc on which to set the frame to the required latitude.

The results obtained by these instruments in different parts of the country are very interesting, some places being more liable to haze and clouds, not to say fog, than others, but the difference between one year and another is more striking.

The sun is above the horizon, during the year, in the latitude of London for 4,455 hours; and if we take the years 1879 and 1880 as respectively typical years of a wet and dry season, the difference is very apparent. At Kew in 1879 there were 974 hours of sunshine, or 22 per cent.; and in 1880, 1,364 hours were registered, or 30½ per cent.; at Greenwich the numbers were in 1879, 983 hours, or 22 per cent., and in 1880, 1,217 hours, or 27¼ per cent, and in no instance during these years was there in any one month 50 per cent. of sunshine, the only instance of this amount being reached was last July at Kew, when the register gives 50½ per cent.

The cards in Professor Stokes' instruments are colored a light-blue, adopted after a large number of experiments with different colors; the intensity is well shown, from a mere hair-line trace on the surface to a broad burning right through the card in a hot sun, the time being shown with great accuracy, and the observations and registry being accompanied with useful and most interesting results.

THE SAFEST SEAT.

The frequency of collisions on railroads has raised the question, which is the place of greatest security in a railroad train? The *Railroad Journal* gives the following as an answer: It is very well known that the car nearest the engine is exposed to the least dust, and that the rear car of a train is generally safer than the front one. The safest is probably the last car but one on the train of more than two cars; that is, there are fewer chances of accidents to this than any other. If it is a way train, at moderate speed, or any train standing still, a collision is possible from another train in the rear, in which the last car receives the first shock. Again, the engine and the front cars of a train will often run over a broken rail, or a cow, or stone, without detriment, while the last car, having nothing to draw it into line of the train, is free to leave the track. Next to the forward car, the rear car is probably the most unsafe in the train. The safest seat is probably near the centre of the last car but one.

A BUTTERFLY.

By Arthur G. Butler, F.L.S., F.Z.S.

The life of a butterfly is a continued series of changes, from the time when it leaves the egg until it arrives at its perfect condition, not merely in the gradual acquisition of new organs, but in the shedding of the larval or caterpillar skins, at intervals before it attains its full growth. In most moths and butterflies these changes of skin are said to occur about five times, but in some species this number is known to double itself.

The eggs of butterflies vary considerably both in form and sculpture, being in some species more or less pear-shaped, in others spherical, cylindrical, or barrel-shaped, with concentric, longitudinal, or netted lines and ridges; the apex being frequently more or less depressed. When first deposited upon the food-plant they are usually of a pale-yellow color, which gradually deepens as the young caterpillar is developed within, so that just before hatching they are of a dark purplish or blackish tint.

Almost immediately after exclusion the caterpillar attacks its food, generally beginning upon the empty shell from which it has emerged. Its size at this time is very small, the common silkworm being then, according to Count Dandolo, scarcely a line in length, and weighing not more than the hundredth of a grain; whereas, at the end of thirty days, when it has attained its full size, its average weight is about ninety-five grains, and its length occasionally forty lines, so that its weight in the course of this time has increased nine thousand five hundred-fold.

The body of a caterpillar is composed of thirteen distinct segments or rings, the first of which constitutes the head. It is strong and horny, furnished with a complete mouth and powerful jaws. The antennæ are extremely minute, and the eyes are represented by a small group of ocelli placed on each side; the labium is furnished with a short tubular protuberance, into which the silk glands open; these consist of two elongated, flexuous thick-walled sacs, situated at the sides.

The second, third and forth segments represent the thorax of the future butterfly, while the others form the abdomen. The thoracic segments are provided with short curved legs, the rudiments of the future limbs; and the seventh to the tenth with pairs of false or abdominal legs, consisting of processes from the exterior covering of the insect, furnished externally with developments of the cuticle, in the form of hardened spines or hooks. The form of these feet usually resembles an inverted cone, with its apex truncated to form a flat sole, upon which the caterpillar walks. This sole can, when necessary, be rendered concave in the middle, and the minute hooks round its margin, when the foot is pressed upon a convex surface in walking, are necessarily directed inward, and thus secure a firm attachment (Fig. 1). A still stronger hold is attained by a pair of somewhat similar feet, or claspers, upon the anal segment.

The muscles of the larva are extremely uniform in their size and distribution in each segment, the principal difference between them existing in the first four segments,

composing the head and thorax of the perfect insect. In the head, for instance, there is necessarily a greater number of muscles than in other segments, owing to the number of organs requiring them; but the form and position of these muscles differ from those of the other segments. The muscles of the mandibles are large, and occupy the greater part of the side and hinder region of the head; the extensor muscles being attached to the side and hinder surface of the cavity, like the extensor muscles of the legs in the chest segments, and the flexor more internally to parts corresponding with the *laminæ squamosæ* in the head of the imago, or perfect insect (Newport).

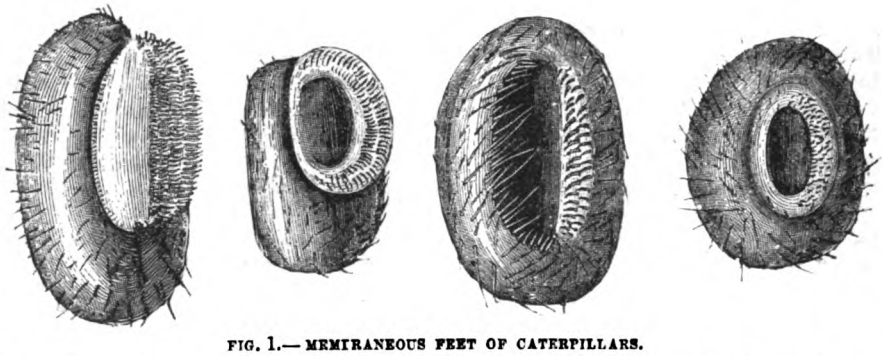


FIG. 1.—MEMBRANEOUS FEET OF CATERPILLARS.

The muscles of the three "thoracic" or chest segments are more numerous and complex than those in the abdomen, or belly, because the true organs of locomotion belong to these segments, as well as the rudiments of the muscles for the future wings. Those muscles which form distinct layers, or act in concert with each other, are inserted into slightly raised ridges of the tegument. Three of these ridges are situated between two abdominal segments, from the middle or largest of which the longitudinal muscles originate, while the oblique muscles start from the two others.

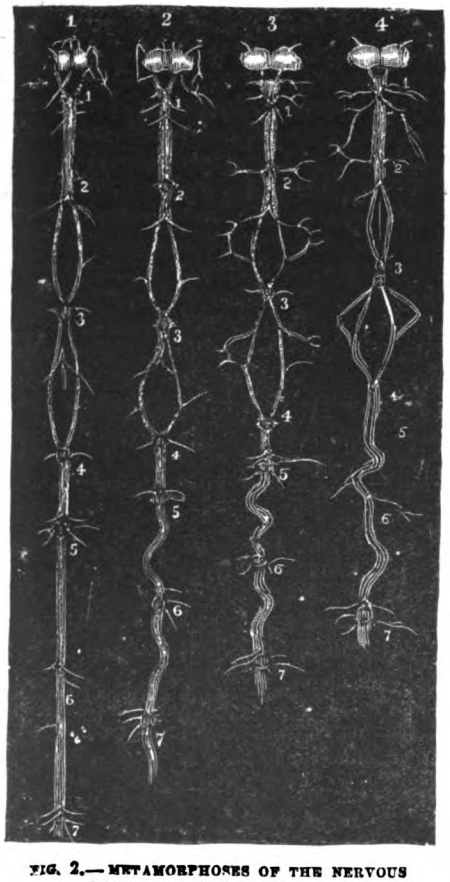


FIG. 2.—METAMORPHOSES OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM OF VANESSA URTICÆ.

(1) Nervous System of full-grown Larva; (2) Half-an-hour before changing; (3) Immediately after changing into a Pupa or Chrysalis; (4) One hour after changing.

The nervous system is represented by two longitudinal cords extending along the centre line of the under surface, and possessing in the more advanced stages of growth a series of ganglia, or knots, corresponding with the segments in which they are placed, the pair situated in the head representing the brain of higher animals.

The development of the brain and nervous cord alters remarkably in character during the metamorphoses. These changes have been studied most carefully by Newport and Herold in the case of *Pieris* and *Vanessa*. In the imago, or perfect condition, the ventral (or under) cord consists of seven ganglia, while in the larva there are eleven. This decrease in their number is due to the coalescence, during the pupal condition of the first, second, third and fourth ganglia of the larva, exclusive of those which are situated in the front part of the head; these form the two thoracic ganglia, which distribute nerves to the legs and the muscles of the wings. The fifth and sixth ganglia of the larva have, in the meantime, either entirely disappeared or been united with the others (Figs. 2, 3 and 4).

The alimentary canal commences with a somewhat elongated "œsophagus" (gullet) opening into the stomach; the "ilium" (small intestine) is long, and frequently forms several convolutions; the "colon" (or large intestine) is often dilated into a "cæcum" (pouch) in front. The salivary glands consist of two large and simple tubes extending into the abdomen. The breathing system is well developed; the stigmata are wanting on the second and third thoracic (chest) and the last abdominal (belly) segments.

Before changing to the chrysalis, pupa, or second stage, the larvæ of butterflies become uneasy, leave off feeding, and wander about seeking a place in which to secure themselves in anticipation of the event. The disinclination for food is often apparent a day or two before the metamorphosis takes place; but some species continue to eat up to within a few hours of pupation. This crowning

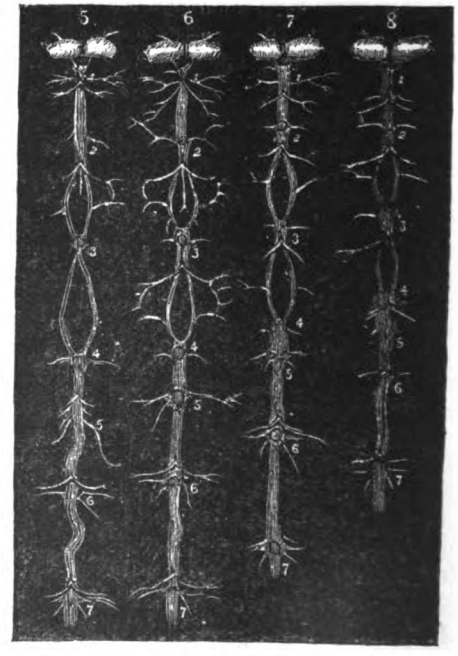


FIG. 3.—METAMORPHOSES OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM OF VANESSA URTICÆ.

(5) Twelve hours after changing; (6) Eighteen hours after changing; (7) Twenty-four hours after changing; (8) Thirty-six hours after changing.

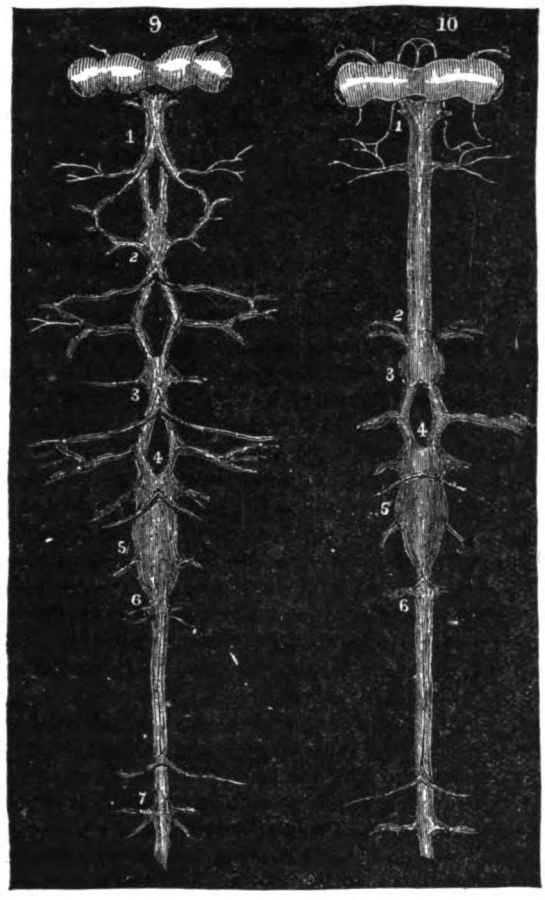


FIG. 4.— METAMORPHOSES OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM OF VANESSA URTICÆ.

(9) Forty-eight hours after changing; (10) Fifty-eight hours after changing. [More highly magnified than in Figs. 2 and 3.]

event in the life of the caterpillar may be best illustrated by quoting Mr. Charles V. Riley's admirable description of the putation of the North American butterfly, *Danais plexippus* (Linn.):

"As soon as the larva is full-grown it spins a little tuft of silk to the under side of whatever object it may be resting upon, and after entangling the hooks of its hind legs in this silk it lets go the hold of its other legs and hangs down, with the head and anterior joints of the body curved. In this position it hangs for about twenty-four hours, during which the fluids of the body naturally gravitate toward the upturned joints, until the latter become so swollen that at last, by a little effort on the part of the larva, the skin bursts along the back behind the head. Through the rent thus made the anterior portion of the pupa is protruded, and by constant stretching and contracting the larval skin is slipped and crowded backward, until there is but a small shriveled mass gathered around the tail.

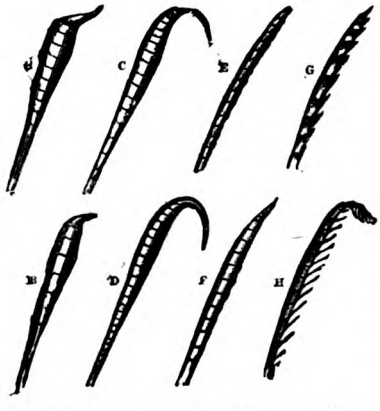


FIG. 5.— ANTENNÆ OF BUTTERFLIES (A,C,E, AND G), AND OF MOTHS (B,D,F,H).

"Now comes the critical period — the culminating point. The soft and supple chrysalis, yet showing the elongate larval form with distinct traces of its pro-legs, hangs heavily from the shrunken skin. From this skin it is to be extricated and firmly attached to the silk outside. It has neither legs nor arms, and we should suppose that it would inevitably fall while endeavoring to accomplish this object. But the task is performed with the utmost surety, though appearing so perilous to us. The supple and contractile joints of the abdomen are made to subserve the purpose of legs, and by suddenly grasping the

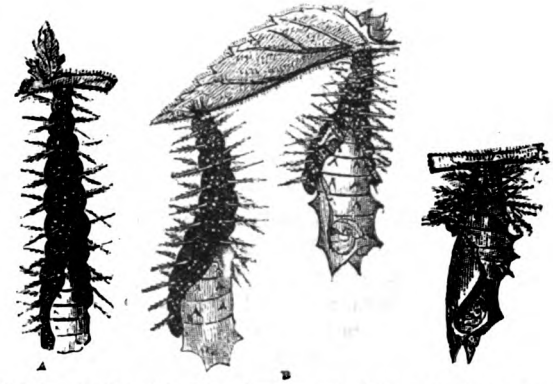


FIG. 6.— LARVÆ AND PUPÆ (CHRYSALIDES) OF VANESSA URTICÆ.

Three Stages of Chrysalis development: —(A,B) The Larva-skin gradually separating; (C) Perfect Chrysalis.

shrunken larval skin between the folds of two of these joints, as with a pair of pincers, the chrysalis disengages the tip of its body and hangs for a moment suspended. Then with a few earnest, vigorous, jerking movements it succeeds in sticking the horny point of its tail into the silk, and firmly fastening it by means of a rasp of minute claws with which that point is furnished. Sometimes severe effort is needed before the point is properly fastened, and the chrysalis frequently has to climb by stretching the two joints above those by which it is suspended, and clinging hold of the shriveled skin further up. The moment the point is fastened the chrysalis commences, by a series of violent jerkings and whirlings, to dislodge the larval skin, after which it rests from its efforts, and gradually contracts and hardens. The really active work lasts but a few minutes, and the insect rarely fails to go through with it successfully.

"The chrysalis is a beautiful object, and as it hangs pendent from some old fence-board or from the under side of an *Asclepias* leaf it reminds one of some large ear drop; but though the jeweler could successfully imitate the form, he might well despair of ever producing the clear pale-green and the ivory-black and golden marks which so characterize it. This chrysalis state lasts but a short time, as is the case with all those which are known to suspend themselves nakedly by the tail. At the end of about the tenth day the dark colors of the future butterfly begin to show through the delicate and transparent skin, and suddenly this

FIG. 7.— CHRYSALIDES OF THE PIERIS BRASSICÆ.

skin bursts open near the head, and the new-born butterfly gradually extricates itself, and, stretching forth its legs, and clambering on to some surrounding object, allows its moist, thickened and contracted wings to hang listlessly from the body" (Figs. 6, 7).

We now come to the imago, or perfect state; and before proceeding further it is advisable to ask and answer the oft-repeated question, "How may a butterfly be distinguished from a moth?"

To answer this question satisfactorily one might search in vain through the text-books of science. The answers given are plausible enough, but are contradicted by the subsequent statements of the very authors who advance them.

A careful study of the whole of the Lepidoptera, indigenous and foreign, will be sufficient to convince any candid student that the division into butterflies and moths is an arbitrary one, having no existence in nature.

The fact that in the early days of science the Lepidoptera—that is, the moth and butterfly order of insects—were separated into two groups by the form of the antennæ, or "horns"—those with clubbed horns being called Rhopalocera, and those wi h other kinds of horns Heterocera—has been sufficient reason to induce over-conservative naturalists to squander valuable time in seeking for other differences wherewith to strengthen the widespread belief in this unnatural division, but up to the present time no character without an exception has been brought to light.

As the fallacy respecting the antennal differences is the most widespread and the most boldly asserted, even by the best modern teachers, I shall not here tax the patience of my readers by disproving the correctness of all, but shall confine myself strictly to this one point.

In or ler to do this I will first quote a few passages from one of the most frequently consulted of modern works, showing their contradictory character, and then I will proceed to adduce fresh evidence, obtained by a personal study of the order.

Dr. Packard, in his well-known "Guide to the Study of Insects," makes the following orthodox statements: "Butterflies are easily distingushed from the other groups by their knobbed antennæ. In the Sphinges and their allies the feelers are thickened in the middle; in the moths they are filiform, and often pectinated like feathers.

"The butterflies, or diurnal Lepidoptera, are at once distinguished from the moths by their knobbed antennæ, though they are sometimes nearly filiform.

"The Hesperians, or Skippers, are a large group of small dun-colored butterflies, whose antennæ have the knob curved like a hook, or ending in a little point bent to one side reminding us of the antennæ of the Sphinges.

"*Zygænidæ* (Latreille).—This interesting group connects the diurnal with the nocturnal Lepidoptera. Some of the forms (Castnia) remind us strikingly of the butterflies. The group may be recognized by the rather large free head and the simple antennæ, which are slightly swollen in the middle, or partially clavate, as in Zygæna."

So far Dr. Packard; but it will be easy to show that a closer investigation will entirely set aside the antennal character. However, not to multiply instances unnecessarily, we will simply ask the reader to compare with us the following genera, and judge for himself (Fig. 5).

The most satisfactory instance of a decidedly knobbed antennæ among the moths occurs in the family *Sphingidæ* and has received the name of *Rhopalopsyche* (Fig. 5, B). This genus, in the form of its feelers, so perfectly agrees with the butterflies of the genus *Pamphila* (Fig. 5, A) that it alone would be sufficient to set aside the distinction between the Rhopalocera and Heterocera; but in the next place, if we take the genera *Zethera* (Fig. 5, E) and *Rothia* (Fig. 5, F), the butterfly has no perceptible club, whilst the moth shows a trace of one. If we take *Plastingia* (Fig. 5, C) and *Cocytia* (Fig. 5, D) we again find the moth more Rhopalocerous than the butterfly; finally, in the Heterocerous genus *Syncmon* all the species have distinctly clubbed antennæ, in which the clavus is more abruptly formed even than in *Cyclopides* or in most of the species of *Pamphila*.

The only instance known of a butterfly exhibiting a tendency to pectination (like the teeth of a comb) in the horns occurs in the genus *Barbicornis* (Fig. 5, G) of the family *Erycinidæ*. The species of this group have thickened moniliform (bead-like) antennæ, from the joints of which, by the help of a good lens, one can distinctly see little bristles projecting.

As it must be admitted that the separation of the order into butterflies and moths is a convenience to collectors, there is not the slightest reason why this arbitrary division should not be maintained in the cabinet; but in order to do this satisfactorily the collector must study the characters of the families until his eye becomes accustomed to their peculiarities, or he will be certain to make mistakes. The butterflies constitute the first five families of the Lepidoptera, and as no two families can be identical in structure and habits, it will only be necessary for the student to understand the peculiarities of these five large groups to enable him to discriminate between butterflies and moths.

The following classification of the so-called Rhopalocera is that proposed by Mr. H. W. Bates, and now almost universally adopted by lepidopterists.

Family 1. NYMPHALIDÆ.—Front legs imperfect in both sexes, in the female wanting the tarsal claws; in the male the fore tarsi quite rudimentary, consisting of one or two spineless joints. Pupa suspended freely by the tail.

a. Lower disco-cellular ne vule of the hind wing perfect.

Sub-family 1. *Danainæ.*—Larvæ smooth, with fleshy processes. Fore-wing sub-median nervure of the imago double at its origin. (This sub-family includes the greater part of the *Heliconidæ* of authors.)

Sub-family 2. *Satyrinæ.*—Larvæ with bifid tails, spineless. Palpi of the imago generally compressed and fringed with long hair-scales.

Sub-family 3. *Brassolinæ.*—Larvæ generally with befid tails, spineless. Hind wing of the imago furnished with a pre-discoidal cell.

Sub-family 4. *Acræinæ.*—Larvæ studded with branched spines. Palpi of the imago thick and scantily clothed with hair.

Sub-family 5. *Heliconinæ.*—Larvæ studded with branched spines. Palpi of the imago clothed with fine scales, and hairy in front.

b. Lower disco-cellular nervule, at least of the hind wing, more or less atrophied.

Sub-family 6. *Nymphalinæ.*

Family 2. ERYCINIDÆ.—Six perfect legs in female; four in male; the anterior tarsi consisting only of one or two joints and spineless.

Sub-family 1. *Libytheinæ.*—Pupa suspended freely by the tail.

Sub-family 2. *Stalachtinæ.*—Pupa secured rigidly by the tail in an inclined position without girdle.

Sub-family 3. *Erycininæ.*—Pupa recumbent on a leaf or other object, and secured by the tail and a girdle across the middle.

Family 3. LYCÆNIDÆ.—Six perfect legs in female; four in male; the anterior tarsi wanting one or both of the

tarsal claws, but densely spined beneath. Pupa secured by the tail and a girdle across the middle.

Family 4. PAPILIONIDÆ.—Six perfect legs in both sexes. Pupa secured by the tail and a girdle across the middle. (The true *Papiliones* have a leaf-like appendage to the fore tibiæ—a character which approximates the family to the *Hesperidæ* and moths.)

Sub-family 1. *Pierinæ.*—Abdominal margin of the hind wing not curved inward.

Sub-family 2. *Papilioninæ.*—Abdominal margin of the hind wing curving inward.

Family 5. HESPERIDÆ.—Six perfect legs in both sexes; hind tibiæ, with few exceptions, having two pairs of spurs. Pupa secured by many threads, or inclosed in a slight cocoon.

In order thoroughly to comprehend the above classification, it is of course necessary to study the external structure of a butterfly, particularly the veining of the wings, which is used more than any other character in the definition of sub-families and genera.

The body of a butterfly is divided into three well-marked regions—the head, thorax and abdomen. The head is comparatively small, and the mouth parts greatly specialized so as to serve exclusively for suctorial purposes. The mandibles, prominent in most orders of insects, are here reduced to the merest rudiments, and are hidden under the hairs which clothe the front of the head. Between them there is a rudimentary labrum, or upper lip, and below the latter the proboscis, or sucking-tube, formed of the maxillæ. Each maxilla is composed of an immense number of short, transverse, muscular rings, convex on the outer surface, but concave on the inner; and the tube is produced by the approximation of the two organs. When not in use they are coiled up in the form of a watch-spring between the labial palpi. In some species the extremity of each maxilla is furnished along its anterior (front) and lateral (side) margin with numerous little papillæ, or prominences. In *Vanessa atalanta* they are little, elongated, bell-shaped bodies. These papillæ are supposed by some authors to be organs of taste.

The labial palpi in butterflies are usually of moderate size; in some genera, such as *Libythea*, being well developed; in the sub-family *Papilioninæ*, on the other hand, they are quite small, and do not extend to the front of the head. They consist generally of three joints, of which the terminal one is most frequently small and pointed; very often they are re-curved in front of the head.

If we remove the scales from the head of a butterfly, we shall see that it consists of three prinoipal parts—the clypeus, or front of the head; the epicranium, lying behind the insertion of the antennæ, and bearing the ocelli and eyes; and the occiput, or basal part lying behind the ocelli. The clypeus is larger in the Lepidoptera than in any other order of insects. The eyes are very large and compound, having numerous facets, each facet being the proper cornea of a distinct eye, and perfectly transparent; it is convex both on its external and internal surface, like a lens. Immediately behind each facet is a layer of dark pigment, which covers the whole of the inner surface, excepting in the centre, where there is a minute aperture to admit the rays of light. Between this pigment (which represents the iris) and the end of the cornea is a space filled with watery moisture, and behind the iris of each cornea is a little conical transparent body, with its apex directed toward the axis of the eye. This body, which is filled with vitreous fluid, receives the rays of light admitted through the cornea, and directs them upon the retina, or termination of the nerve. In addition to these complicated eyes, many Lepidoptera also possess a pair of ocelli, but usually concealed amongst the thick hairs which clothe the head.

Of the form of the antennæ, or "horns," I have already spoken. Their function has been a subject for dispute amongst naturalists, some asserting that they are organs of feeling, others of smelling, and others, again, of hearing. The experiments of Dr. Clemens with some of the larger North American *Bombyces*, have proved that they assist in some way in guiding the flight of these insects; it is, however, quite possible that organs which vary so much in structure that they are constantly made use of in the discrimination of genera may have different functions, in accordance with the requirements of the various groups.

The thoracic segments form a compact ovate or roundish mass, generally well covered with rather long hair. The prothoracic ring is exceedingly small, the mesothorax, on the contrary, being enormously developed. The scutum is large, broadest behind the middle, and notched for the reception of the triangular scutellum, which is about one-fourth the size of the scutum. The metathorax is transverse, and much compressed; it is little more than half the width of the mesothorax.

The abdomen is generally more or less oval in form, the number of segments varying from eight to nine. The genital armor of the males varies greatly in different genera, and is frequently used in characterizing allied groups of species.

The wings are four in number, the anterior pair being most frequently of a triangular form, and the posterior pair pear-shaped, or sub-quadrate; but numerous and most extraordinary exceptions to this pattern occur. Their beautiful coloring is produced by multitudinous scales of various ornamental shapes, arranged in overlapping series, much after the pattern of Swiss tiles (Figs. 8, 9). These scales are inserted by means of a pedicle and bulb into little punctures in the membrane of the wing. This membrane, which is either colorless or of a horn-like hue, is composed of chitine (a substance consisting, according to Mr. Children, of a combination of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen and oxygen). The scales are merely modifications of hair or bristles, as may be seen by studying the wing of *Callitæra*, or other partially transparent genera under the microscope, when numerous bristles or hairs will be seen mixing with the scales, some of the latter, moreover, being imperfectly developed.

The surface of the wing is divided by five principal veins, with their branches, the vein nearest to the anterior margin being the costal vein (Fig. 10, A), which is usually simple, and joins the margin near its outer third. The second vein is called the subcostal (Fig. 10, B); it is always branched, the number of branches, or "nervules," seldom exceeding five, and reckoning forward from the base of the wing toward the apex. In the posterior wings these nervules vary from two to three in number, the third being produced by a displacement of the radial or discoidal vein. The radials are simple, and usually start from the cross-veinlets, which, in most genera, unite the sub-costal vein to the median, and are called the discocellulars; but in some instances the two radials of the anterior wings or the single radial of the posterior wings are abnormally situated, the upper radial being emitted as a branch of the sub-costal, and the lower radial as a fourth branch of the median. The median vein (Fig. 10, C) is placed almost in the central longitudinal line, and normally emits three nervules, which are reckoned in the order of their emission—that is, from the base toward the outer margin. The sub-median vein (Fig. 10, D) is usually

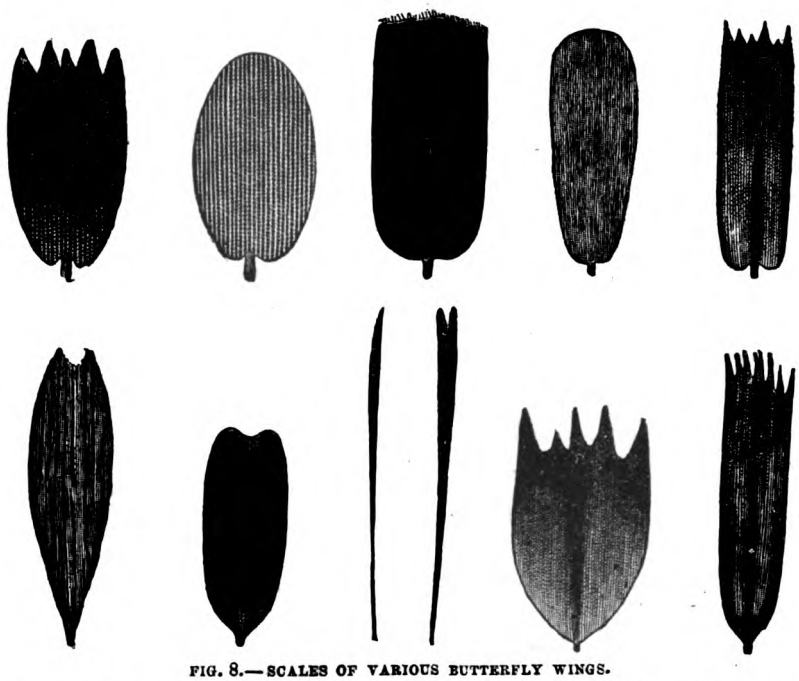


FIG. 8.—SCALES OF VARIOUS BUTTERFLY WINGS.

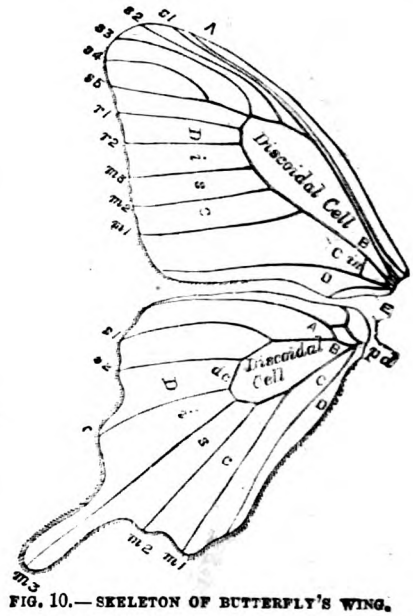


FIG. 10.—SKELETON OF BUTTERFLY'S WING.

(*m*1—*m*3) Median Branches; (*r*1—*r*2) Radials; (*s*1—*s*5) Subcostal Branches; (*e*) Internal Vein; (*dc*) Disco-cellular Veinlets; (*in*) Interno-median Veinlet.

simple, but in *Papilio* that of the anterior wings is united by a spur, or cross-vein (*in*) with the base of the median. The internal vein is a short nervure, seldom seen in the anterior wings, and placed next to the inner or abdominal margin. The discoidal cell is the area inclosed between the sub-costal and median veins, and usually shut in by the disco-cellular veinlets.

In describing the wing of a butterfly it is convenient to divide it into regions or interspaces, named after the veins which inclose them. The wing, then, will be divided as follows: Costal region, sub-costal region, first to fourth sub-costal interspaces, first and second discoidal or radial interspaces, second and first median, interno-median, submedian, internal. It may also be separated into imaginary areas, such as the basal, costal, sub-costal, discoidal, median, internal, discal, apical, external and anal: all these terms being valuable in indicating the general position of the markings.

FIG. 9.—PORTIONS OF THE WING OF THE ATTACUS.

The legs of butterflies, as in other insects, are six in number; but in the higher and consequently more specialized families, the anterior pair is more or less aborted, particularly in the male sex, where it frequently looks like a little tuft of hair rather than a limb. Their thickness, length, hairiness, the length, number or absence of their spines, and their presence or absence of tufts or fans of hair are all characters sought for, and studied with interest by the student.

Of the number of butterflies existing upon this globe it is impossible at present to speak definitely. Up to the present time somewhere about twelve thousand species are known. One thing is, however, certain, that the more we see of these beautiful insects the greater difficulty do we experience in discriminating between the crowds of closely-allied forms which constantly arrive from all parts of the world.

IT implies a want of feeling, amountingalmost to baseness, to deride any one on account of bodily defects. Every generous man avoids even the slightest allusion to such misfortunes.

A RUPTURE in the friendship of sensitive and refined natures is generally serious in its consequences. Coarse stones, when fractured, may be cemented again, precious ones never.

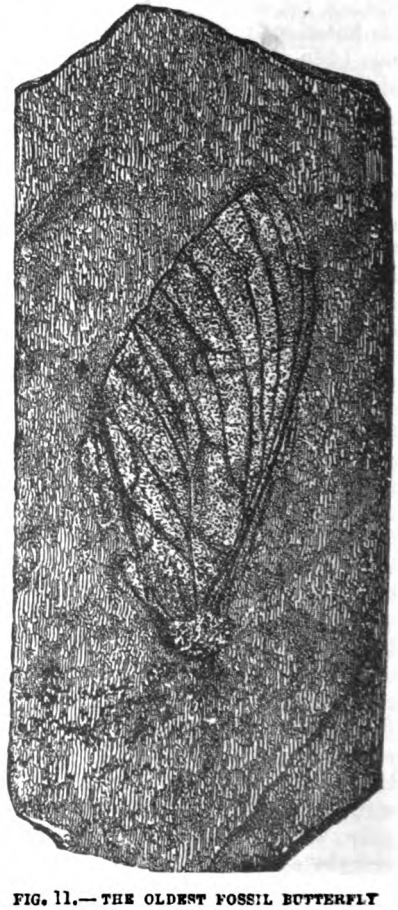


FIG. 11.—THE OLDEST FOSSIL BUTTERFLY WING.

HOW RUSSIAN GIRLS ARE COURTED.

Love is the same the world over, but, "courting" is managed very differently in different countries. Russian courting, among the middle classes, is peculiar. The first Whit-Sunday after the young girl is acknowledged by her mother to be of marriageable years, she is taken to the Petersburg Summer Garden, to join the "bridal promenade." This consists of the daughters of the Russian tradesmen walking in procession, followed by their parents. Up and down they go, pretending to chat with each other and to take no notice of the young men—the tradesmen's sons, dressed in their best clothes—who walk in another procession on the other side. However, every now and then, some young fellow slips out of his proper rank and adds himself to the line of girls on the other side, speaking to one particularly. The parents of the girl join in the conversation, and soon they leave the promenade and are joined by the parents of the young man. Generally, the old folks have talked it well over before, but on this occasion every one pretends to be surprised. On the next day a female *confidante* calls on the girl's parents and requests her hand. This granted, all the relations on both sides meet and argue about the portion to be given with the girl. If this is not satisfactory, all is at an end; if it is what is expected, the betrothal takes place.

MEASURING THE SUNSHINE.—SEE PAGE 630.

The bride and bridegroom kneel down upon a great fur mat, and the bride takes a ring from her finger and gives it to the bridegroom, who returns the gift by another. The bride's mother meanwhile crumbles a piece of bread over her daughter's head, and her father holds the image of his daughter's patron saint over his future son-in-law's well-brushed locks. As they arise the bridesmaids sing a wedding song. The guests each bring forward a present of some sort. Wine is handed about, and some one says it is bitter and needs sweetening. Upon this the bridegroom kisses the bride—the sweetness being supposed to be provided by this kiss—salutes the company and takes his leave, on which the bridesmaids sing a song with a chorus something like this:

> "Farewell, happy bridegroom,
> But return to be still more happy."

Courting-time has now begun. Every evening the lover comes to his lady's home with a present, which is always something good to eat—generally cakes or sugar plums. He makes love under rather awkward circumstances, for the bridesmaids sit about the betrothed pair in a circle, singing songs descriptive of their happiness.

The last evening of the courtship is enlivened by the presentation of the gifts of the bridegroom, which must include soap, perfumery, brushes and combs. On receiving these, the bridesmaids instantly carry the bride away to wash her, dress her hair, and perfume her pocket-handkerchief. Thus touched up, she returns to the company, and the bride's father gives his future son-in-law the marriage portion, which he takes home with him in a neat bag.

The next morning he returns for the lady herself. She receives him with her hair unbraided and flowing down her back. They are married by the ceremonies of the Greek Church, and the old folks never go to the wedding-dinner.

Those eternal bridesmaids, whom they must hate by this time, are there, however, still on duty, and the evening closes by the bride kneeling down and pulling off her

husband's boots, to prove her intention to be an obedient and submissive wife.

Good-natured bridegrooms generally hide jewelry or money in their boots, which the bride may take possession of as balm for her pride.

After the wedding-day the parents begin to give feasts, and keep it up a week, and it is not until all this is over that the "young couple" see those blessed bridesmaids take their departure. They are then compelled to kiss them, thank them, and give each a present.

THE MYSTERIES OF SHOES AND STOCKINGS.

THROWING the shoe after the wedded pair was, no doubt, intended as an augury of long life to the bride. In Yorkshire the ceremony of shoe-throwing is termed "thrashing," and the older the shoe the greater the luck; and in some parts of Kent the mode of procedure is somewhat peculiar.

After the departure of the bride and bridegroom the single ladies are drawn up in one row and the bachelors in another. When thus arranged an old shoe is thrown as far as possible, which the fair sex run for, the winner being supposed to have the best chance of marriage.

She then throws the shoe at the gentlemen, when the first who gets it is believed to have the same chance of matrimony. A somewhat similar custom prevails in Germany, where the bride's shoe is thrown among the guests at the wedding, the person who succeeds in catching it being supposed to have every prospect of a speedy marriage.

Many auguries are still gathered from the shoe. Thus young girls on going to bed at night place their shoes at right angles to one another, in the form of the letter T, repeating this rhyme:

"Hoping this night my true love to see,
I place my shoes in the form of a T."

As in the case of the stocking, great importance is attached by many superstitious persons as to which shoe they put on first, in allusion to which Butler, in his "Hudibras," says:

"Augustus, having b' oversight,
Put on the left she 'fore the right,
Had like to have been slain that day
By soldiers mutin'ing for pay."

An old writer, speaking of Jewish customs, tells us that "some of them observe, in dressing themselves in the morning, to put on the right stocking and right shoe first without tying it. Then afterward to put on the left shoe, and so return to the right, that so they may begin and end with the right shoe, which they account to be the most fortunate.

A Suffolk doggerel respecting the "wear of shoes" teaches us the following:

"Tip at the toe: live to see woe;
Wear at the side: live to be a bride;
Wear at the ball: live to spend all;
Wear at the heel: live to save a deal."

Among some of the many charms in which the shoe has been found efficacious may be mentioned one practiced in the North of England, where the peasantry to cure cramp or avert it, are in the habit of laying their shoes across.

A GENEROUS mind identifies itself with all around; but a selfish one identifies all things with self.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

A NEW JERSEY MASTODON.—The discovery of a mastodon skeleton near Freehold, N. J., adds to the evidence that some of those huge creatures must have survived until a period geologically quite recent. The bones were found by a farmer while digging a trench for draining a swampy meadow, and examined by Dr. Samuel Lockwood. The tusks were nearly eight feet long, but too much decayed to be preserved. The bones of the head, which were lying within two feet of the surface, were so soft as to be easily cut with a spade. They were nearly the color of the black vegetable mold of the meadow, and therefore almost indistinguishable. But a careful inspection showed that the front part of the head was greatly similar to that of the elephant of the present day, except that the forehead was abnormally high. By a close investigation of the skull, numerous air-cells, some of them an inch in diameter, were found. The bone of the skull was of an immense thickness, but completely honeycombed with these air-cells. These cells had become filled with the fibrous roots of plants which extended through the entire skull. After digging through the skull and coming to the lower part of the head, three or four more teeth, similar in shape, size and weight to that already described, were found. The teeth, unlike the tusks and bones, were in a remarkably good state of preservation. The exploration was continued until the entire body was laid bare. Beneath the bones was found a bed of sand, upon which the animal had evidently lain down to die. The bones of the body, though greatly decomposed, were plainly distinguishable, and the position of the animal was ascertained. It was lying with its head to the northeast, and its legs stretched out at length at right angles to its body, and its head inclined toward its chest. The region about Freehold is believed by geologists to have been recently raised above the surface of the ocean.

THE RICHEST TIN-MINE IN THE WORLD.—Of the western half of Tasmania but little, comparatively speaking, is known. Intersected by lofty mountain ranges, split asunder in every direction by precipice-walled gullies; varied by wide-spreading heathy plains, the pasturage of which is generally inferior; or by vast forests of *eucalypti*, giant trees in many instances attaining an altitude of more than 300 feet, with a girth of sixty feet and upward; or, again, by undulating country, so densely covered with scrub as to be almost impracticable even to an experienced bushman, and subject to a rainfall estimated at 140 inches per annum; the far west of this lovely island has been explored and "prospected," but never settled. There are one or two camps of timber-getters on the coast, and in the northwest districts a few good bits of pasturage have been taken up for stock-raising, but evidence of regular settlement of the country exists not. To the westward of the Surrey Hills, however, in the County of Russell, and at a distance of a 100 miles from Launceston, lies Mount Bischoff, and here a few adventurers found tin in 1872. A company was formed, and workings were commenced; an eminent mineralogist reported that the mountain was almost a mass of tin, the ore yielding from seventy to eighty per cent. of pure metal; large smelting-works were erected at Launceston, and in the year 1876 1,080 tons of tin were raised. Twenty-five shillings only have been paid up on each share, but the present market price is from £60 to £69, the company during the last four years having paid a dividend every two months of ten shillings per share. A fortunate gentleman in Hobart, who expended £875 in the purchase of 100 shares in 1873, now rejoices in the receipt of £2,100 a year as the income of his investment, and is, no doubt, thoroughly satisfied with his outlay.

EXTRACTION OF NICKEL.—The Thompson process consists essentially in first rendering the nickel magnetic, and then separating it from the materials with which it is mechanically mixed by a magnetic separator. In the case of oxidized compounds it is desirable to reduce them to the metallic condition. The compounds of nickel with sulphur would, in a number of cases, be best separated by bringing them into the state of sub-sulphide, in which condition nickel is also magnetic. When nickel occurs with heavy metals the magnetic separation should be done before fusion, as the nickel would then enter into alloys from which the magnet could not separate it. Where nickel occurs with iron, Messrs. Eastis and Howe have proposed to treat either natural or artificial oxides with a mixture of carbonic oxide and carbonic acid, or other reducing and oxidizing gases, in such proportions that they are capable of reducing the nickel so nearly to the metallic state as to render it magnetic, but still containing so much carbonic acid or other oxidizing gas as to be unable to reduce iron to that condition. Experiments made with Canadian nickel ores gave a concentrate containing over sixty per cent. of nickel.

MESSRS H. Y. CASTNER & BROTHER, analytical chemists, of New York, have patented a machine for the manufacture of bone black and ammonia, which promises important results. The process consists in passing crushed bone continuously through a heated vessel or cylinder, charring the bone thereby; then conducting it without exposure to an air-tight receptacle, where it is cooled, and the gases subjected to such chemical action as to recover all the ammonia. By this process the bone black and salts of ammonia are produced continuously at a great saving of time, labor and heat. The patentees have erected in Jersey City, at considerable cost, an experimental machine, which has been visited by a number of chemical experts, all of whom unite in pronouncing it a great success, not only as a piece of ingenious mechanism, but for the superior quality of its products. With a consuming capacity of one ton of bone per day the patentees claim that they can effect a saving of over twenty-five per cent.

ELECTRICITY OF FLAME.—A contribution to the subject of the electricity of flame has been made by Elster & Geitel, who used a quadrant electrometer for measurement. They find the supposed longitudinal polarization of flame to be merely apparent, and consequent on the unequal insertion of the wires used as electrodes. On the other hand, the flame is strongly polarized in cross section, an electrode in the air about the flame being always positive to the one in the flame. The theory the authors adopt is that by the process of combustion, *per se*, free electricity is not produced in the flame, but the flame-gases and the air-envelope have the property of exciting like an electrolyte metals or liquids in contact with them. To this electrolytic excitation is added a thermo-electric, due to the incandescent state of the electrodes. The amount and nature of the electric excitation is independent of the size of the flame and dependent on the nature, surface, condition and glow of the electrodes, and on the nature of the burning gases. It is remarked also that flames may be combined in series of galvanic elements, and so form a flame battery.

TORNADOES IN THE UNITED STATES.—The Signal Service Office has made a study of the 600 tornadoes recorded in the United States during the past eighty-seven years, and finds that such storms occur most frequently in June. While they are liable to swoop down at any hour of the twenty-four, they generally do their work between five and six P.M.; tornadoes always move with an eastward motion, and their average path of destruction is only about a fifth of a mile; they prevail chiefly in the West, and Kansas leads the list among States in that section, having experienced sixty-two in the last twenty-three years. Although accurate statistics are still lacking, there seems no doubt that the month of June this year brought more serious storms than any previous one, the best estimates putting the loss of life by tornadoes during that month at 150, while about 400 persons were wounded, and the damage to property aggregated about $5,000,000.

A VERY suggestive explanation—suggestive at least to those who enjoy the possession of valuable libraries—is given of the excellent condition in which the great Beckford Library is offered for sale, and of the high prices realized for it. The secret is said to lie in the fact that the books were specially protected by excluding all direct sunlight, the lighting of the room in the palace built for the Beckford collection being entirely from the ceiling and with double ground-glass windows. No gas has ever been permitted to be used, neither was the library ever lit up, being rarely entered but in the daytime. The bookcases were not glazed or closed up, having only brass wire trellis in front to admit of proper ventilation, the air of the room being carefully regulated both as to the temperature and dryness. To residents in the tropics these hints may be useful.

A HILL STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.—During a heavy thunderstorm in the Shetland Islands recently, which lasted several hours, a hill, three miles from Lerwick, was struck by lightning, and huge masses of rock and débris were thrown down on the public road which the hill overhangs, filling up the road and the valley at the other side, and suspending traffic. The total weight of the fallen rock is estimated at 400 tons.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

GLADSTONE seems to be a bigger man than President Arthur. Arabi Bey isn't able to pass the canal bill over his veto.

IT may seem a paradox, but it is, nevertheless, a fact, that, hit a man upon whatever part of the body you will, the blow is sure to go against his stomach.

"MAKE hay while the sun shines" is a venerable old adage, but with the sun shining in the nineties, the man who makes hay is apt to get sunstruck.

A YOUNG man having asked a girl if he might go home with her from singing-class and been refused, said, "You're as full of airs as a musical-box." "Perhaps so," she retorted; "but if I am, I don't go with a crank."

"SEE here, why didn't some of you firemen save the piano that was in that burning house?" asked a gentleman of the engineer of the fire brigade, who replied, "We couldn't save the piano because none of us could play upon it."

A CERTAIN gentleman recently lost his wife, and a young miss of six years, who came to the funeral, said to his little daughter, of about the same age, "Your pa will marry again, won't he?" "Oh, yes," was the reply, "but not till after the funeral!"

AN old lady, aged sixty, was seated mending her son's stockings in his house in one of the suburbs, when a tramp entered and asked for something to eat. The old lady went to the pantry, and when she came back her gold-rimmed spectacles were gone. She said to the tramp, "You've got my specs." He denied it. Quietly laying down the plate, she went to a bureau, took a revolver therefrom, pointed it at the tramp, and told him that if he did not lay "these specs" on the table she would shoot him where he stood. The tramp took the spectacles from his pocket and mildly laid them down. "Now," said she, "eat what I have brought for you and get out." He ate and departed. When her son, Augustus, appeared, the old lady, again taking the revolver from the bureau, said to him, "Augustus, how do you cock this weapon?"

THE sting of a bee is only one-thirty-second of an inch long; it is only your imagination that makes it seem as long as a hoe-handle.

A TALL man applied for a position as overseer. "What do you know?" he was asked. "I don't know anything," he replied; "but I'm tall enough to look over all the men you've got."

DARWIN'S THEORY BACKWARD.

Ever since Eve forced the apple
On her unsuspecting spouse,
Man has had his bread to grapple
By the moisture of his brows;
But the ape was much too clever
To become the serpent's prey,
So he toils not, and he never
Turns a hair the livelong day.

Anthropoids are never sordid,
Never have the thirst for drink;
Home at night 'tis not recorded
That the husband monkeys slink.
When they're tripped by fortune fickle,
Fastened to a cruel chain,
They, unselfish, seek the nickel
For the organ-grinder's gain.

How they scorn the rascal penny
With their restless, rolling eyes!
Ah, believe me, I've known many
Men who are not half so wise.
Bliss to live without the tailor,
Free from cares and doctor's pills,
Ne'er to tremble or to turn pale o'er
Piles of unreceipted bills.

A FRENCH writer says there was once in the environs of Rouen a miller's daughter so pretty and so cruel that the sighs of her lovers alone served to turn the sails of her father's mill.

WAS there ever a better example of the witty and concise form of expression than the answer of the grim man who, when asked about the character of a neighbor, sententiously replied, "Mister, I don't know very much about him, but my impression is, he'd make a first-class stranger."

THE DONKEY.—(A VIGNETTE FROM NATURE, DRAWN WITH THE THUMB.)

"Donkeys are the final flowers of long ages of native evolution, the natural head and crown of one great line of mammalian development. To doubt their intelligence is to impugn the whole conduct of nature. . . . Donkeys cannot help being clever. . . . They do not represent mere stranded and struggling relics of older types, like the very silly Kangaroos and Ant-eaters and Hedgehogs. . . . I feel a genuine respect for every donkey I meet, when I remember that it was the mere accidental possession of an opposable thumb that gave my ancestors a start over his in the race for the inheritance of the earth toward the very close of the tertiary period."—*Vignettes from Nature.* By Grant Allen.

How, flower of nature, could it come to pass
That we should say "as stupid as an ass"?
Why thus the donkey intellect describe,
Or so asperse thy great mammalian tribe?
Injustice such as this to the long-eared
Must wait not, but be instantly repaired!
To doubt thy cleverness were to impugn
An all-wise Providence—to judge too soon!
No, struggling relic of an older type,
Why should you feel the stick's unfeeling swipe,
Or the coarse costermonger's coarser call,
When we must own thee as the crown of all?
No more the butt of wit's sarcastic gibe
Himself, as stupid, must the wit describe!
What clever thoughts go coursing through thy pate,
My dearest donkey, mine own unguiate!
Artemus Ward may well be left to bless
And revel in his kangaroo's own "cussedness,"
The silly kangaroo that, from his birth,
Seeks but the holes and corners of the earth
To drag a losing life behind the times,
And die a certain death in distant climes.
I for thy tribe a greater rev'rence feel,
As o'er my senses thy vast merits steal:
For, had I not possessed this back-bent thumb,
You would have spoken words and I been dumb;
Yours it would have been on earth to pray,
While my vocation would have been to bray.
This accident alone gave me the start
By which I ride while you do draw the cart.
I own thy kinship with a brother's pride.
Came not my "firmness" on the donkey side?
What wisdom, Dogberry, could thy wit surpass,
When thou didst claim to "write me down an ass"?

A FATHER complained bitterly of the way his children destroyed their clothing. He said, "When I was a boy I only had one suit of clothes, and I had to take care of it. I was only allowed one pair of shoes a year in those days." There was a pause, and then the oldest boy spoke up and said, "I say, dad, you have a much easier time of it now you are living with us!"

"YOU'VE FOUND ME, HAVE YOU?"

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THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL, LL.D.

As you pass down "Cheapside" into "The Poultry," you come to the Mansion House (the official residence of the Lord Mayor of London), standing at the end of that street, which meets five other streets terminating at this point. These are King William Street, Lombard Street, Princes Street, Threadneedle Street, and Cornhill. All

WILLIAM PATERSON, FOUNDER OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

these are traditional and famous names in the great city's history. You cross over from the Mansion House and pass along Threadneedle Street toward the Royal Exchange. As you walk along, your attention will be arrested by the appearance of a large and mildly-important-looking personage, attired in a scarlet coat, buff waistcoat, and very close-fitting knee-breeches, who carries in his hand a species of wand, sceptre, or truncheon. This individual, unlike the two motionless cavaliers on the two motionless steeds at the Horse Guards, sways perpetually, with a mild, complacent dignity, from one side to the other of the not large portal, before which it is evident he is stationed, making way for respectable-looking people to pass in without let or hindrance, but bringing to an abrupt stop any one who comes with the least appearance of disrepute. He assumes no pose, puts on no airs—why should he? He esteems his consequence too well assured for any such nonsense, for he is in the employ of the "Governor and Company of the Bank of England," and you are standing at the entrance of the famous edifice itself.

Perhaps you have not taken any special notice of the building, though possibly in search of it. Now you do take notice of it, and the better to inspect it, you step back to the opposite side of the street, and are in full view of a peculiar-looking structure—low, windowless, but erected with a certain regard for architectural proportions. The front, on Threadneedle Street, of the Ionic order, is of fair style, not, however, calculated to insure special commendation. You proceed on your tour, and enter "Bartholomew Lane." This is what is called the back entrance. The architecture is much more elaborate than that of the front, for we have Corinthian columns, emblematical statues, with other ornamentation. Here you observe, from time to time, coaches or wagons, loaded with gold or silver bullion, which arrive to deposit their treasure, and then depart. From Bartholomew Lane you follow into Lothbury, where you encounter a display of mingled Greek and Roman architecture, with a triumphal arch copied from that of Constantine at Rome. You need not stop to criticise time, place and antecedents of this mixed work, or to inquire by what sort of hocus-pocus they should be adapted to a money-temple. One more turn, and you are in Princes Street, against which the Bank presents little else than an elaborate dead wall. From Princes Street you wheel into Threadneedle Street, and find yourself at the spot from which you started.

By inquiry you will learn that you have in your irregular walk (for each side is of different length) encompassed four acres, and that the area represents a parish of the Corporation of London. Perhaps you wonder by what hazard such a curious pile could be got together; but the edifice, oddly enough, represents the political patchwork by which the Bank has grown to be a huge monopoly, wielding a money power with which no institution in the world can compare or has ever compared.

Should you have romantic predilections for the past, you will stop just where you have now placed yourself, and yield a few moments to these influences. You are standing in the very centre of Roman London. Fourteen feet below you can be found a wealth of Roman remains—coins of the reigns of various emperors, fragments of frescoes, tessellated pavements, lamps, vases, sandals, ornaments of many kinds, statues of the ancient gods, and various luxurious emblems of a race once the most powerful on the globe; while lower still lie embedded the rude instruments of warfare and broken chariot-wheels, fierce tokens of the ancient Briton who so long and so stubbornly resisted the veteran legions of Cæsar.

But we are not to pursue these associations. The object of the present article is to give the general reader some account of the Bank of England, its origin, its objects, and the manner in which its business is conducted.

There are many crude, odd notions connected in the popular mind with the word "bank." Its original meaning is a place for the deposit and safekeeping of money. This, it will at once be seen, implies great trust on the part of the person who deposits his money, and a corresponding trustworthiness on the part of those who receive the deposit. Out of this simple relation has grown a system by which the depositor's funds are employed by the custodian: and herein lies the chief profit of the bank or banker, whose function it is, be it understood, to use other people's money. It does not follow that the bank may not have money of its own to lend, but its important and responsible business is how safely to employ the money of others, yet be always ready to respond to an instant demand for it. I put down this statement at the start, and beg the reader to keep it in mind.

Banking business is of ancient origin. The Greek bankers frequented the markets and public places, and seated themselves on benches (hence the words "banco" and "bank"), arranged where they took in money from some in order to lend it to others. It was not till trade and commerce occupied the industries of man that the "bank" assumed anything like its present form and proportion.

Of all these institutions, three stand out as specially exceptional in character and performance—namely, the Bank of Venice, the Bank of Amsterdam, and the Bank of England. I shall make a brief allusion to the two first named.

The Bank of Venice is the first bank in date in the history of Modern Europe. Venice had secured commercial and maritime supremacy, but was hampered by perpetual contests with Genoa, until the Government, in order to sustain itself, was reduced to the necessity of making forced loans on her opulent citizens. The interest on these loans was always punctually paid at certain offices established for that purpose. These offices were at last (A.D. 1171) merged into one establishment, and called the Bank of Venice. The remarkable feature of this bank was that, while it received deposits, it paid out no money, but simply credited the amount on the books. A check on the bank was honored by transferring the sum from one name to the other, and it is a singular fact that these credits were at a premium over coin, which had begun to be largely clipped, and thus reduced in value. This system, we are told, for a long period was the admiration of Europe, the chief instrument of Venetian finance, and the chief facility of a commerce not surpassed by any other nation. The fall of the Venetian republic of course caused a collapse of the bank.

In the course of events, Holland, by the overthrow of the Hanseatic League, achieved commercial supremacy, and came to be the great money centre. The coins of all Europe found their way and became current there. Most of these were worn, defaced or clipped, and the currency was exposed to much inconvenience. To remedy this and fix the value or par of the current money of the country, the merchants, in 1609, established the Bank of Amsterdam. This bank accepted the coins of all countries, worn or new, at their intrinsic value, and paid for them in the coin of the country, deducting only the expense of recoining. A remarkable peculiarity of the bank was that it did not profess to lend out any part of the specie deposited with it, but literally retained it in its coffers. This rule was adhered to for more than a hundred years, and was at last broken to sustain the Dutch East India Company, and so the Bank was forced into liquidation.

It is by design that I have thus briefly spoken of the two anomalous institutions which preceded the equally extraordinary one of the Bank of England. This Bank was created by Act of Parliament in 1694. At that time the Government, impoverished by its wars with France, and compelled to have ready money, was borrowing it at almost any rate varying from twenty to forty per cent. per annum. These loans were contracted with the English Jews, goldsmiths and pawnbrokers generally. The difficulty of raising money had been greatly enhanced by the infamous seizure, by Charles II., of over $6,000,000 deposited by the London goldsmiths with the Exchequer, for which, after seizure, a trifling rate of interest only was allowed. Financial matters grew worse and worse, till the commencement of the reign of William and Mary, when the Government appeared to be entirely at the mercy of the usurers. And here we enter on a new state of affairs.

* * * * * *

In the year 1682 there lived in Boston, in the Province of Massachusetts Bay, a young Scotchman by the name of William Paterson. He was at that time about three-and-twenty, and had sailed from Bristol to the New World to seek his fortune. He was a native of Dumfriesshire, and came of the stock of the Covenanters, and was brought up by a pious mother in the uncompromising tenets of their creed. He left home at sixteen, and went to Bristol, which was then a port in close connection with the American Colonies. He exhibited an intense fondness for active commercial life, and in due course he emigrated to Boston and engaged heartily in his favorite pursuits. Some of these enterprises would now be esteemed of a doubtful character, but they were held at the time to be in every way legitimate. I refer especially to the system of privateering, whereby the owners of vessels made prizes on their own account of ships whose countries were at war with England. His avocations certainly did not interfere with a careful adherence to his strict religious principles, and no one challenged his sincerity when he undertook, in common with other pious laymen, to preach and conduct prayer-meetings, as occasion demanded. He married in Boston the widow of a Puritan minister named Bridge, and for several years occupied himself with trading voyages between that place and the Bahamas.

In 1687 he returned to England, to lay before the sovereign a proposal for taking possession of the Isthmus of Darien, which he called the "Keys of the Indies and Doors of the World." We have nothing to do with the Darien scheme, the wisdom of which time has fully vindicated, notwithstanding its miserable failure. Unable at the time to enlist any of the Governments of Europe in the project, he postponed, but did not abandon it. He settled down to active business in London, and is known as the promoter of some of the most important schemes for the benefit of the city. James II. was deposed, William of Orange was now sovereign. Paterson was one of the strongest adherents of the new dynasty. He saw the Government was virtually bankrupt, that it was entirely at the mercy of unscrupulous money-dealers. In fact, crippled as England was with the French wars, and obliged to raise money literally from hand to mouth, her financial position was a critical one. It was evident, then, that the Government would willingly grant great exclusive privileges to parties who would furnish a permanent loan at a fixed, reasonable rate. Paterson seized upon the idea, and as early as 1691 urged the establishment of a National Bank, to provide a safe means of investment and a trustworthy machinery for lending and borrowing money at proper rates of interest. Many of the great London merchants joined in support of the project, others opposed it, while Parliament had not the wit to perceive the wisdom of the measure.

It would be idle to attempt to give an account of the fierce discussions of the next three years as to the expediency of the measure. Committees of the House of Commons from year to year investigated the measure, till the subject got into inextricable confusion. It was much like legislative committees and legislative investigations nowadays. Nevertheless, after three years of persistent effort the Act incorporating the Governor and Company of the Bank of England was passed (the corporate name has never been changed), and on the 25th day of April, 1694, it received the Royal Assent. The capital of the bank was $6,000,000 (I reduce the sum to our own currency for the immediate convenience of the reader), which had all to be paid within a limited time. The whole of this sum was to be lent to the Government at the then low rate of eight per cent. per annum. In return, the Bank was granted the power to deal in bills of exchange, bullion and forfeited bonds, and to receive £20,000 per annum for handling the Government debt. I should add here that William Paterson was one of the original directors.*

Never was a Bill passed under such almost universal outside denunciation. The Jews and the goldsmiths endeavored to howl it down. Both Whigs and Tories denounced it, while the Catholics considered it a device of the devil in aid of the detested William of Orange. But Parliament did not dare leave the King, hotly engaged in a war where the honor of the nation was at stake, without money, and the Bill was passed.

The charter indeed, was obtained, but would its conditions be complied with? Bets were freely circulated, and odds given that not one-third of the required amount would be subscribed.

To the chagrin of the malcontents the entire sum was subscribed in ten days, and the whole paid to the Exchequer in about ten weeks, and the Bank of England was afloat It had lent its entire capital to the Government, and had thus indissolubly united the fortunes of the Government with its own, and in every renewal of its charter and increase of its capital the same conditions have been observed.

The Bank of England was afloat, but it was soon to encounter a sea of troubles. The stability of William's Government was doubted, the money was terribly debased, and the national debt increasing. The money-dealers regarded the Bank as their natural enemy, and entered into combinations to harass it.

The bank held its first meetings in Mercers' Hall, Cheapside, which served for its temporary purposes; but on commencing business, January 1st, 1695, it removed to Grocers' Hall, in the Poultry, where it continued till its present lodgment on Threadneedle Street, in 1734.

In 1696, a little more than one year after the bank had commenced to do business, came a crisis which severely tested not its resources alone, but its position with regard to the finances of the country. The coin had become so much debased by clipping and other processes that the Government called it in for the purpose of recoinage. Here was at once not only an absolute loss of a

* William Paterson died in London, in 1718, at the age of 61. He left a very moderate fortune. He spent several years of his useful life in promoting the union between England and Scotland, and to him more than to any other one man are both countries indebted for the carrying out of the great measure. "He was," says his biographer, "a man of great talents, and greater honesty and persistent devotion to everybody's welfare but his own. It is impossible to describe the good influence his commercial teaching had upon the future trade of England. He was a worthy and noble patriot of his country, and one of the most eminent in it."

THE BANK OF ENGLAND IN 1730, SEEN FROM THE MANSION HOUSE.

large per cent. by the reduction in the legal value of the coin, but the coin itself was withdrawn from circulation, while the new coinage proceeded slowly, and was issued in small lots. The bank suffered immensely by this enormous loss on its silver coin. Its stock went down from 110 to 83. The goldsmiths and other money-lenders plotted to destroy it. They collected all the notes they could get together, and the run on the bank commenced. The bank promptly cashed the notes brought in the regular course of business, but refused to cash those in the hands of the plotters, leaving them to their legal remedy. The directors then made a call of 20 per cent. on the shareholders, which was promptly responded to, and at once made a payment in new coin of 15 per cent. on the notes presented, which amount was credited on the back and returned to the owner. Further payments were made till the notes were all taken up. I have myself handled one of these notes, carefully preserved to-day in the Bank of England, which has been indorsed down to a small sum and finally paid in full.

As the Government was the chief debtor of the bank it came forward to its relief in a notable way. It extended its charter to 1710, which was not even then to be withdrawn unless the Government paid the full debt. [Little danger of that.] The capital was enlarged, the Bank allowed to issue additional notes to the amount of what was newly subscribed. No other bank was to be chartered during its continuance. Further, an entire exemption was granted from all tax and imposition. The fact is, the Government had come into a virtual partnership with the Bank, in the success of which the existence of both were at stake. This Bank was the loyal supporter of the new dynasty, from which it derived its existence; for the Stuarts, had they got back into power, would have at once repudiated the Government debt and abandoned the bank to bankruptcy and ruin.

The result of such energetic legislation in favor of the bank was the entire discomfiture of its enemies and the establishment of the institution on a basis of still closer relations with the Government. From this time forward the history of the Bank of England reads like a financial romance, so closely entwined are its fortunes with the nation which had borrowed the whole of its capital, a loan which we may safely assume will never be repaid, since it is not for the interest of the debtor to discharge, or of the creditor to receive payment of the debt.

In the various and extraordinary conditions through which England passed during the next hundred and fifty years, the Bank of England had its charter modified or extended thirteen times. The limitation of the charter was always for a fixed period, and until after twelve months' notice and a payment by Government of its debt. Every one of these extensions resulted in a direct benefit to the Government and a direct benefit to the bank. The capital was increased continually, and it was at once loaned to the nation. In return the exclusive privileges were amplified and continued, and in 1834 its bills were made a legal tender. In short, we may say the Government was issuing bills based on its own credit. From the year 1694 up to 1815 England was constantly engaged in war, or embroiled in a doubtful and threatening peace, more dangerous than war itself. In these perpetual struggles the bank was continually called on for financial aid, and it responded freely. It was Pitt who tried the resources of the bank to its utmost capacity. He was an inexorable borrower. In vain the "Governor and Company" petitioned him, memorialized him, begged for a conference, and avowed its utter inability to advance another shilling. Mainly he failed to make any response, except to urge for more money, which was required to save the honor of the nation. After the American war was at an end came the French revolution; then the reign of Napo-

leon, who was a menace and standing terror to England. What was to be done for money to carry on these wars, for every resource had been exhausted?

On the 26th day of February, 1797, there was held a secret meeting of the Privy Council. The result of that meeting was an order addressed to the Governor and Company of the Bank of England directing them to forbear issuing cash in payment for any indebtedness until the sense of Parliament could be taken on the subject. So by order of its partner in trade (the English Government), the Bank of England suspended specie payments, and thus gave a new lease of life to the successful prosecution of England's wars, which in the end resulted triumphantly for the nation, and, in fact, for the general prosperity. This suspension, let me say here, continued virtually till 1821—to wit, twenty-four years. The Bank was quick to seize on the advantage thus proffered. It issued a circular giving an accurate account of its affairs, by which it appeared (always counting the loan to the Government as a first-class available asset) that its finances were in a most flourishing condition, but stating that in obedience to the decree of the Privy Council, they could no longer pay out gold and silver for their indebtedness. The circular had an admirable effect; business received a fresh stimulus. People looked on suspension of specie payments as temporary until the continued extensions of the order, from year to year, ceased to have any alarming effect.

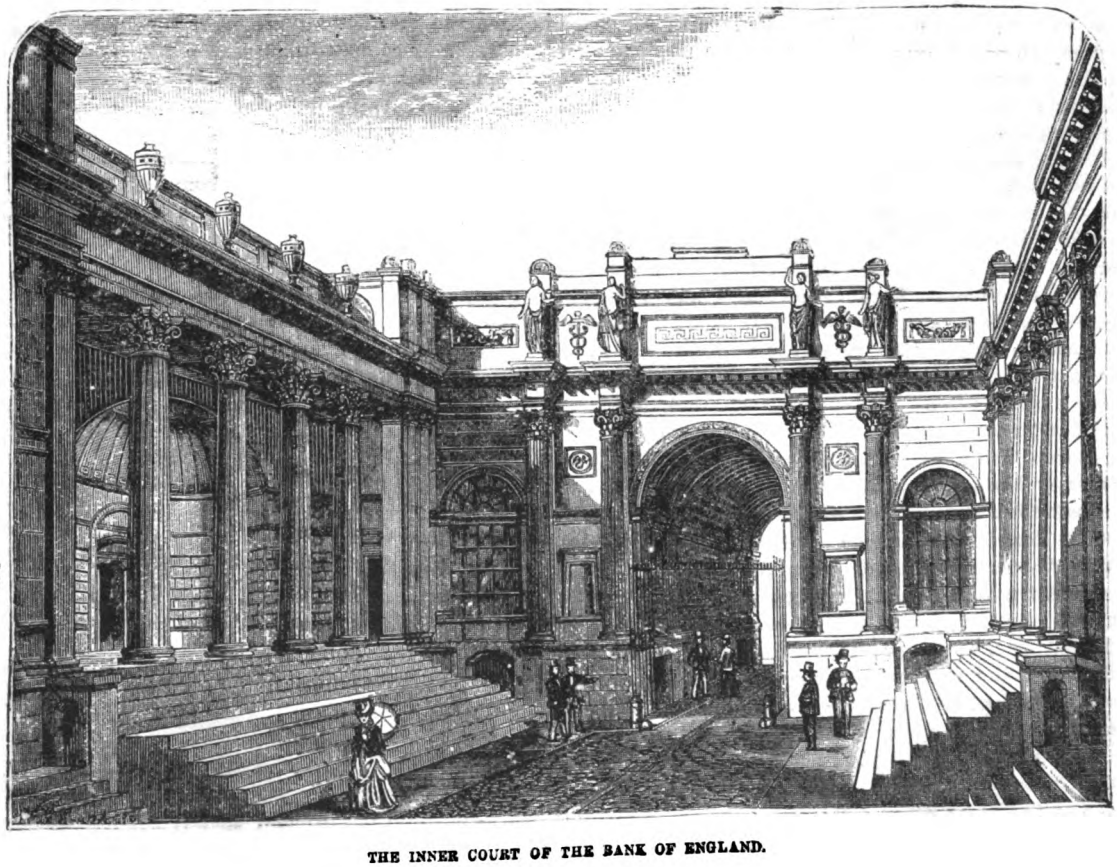
The reader, I am sure, will be reminded by the foregoing account, of our own experiences during and subsequent to the late war, when specie payments were so long suspended. In our case, the national expenditures were so enormous, and our wealth so limited, that paper money suffered a fearful depreciation, from which England was mainly saved.

The Bank by no means escaped criticism, or vituperation, even. A circumstance which led to many jokes, and quips, and pasquinades, and a good deal of abuse, was the issue by the Bank of what was termed the five-shilling dollar (a dollar is about four shillings and a penny sterling), on one side of which was stamped, "Georgius III., Dei gratia, Rex.," and on the other, "Five shilling-dollar—Bank of England." This mixture of Government stamp with the Bank's coinage called out as much ridicule and abuse as does our legal dollar (?) of 112 grains, bearing the inscription, "In God we trust." Somewhat later the Bank used the Spanish milled dollar, first stamping on the head of the King of Spain a smaller impression of the head of George III. Thus prepared, it was issued at five shillings and sixpence—about one dollar and thirty-five cents. This led to the publication of the following squib

> "The Bank, to make their Spanish dollars current pass,
> Stamped the head of a fool on the head of an ass."

The Bank was originally permitted to issue no bills under £20 ($100). But from time to time this rule was altered to meet the pressing needs of the community. At this period (suspension of specie payments) it was authorized to issue £1 notes, which, while it became of immense convenience to the community, led to extensive forgeries, and to a melancholy list of convictions; for forgery at that period was a capital crime.

In 1819 Sir Robert Peel introduced a bill in Parliament to secure a gradual return to specie payments, and to restore the old metallic standard. It was Peel's great principle that a national bank should always be prepared to pay specie for its notes on demand—a principle he worked out twenty-five years later in his famous Bank Charter. The Act of 1819 was in every way successful in its operation. The Bank made its preparations with care, and in 1821 had accumulated in its vaults about a hundred



THE INNER COURT OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

million dollars in gold and silver. In 1825 a terrible collapse in monetary affairs, accompanied by a panic, swept over England, and shook the Bank to its centre. The specie in its vaults had been gradually depleted, until the amount had become alarmingly small. At this juncture a large quantity of £1 pound notes was discovered in an old box which had been stored away, and these were immediately issued. The general feeling prevailed that the attempt to resume specie payments had been premature, and that it was the cause of all these financial reverses. But the more reasonable idea was, that the crisis once passed, affairs would settle down on a surer footing. Nevertheless, there seemed to be no salutary operating law controlling the issues of the Bank of England, and it became evident that such a law should be enacted.

This brings us face to face with the Bank of England of modern times, which dates from the passage of "Peel's Bank Act." This Act was passed on the 19th day of July, 1844. It was called "An Act to Regulate the Issue of Bank-notes, and for giving to the Governor and Company of the Bank of England certain privileges for a limited period."

The Act separated the issue department from the banking department. It permitted the issue of bills to the amount of fifteen million sterling (seventy-five million dollars), on Government securities set apart for that purpose. No bills to be issued in excess of that amount except against gold and silver coin and bullion held by the Bank, the silver not to exceed one-fourth of the amount, and no bill to be of a less denomination than £5; a weekly statement to be published of the Bank's condition; the Bank to pay nine million dollars for what was termed the privilege of "exclusive banking," which means really the exclusive privilege of issuing notes. Should the Bank at any time issue notes in excess of the rule, the Government was to be allowed the benefit of it.

Prior to the Act of 1844 there was a perpetual controversy as to the public duties of the Bank with reference to its paper currency, on the issue of which there was no restriction. That discussion was terminated by the Act of 1844. For by that Act the currency manages itself, and all the Bank has to do is to comply with the law.

In brief, Bank of England notes are a legal tender, except for debts due from the Bank. The Bank can issue $75,000,000 of notes against certain Government securities in hand; beyond that, notes can only be issued against gold and silver in the vaults. The Bank pays a large sum in gross to the Stamp-office for their notes, and never reissues its notes, but cancels them on return. The Bank is really a private corporation, precisely as other banks are private corporations. But its extraordinary duties and privileges, which extend back nearly two hundred years, lift it entirely outside and beyond the pale of an ordinary corporation. The Bank undertakes the management of the national debt—that is, it is the depository of all the public balances, and it pays the quarterly interest on the debt. This function alone invests it with an official character at once strengthening and reassuring. If the Government trusts the Bank, it is because it is worthy to be trusted. Such is the natural reasoning. Then the Bank has become, because of its semi-official character, the depository of the balances of all the other banking institutions of London, and as the country banks keep their balances at some one of the London banks, it follows that the Bank of England is the depository of the balances of the entire country.

It is easy to see how this state of things came about. From the fact that the Bank was the financial agent of the Government, everything flowed into its coffers. And as London is the money centre of the world and regulator of the world's money marts, so it has become the clearing-house to foreign countries. The enormous payments by France to Germany, after the close of the Franco-Prussian war, were made through London. If a New York merchant purchases a cargo of teas in China, he must pay for it by bills on London. All this enormous business is done through the Bank of England, in so far as the bank holds the money balances for the other institutions.

You naturally ask if doubts do not arise lest in time of panic the Bank will fail to respond to the immense demands upon it, and go down in the general crash, as other great moneyed corporations have gone down. I answer, "No." It has never been my lot to meet an Englishman who entertained the least fear about the Bank of England. The English world have no more thought of the possibility of the Bank's failing than of the collapse of the English nation. And the idea seems to be fully shared by the Bank itself. "The credit of the Bank of England in danger!" said a distinguished English banker to me, during a great money crisis a few years ago; "just as much in danger as the national credit."

Another important item in illustrating the position of the Bank is what is termed the "Bank Reserve." The general reader may be surprised to learn that the Bank is not forced by any Act of Parliament to keep a reserve; neither do the records of the Bank show any admitted duty in this respect. Yet the Bank does keep the sole banking reserve—in other words, the sole unused amount of cash, of any account, of the entire country. The other banking institutions discount, when they can, up to all their available means, relying on the Bank of England in case of money stringency or panic. And its banking department is thus obliged to allow a large amount of its deposit funds, say from thirty to fifty per cent., to lie idle to meet emergencies. The result is, that of all the sound London banking institutions, the Bank of England declares the smallest dividend, averaging about eight per cent., while some of the joint stock banks declare dividends as high as twenty per cent.

But in times of financial panic and crisis, when the whole country is convulsed, and other countries are in trouble and on the borders of financial ruin, what then is to save the Bank of England from destruction? I reply, "An order in Council," by which the Bank is authorized to continue its discounts, issue notes for the same, notwithstanding the Act of 1844, which order contains an assurance, if the law should be infringed, Government would ask Parliament for a bill of indemnity. In short, the English Government, as it did in days of yore, comes to the aid of its financial partner, the Bank of England, stands by it, permits it to issue notes to any amount in its discretion, declares the Bank shall suffer no penalty for so doing, with this proviso, that the profits derived from the over-issue shall go to the credit of the Government. No marvel that it is asserted that the Bank cannot fail unless the nation goes into bankruptcy.

Since Peel's Act of 1844 the Bank of England, or, rather, the great commercial classes, in their own behalf, have had occasion to invoke the intervention of Government three times; in 1847, in 1857, and in 1866; and it may appear to us a little extraordinary, but directly on the issuing of the "letter of license," confidence was restored, and affairs began immediately to mend.

If the Bank of England enjoys these extraordinary facilities during exceptionally troublous times in money matters, it is only fair to add that it extends during those same periods extraordinary assistance. At such a crisis it is very generally understood that the Bank *never* refuses

to lend money on approved securities. Should the Bank, even at the moment of direst pressure, decline to loan on consols, it would create a monetary consternation, wholly irremediable, from one end of England to the other. Therefore, the Bank never refuses to lend money on consols. But it loans at a price. There are no usury laws in England, and the Bank rate varies with the demand and supply.

I was in London during the memorable panic of 1866, when the Bank rate went up to ten per cent., and so continued for more than three months. I was in Lombard Street on the dreadful blue Monday of the 12th of May, when the run was made on various banks, especially on the "limited liability" banks and companies, against which John Bull appeared to have a special spite, notwithstanding the fact that the Bank of England itself is by Act of Parliament a corporation of limited liability. These institutions were of recent origin, and in order to attract deposits from the old houses, offered a large rate of interest on funds left in their hands. These could find no legitimate employment in London to enable the new banks to keep faith with their constituents, so they were loaned out at a high rate of interest to further speculative schemes abroad, such as Italian railways and irrigation companies, Belgian building companies, Russian schemes, American schemes, and other enterprises needless to mention. When the inevitable crash came, these limited banks and companies hastened to the Bank of England for aid on securities such as I have described. The answer properly was, "Not one shilling." The limited companies went by the board, but it threatened to involve in the wreck the sound institutions, because their depositors, seized with panic, now demanded the return of their cash. The Bank of England came promptly to the rescue of such institutions, and companies which had, of course, undoubted securities to offer. And when the Bank had gone to the length of its legal tether, there came an order in council, permitting the Bank to keep on discounting.

Here we are met with an important consideration. What as to the management of the institution which has been so entirely in the nation's confidence? Has it never dabbled in politics, or been concerned in jobs, or indulged in rings, or succumbed to "bossism"? It is natural that an American, especially a New Yorker, should ask the question. The answer is strictly, sternly in the negative. It is true that in the earlier days of the Bank, and until after the year 1745, while the fortunes of the Stuarts were still hopeful, the Bank was, beyond all question, stanchly Whig in its politics, and was a tower of strength for the reigning dynasty. Now the Bank is absolutely non-political, owing allegiance of the truest kind to the nation, whether the existing Government be Whig, Tory or Liberal.

I do not mean to be understood that the wisdom of the Bank management is never called in question. On the contrary, it is discussed on all occasions, especially when the rate of interest is raised or lowered, and persons abound who criticise its operations perpetually, yet no one would think of uttering a whisper against the integrity of those who direct its course or the honesty of its administration.

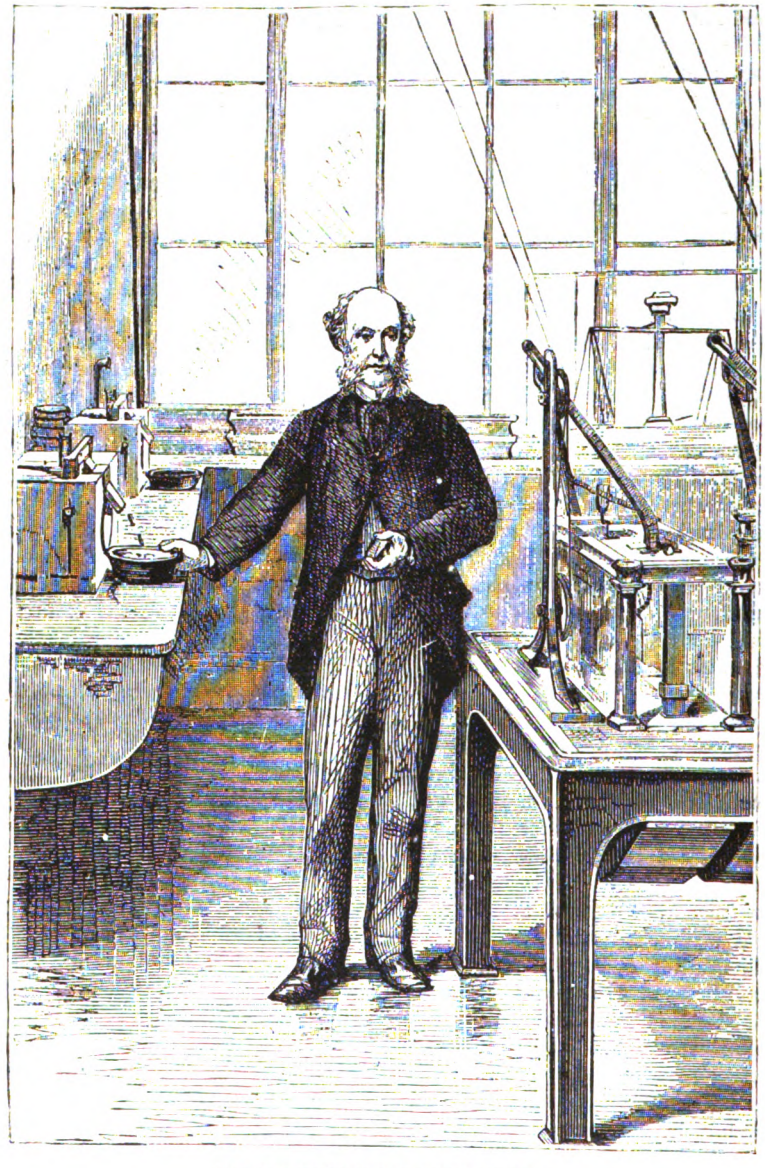
Who are these men who compose the corporation known as the Governor and Company of the Bank of England? How are they chosen, and by what rule selected? The government of the Bank is made up of twenty-four directors, exclusive of the Governor and the Deputy-governor, who are chosen from the directors. In fact, the board is self-electing. The custom is for one-third in number of the directors to go out of office every year, remain out one year, when they are subject to re-election. The *new* members elected are invariably young men. These are selected with great care from the most promising members of the old-established firms in London, excluding the banks and banking-houses, no member of which can become a director in the Bank of England. It is said that little or no favor is shown in the selection, it being the honest desire of the directors to insure the future good management of the Bank. It looks a little odd to encounter a fresh, stylish-appearing young gentleman, still retaining the vivacity of youth, and be told he is a Director of the Bank of England. Yet the young fellow has been selected with great care, with the view to secure an efficient member twenty years later. It is managed in this way. I have remarked that a certain number of the directors go out every year. By a custom long established it is understood that it will be the young men who will voluntarily resign their position to be re-elected after the lapse of another year. In this way the younger members are for several years in a kind of training-school, which prepares them for a permanent seat at the board later on. The result is that the directors are active business men connected with important commercial firms in the city, who have become perfectly familiar with their duties, and who are anxious to honorably discharge them.

In ordinary course a director will reach the position of Governor in about twenty years. He must first serve as Deputy-governor; both officers are elected for two years. The Governor, at the end of that period, takes again the position of director, and is succeeded by the Deputy-governor. The Governor is eligible for re-election, but he almost invariably falls back into the ranks at the end of one term. The position of Governor and Deputy is one of great labor and responsibility. They are expected to be constantly present at the Bank; to pass on applications for advances out of the ordinary routine; to carry on the almost incessant correspondence between the Bank and the Government, and bring all necessary matters before the Board of Directors—in fact, generally, to manage the concerns of the institution. The Directors meet but once a week, and do not continue in session more than two hours—ordinarily from half-past eleven or twelve to half-past one. So fixed is this habit, that if the session should be prolonged considerably beyond the usual time, an incipient panic would be likely to take possession of the street. For it would at once be inferred that some change of importance was under discussion, and persons would congregate about the doors of the Bank parlor to obtain the earliest information. The Bank is open for business from nine to four.

In these observations I have studiously avoided entering on any of the numerous discussions touching the general policy of the Bank; its modes and methods; its manner of choosing directors, and many other points, that are habitually subjects of conversation and dispute among business-men in London; my object being, so far as I was able, to present to the reader a clear statement of what the Bank of England is, its general functions, its privileges, its duties and responsibilities, and its methods of administration. And I have endeavored to show that during the whole term of its existence—188 years—its monetary interests have been completely entwined with the finances of the English Government, so that these are now so indissolubly united, in public estimation, that the Bank's credit is never impaired, and indeed cannot be impaired without involving the credit of the nation itself.

The history of the Bank has its romantic features, in which crime and the eccentricities of the English character

are commingled. Within the Bank the instances of dishonesty of the employés have been very rare, and these of comparatively trifling extent. The great danger to which the Bank has always been exposed, and is still exposed, is by the forgery of its notes. As it is the only Bank of issue in England, all that mechanical skill and cunning can devise, sharpened by unscrupulous wit, has been directed to their successful imitation. It appears that the first forgery was undertaken in 1758, by Richard William Vaughan, a linen-draper of Stafford. The motive for the commission of the crime was an extraordinary one. Vaughan appears to have been a respectable man, in easy circumstances, who was courting a young woman to whom he had made an exaggerated account of his means. To corrobrate the assertion he undertook, and by the aid of several skillful workmen, completed the task of forging a considerable amount of the notes, which he deposited in her hands. He was betrayed by one of his accomplices and brought to punishment.



THE WEIGHING-OFFICE IN THE BANK.

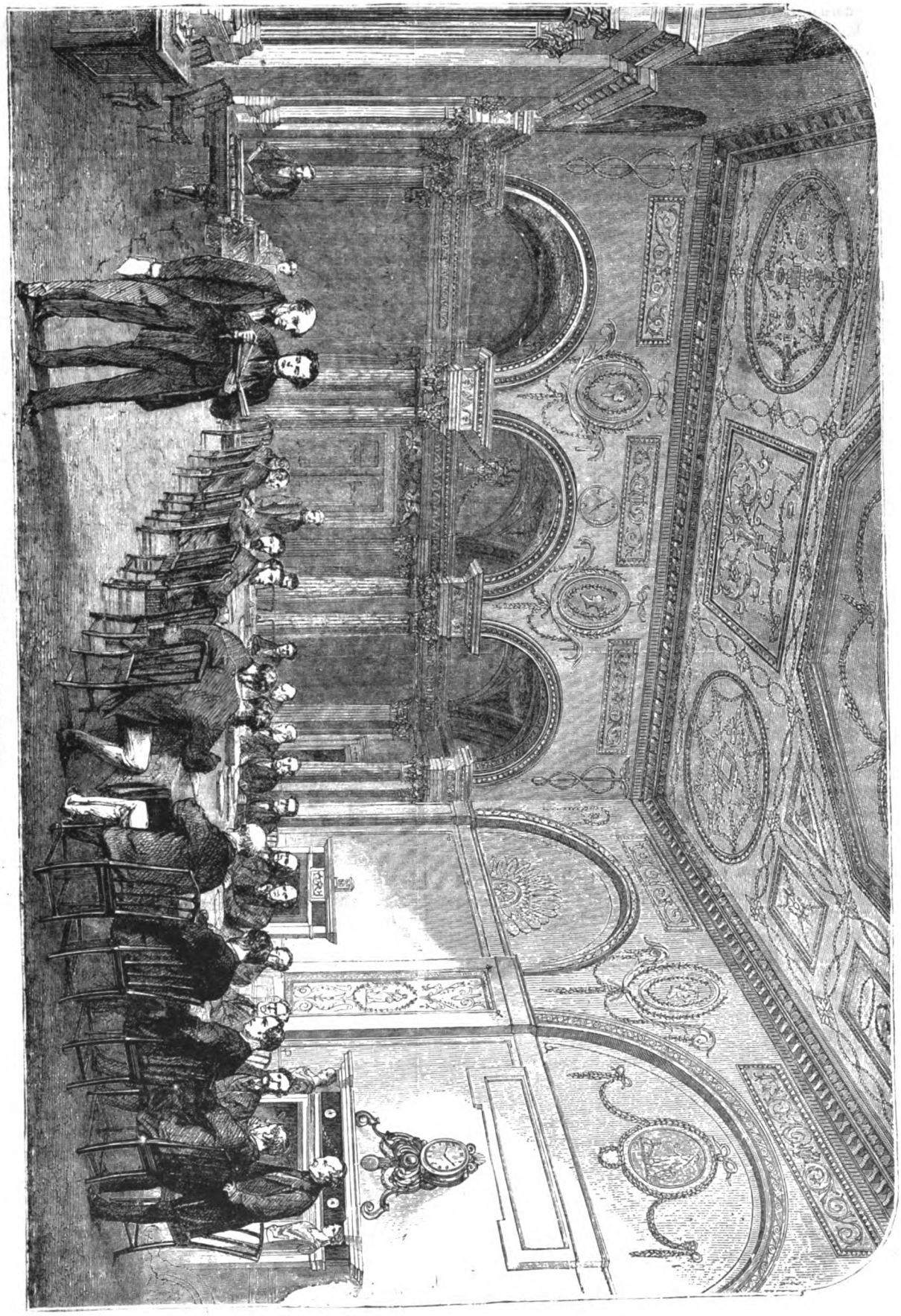
This forgery showed with what ease the Bank's notes could be counterfeited, and Vaughan's crime was followed by a large number of forgeries, which the penalty of capital punishment did not appear in the least to prevent. It was not, however, till twenty-five years later that bank forgeries on an immense scale were perpetrated. The most astounding of these was committed by an odd, grotesque scamp known as "Old Patch," so called from his favorite disguise. He was the son of an old-clothes dealer, and had kept a lottery office, had been stock broker and gambler, and at one period partner in a brewery with Foote, the celebrated comedian. By a long series of forgeries he secured from the Bank a sum of more than a million of dollars. "Old Patch" manufactured his own paper, made his own ink, and with a private press worked off his own notes. It is said his disguises were numerous and perfect. His servants, or boys hired from the streets, always presented the forged notes. When arrested he hung himself in his cell.

But the most extensive forgeries on the Bank were perpetrated in 1824 by the notorious Fauntleroy, the banker, by which the Bank of England lost nearly $2,000,000. Fauntleroy was convicted, and hung at Newgate. His banking-house was in Berners Street. He lived on a scale of extravagant luxury. He forged powers of attorney to enable him to sell out the stock deposited with him by his constituents, which the Bank had to make good. In a private desk was found a complete list of his forgeries, ending with these words, "The Bank first began to refuse our acceptances, thereby destroying the credit of our house. The Bank shall smart for it."

In the early part of the century there was a constant visitor to the Bank who gained the *sobriquet* of the "White Lady of Threadneedle Street." She was said to be the sister of a poor young clerk who had forged the signature to a transfer warrant, and who was hung for the crime. Her mind became affected by the terrible catastrophe, and every day at noon she would come to the pay-counter of the Bank to ask a never-varying question: "Is my brother, Mr. Frederick, here to-day?" The invariable answer would be, "No, miss, not to-day." "Give my love to him when he returns," she would reply. "I will call to-morrow."

The losses of the Bank by forgeries are always considerable. In 1820, 352 persons were convicted, at great expense, of forging small notes, and for years the yearly losses by the Bank were estimated at $200,000.

About forty years ago one of the most dangerous forgeries of bank-notes was put in circulation. It had been for a considerable period the habit of the Bank to have everything connected with the making and issuing of their notes carried on within the Bank building, except the manfacture of the bank-note paper, which has now for about a century been made by the same house. A quantity of this paper was stolen from the manufactory. At that time it was the habit to show strangers who were respectably introduced over nearly all the building. The



THE BANK OF ENGLAND PARLOR.

forgers had taken advantage of this, and had studied with care the printing arrangements and machinery, so that when the forged notes were put in circulation it was almost impossible to detect them. It was only by the difference in the ink that one familiar with the matter might discover the false token. Since this forgery persons have been admitted only to the general rooms unless through the introduction of a Bank director. The Bank depends on the perfection of the bank-note paper and of the ink to protect it against forgery. The paper is really a marvel. Tested by the touch, it gives out a crisp, crackling sound unlike any other paper. The color is white, without any tint whatever, but like no other white, either in paper or pulp. It is so thin when printed that erasures are exceedingly difficult; yet it is so strong that a sized leaf will support fifty pounds weight without tearing; yet the weight of the fibre of which it consists is but eighteen and a half grains. The ink may be called perfect, and of absolute blackness. It is made from "Frankfort Black," which is composed of the charcoal of the tendrils and husks of the German grape, ground with linseed oil. As to the execution of the note, it is second-rate. The face of the note consists of writing, engraving, and a vignette executed in the usual way, and of certain figures and letters, impressed by projecting types like common printing or wood-engraving. The signatures are also printed. The whole is of positively inferior workmanship, and easy of imitation.

Anecdotes about bank-notes abound without number. Extraordinary instances of hoarding, of careless losing, of odd dispositions made of them by eccentric people, of strange robberies and marvelous thefts, are recorded, but they would apply with equal adaptation to notes of any other important bank, and should scarcely find a place in this article.

I have already stated that the bank never reissues a note, but cancels it after presentation for gold. Once—it was in my youth—I made the personal experiment of getting a Bank of England note cashed at the "pay-counter." It was on my first visit to Europe, and the effort was from sheer curiosity. I could readily have obtained gold for the note without being accessory to its destruction, but I wanted to witness the operation. Solitary and alone, I walked boldly through the portal, and after considerable inquiry presented my note of £50 at the place designated. The clerk took it, examined it like a detective, then requested me to write my name and London address on the back. That done, he stamped it, and directed me to present it at another locality which he pointed out. I marched to the spot, feeling as if I was guilty of something culpable and in danger of arrest. The second clerk took the note, and in a rapid way tore off one corner of it, where the signature was; and having thus mutilated the document, he sent me with it on my journey to another counter, where it proved my labors were to terminate. It was the "pay-counter." I presented the note; the clerk scarcely glanced at it, but seizing a miniature copper shovel, he loaded it from the pile of sovereigns before him, which he threw into one of the balances of a finely-polished pair of scales, having first placed a weight in the other side, and in about two seconds the gold was poured out to me, and the transaction closed. It is needless to add that in counting it I found the tally of fifty sovereigns accurate. The £50 note was, of course, filed away, to be burned at the expiration of seven years.

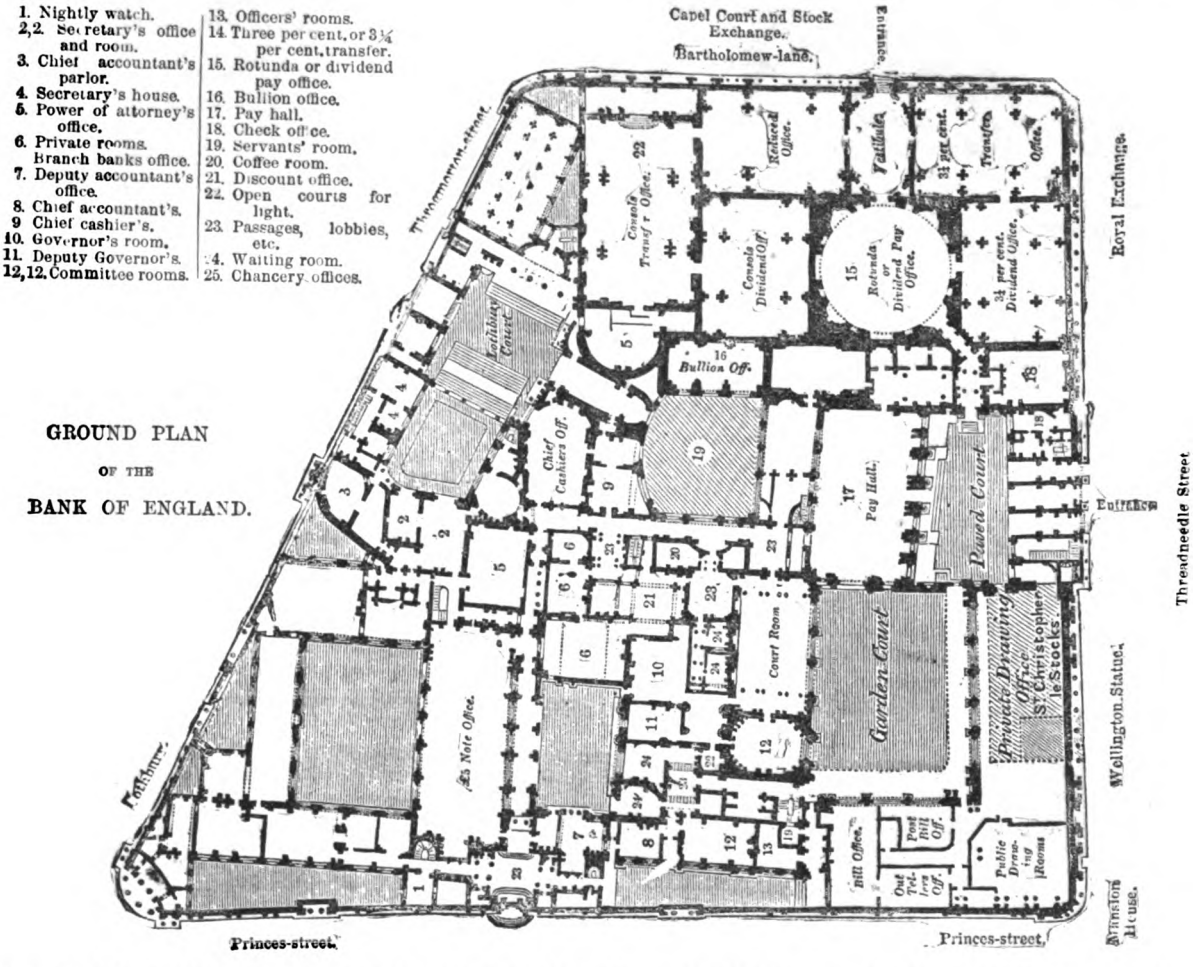
Not very long since I made an extensive and thorough tour over the Bank of England. I was indebted for the opportunity to the courtesy of one of the Bank directors. I had the privilege of taking with me a young Miss, a near relative, then enjoying her vacation from boarding-school, and who beheld everything with eyes of wonder. I had visited the Bank several times within a period of several years, but I was to see everything on this occasion with the fresh feelings of my companion.

Entering the portal in Threadneedle Street we passed along the high arched way into the fine court, from which steps on either side (east and west) lead to different parts of the establishment. Our first visit was to the bullion vaults. This is a large cellar where are piled ingots of gold and of silver, and foreign gold coin. Our attention was directed to a large amount of double eagles, (U. S. $20 gold pieces) which were to be melted up and coined into sovereigns. In this department we witnessed the operation of the self-acting weighing machine. All the sovereigns sent in from the banking-houses are brought here to pass the ordeal of this marvelous piece of machinery. It consists of a small longitudinal brass box, the works of which are impelled by steam, and which tells with unerring precision what sovereigns are of standard weight and what are light, and of its own accord separates the one from the other. It is done in this way: There is a half section of a narrow tube, which is exactly large enough to hold a sovereign placed in it edgewise, and long enough to hold just 200 sovereigns placed closely in that position, one against the other. The little trough thus charged is fixed slopingly upon the machine over a small delicate platform, which really is a balance. The coin pushed gently forward by the weight of the coins behind it falls on this balance and presses it down. It is here that the delicate and ingenious mechanism of the contrivance displays itself. On each side of the small balance, but at different elevations, are two little hammers which move by steam backward and forward at exact intervals. If the sovereign be of full weight, the balance sinks too low for the upper hammer to hit it, but the lower one strikes it, and it falls into a receiver at the left. If the sovereign be light the upper hammer hits it and it falls into a receiver at the right. The machine disposes of thirty-three sovereigns in a minute. The light sovereigns are mutilated by another machine, then weighed in a lump and sent to the mint to be recoined. The deficiency is of course charged to the person from whom the light weights are received. The credit of the invention belongs to Mr. Cotton, a former Governor of the Bank.

From the bullion vaults we proceeded through the rooms where are carried on the more ordinary occupations of the Bank. We visited a fairly large and well-selected library, for the use of the clerks of the establishment, and were told there were about 1,500 employed on the premises—fifty-four was the number first employed—and that the lowest salary paid is $250 a year, while the promotion is regular and progressive. The Bank pays out in salaries over a million and a half dollars per annum.

We were now introduced to the printing-room, and allowed to witness the workings of some marvelous machinery, invented by John Oldham, in 1840, by which the bank-notes are printed and numbered with unerring precision from one to 100,000. This is accompanied by an ingenious system of registration and checks, so as to record everything that every part of the machine is doing at any moment, which would render fraud on the part of any of the artisans impossible. Emerging from the printing-office, we next passed through some long, narrow corridors, called, certainly with grim pleasantry, the "Bank-note Library," but which I should term the "Bank-note Catacombs." For here are deposited all the paid and canceled bank-notes which have not yet served the seven years' term which

precedes final destruction. After that period they are submitted to the process of fire, by which all evidence of transactions in their lifetime would appear to be obliterated. In another room there were exhibited to us various curious relics in the way of notes. The famous canceled million-pound note was shown to us framed. A note was produced for £25 which had remained in circulation for 111 years, and another note, to which I have before alluded, as among the first issues of the Bank, and which had been paid by installments, as appeared on the back, during the troublous period almost immediately succeeding the Bank's going into operation. I ought not to omit the Bank Album, in which I took less interest, in which are bound up a large number of £1,000 checks of distinguished Englishmen, but among whom poverty-stricken geniuses were not included.



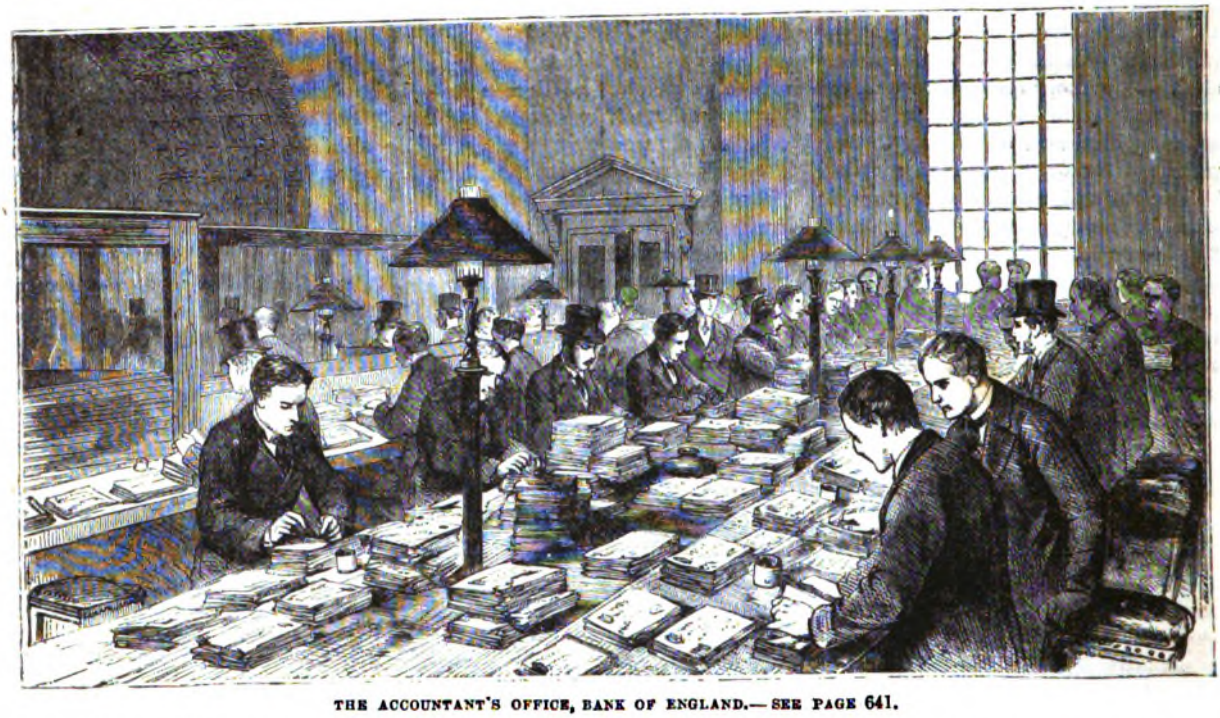
GROUND PLAN OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

At this point in our journey there was a halt. Our visit happened on the day of a directors' meeting, and we could not go into the Bank parlor until it was over. There was a brief conference between the young gentleman who accompanied us on the part of our friend the Bank director, and the serious but amiable individual who at this period acted as guide. I ought to say we had changed conductors two or three times. The result of the conference was that another individual appeared on the scene. He was elderly, saturnine, and seemed to be resting under a sense of great responsibility. He saluted us gravely. We quitted the curiosity-room, turned a corner and came to a very solid iron door, to reach which required an ascent of two or three steps. Our conductor produced a key and unlocked the door, at least as far as the effort would go. The other thereupon brought a key from his pocket, and in his turn applied it, when the door was opened, and we passed through. Then both gentlemen locked the door carefully on the inside, each pocketing his key. We found ourselves in a rather small high room, filled on all sides with cases divided into compartments, but there was apparently nothing worthy of attention in it.

"You have witnessed the intermediate process," said our conductor. "You are now in the room where the perfected bank-notes are kept. These are all ready to issue." The grave, saturnine man had not spoken. He now went to one of the compartments, and extracting a quantity of notes, approached my daughter—for such was the relation of the young school Miss to me—and deposited them in her arms. "You have now, Miss, in your possession over a million sterling," he remarked, with an air of tremendous solemnity. Then a grim smile broke over his features, as he added: "If you could *only* get out of the room with them!"

I confess to a feeling of suffocation from a sense of the bare possibility of such a thing, and it was with a sensation of genuine relief that I descended to the area below.

The meeting of directors had just broken up, and we passed through the magnificent Bank parlor into the court, and went along the arched passage to the street. As I stood once more upon the sidewalk, with the healthy turmoil and confusion of the city confronting me, I recalled the lines of Virgil as he gives safe conduct to his hero into the open air, after his visit to the regions beyond the Styx. * * * * *



THE ACCOUNTANT'S OFFICE, BANK OF ENGLAND.— SEE PAGE 641.

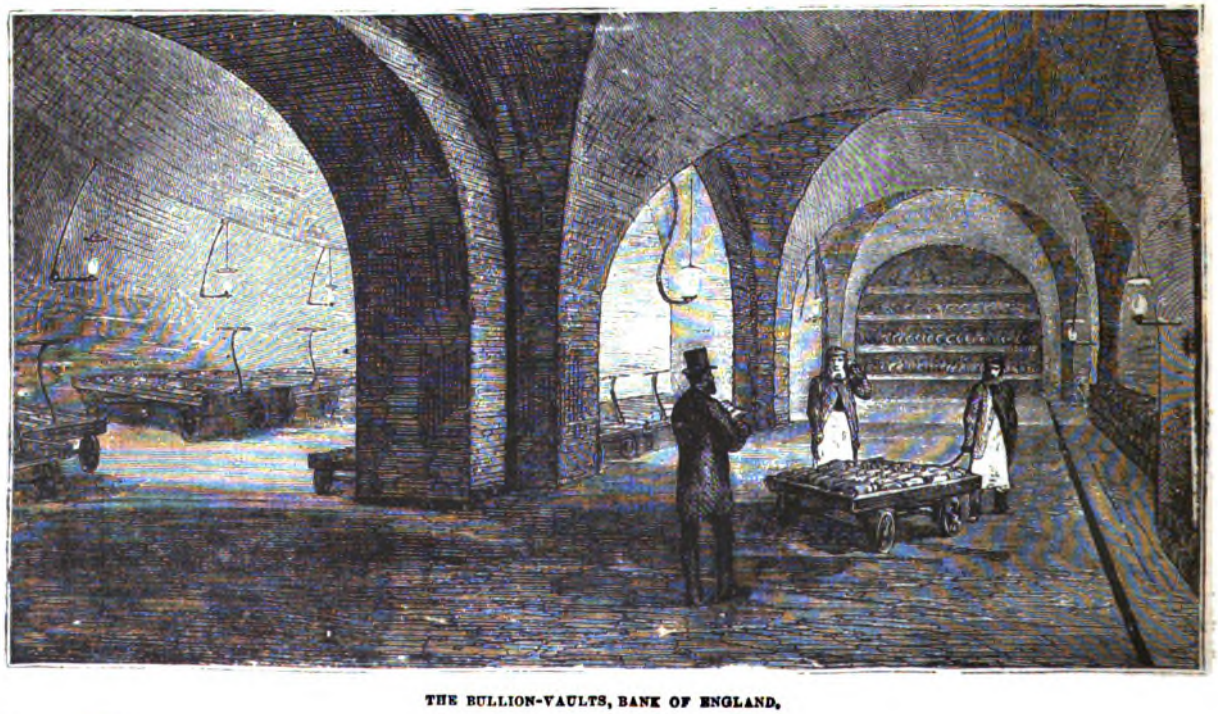
I close this article by a quotation from a speech of the late Sir Francis Baring, in which he utters the following encomium on the Bank of England. The financial ability of Mr. Baring, and the position he occupied as the head of the great commercial house of Baring Brothers & Co., give an additional weight to his judgments on such a subject. "The Bank of England," he says, "is to the agriculture, commerce and finance of Great Britain a sun, and the circulation of so many millions of its paper is the basis on which its convenience, property and safety have hitherto rested."

This statement I will supplement by saying that England, nearly 200 years ago, created a monetary institution, and has so intimately incorporated it with its own financial functions and existence that the prosperity of the one becomes the prosperity of the other, and the disaster of the one insures the disaster of the other. The credit of England and the credit of the Bank of England are convertible terms.

THE ROYAL BENGAL'S LAST DASH.

"Get leave from the colonel and come out. We are going to pot tigers on the 15th of October. If you leave by the P. and O. steamer next after receipt of this, you will, as the Yankees say, 'be on time.' Hang your grouse and partridge and pheasant. Tiger-hunting is the champagne of hunting. You can be back in time for the first meet of the Pytchly and Quorn."

THIS extract is from a letter written to me by my oldest brother, Sir John Charles Percy Wyndham Byng, who is



THE BULLION-VAULTS, BANK OF ENGLAND.

attached as extra aid-de-camp to the Viceroy of India, the Earl of Ripon.

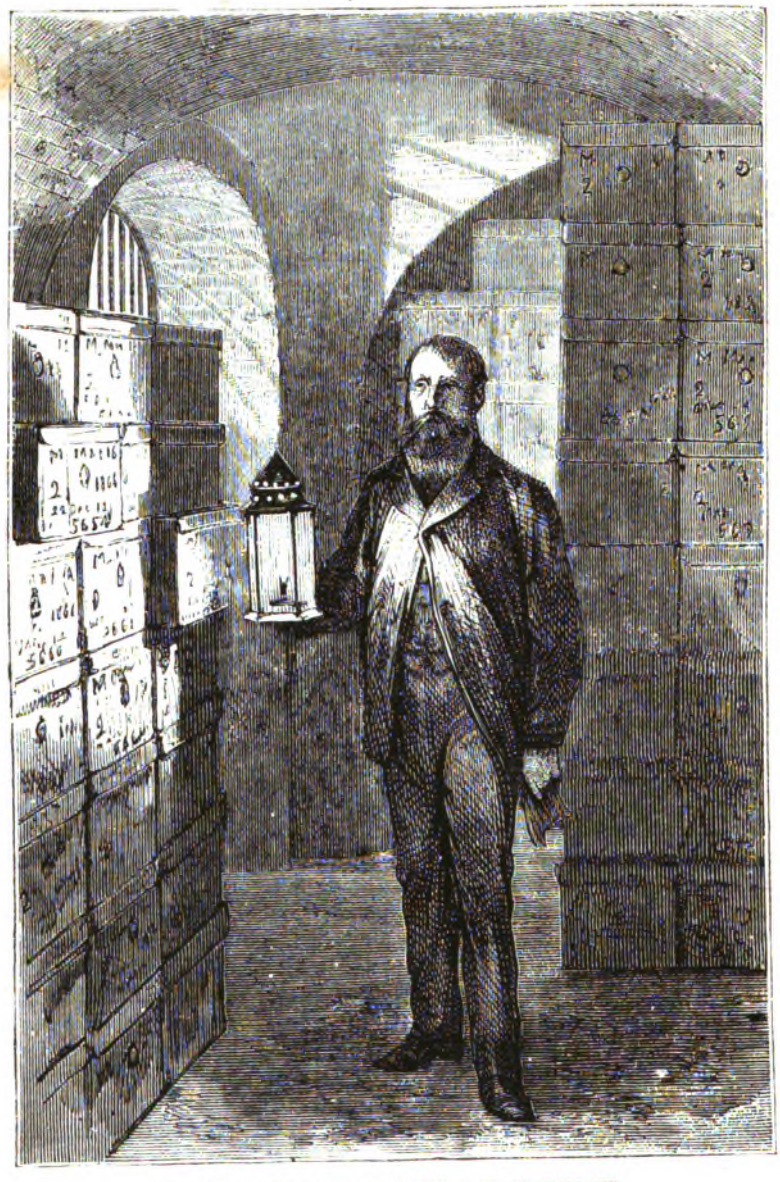
I am Wybert Byng, a lieutenant in the Fusilier Guards, and, up to the date of my experience in India, had never pulled a trigger on any game lighter than a stag.

I am a rattling good shot. I may say that without any affectation, and I bowled over a ten-tyner in Mar Forest last season, which the Prince of Wales missed—and he is no end of a shot—while I had just a snap pop between two boulders, not more than a foot separating them.

My brother's letter filled me with an intense longing to go in for higher quarry than the red deer in Lord Fife's preserves, and I resolved to take an innings in India.

My colonel, Lord Oglethorpe, an awfully good fellow—he was the man who slated four Russians with the pole of an artillery-wagon at Inkerman—instantly accorded me leave.

"Byng," he said, "avoid two things in India—champagne and flirtation. One is as dangerous as the other. Both excite—one leads to dyspepsia, the other to matrimony; of the two, choose the former. Send the mess a couple of tiger-skins, and forward the claws to be mounted by Storr & Mortimer, as scarf-pins for your brother officers. Be a good boy. Don't play baccarat on the trip out for anything over a sovereign or two, and avoid *écarté* with half-pay majors."



BANK-NOTE STORE OFFICE IN THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

I need not detail my trip out. Suffice it to say I caught the P. and O. boat at Brindisi—went through the Suez Canal, and struck Bombay in time, and was decanted at the Government House, Calcutta, on the evening of the 12th, where I put up as the guest of His Excellency's extra aide-de-camp.

Being mindful of my colonel's advice, I attended a dance, my heart incased in steel-riveted armor, and, by Jove! it is just as well I did so, for a very piquant young lady, a niece of Lady Ripon, chaffed me so horribly about my tiger-potting, that I was within an ace of—well, falling in love.

I am only twenty-two, but, by Jove! a fellow is not case-hardened at twenty-two, though little Bareacres of Ours defies any woman that ever yet was invented, and he is only eighteen.

My brother seemed to be awfully well up in tiger, and talked tiger like a book.

"The strength of the brute," he said, "is prodigious. By a single cuff of his great forepaw he will break the skull of an ox as easily as you or I could smash a gooseberry, and then taking his prey by the neck, will straighten his muscles and march off at a half-trot, with only the hoofs and tail of the defunct animal trailing on the ground. Old Colonel Liveling, here, who has potted more tigers, Wybert, than any man in India, says that he knew of a case where a buffalo, belonging to a peasant, having got helplessly fixed in a swamp, its owner went to seek assistance of his neighbors to drag it out. While he was gone, however, a tiger visited the spot, and unceremoniously slew and drew the buffalo out of the mire, and had just got it carefully over his shoulders preparatory to trotting home, when the herdsmen and Liveling came up. This buffalo, which weighed more than a thousand pounds, had its skull fractured, and its body nearly emptied of blood."

My brother also said: "The natural supposition is that so large and brilliant an animal must be always conspicuous, and an easy mark for the hunter; but I tell you what, sir, the Asiatic verdure so nearly assimilates to the tiger's gaudy coat, the vertical stripings so perfectly harmonize with the tawny jungle-grass among which the tiger loves to crouch, that grass and fur are indistinguishable. Besides this, Wybert, the beggar possesses the power of flattening his fur and drawing in his breath, till his body shrinks to such small dimensions as frequently to deceive the eye of the most wary shikarry."

I never met a man so well up in tigers as my brother. By Jove! he speaks just like a book! Well, we started for Hyderasalaran, a shooting-box of the Viceroy's, about six hundred miles distant, where all the *impedimenta*

necessary to tackling a tiger were in readiness. The shooting-box was awfully comfortable, gotten up in Oriental luxury, the bungalow being open on all sides, with wide verandas, and filled with the most gorgeous tropical flowers.

We were sitting over our claret, some of Lord Lytton's, by-the-by—a '54—when a scout was reported as in waiting, and Bob Hill, of the Grays, who spoke Hindoostanee like like a bird, led him in and interrogated him.

"Near Botta Singarum, one village two *coss* (four miles) off, they got one *burra bagh* (big tiger), who kill plenty men, sahib. He ate old woman yesterday. *Bet shytan ky*, sahib (he is a great devil, sir), for though all shikarry men and village people plenty, plenty, looking, never find. When all come home, tiger go kill one man. *Wooburra shor, hy* (he is a very great thief, sir)."

This was what the turbaned scout had to say for himself, and inquiry more than substantiated the accusations made against the terrible *burra bagh*—that not only was he a great thief, but a wholesale murderer to boot; that lurking amongst the dense brushwood that skirted the highway, he had, within the last six months, seized and devoured *forty* of the inhabitants, amongst whom were sixteen running postmen.

In India, where there is no *dawk*, the letters are carried in leather bags on men's shoulders, who are relieved every five miles.

Over and over again he had snatched off the cattle-watchers, leaving the cattle undisturbed; and it was little use in seeking him, as he never remained two nights at the same place.

Our old shikarry was, however, of another opinion, and we resolved to go for that man-eater upon the following morning.

The tiger can only be hunted in the hot months, because the grass in the jungle is too thick at any other time of the year; and, phew! it *was* warm that night! I shall never forget it. Though the punkahs were going, it was merely hot air that they were pumping in on us.

We did the "swell" thing, of course, and hunted on elephants, the usual mode in the Bengal Presidency. What is done is this: A howdah is fixed on the back of the elephant, and on it sits the hunter, beside him the shikarry, with the spare loaded guns, ready to hand them over when required. A *mahout* or driver, armed with a stick shod with steel, is placed on the elephant's neck. this fellow guides the brute with his prod, and the sportsmen shoot from the howdah.

The tiger is beaten up, and driven out of the cover by a line of elephants, or a numerous body of native beaters.

A man, if shooting from the howdah, takes his chance of getting shot by the fact of the animal being turned up in that part of the line assigned to his station.

It is also usual to post the different elephants bearing the sportsmen at certain places where it is likely that the animal, driven in that direction by the beaters, will break cover. The tiger usually emerges from the cover at a slow pace, affording an excellent shot; but, if only wounded at the first discharge, returns to the cover, and must then be immediately followed up, or it may escape by breaking through the lines of the beaters, most probably injuring some of their number, and run off before intercepted. If wounded severely, or brought to bay, it crouches until the elephant approaches sufficiently near, and then, if not previously disabled, it makes its charge or spring, on the occupants of the howdah.

"Now Wyburt," said my brother to me, "if the tiger springs at the howdah, be as cool as a brandy-and-soda."

It was at daybreak that we met in the compound, and found the elephants surrounded by a gesticulating, excited crowd of natives, all madly eager for the fray, but not a few in superstitious dread of the *burra bagh*.

Our party consisted of six elephants, and beaters, and runners, and syces, and the Lord only knows how many nondescripts besides. I, being a green hand, was allotted a sleepy old elephant, for much depends upon this animal, as it is not uncommon for the brute, especially if young and inexperienced, to take fright, and dash wildly off through the jungle—a proceeding fraught with danger for those on its back, for an elephant, when once started on its mad career, and out of the control of its *mahout* or driver, is a beast most difficult to check, and its riders run the risk of being jerked out of the howhah violently on the ground, or having their heads dashed against the boughs of any trees that stand in the way.

My brute, as I said, was a steady old chap, as was also the shikarry who was told off to occupy the howdah with me. The *mahout* was a man of experience and judgment.

My brother had an elephant, so had Bob Hill, and the other three were severally allotted to Colonel Knipe, of the Tenth Hussars, Mr. Crowder, private secretary of the Viceroy, and a colonial swell, the rajah of something or other—I can't recollect the name, but I wish I had the pearl in his turban to present to—well, I won't mention her here.

After an hour's riding we halted for *khubber*, or intelligence, and for a bowl of mangoe-food, made from the fruit of the trees growing above our heads. This disposed of, and the pleasant after-breakfast Manilla smoked, we considered it time to prepare for business, and accordingly exchanged our light, cool costume for one more adapted to junglework.

The suits of all—except that of the rajah—from *puggree* to shoes, were dyed a russet-brown, of a shade to match as nearly as possible the color of the dried jungle. Each of us had buckled round his waist, within the coat, a broad yellow belt, made from the soft, pliable skin of the sambre. To this belt were affixed little pouches containing bullet and patches. A short hunting-knife also hung in its sheath on the left side.

As the morning waxed old, the comparison and handling of the weapons, all prepared for action, afforded less satisfaction than had been the case when they were first brought from their cases and put together. Cartridges were counted, and Bob Hill translated the last cautionary words of the old shikarry ere the *khubber* should arrive.

I was awfully fidgety and excited, and even my brother was beginning to feel a little anxious, when a party of three or four men, striding rapidly along, made their appearance, breaking into a trot as they approached, and salaaming as they came up to the sahibs.

In reply to Bob Hill's interrogatories, one of them, the most intelligent, stated that they had marked down a tiger at a little river about a mile off, and that we were to bring lots of fireworks. I should mention that fireworks are most useful auxiliaries in forcing a tiger from thick patches of jungle, rocks and other lairs, to approach which very closely would be dangerous for the beaters.

We were soon stirring, and the road, crossing here and there several patches of cultivated land, led for the most part through thickish jungle, in nearly an opposite direction to the hills.

It was with a grunt of assent and approval from several of the bystanders—as we struck a miserable village, some of whose residents were staring open-mouthed at the Englishmen—that a native made his report—how a tiger was then lying in a thick patch of *jow* (bastard cypress), which grew plentifully in the bed of the adjoining river.

Before he had concluded, several of the most prominent chimed in with excited exclamations, being probably those who had themselves seen, or assisted in tracking, the tiger.

We consulted amongst ourselves, and after a council of war ordered the beaters to betake themselves silently and by circuitous paths to the furthest extremity of the patch of jungle, while we, with the elephants, slowly proceeded straight through the tawny grasses · and some of the most intelligent of our following were instructed to climb daktrees, and to telegraph by regulated signals.

In a short time a prolonged yell broke on the previous stillness. This was accompanied by the beating of tom-toms and the banging of other discordant instruments; a dropping fire, too, was kept up from several old matchlocks, to the carriers of which coarse-grained native powder had been distributed beforehand for blank firing.

Altogether, it would be a very sound-sleeping tiger whose repose could continue with so much noise abroad, and we watched with straining senses for some intimation of his presence.

My heart was beating awfully fast; never did it beat so fast save when I popped—but I will not mention her name here. I have to deal with tigers, not lovely but perfidious girls.

The beaters beat up to the level of the position occupied by me, and opposite a particularly thick patch.

This, too, was beaten round without success. But whether the old shikarry smelt tiger, or some other sense for which I have no name conveyed to his practiced intelligence—as frequently appears to be the case—an impression that the tiger was there, I cannot say. But he was evidently not satisfied, and ordered the patch to be beaten through more closely.

Violent gesticulations and only partially suppressed howls of excitement from one of the lookouts in the trees announced that the old shikarry's acuteness had not deceived him.

Though the man elongated his skinny arm and finger to the utmost, and pointed to a certain part of the cover, the game remained invisible to the hunters; and it shortly appeared to have passed from the fellow's observation, as he ceased his movements, and contented himself with peering through the leaves of the tree in which he was posted.

Suddenly a great cry arose, as, with a loud roar, an enormous tiger—a Royal Bengal—started into full view.

"Fire, Wybert!" cried my brother, and I instantly let drive.

The bullet told, evidently behind, for the beast, pulling up his headlong career, performed a regular waltz, partly rose on his hind legs, springing round several times, as if to get at the wound, roaring with full tiger power during this gymnastic performance. But Bob Hill's rifle warned him of the propinquity of danger, and I again let him have a one-er.

"Well done, Wybert, old fellow—well shot!" Bob Hill had shouted when the first bullet told. "Just stopped in time."

"Same to you!" as Bob let fly. "There's another for his nob."

"By Jove! he's coming at us!"

The words had scarcely escaped Hill's lips when the tiger came bounding across the patches, making straight for my elephant, the *mahout* of which was becoming lead-white from terror.

"Steady, and don't fire till you see the whites of his eyes!" roared my brother, as the honor of potting the brute came to me.

He made one leap! Such a leap! I did not think it possible for any animal, "barring a bird," to do it, and landed right on my elephant's head.

I was as cool as a cabbage-leaf on a frosty morning, although my heart did beat like a nasmyth hammer, and waiting until I did see the whites of his eyes, I let him have both barrels—right and left.

He rolled off my elephant—dead!

"Well done!" cried Hill. "By Jove! you gamely withstood a Royal Bengal's last dash!"

EFFECTS OF ODORS ON MILK.

Upon this question Professor Arnold, in the "American Dairyman," says: "The London *Milk Journal* cites instances where milk that has stood a short time in the presence of persons sick with typhoid fever, or been handled by parties before fully recovered from the smallpox, has spread these diseases as effectually as if the person themselves had been present. Scarlatina, measles and other contageous diseases have been spread in the same way. The peculiar smell of a cellar is indelibly impressed upon all the butter made from milk standing in it. A few puffs from a pipe or a cigar will scent all the milk in the room, and a smoking lamp will soon do the same. A pail of milk standing ten minutes where it will take the scent of a strong smelling stable, or any other offensive odor, will imbibe a taint that will never leave it. A maker of gilt-edged butter objects to cooling warm milk in the room where his milk stands for the cream to rise, because he says the odor escaping from the new milk while cooling is taken in by the other milk and retained, to the injury of his butter. This may seem like descending to little things, but it must be remembered that it is the sum of such little things that determines whether the products of the dairy are to be sold at cost or below, or as a high-priced luxury. If milk is to be converted into an article of the latter class, it must be handled and kept in clean and sweet vessels, and must stand in pure fresh air, such as would be desirable and healthy for people to breathe."

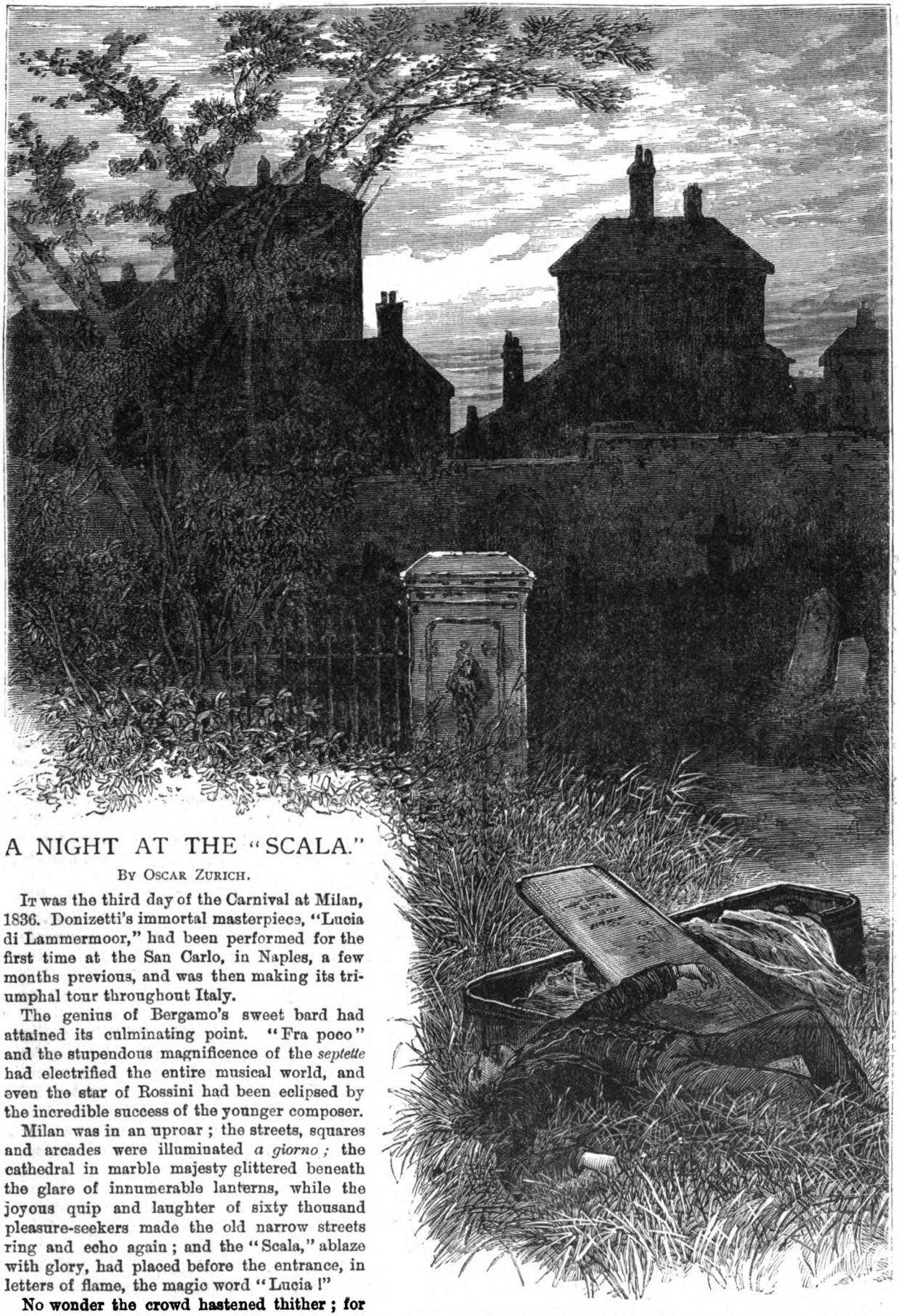
Woman's Marriage.—When a woman marries, she realizes that, in order to reach lofty heights in wife and motherhood, she must sacrifice lesser aims. She must be willing to lay aside the delightful occupations which have made her girlhood pleasant; she must know from the hour when her baby is laid in the little cradle, dressed with loving forethought, to that darker hour when the mature man lies down in his last sleep, that she will give full meaning to the words "constant care," that her mind, once fettered, will be at liberty no more, but is bound by ties stronger than life or death to those who have come to her from out the great unknown.

There are times enough for speech—times when silence is false, cowardly, treacherous. To know when to be silent, and how to be silent, neither defiantly nor artfully, but gently, truly and strongly, a silence of the mouth uncontradicted by look of the face or thought of the heart—this is one of the finest of the fine arts, one of the most beautiful of the beauties of holiness.

The best part of man's life is in the world of his natural affections; and that realm has laws of its own that neither know nor heed king, legislatures, or congresses, and are deaf even to the voices of shouting popular majorities, but heed and obey rather the gentle voice of woman and the cry of helpless and feeble childhood.

One day during the Revolution, an officer, not dressed in uniform, was passing on horseback by some military works that were being prepared by a small squad of soldiers, and he found the leader of the party merely standing by and looking on at the operations, which were being carried on with difficulty, owing to the small number of men. The officer, seeing the state of affairs, and that assistance was much needed, inquired of the man why he did not render a little aid instead of only standing idle. The latter in great astonishment turned round, it is said, "with all the pomp of an emperor," and replied: "Sir, I am a corporal!" "You are, are you?" said the officer; "I did not know that;" and raising his hat in solemn mockery, he continued: "I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal." He dismounted from his horse, threw off his coat, and not until he was tired out with sheer hard work did the stranger cease to render his assistance to the squad; and then, turning round to the corporal, he said: "Mr. Corporal, when you have another such job as this, and have not men enough, send for George Washington, and he will come and help you a second time." And, to the utter amazement of the poor corporal, he found that the unknown officer who had addressed him was indeed no other than his own commander-in-chief.

THE ROYAL BENGAL'S LAST DASH.—"HE MADE ONE LEAP AND LANDED RIGHT ON MY ELEPHANT'S HEAD."
SEE PAGE 654.



"A WILD THRILL OF HORROR CAME OVER ME, AND I FELL SENSELESS."

A NIGHT AT THE "SCALA."

By Oscar Zurich.

It was the third day of the Carnival at Milan, 1836. Donizetti's immortal masterpiece, "Lucia di Lammermoor," had been performed for the first time at the San Carlo, in Naples, a few months previous, and was then making its triumphal tour throughout Italy.

The genius of Bergamo's sweet bard had attained its culminating point. "Fra poco" and the stupendous magnificence of the *septette* had electrified the entire musical world, and even the star of Rossini had been eclipsed by the incredible success of the younger composer.

Milan was in an uproar; the streets, squares and arcades were illuminated *a giorno;* the cathedral in marble majesty glittered beneath the glare of innumerable lanterns, while the joyous quip and laughter of sixty thousand pleasure-seekers made the old narrow streets ring and echo again; and the "Scala," ablaze with glory, had placed before the entrance, in letters of flame, the magic word "Lucia!"

No wonder the crowd hastened thither; for eighty *lire* you could not have obtained a seat!

It was the third representation—the third only—and fame, beauty or gold could not have forced an entrance! It was now six o'clock; the pit and gallery, boxes and stalls of the immense theatre were crowded to suffocation. Four thousand eager people—four thousand anxious, soulful Italians—were waiting with subdued frenzy for the curtain to rise.

The nobility of Lombody graced the boxes, the political celebrities of the city crowded the passages, all the *élite* of the art-loving town had flocked thither.

The heat was stifling; at half-past six the overture began. The immense throng was silenced at the first wave of the conductor's baton. Was it not to hear the last and the most admirable of Donizetti's operas? Had not the Neapolitan papers been devoured with avid eyes? Was it not to hear the songs over which Italy was raving? And last, but not least, was it not to applaud the beauteous *prima donna*, Alfieri, who had achieved such a colossal success the two previous nights?—their favorite—their idol—the divine Alfieri! who had sung for seven consecutive seasons in Milan, alike renowned for her consummate art, her beauty, and her unrivaled voice! Ah! how the audience was moved!—how it trembled with expectant ecstasy!—the curtain rose.

The hunter's chorus was listened to with religious attention; the baritone's song and cabaletta which follow caused but a slight impression, in spite of their veritable excellence, and the shifting of the scene to the park where Lucia makes her first appearance was welcomed with a hushed murmur of delight.

A frail, white-robed female form advanced toward the footlights; her eyes were cast down, and she moved slowly near the prompter's box. There she stood still, raised her eyes and gazed full upon the audience.

A howl of anger and disappointment arose from the crowded house.

"*Non è* Alfieri!" (She is not Alfieri!) was echoed on all sides; groans, hissing and stamping of feet drowned the orchestra. Some vociferously cried out, "*Basta! basta!* we want Alfieri!"

The frail woman confronting the enraged audience appeared not in the least disconcerted, and walked leisurely around the stage during the uproar.

A man peeped out from the side-scenes. It was the director.

"Who is that woman?" he asked. "It is not Alfieri!"

"No one saw her enter," was the reply.

Again the conductor raised his baton; the unknown *prima donna* seemed to rouse herself from her pensiveness and lethargy, and moved solemnly toward the centre of the stage.

The clamor had ceased. She raised her eyes to the level of the first tier, and stood in full force of the light. She was wondrously beautiful, but white—white as a shroud of snow; deathly, spectrally white!—not a tinge of rose enhanced the marble graces of her face, which was purely, faultlessly Greek.

Her eyes, black and radiant, flashed luridly. When she dropped them their tint became sad, gray and crepuscular. Her lips shone red as vermilion, and seemed like a gash—like a hideous gash when contrasted with the glacial whiteness and rigidity of her face.

Her hair, long and purplish, in undulate tresses rioted over her shoulders. She had no ornaments. A tuberose thrust in a rebellious curl adorned her brow; around her throat was a piece of broad, black velvet. Her dress was white—all white.

She gazed weirdly upon the audience, and began, in a strange, vague, unearthly tone of voice, the ravishing *aria* of "Lucia" upon her entrance. I was present, and recall perfectly the cold sensation and chilliness I felt when she delivered the first few notes of her song.

It seemed to me as if some humid cavern had been suddenly opened upon me, and that I had breathed the first icy wafts of air emanating therefrom.

She continued; not a sound save her voice was heard. Her hands hung listlessly by her side. I do not remember how she finished. I heard her first strange tones change to a soft, sweet voice of fascinating, bell-like brilliancy, and I awoke from a trance by hearing the audience shriek and stamp with delight.

The applause was feverish and frantic, then suddenly ceased as if by enchantment; the strange woman had turned aside and had begun the ordinary stage business and duet with Edgardo, as Alfieri would have done.

The first act ended in an indescribable state of wonder and amazement.

"Who is she? Who is she? What a voice!" and such exclamations were heard on all sides.

The director appeared at this moment, evidently anxious to find out for himself who the beautiful pale songstress was, but could answer no inquiries.

In the meantime I hurried behind the scenes to Alfieri's dressing-room, where I had often gone to chat with her, expecting to see this marvelous creature.

The apartment was illuminated; Lucia's bridal costume for the second act was ready on the sofa; a bottle of Asti wine, which Alfieri always partook of between the acts, stood on the table; but naught proved that the room had been occupied previously—nothing showed the presence of the newcomer.

I waited a few minutes, took a few whiffs from my cigarette, and was about to return, when I spied upon the floor an earring of such uncommon size that I stooped to pick it up, and gazed upon it in wonder.

It was a solitaire diamond, richly set, of a slight greenish tint. I knew the value of green diamonds, and estimated this one to be worth seven to eight thousand dollars, being finer than any I had seen in the famous vaults of Dresden.

I hastened down to the director's office to remit it, thinking it belonged to the newcomer or to Alfieri. The director was absent, and I heard the bell ring for the second act. I held the diamond in my hand and hastened to my seat.

The unknown woman again entered; she was, if possible, a tinge paler than before. She wore gloves this time, and her lips were not so cruelly red. She sang, and, ye gods, what song! Her voice soared, spread, fused with other invisible voices; it rang sonorously, and murmured divinely in magnficent power and harmony—a voice all fire, a voice all soul!

I trembled—the audience quivered. Still that strange being stood in the same position, still did her great, luminous black eyes gaze continually upward; she seemed not to heed her fellow-artists; the bewilderment of Edgardo, the anxious, inquiring glance of Ashton did not move her; she would glide by them like a sylph, a vision—light, ethereal, graceful. No one heard her walk—she sang!

Again the curtain went down, again the house cried out with delirium. "Brava! brava!" shouted the begemmed aristocrats in the boxes. "Brava! brava!" yelled the rabble. No one appeared.

Again I went to Alfieri's box while the ballet (which in those days was performed between the acts of the opera) was going on, but it was empty; so I returned to listen to the animated discussions and conversations in the lobby.

"Alfieri is eclipsed; she is Pasta and Persiani combined! 'Tis the Beatrice of Dante descended from heaven!" said one.

"An angel!" cried another.

A friend came from behind the scenes.

"Well, what news, Ricciardo? Have you seen her?"

"No, but Grazzini has" (Grazzini was the tenor, a handsome fellow), "and he tells me he spoke to her—forced to do so by some subtle, magnetic attraction. He told her of his wonder, his admiration, his love, I believe, and she answered him, in Milanese dialect, 'We shall meet again.'"

The bell rang, and the curtain went up slowly. The lights seemed to burn badly, and the heat was stifling, but upon the entrance of the mysterious stranger a sudden chill pervaded every one.

We did not breathe to listen, and as I gazed upon her, charmed by her supernatural beauty, I noticed that from one of her ears hung a bright, large stone, similar to the one I held in my hand. Scarcely had I seen it when she caught my eye. She smiled—the only time. I averted my glance. The music went on.

The scene, where the unhappy Lucia, after having been dragged to the altar by her heartless brother, realizes the full atrocity of his conduct, seemed to influence the sombre, sprite-like *prima donna*, for she roused herself at last and acted—acted with the frenzy of passion, acted with the sublimity of pathos and despair. She was intense, superb, in the mad scene. Her voice had sobs of anguish.

Up, up, swelled the vertiginous *staccato*, high above the moans of the orchestra. She raved, she wept, and the large tears rolled down her white cheeks; her hair floated wildly over her quivering shoulders, and still rang forth her magical, heart-rending, angelic notes. I trembled; the house groaned.

The mad-scene now neared its end, and the musicians, as if ordered, ceased to play. They looked at her, and she sang alone and unaccompanied. It was terrible, unique, sublime.

The culminating point arrived, and the pains and pangs of Donizetti's masterpiece vibrated on her lips as they had never done on lips before. She gazed wildly, stupidly about when she stopped, and I saw drops of blood ooze from her mouth and drip upon her dress; she fell heavily upon the stage, and the curtain went down slowly. The house was in tears.

Half an hour later all Milan knew of the miraculous performance at the Scala; the last act was listened to without curiosity, Lucia not appearing in it. Nothing occurred except the sudden indisposition of the tenor, Grazzini, who was taken ill, and who, I afterward learned, died that night.

Milan, outdoors, all fun, frolic and animation, could not comprehend the story told and repeated in the cafés and on the squares by members of the audience. The reports were called exaggerated, and the singer's phenominal voice a myth.

But no one could find her, and it was in vain that I waited for an hour in Alfieri's box, hoping to meet her.

The director told me confidentially that he was as nonplussed as the audience, and had never beheld the marvelous singer before. Then, as he left me, he superstitiously added:

"She was a spirit, I believe."

Full of conflicting thoughts, I walked sadly homeward, and heard again through the quiet streets, far away from the riot and revel of the carnival, the heavenly echo of that unutterably divine voice.

I walked on, and passed across the St. Italda Cemetery to near my home. It was late. The noise of Milan's festivities reached my ear from time to time faintly, but I heeded it not, wrapped as I was in my reverie and musing.

Within a few steps of my house, separated by a high wall from the end of the graveyard, there, beneath a few cypress-trees, in the full glare of the moon, I beheld a rather unusual sight.

The cemetery through which I passed regularly every night, and which I knew in every nook and corner, seemed in that particular spot to present a different aspect than it ordinarily did.

I advanced, and remarked with astonishment that a tomb had been desecrated, and that a coffin had been exhumed!

Sure enough, the sod on either side was all strewn and scattered here and there, footprints were plainly visible, and, to my horror, I saw that the coffin was open. In it, wrapped in a faded yellow shroud, was a human form.

I was about to call for the guard when my eye was attracted by a twinkling near the top of the coffin.

I stooped over, and, to my amazement, saw a diamond earring in the lobe of the corpse's ear—the mate of the one I had found.

The moonlight, checkered by the tree-boughs, did not allow me to get a view of the face, and, trembling like a leaf, I drew aside and lit a match. Approaching, I gazed on the body before me. It was that of the spectral songstress!

Utterly bewildered, with haggard eyes and quivering knees, I grasped at the coffin lid and hurriedly replaced it over the livid face. On it was written in large letters:

"VIRGINIA COSSELI,
Queen of Sopranî,
Died September, 1781,
Requiescat in pace."

I remember a wild thrill of horror came over me, and I fell senseless. For weeks I raved in delirium. When I had sufficiently recovered, I left Milan. People were still talking of the mysterious *prima donna* and the famous representation of Lucia. *They* have not understood, but *I* believe in spirits.

THERE was a rich Basque who lived at Seville in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and his name was Don Francisco Figaroa. He was a great man with the ladies, and like Don Juan, was said to be irresistible. At the same time there lived at Seville a barber, who was a very sly fellow. One day he took it into his head to fall in love with a high-born lady, and in order to obtain a rendezvous he disguised himself as a gentleman. The lady was caught in the trap, and the barber went to the rendezvous with the intention of giving himself out as the gallant Don Francisco. After the usual compliments, the barber had to give his name. Sure of his effect, he whispered it in the lady's ear, syllable by syllable: "Madame, your servitor and passionate admirer is named Don Francisco Figa-ro——." This last syllable had scarcely fallen from his lips when the lady, who knew the real Don Francisco, laughed in his face. The barber understood, kept calm, and insisted that his name was Don Francisco Figaro. The incident was known all over the town the next day, and that is how the barber, musician and man of letters came to be called Figaro, and only escaped being denounced as an impostor by not pronouncing the first letter of the alphabet. The above account is traditional at Seville. If it is not true, it is at any rate "ben trovato."

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY.

FAITH, Hope and Love together stood,
With flowing waves of sun-touched hair,
In truth a beauteous sisterhood—
I could not choose, each seemed so fair.

Faith's clear brown eyes were fixed afar;
And though her robe showed many a stain
Of traveled road and wearying load,
Heavenward she looked through mist and rain.

She dried the mourner's falling tear;
The captive half forgot his chain,
And smiled again when she drew near,
Who came like sunshine after rain.

Love's sweet blue eyes were dim with tears,
She moved about with noiseless grace,
Her tender heart forgot its fears,
And often sought the dreariest place.

"THE CAPTIVE HALF FORGOT HIS CHAIN, AND SMILED AGAIN WHEN SHE DREW NEAR."

And ever when her heart felt sad,
And ever when her feet were sore,
She downward glanced, and then grew glad
To see the shining cross she bore.

Hope's sparkling orbs o'erflowed with light,
Her buoyant feet scarce touched the ground,
And even in the darkest night,
Some ray from moon or star she found.

Where Faith's clear eyes forgot to look,
And Hope went out with saddened tread,
Her quiet way she softly took,
And many a prayer and blessing said.

Said I, "O maid of gentle mien,
Though fair are all you sisters three,
Each tenderest grace in YOU is seen"—
And so I chose sweet Charity.

SEGOVIA.— THE APPROACH TO THE ALCAZAR.— SEE NEXT PAGE.

SEGOVIA.

By N. Robinson.

There is no city in Spain so thoroughly representative of the Middle Ages as Segovia. It is quaint to a most fascinating degree, and so out of the rush of the Nineteenth Century, that one insensibly takes to day-dreaming, and forgets, when within the city's dented walls, wire and tape, and steam and rail, and other civilizing destroyers of mind and body.

Segovia is perched on a rocky knoll which rises east and west in a valley—the celebrated Alcazar being situated on the western point. The trout-stream of Eresma girdles it on the north with its brawling tributary *el Clamores*, the wooded banks presenting a charming contrast to the all too near bleak and barren hills.

Having stated that the city was medieval, it is scarcely necessary to say that it is encircled by picturesquely dilapitated old walls of enormous strength, overgrown with ferns and lichens and mosses, and guarded by towers built by King Alfonso VI. Segovia is eminently a Castilian city, and its quaint houses, its hanging balconies, its bizarre Plaza, its charming Cathedral, and its wonderful Aqueduct, repay the visitor, even though he climb the Calvarsis with peas in his shoes. The three sights of Segovia are the Alcazar, the Aqueduct, and the Cathedral; and they *are* sights!

Colmenares states that Tubal first peopled Spain, and that then no less prominent a personage than Hercules founded Segovia. In due time Hispan erected *El Puente*, the bridge, as they will persist in calling the aqueduct, which the city now bears on its shield, with the head of one of Pompey's sons looking over it. This pure Roman work, from its resemblance to the masonry of Alcantara and Merida, was probably erected by Trajan, but neither Segovia nor its aqueduct is mentioned by the ancients, with whom such mighty works seem to have been matters of course.

This aqueduct was constructed for the purpose of relieving the citizens of a scramble down the steep banks to the rivers, where water was not of the sweetest; the Rio Frio was diverted at the Sierra Fonfria, nine miles from Segovia, and its waters brought to the city. The aqueduct begins near San Gabriel, and is as crooked as a ram's horn, the bends being for the purpose of breaking the force of the current. For 1,800 and odd years these enormous blocks of granite, without mortar or cement, have resisted the hand of Time, and at the date of my visit they looked as though they were prepared to give battle to the venerable Scytheman for another thousand years, at least.

The Aqueduct runs 216 feet to the first angle or bend; then 462 feet to the second, at La Concepcion; then 925 feet to the third, at San Francisco; and then 937 feet to the city wall. Some portions are comparatively modern, but the repair is so clumsy that you have no difficulty in tracing it. These patches occur near the bends of La Concepcion and San Francisco. The date of its construction is lost in the mists of antiquity. It was respected by the Goths, was broken down in 1071 by the Moors of Toledo, who sacked Segovia, and destroyed thirty-five out of the 320 arches of which the aqueduct is composed. It remained in ruins till August 26th, 1483, when Isabella employed one Juan Escovedo, a monk in the Parral Convent, to repair it, who was blessed with the happy inspiration of imitating the model before him, instead of starting a new school, and to this tasteful son of the Church is due the first restoration of the Græco-Roman style in Spain. What was Juan Escovedo's fee for this job? When he repaired to Seville to report its completion, Isabella presented him with the woodwork of the scaffoldings. Juan was the son of a carpenter, and was born in the Asturias, in 1547.

The Aqueduct commences with single arches, which rise higher as the dip of the ground deepens; the upper tiers are uniform of the line, until they become double. Those of the three central are the loftiest, being 102 feet high. This mortarless, cementless work is common with similar erections of the Romans, and unites simplicity, proportion, solidity and utility. An inscription formerly ran between the tiers of the central arches, while in the niche above is the battered effigy of a saint, replacing a statue of Trajan.

Some learned antiquarians insist that the Aqueduct was built by one Licinius, but the unwashed—and they are exceedingly unwashed in Segovia—call it *el Puente del Diabolo*—"the devil's bridge"—for the good reason that his Satanic Majesty, who was deeply enamored of a lady of Segovia, offered to do anything that lay in his power which she might demand, in return for her favors. This young lady, who was of a lazy, yet practical turn of mind, and who was tired of scrambling down and climbing up the hill to fetch water, promised all that Mephistopheles solicited, provided he would build an aqueduct in one night. This, of course, he did, but having omitted one stone, the work was not completed on time, and according to specification and contract, so the maiden was freed from her promise, and the Old Gentleman compelled to "take a back seat."

I would advise all sightseers in Segovia to repair to the corner of the Calle de Gascos, in order to obtain the best view of this wonderful work. From San Juan, also, one can obtain a very satisfactory view of it.

In 1803 a Spanish Hausseman proposed to Charles IV. to open the whole of the Plaza del Azoguejo, and to make a grand square, with the Aqueduct exposed to view on one side. Happily, however, the French invasion marred this scheme, for the quaint, irregular, dilapidated and mean buildings around, render the Aqueduct the emphatic feature, causing it to appear larger and nobler by the vivid contrast.

As old, or older, than the Aqueduct is a rude statue of either Hercules or of a hunter with a boar's head, which is embedded in the stair-wall of a tower in Santo Domingo el Real. In this tower most curious old frescoes with Arabic inscriptions were discovered, much in the style of the painting in the Alhambra. The convent attached, once called La Casa de Hercules, was handed over to the nuns in 1513.

The visitor to Segovia insensibly turns from the Aqueduct to the Cathedral—as glorious a bit of Gothic as ever delighted the heart of a Pugin or a Street. This magnificent pile is built of warm-colored stone, and as the setting sun lights it up, the sight is one that the mind's eye retains for long and many a day. The Cathedral is one of the finest in all Spain, and is the last of the *pure* Gothic, since Renaissance was just commencing to creep into the cultured minds of ecclesiastical architects.

A square tower rises 330 feet. Originally it was 350 feet high, but fear of lightning induced the Dean and Chapter to lower it twenty feet. The older Cathedral was almost destroyed by the reformers, or *Communeros*, in May, 1520, who commenced business by pulling down churches, hanging the authorities, plundering the rich, and burning

houses for the public good. The Alcazar, however, held out against the mob, and a few relics were saved. The new and present building was begun in 1525, by Juan Gil de Ontañon, and his son, Rodrigo Gil, after the designs of a beautiful cathedral at Salamanca. The color of the stone is exquisite. The west front of the exterior is disappointing from its baldness and want of ornamentation, while the east end bewilders by over-richness. The interior is very light and striking, from the bold and well-arranged designs of the arches, and the richness and elaborateness of the vaulting. The stained glass is exceptionally vivid in color. The church plate is very costly and massive, while the chalice, given by a Duque de Albuquerque, is worth a Jew's ransom. The high altar is surrounded by lofty iron railings, richly gilt. The great *retablo*, composed of precious marbles, was put up by Charles III. The *trascoro* is enriched with the salmon-colored marbles of which the beautiful diamond-formed pavement is partly composed. The ancient sepulchral tombs were carted out and lumbered up near the entrance. Among them was an effigy of Rodrigo Gil, who died in 1577. Near the gate, in the *Capilla de la Piedad*, is a magnificent *retablo* designed in 1571. It represents the deposition from the Cross, and the agony of the Virgin is intensely rendered. The once fine picture of St. Thomas, by Alonzo Sanchez Coello, 1578, was repainted, in 1845, by an ignoramus, Mariano Quinta Panilla. The Gothic cloisters were taken down and put up again, in 1524, by Juan Campero. Among the sepulchres, that of Diego de Covarubbias, who died in 1576, repays "a long and downward gaze." The prelate is arrayed in his vestments of state. Adjacent to this is the tomb of the Infante Don Pedro, son of Enrique II., who was allowed by his nurse to slip from her arms, in 1366, while standing at a window in the Alcazar. Poor babe! had he been a cottier's child he might have escaped so untimely a fate.

The tomb of the fair but frail Maria del Salto, or Mary of the Leap, is also in this corner. This lady, a Jewess, who was accused of adultery, was about to be cast from a rock, but, in the supremity of her terror, she called on the name of the Virgin, who visibly appeared, and lowered her as if borne on wings. The quondam Jewess was then baptized Maria del Salto. She became a saint, and died in 1237.

I would advise stout climbers to ascend the tower; but the lungs and understandings should be in the best possible condition, and riveted. The panoramic view from the summit is magnificent, embracing as it does the Alcazar, the city, its plazas, courts, houses, gardens, gigantic aqueduct, and the mountain distances.

The Alcazar commands a pilgrimage, for it needs climbing to reach it, as it stands like the prow of Segovia over the rushing waters—and how they do rush!

The readers of the adventures of Gil Blas will recollect that he was confined in this very fortress, and the description of his incarceration is not the least interesting portion of that fascinating book. The great keep is studded with those bastions, or turrets, at the angles, which are so prevalent in Castilian strongholds. The building was originally Moorish, and was magnificently repaired in 1452–58, by Enrique IV., who resided and kept his treasures in it. At his death, the Governor, André de Cabregra, husband of Beatrice de Bobadilla, the early friend of Isabella, "held the fort" for her, together with its many chests, with a tenacity that contributed in no small degree to the accession of the latter to the throne. It was from this Alcazar that Isabella, on the 13th of December, 1474, proceeded in state and was proclaimed Queen of Castile.

In 1476 the Segovia mob rose against André Cabrera, and were for hurling him over the bluff into the brawling Eresma, a fate that befell many a worthy citizen of that wonderful old town. Isabella, when she learned of this rising, ordered her palfrey to be saddled, and the gates having been opened, rode out alone amongst the excited populace, and at once awed the mob by her presence of mind and majesty. What a subject for an historical picture! what a background! What color! what picturesque costumes! and the beautiful queen, alone on her white palfrey, like a rock against which the angry waves harmlessly buffeted themselves. I wonder that some of our rising artists would not endeavor to reproduce this startling scene.

Charles V. was so mightily pleased with the resistance offered by the Alcazar to the Communeros in 1520, that he kept up the fortress after a right regal fashion, spending a great deal of money on it. Philip II., his son, was also its generous patron, and he was so enamored of it that he caused the *salons* to be re-decorated, and anything approaching a rent to be put into the best repair. Philip V. converted the tower into a state prison, and clapped into it the Dutch charlatan, Ripperda, who rose from street-scraping to be Prime Minister. Several other, but less notable people, were favored with this monarch's paternal regard by being permitted free entry into the Alcazar, the coming out being quite another question.

The Alcazar was ceded to the Crown in 1764, by the hereditary Alcaide, the Conde de Chinchon, whose ancestor had so hospitably welcomed the luckless Charles I. of England. Here Cromwell's future victim lodged and lay on the 13th of September, 1623, and supped, says the record, on "certaine trouts of extraordinary greatness." Poor Charles! better for him to have remained in the Alcazar eating "trouts of extraordinary greatness" than to have stuck in the window at Carisbrooke Castle later on, and further, to have passed, on that grim January morning, to his doom through a window of the palace at Whitehall.

The Alcazar palace was used as an artillery college until its destruction by fire, on the 7th of March, 1862. The general character was Gothic-Moorish; the ceilings, cornices and friezes were splendidly gilt, especially those in the Sala de Trono and the Sala de Recibimiento. An inscription in one room gave the names of many Kings and Queens, from Catalina, 1412, down to Philip II., 1592, whose shield quarters the arms of England, in the right of his wife, England's Mary.

A window in the Sala de los Reyes is remarkable from the very tragic episode that occurred in connection with it. One of the ladies of the court of Enrique II. was engaged in dandling the Infante while amusing him by pointing out various sights to be seen from the casement. The child, excited by something, suddenly gave a plunge, and with a wild scream burst from its nurse's arms and fell on the rocks below, a shapeless mass of blood and pulp. The unfortunate lady was with difficulty restrained from flinging herself after her charge. Her fate was very speedily determined, however, for she was, by order of the King, decapitated ere sunset.

In one of the now dismantled rooms the savant, Alonzo el Sabio, pursued his astronomical studies—studies that led him to doubt the sun's moving around the earth. While engaged one wintry night with some *illuminati* in advancing his theory, a flash of lightning so vivid, so prolonged as to scare the disputants, blazed in the apartment, and this was recognized as a signal from heaven that such theories must be distasteful. The disputers ceased, and as a warning against such impious vagaries in the future, a model of the rope with which St. Francis was in the

habit of flaying himself was put up, the original being worn as a penance by the King.

I made the descent to the Eresma by the Puerta Castellona, for the purpose of gazing at the Alcazar, and seated by the brawling Clamores, surrounded by chattering washerwomen, the Naiads of the river, looked up at the quaint old fortress, and bethought me that if those grim and dented walls could speak, what semi-Arabian Nights entertainments they could afford to develop. A thousand and one—ay, ten thousand and one!

And these *lavanderas!* How picturesquely *décolleté!* how primitive in pose! how unartificial in gesture! Naked to the knee, uncovered as to bosom, these ladies splashed and rinsed, and thumped and washed, as did their mothers and grandmothers, and great-great-ever-so-great-grandmothers before them, at a date when soap was still in the womb of the undiscovered secrets of science. Ruddy, handsome, with exquisitely molded forms, audacious eyes, and blue-black hair; with colored kerchiefs of yellow or red or peacock-blue on their shapely heads, they formed a picture both unique and animated. In thus singing their charms, I do not attempt to say that all these industrious ladies were handsome or well-formed, but this I do say, that a large percentage would pass muster without even so much as a challenge.

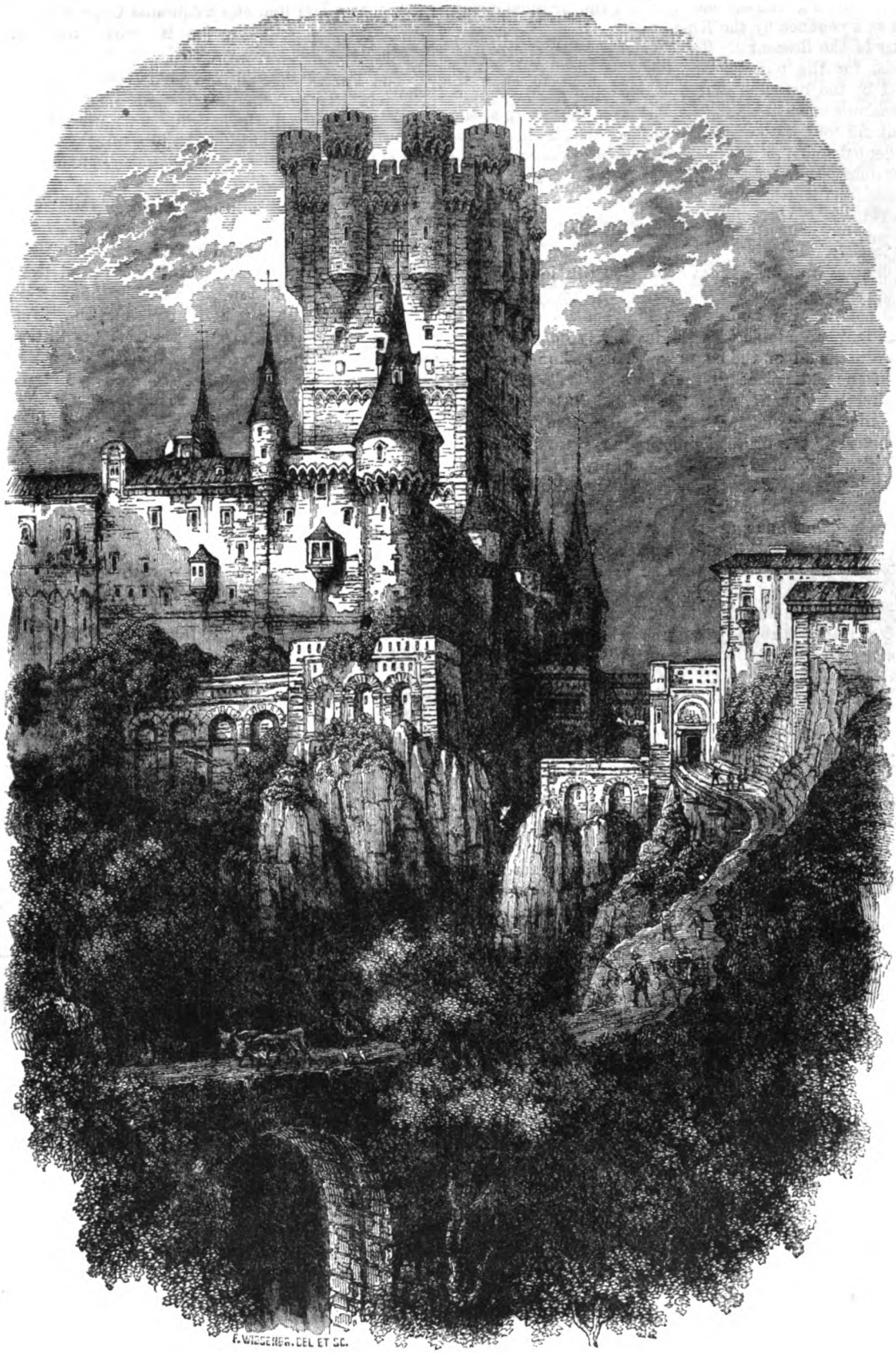
I sat gazing at them from a cliff called Fuencisla. This cliff was named Fustillans by the Romans, and is known as La Peña Grajera. Here, in the good old times, the bodies of criminals cast from the Tarpeian Rock above used to be dashed to pulp, and here the wily crows used to come and enjoy a ghastly banquet, picking the bones of the ill-fated malefactor till they shone defiance to the sun.

Of course I visited the celebrated Cyprus-tree opposite the *Carmelitas descalzas*, for it marks the exact spot where Maria del Salto alighted unhurt, while in the adjacent chapel is the statue of the Virgin through invoking whom she owed her miraculous escape. This statue was concealed during the time the Moors possessed Segovia, but reappeared in its present site when the Christians recovered the city, and thereupon the convent was built and richly endowed.

I wandered about this beautiful quaint old town, in which every house is a study for a painter, and found myself at last at the Alameda, a public promenade on the ramparts, shaded by fine acacias, and the approach to which, on the Cathedral side, is through a beautiful Moorish horseshoe arched gateway. From thence some stone steps led me up to a most curious old Norman church, with an open cloister running round it, with beautiful circular arches and dogtoothed moldings; opposite is a kind of Hôtel de Ville, with a fine gateway, cloistered "patio," and staircase carved "à jour." In a narrow street, a little lower down, is the exquisite Gothic facade of the Casa de Segovia, and turning to the left is another curious and beautiful church, La Vera Cruz, built by the Templars, and with a little chapel in it on the exact model of that of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. The zigzag and dogtooth moldings round the windows and doorways are very fine.

A little higher up is the Parral, a deserted convent, with a beautiful church, richly carved portal and choir, fine monuments, cloisters and gardens; the latter had such a reputation that they gave rise to the saying, "Las huertas del Parral, paraiso terrenal."

LOS PINARES, NEAR SEGOVIA.



THE ALCAZAR OF SEGOVIA.

The superb *coro* was raised, in 1494, by Juan de Ruesga. The walnut *silleria* was elaborately carved, in 1526, by Bartolomé Fernandez; the *retablo mayor* was painted, in 1526, by Diego de Urbian, for the Pacheco family, one of whom, Juan, the celebrated Marques de Villena, founded the convent on the site of his famous duel, where he defeated three antagonists.

It is shocking to see how shamefully the superb white

marble sepulchres of Juan and his wife, Maria, kneeling with an attendant, have been treated. Chipped, broken, a piece cut out here, a fragment knocked off there, these splendid works of art are barely enabled to show the visitor of to-day, in certain places, what they once were.

The ceilings of the Library and Refectory were peculiarly quaint. I visited the Museo Provincial in the Episcopal Palace, which contains some *bizarre* portraits of monks and nuns, and a few MSS., but none of the wealth that antiquarians and bookworms are in search of is to be found here. The Aqueduct and Cathedral and Alcazar must satisfy.

I climbed up to the Plaza de la Constitucion, which is like the square of an old German town, having endlessly varied and colored houses with high roofs, and was glad to find rest and a table with the invariably good chocolate and white bread of the country. The bishop lives in a picturesque old palace in the Plaza of San Esteban, the fine church opposite, with its beautiful tower, Saxon arches, and open cloister, being dedicated to that saint. This house is the original one purchased for St. Theresa in 1574, by Doña Ana de Ximenes, who was the first lady to receive the habit in Segovia. It is dedicated to St. Joseph, and the first Mass was said in it by St. John of the Cross. The nuns, says Lady Herbert of Lee, maintain the reformed rule in all its austerity. They show the saint's cell, now converted into an oratory, and also the room of St. John of the Cross, whose convent is in the valley below, just outside the walls of the town. There his body rests—that body still uncorrupted, of one whom it has been truly said, that he was a "cherub in wisdom and a seraph in love," On the door of his cell is his favorite sentence :

"Pati et contemni pro Te!"

This convent is rich both in his letters and in those of St. Theresa. Here it was that the saint received the news of the death of her favorite brother, Laurence de Cepeda. She was quietly at work during recreation when he appeared to her ; the saint, without uttering a word, put down her work and hastened to the choir to commend the departing spirit to our Lord. She had no sooner knelt before the blessed sacrament than an expression of intense peace and joy came over her face. Her sister asked her the reason, and she told them that our Lord had then revealed to her the assurance that her brother was in heaven. His sudden death occurred at the very moment when he had appeared to her in her recreation-room. Over the door of her oratory are the words : "Seek the cross"; "Desire the cross"; and a little further on, "Let us teach more by works than by words."

The Church of San Millan, outside the walls, is well worthy a visit. It is pure Romanesque in style, with external cloisters, and dates from 1250. The portal of San Martin attracts the eye, while in the church are the tombs of Don Rodrigo, in armor, and of Gonzalo Herrera and his wife.

The tower in the Plaza de San Esteban is a noble thirteenth-century tower of five stories, of elegant arcades, round arches alternating with the pointed.

A walk up the Valley of the Eresma leads to the Casa de Moneda, or mint. This necessary establishment was founded by Alfonso VII., rebuilt by Enrique IV., in 1455, and repaired and refitted with German machinery by Philip II. in 1586. Formerly all the national coinage was struck in this mint, as the river afforded water-power, while the adjoining Alcazar formed a pretty safe treasury, so far as thick walls, iron bars, and oaken doors with giant locks were concerned. In 1730 the gold and silver coinage was transferred to Madrid, and, during my visit to Segovia, they were striking off nothing but copper, the metal coming from Rio Tinto.

The Puerta de Santiago is Moorish. Everywhere in Segovia the granite portals and peculiar Toledan ball ornaments prevail, the gate of San Andres being quite a picture. In fact, the gate of any walled town is a place of interest in Spain. This is the spot to seek for character and color. To lounge near the gateway and watch the inhabitants, so delightfully and unconsciously picturesque, pass in and out, is a species of entertainment that pays to the uttermost and last minute. The lazy soldiery, the gayly-attired women who hover round the military, the water-carriers, the washerwomen, the fruit-sellers, the mule-drivers with their lightly caparisoned mules and asses, the hawkers, the peasants from the distant mountains in their holiday dresses, the padrones, the hideous old women, the students, the religious processions, etc., form a moving panorama that is as satisfying to the eye as it is picturesque.

These gates possessed a strange fascination for me, and I would repair thither of a morning, and seating myself in some vine-trellised *venta*, remain gazing at the *bizarre* sights till the heat of noon pronounced in favor of the siesta.

How rigorously those stiff-necked custom-house officials examined the packets of the countryfolk for contraband, unless the reals were slipped into their willing palms! How cruelly that corporal, in his red cap, long blue coat and sandaled, dirty, naked feet, treated that black-eyed, black-haired, red-lipped and voluptuously-formed, short-skirted señorita, who, it was evident, loved the son of Mars not wisely, but too well! I was witness to her ardor, his coolness, her tears, his rebuffs, and I felt for her. I am quite prepared to think that she was a shameless slut, but she looked so picturesque, and she loved so well, that I found forgiveness in my heart for her all the time.

And those mule-drivers—what heavy stage villains! What a chance for opera-bouffe! what a "show" for a chorus! They have never yet been properly done, not even by the indefatigable Colonel Mapleson. Our *entrepreneurs* should visit Segovia for color. They should sit in that gate and watch the crowd as it passes in and out, the tide as it ebbs and flows. A chorus of *lavanderas*, those bright, handsome washerwomen, a little less *décolletée* though, would insure the run of an opera if they could be intrusted with one of their national melodies, a sort of tra-la-la-lal chorus to the wringing of the linen of Segovia.

The wine is particularly good in Segovia; and the wine-shops seem busier than in any other city I visited in Spain, although I cannot call to recollection having beheld a single intoxicated person. The city's prosperity once depended on its staple, wool, but there were only half a dozen "one-horse" cloth factories going in the suburb of San Lorenzo on the occasion of my visit.

A movement was made in 1829 to introduce improved machinery, but the handloom weavers soon made short work of it. The cabañas or sheep-flocks of Segovia furnished the fleeces, and the Eresma offered a peculiar water for washing the wool. The sheep washings and shearings were once the grand attractions of the place, and "drew" nearly as well as a bull-fight. The flocks were driven in May into large *Esquileos* or quadrangles of two stories, over which a "Factor" presided. First, the sheep went into the *Sudadero*, and when well sweated, their legs were tied by *Ligadores*, who handed them over to the shearers, each of whom would clip from eight to ten sheep a day. When shorn, the animals next were taken to the *Empegadero* to be tarred and branded, after which the

whole lot were looked over by the *Capatazes* or head shepherds, when the old and useless were selected for the butcher, while those spared were carefully attended to, as being liable to take cold after shearing and die.

Segovia has undergone that process of war known as "the sacked," at the hands of the French. General Frere, on June 7th, 1808, entered the city, and although no resistance was offered, the inhabitants imagining that they would be respected, it was given over to the soldiery, who "annexed" everything they could possibly lay their hands on. Terrible stories are still told of the tortures worthy citizens were put to in order to compel them to divulge the whereabouts of their treasures, and the name of France is hated with a hatred only known to the swarthy Spaniard. One girl, a great beauty, Juanita Gomez, who became infatuated by a French officer, with her lover, suffered a horrible death. They were surprised together by a band of Segovians, who bound them, and muffling their heads with cloaks, bore them to the rock overhanging La Peña Grajera. At a given signal the cloaks were removed, as were also the ligaments. The despairing lovers were then ordered to leap over the rock. In vain they pleaded, implored, prayed. A living wall of steel encompassed them. The girl was the first to leap. The man, a craven, clung to the feet of his grim executioners, to the grass, to the rocks, and eventually his fingers had to be chopped off in order to compel him to take the death-fall. This is only one instance of the feeling against the sackers of Segovia. The best excursion from Segovia is to San Ildefonso, or La Granja, which can be struck by rail or diligence. This cool castle in the air—as the difference in Summer between La Granja and Madrid is as 68° to 83° Fahrenheit, say the Castilians—is a worthy chateau of the King of Spain. As he is the first and loftiest of all earthly sovereigns, so his abode soars nearest to heaven. The elevation of his residence at least cannot be doubted, as the palace is placed on the northwest range of the Sierra, some 3,840 feet above the level of the sea, and thus, in the same latitude as Naples, stands higher than the crater of Mount Vesuvius.

The surrounding locality is truly Alpine—rocks, forests, crystal streams, waterfalls—la Peñalara towering 8,500 feet above all. While Nature is truly Spanish at La Granja, art is most decidedly French, for the one idea'd Philip V. could conceive no other excellence but that of Marly and Versailles. This King's shyness, like that of the present King of Bavaria, drove him into retirement, and he asked for nothing better than the company of his wife and his confessor. He was no sooner fixed on the Spanish throne than he meditated its abdication, always harboring, like Henry III. of Poland, a secret wish to return and reign in beloved France. It chanced that while hunting at Valsain, in 1720, he discovered this *granja*, then a *grange* or farmhouse of the Segovian Monks of La Parral. He bought the site of them, and here he died, July 9th, 1746, and here he lies buried.

The Colegiata, built in the form of a Latin cross, is the first object of interest. On each side are the royal pews, or *tribunas*, inclosed with glass. The dome, pendentives and ceiling are painted in fresco by those academical twins of common-place, Bayeu and Maella. The white stucco is picked out with gilding, and the *retablo* is composed of fine jaspars with red pillars from Cabra. The altar was constructed at Naples. The tabernacle is of rich lapislazuli. The Virgin's wardrobe is absolutely dazzling in its magnificence, her cloak being incrusted with jewels. The especial relic in this church is the staff of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, held by Christina while giving birth to Isabel II. The illustrous founder is buried in a chapel which lies to the west of the high altar, to which a door communicates; but it is usually entered by the sacristy, and it was by this entrance that I visited it. The tomb of Philip V. and his wife, Isabella Farnese with its medallions and Fame and Charity, and other ornaments is in hideous taste.

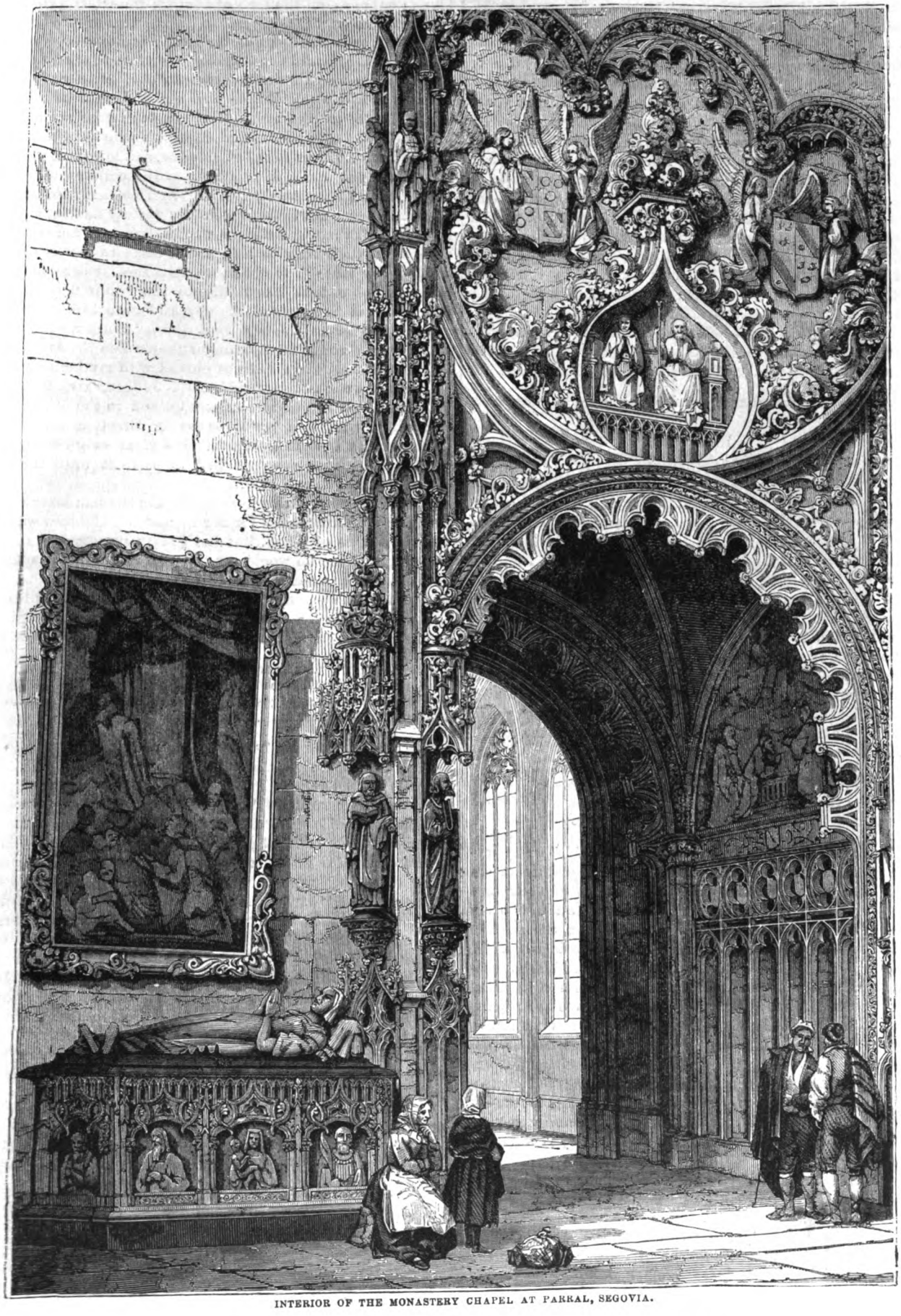
A portion of the grand old *granja* is still preserved near the Fuente, for the building is a thing of expedients and patchwork, and so far is a bit of Spain. A long line of railing divides three sides of a square. The centre body, with a dome, is destined for the royal family, the wings being appropriated to their suites, guards, and officers. The facade fronts the garden, and is cheerful, although over-windowed, and looking like a long Corinthian conservatory. The salons above and below were once filled with paintings and antiques, among which were the marbles of Queen Christina of Sweden, purchased for Spain by Camillo Rosconi. After having been long neglected they were carted out to Madrid by Ferdinand VII., when he restored and refinished the palace with his favorite modern trumpery. The royal apartments are light, airy, and agreeable, without being magnificent. Strange events could these walls chronicle. Here, in January, 1724, Philip V. abdicated the crown, which he resumed in the next August, on the death of his son, urged once more to become a King by his wife, who, by all accounts, was pretty particularly weary of private life. Here, in 1783, Charles III. received the Count d'Artois (Charles X. of France) when on his way to take Gibraltar—a feat, however, which he failed to accomplish. Here, on August 18th, 1796, the minion Goday signed the famous and fatal treaty by which Spain was virtually handed over to revolutionized France. Here Ferdinand VII., September 18th, 1832, revoked the decree by which he had abolished the Salic law, and declared his daughter, Isabel, born October 10th, 1830, to be heiress to the crown, an act which led to civil war and disputed succession. Here Christina, in her turn, was deprived of royal rights, for here on August 12th, 1836, the rude soldiery, headed by one Garcia, a sergeant, compelled her to proclaim the Cadiz democratical institution of 1812. The result was the downfall and exile of the Queen Regent.

The gardens of the Palace are among the finest in Spain; the grand walk in front, called the *parterre*—for everything here in name and style is French—looks over wondrous terraces and flowers and waters and picturesque mountains. Spring fruits ripen in the artificial garden in Autumn. Everything is artificial, and the cost was 45,000,000 of piastres, the precise amount of Philip V.'s debts when he shuffled off this mortal coil. Ferdinand VI., Philip's son and successor, stoutly refused to pay his father's debts. No amount of wheedling could induce him to part with a piastre. To form these gardens, rocks—nay, small mountains—were leveled, while great caverns were tunneled to admit of earth for the roots of trees. They were removing the earth in one of these caverns while I was there, and the mound raised by the stuff dug out was of no mean proportion.

San Idelfonso, after all, is but an imitation on a smaller scale of the gardens of Versailles, but its fountains are far more real than those of its celebrated French original. Pure water is the charm, requiring no force-pumps or pressure of any kind to send it flying in diamond showers high into the air. The Cascada Cenador is a superb sheet of falling water, which, under the sun of Castile, glitters like molten silver. It is supplied from a large pond, which the people of Aranjuez are modest enough to term *el Mar*, or the ocean.

The gardens, in which art vies with nature, are divided

THE CATHEDRAL OF SEGOVIA.



INTERIOR OF THE MONASTERY CHAPEL AT PARRAL, SEGOVIA.

into high and low. They are laid out in grand style, being planted with avenues, labyrinths, statuary, etc., etc., including twenty-six fountains, the most famous, the Fama, throwing water 130 feet into the air. Philip V. stopped before it on its completion. "This cost me three millions," he sighed, "and I have only been amused three minutes."

Charles III. came every year to La Granja to fish and shoot, and here he set up a linen and a glass factory. While at La Granja a pleasant excursion can be made to the Quita Pesares, the *Sans Soucie* of Christina, and where this modern Dido first met the Æneas Muñoz. I walked over to Valsain three miles, the ancient hunting-seat of the Crown, and occupied by Philip V. during the burning of La Granja. There is boar-hunting in the royal preserves, and Alfonso was daily expected, with his young bride—a bride destined so soon to die—Mercedes.

To return to Segovia. No one should visit Spain without turning aside to see this wondrous old city of the Middle Ages—its walls, its Alcazar, its Cathedral, and its Aqueduct.

RIDDLES.

THAT our riddles are degenerating into mere *jeu d'esprit* is a great calamity. When the solemn questions of life and destiny are changed into idle conceits, of what consequence can it be how they are answered? The fatal riddle of the Sphinx was no matter of wit and laughter. The strange question: "What being has four feet, two feet and three feet; only one voice; but whose feet vary, and when it has most, is weakest?" so moved the men of Thebes that they gave Œdipus their kingdom and the hand of the queen for answering, "Man!" It required *oideo-pous*, swollen feet, to explain a riddle of the feet, and a man under the pressure of necessity to solve the problem of mankind. The fable relates that when the Sphinx found her occupation gone she leaped from a high rock; but she certainly did not destroy herself, for the poet's lines are still true:

"The Sphinx is drowsy,
Her wings are furled;
Her ear is heavy,
She broods on the world."

She will continue to "brood on the world," every moment demanding "the fate of the manchild and the meaning of man." They who solve the riddle of their own humanity save themselves and others, while all who fail are devoured. It was no shrewd guess on the part of Œdipus—he was the answer, and in self-recognition he solved the problem. It took the right man, but the moment of necessity was needed to bring him out. That moment so fatal to all the fools in Thebes was the coronation of Œdipus. For nothing should a wise man return deeper thanks than for necessity. It brings him in contact with himself, disciplines his affections, ripens his understanding, strengthens his nature and enriches his experience; it thrusts goodness and greatness upon him—it does more, it reveals to him the goodness and greatness latent in his nature. A moment of necessity is worth an age of opportunity.

Ohnesargen's Sphinx, in six volumes, shows us how the riddle is fallen from its high place. A riddle is now only a conundrum, and often a very coarse one at that. The "Demands Joyous," the treatise of the Abbé Cotiro, whose modesty did not prevent him from assuming the title, "Le Père de l'Enigme," and the Mercure de France all bear witness to the degradation of the riddle.

Samson's riddle is personal, and comes nearer to our idea of enigma, but the men of his time were deeply exercised over its solution. "Samson said, 'Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness.' But they could not in three days expound the riddle. And it came to pass on the seventh day, that they said unto Samson's wife, 'Entice thy husband, that he may declare unto us the riddle, lest we burn thee and thy father's house with fire.' And Samson's wife wept before him and said, 'Thou dost but hate me, and lovest me not: thou hast put forth a riddle unto the children of my people, and hast not told it me.' And he said unto her, 'Behold I have not told it my father nor my mother, and shall I tell it thee?' And she wept before him the seven days, while their feast lasted; and it came to pass on the seventh day that he told her, because she lay sore upon him; and she told the riddle to the children of her people. And the men of the city said unto him on the seventh day before the sun went down, 'What is sweeter than honey? and what is stronger than a lion?' And he said unto them, 'If ye had not plowed with my heifer, ye had not found out my riddle.'"—Judges, xiv. 14-18. The riddle was one of rare ingenuity, and in the original could be turned in every conceivable direction without disclosing its true meaning. It was clear as glass, and yet the Philistines utterly failed to solve it until they plowed with Samson's heifer.

The riddle has a curious parallel in the German story of a woman who interceded for her husband. The man was under sentence of death, but the judges promised to release him if his wife would give them a riddle they could not solve. The woman remembered that she had that day passed a dead horse by the roadside, and that between its ribs was a bird's nest containing six young birds, which she took with her. She therefore propounded this riddle:

"As ik hin güng, as ik wedder kam,
Den Lebendigen ik uet den Doden nam.
Süss (sechs) de güungen de Saewten (den siebenten) quitt,
Raet to, gy Herren, nu ist Tyt."*

The judges had no heifer to plow with, and so the culprit was released.

Some of Solomon's Proverbs are, strictly speaking, riddles. Josephus describes a contest in riddles, in which Solomon vanquished Hiram, King of Tyre, and was himself defeated by one of Hiram's subjects. An English writer calls it a philosophical gambling match. Large sums of money were lost and won at ancient riddle-matches. The "hard questions" with which the Queen of Sheba proved Solomon are believed to have been riddles. Erasmus thinks the Saviour employed the riddle in Matthew xii. 43-45. We have a riddle in Revelation xiii. 16, and a challenge to its solution in the eighteenth verse. The Sphinx of Theocritus is a famous example of the classic enigma. Homer's death is said to have been caused by mortification at not being able to solve a riddle. The most inexplicable riddle of the ancients is called, from a Latin inscription at Bologne, "Ælia Lælia Crispis," and may be translated into English thus:

"ÆLIA LÆLIA CRISPIS.

"Neither man, nor woman, nor androgyne
Neither girl, nor boy, nor eld;
Neither wife nor maid;
But all (of these).

"Carried off neither by hunger, nor sword, nor poison;
But by all (of them).
Neither in heaven, nor in the water, nor in the earth;
But biding everywhere.

* As I came along, I took the living out of the dead: six got quit of the seventh; guess away, my masters; now is the time.

"LUCIUS AGATHO PRISCUS.

"Neither the husband, nor lover, nor friend;
Neither grieving, nor rejoicing, nor weeping;
But all (of these)—

"This—neither a pile, nor a pyramid, nor a sepulchre
That is built, he knows and knows not (which it is),
It is a sepulchre containing no corpse within it;
It is a corpse with no sepulchre containing it;
But the corpse and the sepulchre are one and the same."
—*Translated by E. Cobham Brewer.*

Oriental riddles are mostly in the form of poetry; even the impromptu "cup-question," given out at a festival or banquet, must be in verse. When the riddle was published the author appended the answer "up-side-down." Here are two illustrations from Hariri, elegantly translated by Rev. William R. Alger:

'It is a more prodigious tree,
A weaker man it seems to be.
It is its fate to join with all
The solid things upon this ball.
But with the falling of its foe—
How strange it is!—itself doth go."

"When the sun dies,
The *shadow* dies."

'What dried-up stick, before or since the flood,
Was turned into a thing of flesh and blood?"

"His *staff* did Moses make
A live and crawling snake."

One of the best forms of the riddle is the anagram, specimens of which may be found in Hebrew literature. The ancient Jews ascribed to it cabalistic and occult qualities. Plato entertained curious superstitions with regard to it, and thought that every man's destiny might be discovered from his anagram. The solemn Puritans employed it in sermons and hymns, and for political purposes. Thus Cotton Mather, extolling the virtues of John Wilson, the first pastor in Boston, speaks of

"His care to guide his flock and feed his lambs
By words, works, prayers, psalms, alms and anagrams."

Camden has devoted considerable space in "Remains" to the subject of anagrams, and a very pleasing chapter on both anagrams and echo-verses may be found in Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature." The best of all anagrams is that which changes Pilate's question to our Saviour—Quid est veritas?—into the only true answer, Est vir qui adest. The author of the famous anagram is unknown, but he was certainly a very devout and skillful artist in words.

Some of the most ingenious and interesting of the many anagrams on record are: Charles James Stuart (James I.), claims Arthur's Seat; Marie Touchet (Mistress of Charles IX.), Je charme tout; Frère Jacques Clement (assassin of Henry III.), C'est l'enfer qui m'a crée; Georgius Monke, Dux de Aumarle, Ergo regem reduxit Ano. Sa. MDCLVV.; Sir Roger Charles Doughty Tichborne, Baronet, You horrid butcher; Orton, biggest rascal here; Horatio Nelson, Honor est Nilo.

Lady Eleanor Davies, wife of the poet Sir John Davies, thought herself a prophetess, because she found in her name the anagram "Reveal, O Daniel!" She published a number of mad predictions of questionable patriotism, which brought down upon her the vengeance of the authorities. The discovery of the following anagram robbed the good lady of her dear delusion—"Dame Eleanor Davies, never so mad a lady!" It was a better anagram than the first, which had an L that did not belong to it, and was wanting by an S. Frenzelius, an eccentric German, boasted that for fifty years he had kept up the practice of celebrating, by way of obituary, the names of distinguished persons, "called down into the grave," and that in every case he had produced a successful anagram. He tells us that the cheerful occupation was attended with physical torments resembling the death-pangs of the persons whose names he anagrammatized.

The modern riddle is generally a puzzle—sometimes it is little more than a coarse jest. Having no object in view but that of amusement, it is so arranged as to provoke laughter. Here is a specimen from the sixteenth century—riddles have not improved since then: "What is the worst bestowed charity that one can give? Alms to a blind man; for he would be glad to *see* the person hanged that gave it to him." Here is a riddle in the form of a conundrum, and bearing evidence of very recent construction: "Why is this insurance policy a contradictory thing? Because when I can't sell it I can-cel it; and when I can-cel it I can't sell it." Schiller sought to restore the riddle to its original religious solemnity, and he succeeded so far as to invest it with a certain literary finish, but no further. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has given us one of the most ingenious of rhymed riddles.

"'I'm going to blank,' with falling breath,
The falling gladiator said;
Unconquered, he 'consents to death;'
One gasp—the hero's soul has fled.
'I'm going to blank,' the schoolboy cried;
Two sugared sweets his hands display—
Like snowflakes in the ocean tide
They vanish, melted both away.
Tell with one verb, or I'll tell you,
What each was just about to do."

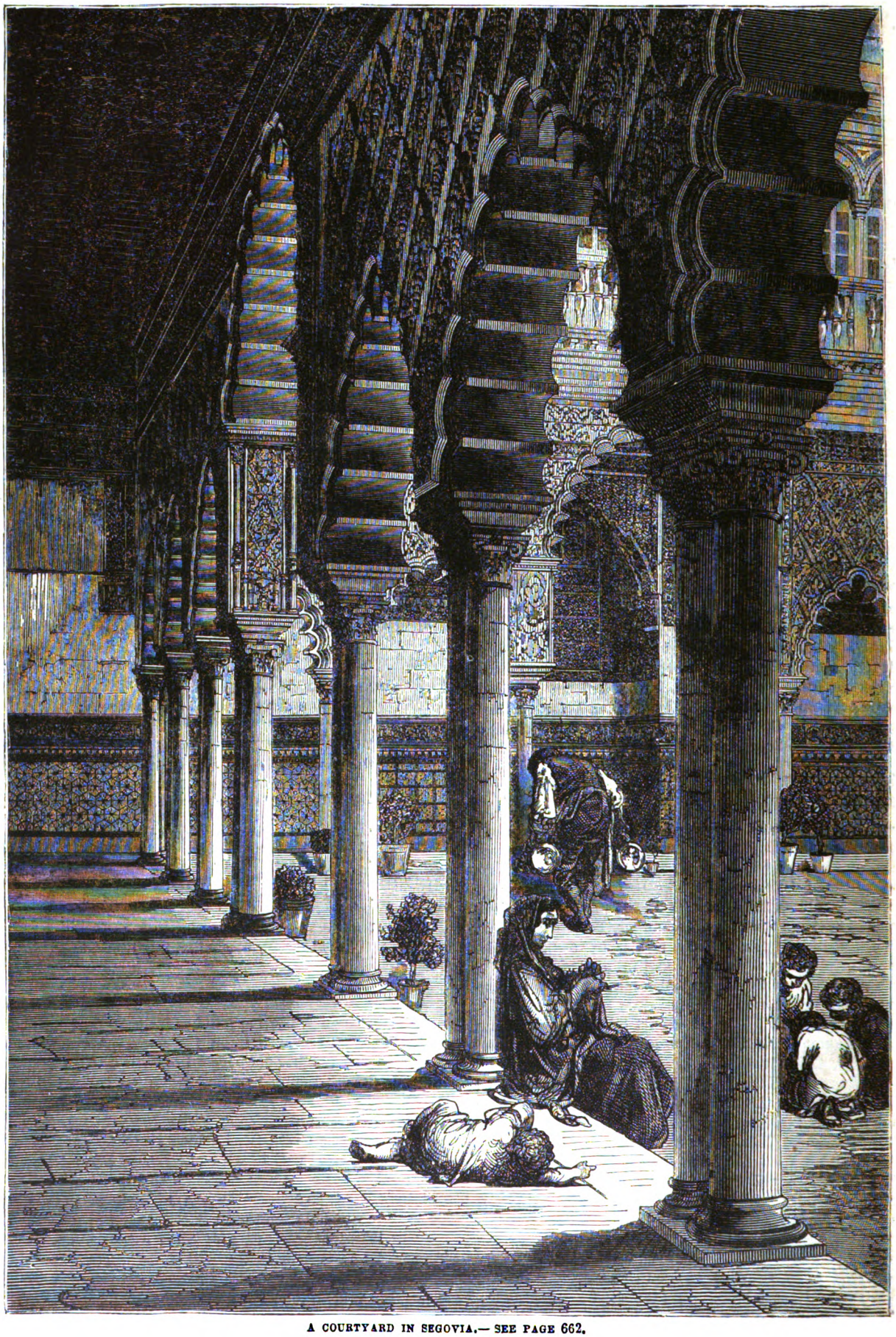
From a dozen answers to the above we select two:

"'Succumb,' the gladiators groans,
And breathes away his life with moans;
'Suck 'em,' the schoolboy cries in glee—
You needn't, Dr. Holmes, tell me.—SUCKER."

"This blank, blank verse is well no doubt,
Although it breathes a Holmesic strain;
But certain facts have been left out,
Which mark this interesting twain.
Obedient to some mystic plan,
Like language still their lips employ—
'I'm gladiator,' sighs the man,
'I'm glad I ate 'em,' cries the boy.
And he whom mortal thrust hath pricked
Quite fails his rival to outdo,
For while he owns he's badly licked,
The schoolboy boasts that he's licked, two."

THERE is a very pretty story told of how a lovely Jewess in a Russian town saved her property and her life during the recent attacks upon the Jews. A great hulking ruffian entered her shop and bought a loaf of bread. After swallowing a couple of mouthfuls he threw himself on the ground outside the shop-door and began to howl piteously that he was poisoned—the Jews had poisoned him. Of course an infuriated crowd instantly assembled, and it would have fared ill with our Jewess if she had not dashed out of her shop and snatched the bread out of the impostor's hand, and began to eat in sight of them all. The crowd stopped, thunderstruck. A broad grin dawned on every countenance. One of them called out to her, "Alosha, lend me your knout, will you?" Then the impostor started to his feet and scudded off, pursued by a mischievous but no longer sanguinary crowd.

LOOK in thy heart and write. He that writes to himself, writes to an eternal public.



A COURTYARD IN SEGOVIA.— SEE PAGE 662.

ROB LANGTRY'S RED-LETTER DAY.

By K. V. Hastings.

Winter in Southern California, warm, soft and breezy as an Eastern May; the first rains over, and all green things just springing into life. The sea was bluer than a dozen Mediterraneans; the sky an overarching copy of the sea, not a white fleck on its azure depths, nothing to break its cloudless blue except a wedge of wild geese speeding to more congenial climes.

Sharply drawn against the eastern sky the Coast Range reared their yellow peaks, the giant pines upon their tops appearing in the distance like the fringe on the gentian's lip.

Between the mountains were deep gorges—or, in California lingo, gulches, cañons and arroyos—and in their depths sycamores, live oaks and cottonwoods flourished, being, with the exception of the distant pines, the only trees on the landscape. The mountains were dashed here and there with broad gory streaks, showing oxide of iron and cinnabar in more or less quantities; while here and there, where those minerals were in the ascendant, the Sienne yellow disappeared entirely, and a whole peak of a dark blood-red reared itself into the sky.

Jungles of mustard lay in huge yellow patches outspread in the valleys, while the foothills were gorgeous with great sheets of golden poppies, blue squills and scarlet "Indian-pink." Here and there a "Spanish-bayonet" leaned its huge candelabra of sweet white flowers out over some black chasm beside it, while perhaps a goldfinch, gayly coated as Joseph of old, swung and chatted on its topmost blossom. Tracts of fierce-looking cactus, of the prickly-pear variety, bristled in the broader portions of the valleys, and opened their blood-orange blossoms to the sun, while down at our feet, in the shadow of the live oaks, nestled the tiny golden fern, with its friend the maidenhair, and the wild cyclomen perfuming the air around.

"A MAN'S FIGURE CAME DASHING DOWN THE SLIMY TROUGH."

High up in the azure a lark was singing and soaring, while from every crevice and from under each leaf the little brown-and-green lizards were skurrying to take a look at us, then darting away again faster than they came.

Over all this the California sun—hot, but not fierce; bright, but not scorching—threw a brilliancy and gayety over all it touched, till even the graveyard, gilded by its genial rays, seemed rather a frisky place of its kind.

Below us—for we were on the crest of the foothills—lay the mining town of Anchorville; a long, straight street of wooden shanties, with one larger than the rest, evidently doing duty as church, courthouse, theatre, and place of public meeting in general.

Opposite us rose the next range of foot hills, lower than those on which we stood; then another valley, with a few scattering hills; then a long crescent of beach, and the sea sparkling and dazzling in the noonday sun.

Through the middle of the town ran the coachroad, and just below it lay the mines, these last a succession of chasms, dug in the surface of the earth, a crane standing erect in the centre of the largest, and the "rocker" ceaselessly shaking itself to and fro.

"Splendid view!" said my companion, looking beyond the sluices and the workaday world at our feet, and letting his eyes wander over the shady gulches and sunny hills to the dazzle of the sea beyond.

We—Rob Langtry and I—had both been working in the next mining-town, some fifty miles behind us by the trail—thirty, as the crow flies—and had left it together to look for more promising fields. My claim had petered out, leaving me with my last week's clean up, my mustang, my seven shooters, the clothes I wore, and a clean flannel shirt—very little else. Langtry, I imagined, was not quite so badly off, and, indeed, he had a little bag of dust in his saddle-pocket, and a watch heavily cased in gold of his own digging.

But his claim, like mine, proving worthless, we decided to leave Hubtown together and try our luck in Anchorville, which, as yet, was not so overrun with adventurers. We had "chummed it" together more or less ever since first making each other's acquaintance; but as, according to California etiquette, we had asked each other no questions, were both of us nearly in the dark as to each other's previous history. He was a Californian and handsome, as most Californians are—quick, keen and graceful, with the grace born of strength. Not a very young man—he must have been on the shady side of forty—but a man whose age showed only in his face, his figure being lithe and agile as in his first youth. I was a Bostonian, but two years absent from the Hub, seeking what I have never yet found—my fortune. That I was "clever" goes without the saying; that I was handsome is also a matter of course; that "culchor" had done its utmost for me it is superfluous to add. After all this, it is mortifying to be obliged to state that I am merely a "supe" in my own story.

"Romera," my pony, began to start and whinny and pull on his halter—we had stopped for our noon *siesta*, and our horses were staked out to browse—and presently we heard the steady beat of hoofs far up the trail behind us. They came nearer, and yet more near; then horse and rider—a woman—flashed past us and were gone.

"Rose, Rose!" shouted Langtry, as she disappeared down the trail; and, leaping to his feet, made a motion to follow her. But he almost instantly changed his mind and flung himself down again.

"Do you know her, Rob?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, after a second's pause, his eyes far off on the distant mountains. "She's an old friend of mine, Mrs. Reynolds; I haven't seen her or her husband in several years; I didn't know they were living here. She quite took me by surprise."

"Don't you want to go after her? She didn't see us, I think."

"No. I'll hunt them up after we get into town; I guess anybody can tell me where they live—Reynolds is a pretty stirring sort of a fellow, always nosing around," he added, in an undertone; "everybody in town's likely to know him."

Meantime, I had flung myself down in a bed of wild cyclomen, nestling my nose close under a tall spire which reached over, and gently breathed its perfume in my face.

"Is she handsome, Langtry?" I asked, in mere idleness, nibbling off the topmost blossom, and blowing it high in air. "She has a splendid figure."

"Is she handsome?" he repeated, still keeping his face turned to those distant mountains. "Yes, I think she is." He said this slowly and courteously, with a something formal in his manner very foreign to his usual free, frank, California ways. And as he spoke, he rolled over on his elbow and looked me full in the face with his brilliant black eyes—a look void of offense, but which told me plainly to drop the subject.

"I thought she must be," I answered; and taking the hint, closed my eyes and pretended to doze.

The hum of bees among the sagebrush droned lazily in my ears, the far-off low of cattle mingled in my drowsy thoughts, and soon I was once more walking down Beacon Street, daintily lifting my beaver to Boston's fair and intellectual daughters, receiving from them in return that frigid salutation which expresses their utmost cordiality.

But I did not long enjoy this somewhat monotonous pleasure; for soon I heard Langtry's voice shouting in my ear:

"Ranney! Ranney! wake up! You've got the nightmare."

This is what he called a vision of Boston's fair ones!

I opened my eyes, and there, sure enough, was a sky bluer than the Hub ever saw; and instead of the parade of New England beauty of which I had dreamed, three little Spanish children were running and skipping and racing down the trail. The broad noon had waned a little into early afternoon; the shadows had sidled out a little from under each tree, and the breeze, stronger and fresher than when we had tossed ourselves down among the fragrant ferns showed that the latter half of the day had come.

An hour's ride brought us to the town—a long straight street of about one hundred houses; the public hall aforesaid in its centre, and on either hand a saloon with—even here—green swing-doors. Wooden pavements echoed under the tread of a few women and children; a quiet, black-coated, beaver-hatted gentleman or two lingered round those same green doors; the rest of the men were at the mines.

We drew up at the "Bonanza Hotel"—an old abode, with sundry wooden additions made by its American owner. On the doorpost was tacked the bill of fare for the day, while over the entrance was painted, in red letters: "Dinner, 50 cents." A Chinese stableboy took our horses, and a Spanish clerk greeted us with a "*Comus tomas*"; then, in excellent English, answered our questions. Yes, he thought there were workmen wanted at the mines; but the superintendent was away that day—would be back on the morrow. A good many gentlemen had been prospecting in the hills thereabouts, and some had found pay-gravel. Wouldn't the gentlemen take a room in the "Bonanza Hotel" till they had a chance to

look about them? So we settled down for the day, and had that luxury dear to a traveler's heart—a "good wash."

"Ranney," said Langtry, after we had rested a while, and smoked our cigars under the grapevine porch beside the house, "I guess I'll go and hunt up Reynolds and his wife. I suppose somebody in the house can tell me where to find them. Don't pine without me. *Addios!*" and calling back the gay Spanish farewell, he disappeared into the hotel.

Inside I heard the clerk answering his question. Yes, Reynolds was superintendent of the Anna-Maria mine and was away to-day; but Mrs. Reynolds was at home. Langtry had best go up and see her—she could tell all about her husband. So my companion went off to pay his call, and after a while I loitered down the street, still smoking, and trying to tell, from viewing them at a distance, which of those rolling hills was most likely to yield pay-gravel. On the side of one of these same hills I saw a tiny house, and, as it rather took my fancy, I began strolling up the gulch toward it. It must have been half a mile away, but, in this clear California air, it seemed as though I could put out my hand and touch it.

I could see the door ajar, and a rocking-chair on the piazza, with some wrap or other feminine garment thrown across its back. A clump of tall white callas nodded before the door, and an acacia-tree waved its soft yellow blossoms beside the gate.

The house was on a little knoll, its front door and windows looking down over the town, but the trail led up the gulch to the back of the house, dodged under a flume which stalked on trestles through the yard, gave a sharp twist to the right, and came to high land once more just by the back door.

Once in the trail, I lost sight of the house, but still lounged idly on, puffing my cigar-smoke at the tiny lizards which raced up and down the trees beside which I passed.

Presently I heard the shuffle, shuffle of Chinese feet, and a Chinaman came into view, his felt hat tilted low over his flat nose, his white blouse newly ironed, hands in pockets. A generally jaunty air about him showed his afternoon's work done, and he out on a visit to his "cousins" and "flems." Evidently the China-boy from the house above.

Said I, "Hullo, John!"

"Hullo, John!" responded he, coming to a full stop just out of reach, evidently ready to run in case I resented the liberty.

He was a boy of about sixteen, his face not yet sodden with opium, and his little black eyes twinkling keen and humorous behind his three-cornered eyelids.

"What man live in house?" I asked, pointing up the gulch.

"Allee same Mellican man."

"What name Mellican man?"

"Allee same Smif."

"You cookee?"

"Yaas, me cookee, me washee. You likee me washum?" and he touched, with a grin, my not over-clean flannel shirt.

Then seizing his nose between thumb and fore-finger, and exclaiming, with mock horror, "Ah, my! No good at all! too muchee dirty! You no go see Smif! Smif no likee you!" fled laughing down the gulch before the toe of my boot could even graze the skirt of his blouse.

So I went my way none the wiser, for that "Smif" was the name of him whose trail I was treading I did not in the least believe.

I soon stood beside the house—a true Californian mansion, six or eight rooms all on one floor, and a wide piazza, with a profusion of flowering vines hanging from its pillars.

There was apparently no one at home, for all was still as the grave; but, also in true Californian fashion, the windows had been left open and the door ajar.

I sat down on the lowest step and gazed at the lovely view of the surrounding country.

Presently a low, soft voice within—a woman's voice, speaking very gently and tenderly, attracted my attention, and before I knew it I was listening.

"I knew you'd love me just the same, my dear. You said you'd love me just as much twenty years from that day, and it has been only ten—hasn't it, Rob?"

"Ten?" answered a man's voice, in a muffled tone. "My God! I thought it had been a thousand! I should have loved you all the same if it had. My darling!—my darling! to think that I have you once more!"

"Well," thought I, "Smif's daughter is having a reunion with some long-missing lover. Pity to disturb them. I'll steal off," and I began to gather myself noiselessly together.

But just then the breeze freshened; a succession of quick puffs blew slowly open that door which had been ajar, and I, from behind my leafy screen, saw the tableau within.

It was a light, pretty room—parlor, living-room, hall, all in one; a table was in the centre, Japanese wolfskin rugs on the floor, and chairs and settees scattered round.

In one of the chairs sat a beautiful woman, her soft curling hair dropping over her back, the skirt of her pretty muslin dress flowing wide on the floor beside her.

One of her little feet was raised, resting on the rung of a settee near by, while her whole soft, sweet form was gathered into the close embrace of a man who knelt beside her and buried his face in her bosom.

Her tender brown eyes rested lovingly on him, and she leaned her cheek down to nestle in his hair.

Was she young? Not very; but not so old as Cleopatra when Antony "gave the world for love, and thought the world well lost." She was a woman whom "age could not wither nor custom stale."

The man beside her was a stalwart figure, dressed in the brown corduroy so common in California—a youthful figure, crowned with a head of black curls; further I could not see.

There was a pause for a minute while he kissed her lips a dozen or more times, hot and hard.

"Why don't you kiss me?" he asked, almost fiercely, but with such a depth of tenderness in his voice that no woman, not the most prudish or idiotic, could have been frightened.

"I try to," she answered, putting up her hand and patting his cheek, "but you give such tremendous kisses you burn my little miserable things all away. Keep still a minute, and let me kiss you. Then you'll see." And she kissed him, warm and firm, on the lips.

Why did I stay and listen?

At first from surprise; then, after the first moment, as I recognized Langtry and Mrs. Rose Reynolds, because if I moved they would see me. What was their story I could not pause to think. I was only strongly conscious that I did not wish to intrude upon it. If that confounded door would only have blown shut again, how quickly would I have stolen away!

By this time Langtry had risen and seated himself, and held her whole sweet form, round and graceful as a girl's, on his knee.

Her head rested on his shoulder, and her slender hand

strayed up, now and then, to tangle and twist his black curls; now to smooth his long, silky mustache, again to pet the one white hair it contained.

"Do you know we are two very naughty people?" she asked.

AH-SING HANGS OUT HIS WEEK'S WASH.

"Yes," said he, quietly, "I know it. But," after a pause, "we won't be any worse. If it's wrong to kiss and fondle each other once in ten years, why, then, we'll have to be bad, for I don't mean to deny myself that happiness. But we won't do any worse, my darling—any more than we did ten years ago'.'

"No worse."

"And after to-day we'll part and wait, just as we did before."

"Yes, just as we did before."

Her quiet acquiescence, born of despair, as it seemed to me, roused the rebellious blood in Langtry, and he strained her fiercely to his breast.

"My darling, I can't let you go—I won't let you go!" he cried, in one great outburst of agony.

She answered all his kisses, met all his caresses half-way; but said, faintly, as though tired of battling with herself:

"You *must* leave me here, Rob, my darling. It's very hard, but you must. Just think of all the people we know—those who love us and believe in us, who think us good, and have tied their faith fast to us—we mustn't be the ones to pull them down. They each have hard times in their own way. If we knock under to hard times, who's to keep *them* up? You and I are strong enough to do what we think right, and we must do it, Rob, dear."

He kissed the little hands raised soothingly and pleadingly toward his face.

"By-and-by, Rose, darling—not yet."

"Oh, no, not yet!"

She turned her head with this passionate outcry—turned and saw me lurking behind the bushes.

Langtry noticed the change in her face, followed her eyes, and the next instant we were standing face to face, I looking down the barrel of his seven-shooter, while the ominous click, click, told me he was bringing it to full-cock.

"Langtry!" I shouted. "Langtry, it is I!—Ranney!" for I saw that in his passion he was looking at me with no recognition in his eye.

But quick as he had been, Rose Reynolds was almost as swift. She flew between us, and covered the muzzle of the revolver with her left hand."

"Rob, Rob!" she cried. "Don't shoot, Rob! Anything would be better than that!"

Langtry snatched her hand away from the revolver's muzzle, and dropped the latter toward the ground.

"Be quiet, Rose," he said; "there is no need. I can trust you, Ranney—I will talk with you by-and-by. Now go!" and he pointed down the trail.

I lifted my hat to the lady and went.

"OH, ROB, ROB, MY DARLING! IS THIS THE WAY YOU COME TO ME AT LAST?"

That evening as I sat smoking in my room, Langtry entered with a quick stride—entered and offered me his hand. I took it, handed him a cigar, and so the peace was made between us without any loss of words.

We smoked a few minutes in silence, then:

"Langtry," said I, "I am going away. I am going to Double-deck. I hear there are good diggings there."

"All right," he answered; "I'm going with you;" then laying down his cigar, he told his story.

Eleven years before, he and Mrs. Reynolds had met and loved each other, and voluntarily separated, each promising the other to wait till fate, if ever, made it possible for them to love without sin.

"You see, Ranney, I knew it wasn't safe. She is the best woman I ever knew; but she loved and trusted me as though I'd been a god, and I *might* have over-persuaded her I could trust *her*, but I couldn't trust myself. I set myself to do the right thing; but sometimes it seemed as though

MY MODEL.—BY MADRAZO.

I must set her on my horse and be off with her. Her husband is not a bad man; he is just a creature of prejudices and notions, with scarcely one drop of warm human blood in his body. His whole life was just the living up to a set of cut-and-dried rules, and all he seemed to care about that sweet woman, was to train her to live up to them, too. Good God! how it used to drive me wild to hear him always nagging at, correcting, and admonishing Rose because she wasn't such a machine as he. He wasn't bad to her—I'd have killed him if he had been!—but he was never pleased nor satisfied with her except when she was sitting bolt upright, with her hands straight before her.

like the statue of an Assyrian prince. He was a born prig, and prided himself on it. But, oh, how I loved her, and how I do love her! Ranney, she's the sweetest creature God ever made!"

Langtry paused in his narrative, and turning his head toward the window by which he sat, gazed up at the hillside, where a light from Rose Reynolds's cottage was gleaming faintly in the moonlight.

"Well"—after a pause, turning to me once more—"that's about all. I told her I thought we'd best separate, and so we did. I don't write to her, because her husband's just the sort of an ass who thinks he has every right to open his wife's letters. So I didn't know where she was, though we both have means of finding each other very shortly, should anything happen. When I saw her to-day on the foothills it was a great surprise. So I'll go on with you to Double-deck, and wait as before; my Red-letter Day will come some time or other."

* * * * * *

A year after this, I, being a little out of sorts, excused myself from the diggings for a day and moped all the morning in my old shanty. At noon, feeling better, I strolled out, and across the way to the Double-deck Post-office, which, at this hour, was all animation, the coach having arrived and the mail being partially sorted.

As I entered, the postmaster was telling some long-winded yarn or other about a package of water-soaked letters and papers he held in his hand.

"You see, boys, it must have been six months lying among them rocks by the river—it's six months, ain't it, since the stage was carried away at the ford and one of the bags lost? Jim Harper, you ought to remember—you were on the top and had to swim for it—the time of the great flood, I mean. Well, there's letters for most of you here, though I dare say each fellow'll get t'other's, for it ain't easy reading their *addresses*. And here's a paper that's lost its wrapper—I don't know which of you that's for. Hold on—here's something marked—perhaps that'll tell." And he read aloud:

"'Died at Anchorville, on the 12th inst., Jeremiah K. Reynolds, Superintendent of the Anna Maria Mine.'"

"That paper's mine!" I shouted, springing forward. "Give it to me,"

"Yours, is it?" asked the reader, handing it leisurely over. "Reynolds's a pard of yours, Ranney? Sorry to hear he's passed in his checks."

And with this polite condolence he turned to other things.

I ran home, and, in a twinkling, had Langtry's horse under the saddle, and was galloping off to the mines.

"Rob, Rob," I shouted, as I came within earshot, "come here, old boy! I've got news for you," and I leaped to the ground as he came hurrying up. "Here!" I cried, cramming some gold-notes into his pocket; "up with you. Turn your face toward Anchorville, and read that as you ride!" and I thrust the marked paragraph under his nose.

He read it at a glance, and raised his right hand toward heaven with a gesture which seemed to thank God that the Red-letter Day of his life at length dawned before him. Then a sympathetic lark sprang from the sage-brush beside us, and rose to the blue vault above, pealing forth the triumph in his and Langtry's hearts. And the sun, which had been obscured by that least frequent of California phenomena, a cloud, bobbed out from behind it on the broad grin, and looked down with a strong fellow-feeling on Rob's brown eyes, flashing with joy, on his whole face lighted up with gladness.

"You're a good fellow, Ranney," said Langtry, briefly, and flinging me Don Sebastian's bridle-rein, began striding swiftly away up the gulch.

"Where are you going?" I called after him, in astonishment, for that was the way to Anchorville.

"To the flume," he shouted back in reply; and then, seeing my dismay, laughed aloud. "Good God! man, you don't think I'm going to creep there, do you?"

To the flume! That most rash and desperate mode of traveling—more perilous than all other methods combined.

"Don't go by the flume, Rob!" I cried. "Just think how dangerous it is."

"Oh, hang the danger!" said he. "Do you think I care for danger when Rose has been waiting these six months to hear from me? If her cousin hadn't gone to Australia, I'd have known of this long ago. Besides that, I've waited twelve years, and I'll be hanged if I wait another week. Good-by, Ranney. If she'll take me now, we'll be back in a week."

"A man in love is always an ass," said I, in great wrath and scorn. "If you were not the bigger man I'd tie you in the saddle and lead Don Sebastian to Anchorville. I hope Mrs. Reynolds will make you wait at least a month. However, if you *must* have your way, I suppose I may as well see you off."

"I reckon," laughed Langtry; and we made for the flume together.

A flume is a long, narrow trough, used to convey water from high mountain springs down to mines which lie in the valleys below.

Sometimes the flume bears away one-half of a creek; then it is box-shaped, three or four feet wide, and strongly built. More often it is simply two boards nailed together down the sides, thus making a V-shaped trough, which, indefinitely lengthened, conveys a little trickling stream to the thirsty diggers.

Of this latter sort was that which supplied the Anna Maria Mine. It was miles long, and led through forest depths and mountain fastnesses, leaped chasms, spanned abysses; its path lay wherever there was enough descent to call down the swift-sliding water from above.

Sometimes it rested on the ground; sometimes on tall and slender trestles. These same trestles were often rickety.

Sometimes the trough itself sprang out of place, and the water was wasted on the ground; sometimes a bear came upon it in the midst of loneliness and desolation; drank from it, shambled across it, and broke it down with his weight.

Sometimes a young buck tried his horns against the trestles, and occasionally succeeded in butting them out of their proper position; or a fierce wind arose, whirled a great branch from the parent stem, and flinging it on the slender flume, the latter was crushed to earth; or a branch got lodged in the trough, and forced most of the water over the sides.

Of all these mishaps, those who lived up-stream knew nothing. When the water failed, those below followed up the flume till they found the break, and repaired it.

Yet those who lived up-stream, such of them as were rash and hasty—and in California who is not?—occasionally used this flume as a railroad.

The constantly rushing water made it slimy, slippery as ice; and into this trough had been fitted a sort of rude car, in which the passenger sat, and by his own weight rushed with the speed of lighting down to the regions below.

Of course, there was a brake by which its speed could

be somewhat controlled, and by which the rider was supposed to stop it when it reached its journey's end.

But this brake was powerless to stop the car when under full headway; any attempt to use it then only tore it to pieces; and he who journeys in this hazardous way must take all risk of life and limb. He may meet some little obstacle which will fling his car from the track and himself into eternity, or he may step off in safety at his journey's end.

* * * * * *

Mrs. Rose Reynolds sat on her own piazza, watching and waiting, as she had done many a long day before, for the lover who did not come. Six months before she had buried the man of wood to whom her life had been tied. Six months before she had sent that ill-fated paper, still no word came from Langtry; yet she never doubted him, not for one moment. Should the man who had been faithful for twelve years turn faithless now? Never! But the months were dragging on wearily, and her sweet face was looking haggard and worn, not only with the shock of her husband's death, but with anxiety lest sickness or that same fell destroyer should be detaining Langtry.

She sat sewing and rocking, her face turned toward the trail from Doubledeck—that trail which twisted and wound its way around and among the mountains, and finally entering town at the opposite point of the compass from that at which it had started.

Behind her—in fact, through her own yard—ran the flume, showing its trough of glistening waters for a few hundred yards—further up and down the cañon, deeply buried in clumps of live oaks. Before the door a cluster of manzanita thrust its erratic branches this way and that, looking more than anything else like a bunch of thunderbolts springing up from the ground. Once more the passion-vine and potato-jasmine drooped their delicate blossoms from the piazza roof—once more the callas stood in saintly purity, and opened their white blossoms to the sun.

Rose Reynolds was very lovely in her white dress and black ribbons—a woman to live for and die for. Her brown eyes were sad with remorse—for which of us has lost a never-so-troublesome friend without thinking, regretfully—"Surely I might have been kinder to him while he lived!"—but bright with expectation, for would not one or other of these slow-rolling days bring back the man who loved her so fondly?

She heard Ah-Sing, her little monkey of a Chinaboy, in the yard behind her, trying his best to grind out "Happy Land," as taught him at the mission school. These are the words—the tune was two falsetta notes, screeched in alternation:

"'Lere sa's in loly sta'
Blight, blight as da',
Lere is a happy la'
Fa', fa' away!'"

"No, no, Sing!" cried Rose, turning round; "that isn't right. Oh, Sing, I told you you must *never* touch the flume!" And she darted to the spot where her luckless servitor had just hung out his week's wash across the long centipede that straddled through the yard.

"All light!" cried the little Celestial, capering round in excitement and dismay as he saw her tearing the linen from his improvised clothesline. "To-day not muchee water in flu'—clothes get heap dly! Me likee you leave 'em!"

But just then something happened which showed her care to be not for the clothes. A short distance up the flume, just where it lost itself in that live oak wood, a man's figure, seated in that same perilous little car of which we have spoken, came dashing down the slimy trough.

He was so near there seemed no help, plunging, tearing downward! There seemed scarcely any use in "down brakes," yet he did put them hard down. They splintered in his hands, and Rose tore at the clothes like a wild thing to get them out of his path.

But it was too late. In a second the tiny car struck in a great heap of damp, clinging linen—struck and jumped from the track. The man who sat therein bounded into the air, flew over the cañon's brink, and far, far down its side Rose heard the heavy thud which told of his fall.

For an instant she put both hands over her face, and tried, in a dazed way, to remember whether it was or was not her Rob's pale face which had shot past her in the air.

But she could recollect nothing, could hear nothing except poor Sing's remorseful gabble, as he blubbered in dismay beside her—that, and the cruel noise of an oriole shrieking derisive music in her ear.

Then she suddenly found she had been running, that she was standing on the verge of the chasm—then that she was clambering swiftly down. The madrona and buckeye-bushes bent beneath her weight, as she swung, slipped, stumbled, fell—always hurrying down, down, toward that motionless figure below.

Langtry lay among sharp rocks, a few blood-spots dabbling his pale face, and his eyes—big and black and mournful—looking wistfully up the cañon's side to where he hoped to see his sweetheart.

With one last bound Rose reached him, and took him in her arms, holding his dear head on her breast—lifting and holding him away from the jagged rocks which had so cruelly beaten his life out. Then she cried out, in her great agony:

"Oh, Rob, Rob, my darling! is this the way you come to me at last?"

He smiled a sweet, wan smile, nestled his head still closer to the heart of her whom he had loved so long and well, and put up his lips to be kissed. Then, with one long sigh, he passed away to another season of waiting. And so ended Rob Langtry's Red-letter Day.

HATS OFF!

PICTURES of the English House of Commons look to us odd, from the habit of wearing hats, to which members are accustomed. American readers will be still more surprised to know that this custom is actually established by rules of that body. Some things must be done with hats on and some with hats off. In a country where the hat is raised to such a height of legislative dignity, we cannot wonder that a religion arose in which the wearing of the hat was made a point of special importance.

On one occasion Mr. Gladstone was not allowed to speak, being without his hat, and finally had to borrow a head-covering from another member of the Government, which, being several sizes too small, necessitated on the part of its temporary wearer about as careful demeanor as is demanded of an acrobat balancing a ladder on his chin. The House, it might be remarked by a cynical Tory, has suffered its privileges to be invaded on one side by the Obstructionists and on the other by the Speaker and the Government, but it drew the line at the hat. Hats are very important things in political as well as in social affairs, as any one will soon find out who takes the trouble to study the subject, and this in the present time, too.

When the President of the French Chamber of Deputies has failed, with much clanging of his bell and straining of his lungs, to restore order during a particularly noisy debate, the gesture of reaching for his hat will prove as effectual as that of his brother in the English Commons' chair sending the mace in pursuit of a committee. It is different in the German Parliament, or, rather, it was different on one memorable occasion eighteen years ago, where, when the President, Herr von Bochum-Dolfs threatened General von Roon that he would "have his hat brought," the Minister of War answered defiantly: "I have nothing in the world to say against your hat being brought." Hats not very long ago played an important part in overthrowing a Turkish Ministry and changing the policy of the Ottoman Government at a very critical period.

More recently it is set down in the records of the House of Commons, that the Queen's Message respecting the marriage of the Duke of Albany was "brought up and read, all members being uncovered." Every one knows that it was not so, that the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and the members for Leicester, Ipswich and Falkirk failed to respect the customs of the Commons on such occasions. We have the Speaker's word for it that this violation of etiquette "must have been due to inadvertence," although neither of the gentlemen concerned said as much on his own behalf. Some of their friends sought to palliate their infraction of Parliamentary rules by asserting that certain ex-ministers had offended in the same way a few nights before; but Sir Richard Cross proved that himself and his colleagues were better acquainted with the usages of the House than their accusers; and by putting the Speaker to the question elicited the information that the rule requiring Messages from the Crown to be received by members with heads uncovered did not apply to answers or addresses brought down by the Controller, but only to messages under the sign-manual, read by the Speaker from the Chair.

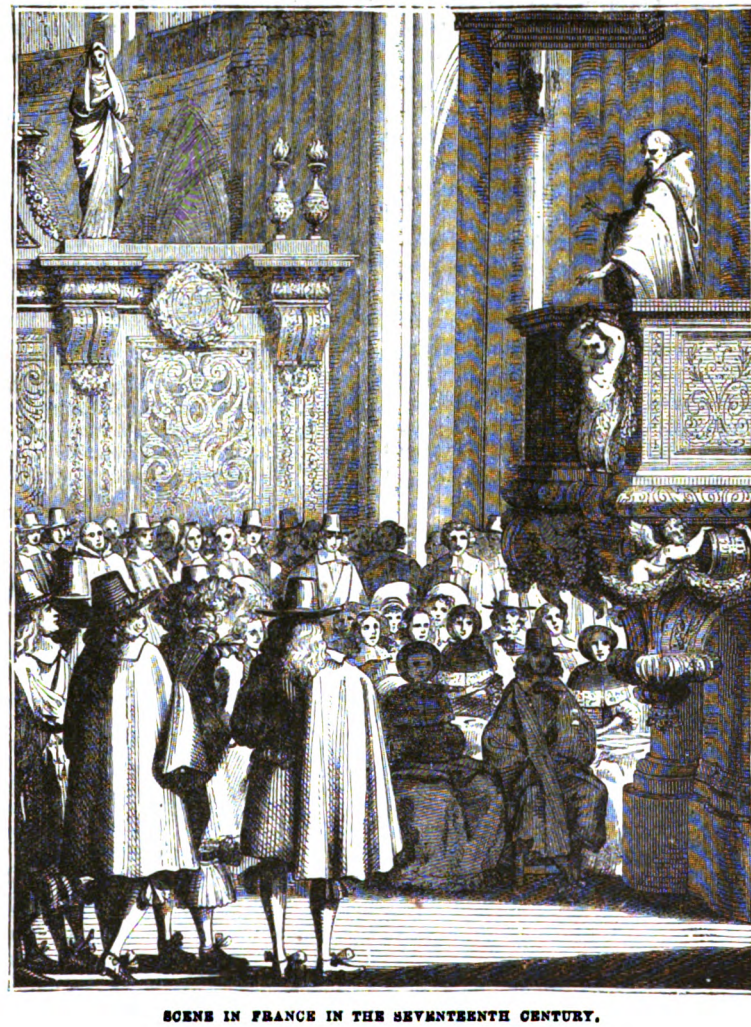
HATS OFF!—THE HAT QUESTION IN THE ENGLISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

This is not the only instance during the present reign of the serenity of the House being disturbed by the hat question; a like hubbub was raised forty-five years ago, upon the very first occasion of the House of Commons receiving a message from Her Majesty Queen Victoria. When Lord John Russell appeared at the bar on the 21st of June, 1837, to deliver a Message from the Crown, in spite of the cries of "Hats off!" and the Speaker's intimation that members must uncover, Sir James Graham did not bare his head until Lord John had got well on with his reading. Next day he explained that he meant no disrespect either to the Crown or the House, but had acted in strict accordance with old usage, which decreed that members should remain covered until they heard the word "Rex" or "Regina" pronounced, and for that he had waited. The Speaker admitted that the member for East Cumberland was in the right, as to the practice of the House, and excused his own apparent deviation from the rules, on the score of desiring to save time and preserve order.

Cromwell flung his hat on his head when he pronounced sentence of extinction on the Long Parliament; Major Harrison took off his hat very ceremoniously as he approached the Speaker, bowed low, and kissing his hand, took possession of it, and handed him out of the House, "as a gentleman does a lady, the whole House following." Chancellor Seafield made no such pretense of politeness in dismissing the last national Parliament held in Scotland. He put on his hat, saying, "There is an end of an auld sang!'

WEARING HATS AT WORSHIP—THE QUAKERS.

Quaker Fox, on being admitted to the presence of Charles II., did not remove his broad brim; whereupon the Merry Monarch doffed his own headgear, impelling Fox to say: "Put on thy hat, Friend Charles," and his majesty to retort, "Not so, Friend George, it is usual for only one man to be covered here." Penn was as obstinate on the hat question as Fox himself. On returning to his father's house, after serving a term of imprisonment, the old vice-admiral, anxious, if possible, to be friendly with his son, offered to insure that he should not be molested for his practices or opinions, provided he would promise to uncover to the king, the Duke of York, and himself. After considering the matter for some days William informed his father that he could not agree to any species of hat-worship, and the irate admiral forthwith ordered him out of his house.



SCENE IN FRANCE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Not always have the "Friends" proved so stanch. Recounting his experience as one of a deputation of Presbyterian, Baptist, and Independent ministers, going to congratulate George IV. on his accession to the throne, Dr. Leifchield says, "While waiting there we saw a small deputation of Quakers advancing with an address, which one of their number held before him on a frame. One of the pages coming toward them to remove their hats, Dr. Waugh, who loved a joke, said to the foremost Quaker, in an audible whisper: 'Persecution,

brother!' to which the brother significantly replied, while pointing upward: 'Not so bad to take off the hat as the head!'"

A grandee of Spain is privileged to wear his hat in his sovereign's presence for a certain time, carefully graduated according to his rank. John de Courcy, the conquerer of Ulster, won the same boon from King John by fighting the knights sent by Philip of France to call John to account for the murder of Arthur, out of the field; and then giving a taste of his quality by placing his helmet on a post, and cleaving it through with his sword, the weapon defying any one but its owner to draw it out of the post again. This stalwart champion's descendants were wont to assert their privilege by keeping their heads covered for a moment or so in the royal presence; but at one of George III.'s drawing-rooms, the then Lord of Kinsale chose to wear his headgear so long that the old king's attention was drawn to his unmannerly bravado. "The gentleman," said he, "has a right to be covered before me, but even King John could give him no right to be covered before ladies."

At the trial of Mrs. Turner as an accessory to the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, Sir Edward Coke ordered the prisoner to remove her hat, saying: "A woman may be covered in church, but not when arraigned in a court of justice." The accused tartly commenting on the singularity that she might wear her hat in the presence of God, but not in the presence of man, Coke replied, "For the reason that men with weak intellects cannot discover the secrets which are known to God; and, therefore, in investigating truth, where human life is in peril, and one is charged with taking life from another, the court should see all obstacles removed. Besides, the countenance is often an index to the mind, and accordingly it is fitting that the hat should be removed, and therewith the shadow which it casts upon your face." Mrs. Turner's hat was taken off, but she was allowed, for modesty's sake, to cover her hair with a kerchief.

Chief Justice Glynn did not find the Quakers so amenable to the order of the court, when at Launceston Assizes, in 1656, they made their first public protest against uncovering the head. Upon Fox and his companions in misfortune being brought into court, the judge bade them put off their hats. Instead of obeying, Fox asked for a scriptural instance of a magistrate commanding prisoners to put off their hats. The Chief Justice inquired in return if hats were mentioned at all in the Bible? "Yes," answered Fox, "in the third of Daniel, where thou mayest read that the three children were cast into the fiery furnace by Nebuchadnezzar's command, with their coats, their hose, and their hats on. Here was a proof that even a heathen king allowed men to wear hats in his presence." Not condescending to argue the matter further, Glynn cried: "Take them away, jailer" and they were taken away, and thrust among thieves "a great while."

When Penn and other Quakers appeared at the Old Bailey to answer their delinquencies, they entered the court covered, somebody removing their hats for them. Upon fairly getting inside, the court directed them to put their hats on, and no sooner had they done so than the Recorder demanded if they did not know they were in a king's court? Penn replied that he knew it was a court, and supposed it to be the king's, but he did not think putting off a hat showed any respect; whereupon he was fined forty marks, and remarked that he and his friends had come into court uncovered, and in putting on their hats again they had only obeyed orders, therefore if any one was to be fined, it ought to be the Bench. We suppose the Mine Court of the Forest of Dean was not a king's court, since witnesses before it were permitted to keep their caps on while giving their evidence—that is, if they claimed to be "free miners."

Whether a soldier in a Civil Court, as witness or culprit, shall obey army orders and wear his hat, or court usage, and doff it, is an unsettled question in England, and apparently in this country.

Jewish congregations worship with their heads covered; so do the Quakers, although St. Paul's injunctions on the matter are clearly condemnatory of the practice. The Puritans of the Commonwealth would seem to have kept their hats on, whether preaching or being preached to, since Pepys notes hearing a simple clergyman exclaiming against men wearing their hats in the church; and a year afterward (1662) writes: "To the French Church in the Savoy, and there they have the Common Prayer-book, read in French, and which I never saw before, the minister do preach with his hat off, I suppose in further conformity with our church." William III. rather scandalized his church-going subjects by following Dutch custom and keeping his head covered in church, and when it did please him to doff his ponderous hat during the service, he invariably donned it as the preacher mounted the pulpit stairs. When Bossuet, at the age of fourteen, treated the gay sinners of the Hôtel de Rambouillet to a midnight sermon, Voltaire sat it out with his hat on, but uncovering when the boy-preacher had finished, bowed low before him, saying: "Sir, I never heard a man preach at once so early and so late."

As a token of respect, uncovering the head is one of the oldest of courtesies. Says an ancient rhyme:

> "If you any good man or woman meet,
> Avail thy hood to him or her
> And bid 'God-spede dame or fere.'"

Shakespeare's Osric takes no heed of Hamlet's suggestion that he should put his bonnet to its proper use, "'tis for the head;" and when urged again to cover, replies: "Nay, in good faith, for mine ease, in good faith." Massinger's Wellborn meeting Marrall in the open country, asks him, "Is't for your ease you keep your hat off?" And that worshiper of the rising sun answers:

> "Ease, and it like your worship!
> I hope Jack Marrall shall not live so long,
> To prove himself such an unmannerly beast,
> Though it hail hazel-nuts, as to be covered
> When your worship's present."

In Charles I.'s time even ladies doffed their headgear in salutation. The writer of "Will Bagnall's Ballet" says:

> "Both round and short they wear their hair,
> Whose length should woman grace;
> Loose, like themselves, their hats they wear,
> And when they come in place,
> Where courtship and compliments must be,
> They do it like men, with cap and knee."

Lamenting the decay of respect to age, Clarendon tells us that in his young days he never kept his hat on his head before his elders, except at dinner. A curious exception, that, to modern notions of politeness, but it was the custom to sit covered at meals down to the beginning of the eighteenth century. Sir John Finett, deputy master of the ceremonies at the Court of King James I., was once much puzzled as to whether the Prince of Wales should sit covered or not at dinner in the presence of the sovereign, when a foreign ambassador was one of the guests; since the latter, as the representative of a

King, was not expected to vail his bonnet. Giving James a hint of his difficulty, his majesty disposed of it when the time came, by uncovering his head for a little while, an example all present were bound to follow; and then, putting on his hat again, he requested the prince and the ambassador to do likewise.

"Hats need not be raised here," so, it is said, runs a notice in one of Nuremberg's streets. "Hats must be raised here," should have been inscribed on the Kremlin gateway, where a government official used to stand to compel passers-by to remove their hats, because, under that gate, the retreating army of Napoleon withdrew from Moscow. Whether the regulation is in force at this day is more than we know.

The stockbrokers of New York have a hat-etiquette of their own, forbidding the wearing of a white hat when Summer is over. How the rule is enforced may be learned from the following extract from a New York journal: "Wednesday last was 'White Hat Day' on the Stock Exchange. Formal notice had been given early in the week that at noon yesterday all Summer 'tiles' would be 'called in,' but many of the members either forgot or disregarded the warning, and suffered in consequence. William Heath was the first victim. About one P.M. he entered the Exchange in a brown study, with his thumbs thrust in the armholes of his waistcoat. In a moment his tall white hat was whirling in the air, and as it touched the ground twenty brokers jumped upon it. This sort of diversion was kept up the whole afternoon. Whenever a person entered wearing the proscribed headgear, a shout went up, and before the alarmed broker could run the gantlet, his hat was crushed out of shape. Before the afternoon was over a third of the brokers "on the floor" were bareheaded, and dozens of white hats ornamenting the gas-brackets. In the evening the neighboring hatters drove a brisk trade, and had golden reasons for blessing the institution of White Hat Day."

At Rome, during the carnival week, the chimney-pot fares even as the white hat in the New York Stock Exchange when the period prescribed by tyrant custom for "Shoot the hat" has arrived. This every one knows, and no one thinks of wearing one. Even the most correct coachman wears a *melon*, to save himself and horses from the public ire. A few obstinate people, however, will wear a high hat or compel their coachman to do so. The consequence is a shower of bunches of grass upon them. Sometimes the wearers revolt and show fight, which makes matters worse. At the last carnival a high hat wearer brought out a knife, but he was soon disarmed and taken to the nearest police station, where his hat remained in safety for the rest of the day.

The Navy, too, has its hat usages. When the flagship *Delaware* entered New York harbor after a three years' cruise in November, 1870, she was saluted by fort and man-of-war. Then the *Delaware* replied by the mouth of her cannon and the throats of her tars, who completed the ceremony by "Hats off." At a given signal they doffed their hats, and with a last prolonged cheer flung them into the water, and for a long time the harbor presented a strange spectacle with these tarpaulins bobbing up and down in all directions.

To EYES that can see and hearts that can feel, romance glides ever along with the actual life, stream by stream, to the dark ocean.

ART is but a mirror, which gives back what is cast on its surface faithfully, only while unsullied.

"WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT.

By G. A. DAVIS.

A LITTLE child, who in an attic room
  Kneels at the window, leaning out to see
The stars come creeping up the twilight gloom,
  And the red sunset fading silently:
A little child who knows no fresh to-day,
  But hungering, waits to-morrow's unknown store;
Picturing, dreaming, hoping, wondering,
  Impatiently—yet dumbly ever more—
    Poor little child!

A girl with mute, proud lips and longing eyes
  That look across a world of leaden gray;
A streak of far-off promise in the skies,
  But only rain to-day, like yesterday!
A weary girl, who feels upon her heart
  The past lie heavy as a leaden band,
Yet waits and dreams, in hungering hope deferred,
  Of sunshine falling in a far-off land.

A silent woman in a lonely room
  Sewing a shroud for some one lying cold;
Strange shapes and shadows round her in the gloom,
  And far away a dying tempest rolled.
The icy dead beside her in the dark;
  The baffled promise of the wasted years,
Sitting beside the bier; and she the while
  Shaping the shroud and watching through her tears—
    Waiting for the dawn!

An aged crone who sits upon a grave,
  An old, old grave on which the grass grows long—
Seeing the sunshine creep across the hills,
  Hearing far up in air the lark's wild song.
"There is no more of earth—no more," she saith;
  "The years lie all behind, a barren store;
While others reaped, I waited—and I wait.
  "I had a grave," she saith—"I had no more—
    Yet still I wait to see!"

No more on earth—no more beyond, some say:
  Oh, false, blind leaders of the groping blind,
What can ye give for that ye take away?
  Where lies the answer that we look to find?
Down the wide horizon of our dreams
  Ye bar at last a little narrow door;
"*Hidden by grass and blotted out by rain.*"
  Is *this* the promise of the years—no more?

Poor little child, who grasped no childhood's gold!
  Poor maid, who walked in loveless paths apart!
Poor mourner, holding through the haunted night
  A dead man's icy hand against her heart!
If *this* were all, indeed, curse God and die!
  Poor prisoners in the dungeon cells of Fate!
  If *thou* wert not, O Christ for whom we wait—
    Thy poor lost children all!

TWO TO ONE.

"BERRY, I am going to give you a very serious lecture!"

The speaker was a little, sprightly woman, of graceful figure and of soft musical voice, who sat in a low sewing-chair, bending over a piece of bright embroidery. The scene was the cheery parlor of Brierwood Cottage—the time about four o'clock on a warm Summer afternoon. Through wide, open windows, reaching to the floor, the room commanded a glimpse of velvety-green lawn, reaching in unbroken smoothness to a white strip of pebbly beach, with the blue waters of Long Island Sound beyond. Amid the climbing vines, which partly intercepted the view, a mocking-bird swung in a gilded cage. The creamy odor of clover-blossoms was in the air, and the merry clatter of a lawn-cutter floated in at the windows, as a gardener, with his sleeves rolled up, trundled

HATS OFF!—WHITE-HAT DAY IN THE NEW YORK STOCK BOARD.—SEE PAGE 679.

it briskly over the turf. In the far distance white sails flecked the strips of blue, and glided slowly to and fro across the openings among the vines.

Within the little parlor neutral tints abounded; soft, gray curtains looped back from door and window—a bunch of pure white flowers upon the table—cool-tinted walls, relieved by pictures selected with exquisite taste—a room in which a purely chaste effect was not lost by the introduction of a bright bit of color here and there in the dresses of the two ladies at the windows, or the baskets of gay worsteds from which Mrs. Thornley, from time to time, selected a skein as she proceeded with her work. An open piano at one end of the apartment, a guitar near by; an easel, on which stood a finished crayon-drawing, a careless profusion of books upon the tables, gave evidence of both wealth and cultivation among the inmates of this charming home.

"A lecture!" said Berry, looking up from her book and opening her large, dark eyes in surprise—"a lecture to me? And why?"

"You treated Mr. Casuben very shabbily last night."

"I did not mean to," said Berry, simply. "I suppose he bored me."

"But that is just the trouble," said Mrs. Thornley. "They all bore you. I have introduced to you since you have been visiting us at least a dozen young, worthy, marriageable men, and you have not allowed one of them to interest you."

"It is not my fault that they are tedious!"

"Perhaps not," replied the other; "but really my darling, do you not sometimes think that you are, perhaps, a little too—too——"

"Fastidious," suggested Berry. "Perhaps I am, but that can scarcely be my fault, either."

"You are young," continued Mr. Thornley, "but you must be married some day, surely! Those who go through the woods choose a crooked stick at last. You will never have a better time than now, Berry, with beauty, youth and leisure all at your command, to make your choice."

Berry threw down her book and glided quickly across the room to where Mrs. Thornley sat. She was a tall, queenly girl, and she never looked more regal than as she then stood beside her companion's chair, gazing thoughtfully down at her from those great lustrous eyes. "Dear Queen Titania," she said, placing her hand on Mrs. Thornley's shoulder, "will you never give over matchmaking?"

"Not while I know a lovely girl, who has no idea of dying an old maid, wandering aimlessly about, with nothing on which to fix her affections," replied Titania, smiling.

"Don't trouble your little head any more about me," said Berry, kneeling down and pushing the worsted-work gently away. "I shall do well enough. I do not fear."

"Berry," said Mrs. Thornley, suddenly, turning her blue eyes full upon the young girl as she spoke, "you are in love already—and you know it! Who is it?"

A quick, scarlet flush overspread Berry's face, and left it pale as death.

She rose hastily, and stood for a moment irresolutely. Then she glided across the room and seated herself at the piano.

"You are quite mistaken," she said, after a while,

sweeping her hands over the keys. "I care for no one—but you."

She began to play a little plaintive air in a purposeless way, and Mrs. Thornley resumed her work in silence, looking up from time to time to cast a searching, eager glance upon the figure at the piano, or to gaze abstractedly through the open window.

"I am going up-stairs to find Frank," said Titania, at last, putting down her worsteds.

She arose and left the room, closing the door behind her, while Berry ceased her playing, and leaning upon the piano, buried her face in her folded arms.

When Frank Thornley married Ida—or, as her friends were fond of calling her, Tita, or Titania—Hathorne, five years before, he was a young bachelor of ample means and æsthetic taste, to whom marriage was by no means a necessity. The match had been one of love, pure and simple, and although his young wife did not in all things quite fill the ideal of Thornley's adolescence, she had in some way, since their marriage, contrived to make herself indispensably necessary to her husband's happiness, and had held her throne in his affections with consummate adroitness.

Frank Thornley himself but narrowly escaped the possession of genius. With a natural inclination toward music and the fine arts, and with ample means and leisure for its gratification, Thornley had devoted himself to painting—first as an amusement, afterward as a passion.

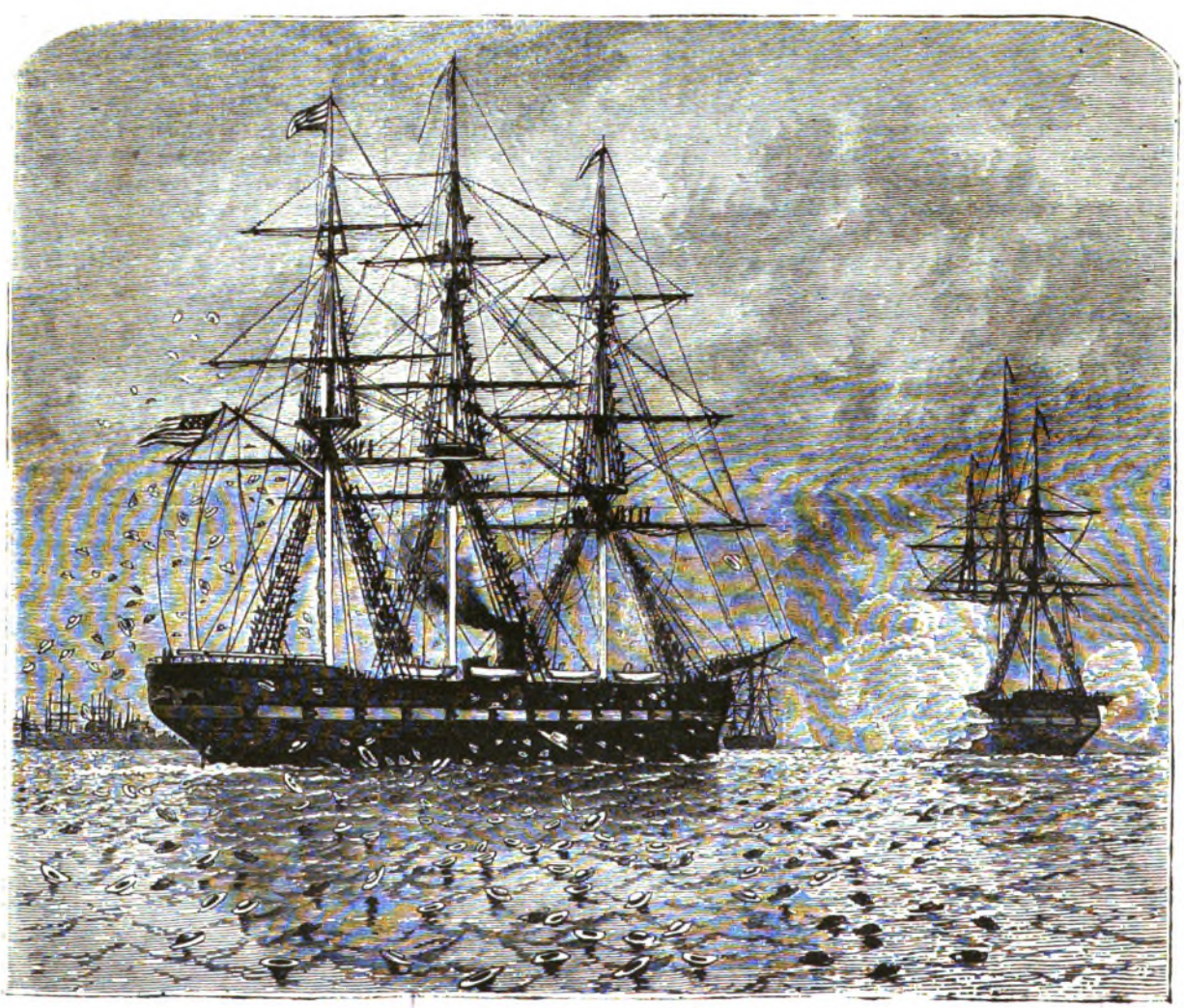
In the course of time he had become a fair painter and a tolerable musician. Poverty might have brought him fame—wealth fixed him for ever in the ranks of the *dilettanti*. But though his chosen path was one of flowers, it had also thorns. Thornley walked in it alone.

Poor Titania, whose little world was an entirely practical one, had no sympathy for art. The best of wives sometimes find their husbands' hobbies a bore.

Titania was bored with Frank's eternal "studies" and "perspectives" and "*chiaro oscuro*"; and it was a crime which Thornley could never quite forgive. In other respects, and with only this slight cloud upon their happiness, the lives of these two people were as serene and placid as a Summer day.

Poor little Titania! No good wife ever tried harder than she to become to her husband a companion in all things; but the vague consciousness that there was one chamber of his heart to which she never had been, never could be, admitted, was ever present with her.

As for Frank, he soon learned to seek elsewhere for that sympathy in his pet pursuit which he failed to find at home, and he found it at last in Berry. Hers was a nature spontaneous, impressionable, impulsive, open to all the gentle influences of art, and to all direct appeals from the beautiful. Possessed herself of no mean talent, she found in Frank Thornley a willing tutor, and under his guidance she had, in one short Summer, become surprisingly expert in the use of the pencil and crayon.



HATS OFF!—SAILORS' HATS AT THE END OF A LONG CRUISE.

Of these two young people, both drawn together by congeniality of taste and pursuit, the older soon began to exercise that influence over the younger which experience commands over pupilage, and there sprang up between them a closeness of intimacy that, although open and innocent as the day, might well have caused uneasiness to a wife less sure of her husband's affections than Titania. But whatever poor Titania's faults may have been, jealousy was not one of them, and in the simplicity of her trust the thought had never crossed her mind that these two people occupied a larger share of each other's thoughts than might be precisely good for either of them.

Titania found her husband in an upper room which he had fitted up as a studio. It was not exactly such a studio as a professional painter would have arranged. It savored rather more of the parlor than the workshop, but it displayed in all its details the same tasteful elegance which everywhere pervaded Brierwood Cottage.

Thornley stood near the window, busily at work upon a small landscape, which was nearly finished. Titania perched herself upon a table and looked over his shoulder, watching him for several moments without speaking.

"What a dear old ducky you are!" she said, at last.

"Thanks, my charmer," said Frank, looking up from his work and smiling.

"You are so clever!" continued Titania, admiringly.

"Your majesty is disposed to compliment," replied her husband. "But look at this—it's Berry's. Ah, there's genius for you! Soon there will be nothing more that I can teach her."

Frank held up a small oil-sketch, and looked toward Titania for an opinion.

"I don't think much of it," said Titania, swinging her foot carelessly. "Who ever saw green cows?"

"Those are not cows," said Frank, laying the sketch down with a sigh; "they are willows."

Titania was silent, and her husband resumed his palette and brushes.

"I have made a discovery," said Titania, after a while; "it is about Berry."

"About Berry? What may it be, pray?"

"She is in love."

Frank dropped his brush and stooped to pick it up. He was slow about it, and when he again raised his face it was a shade paler, Titania thought.

"With whom?" he asked, quietly.

"I don't know."

"I—scarcely believe it," said Frank. "It can't be Casaubon; she offended him past all redemption only last night."

"Nevertheless, she is in love with some one," replied Titania, warming up. "I taxed her with it just now, and she——"

"Confessed it."

"Well, no—she denied it; but it might as well have been a confession. She can't deceive me. Why, you're painting those trees all blue!"

"Heavens! so I am!" exclaimed Frank, throwing down his palette in despair. "Do—do you think she is engaged, and has concealed it from us?"

"I'll tell you what I do think," said Titania, energetically. "I think the girl has given her heart to some one that we know nothing about. I am convinced that it is no one whom we have introduced to her since she has been here, and I am afraid—oh, terribly afraid!—that evil will come of it—and there's trouble somewhere in store for her. I don't know why I feel so, but I can't help it."

Frank stood looking musingly at his wife for some time after she ceased speaking.

"I hope not," he said, at last. "When a woman with a nature like hers really loves, it's no child's play. But it may be all your own imagination, Tita, dear."

Titania jumped down from the table and threw her arms around her husband's neck.

"You darling old goose," she said. "You are just like all of them! Men can never see half way through a millstone. I tell you I am right, and if I don't soon find out *who* poor Berry has fixed her silly heart on, never call me 'Queen Titania' any more."

She gave him a kiss and left him to his reflections. When she returned to the parlor Berry was not there. Titania, however, had scarcely resumed her worsteds fifteen minutes before the sound of voices on the lawn attracted her attention to the window.

Her husband and Berry were going down the gravel walk together. The lady carried a box of crayons and a white umbrella; the gentleman bore a huge portfolio and a couple of folding camp-stools. They were going to the woods to sketch.

"I suppose he is taking her away for a confidential talk," said Titania to herself, as she watched them out of sight. "Oh, the foolishness of man! Does he suppose that *he* can draw her secret from her?"

Whether Thornley's mind harbored any such ulterior purpose was not evident from his conversation. Berry and he walked gayly on across the garden and entered the woods, chattering like two magpies.

"Let us go to the shore," he said. "We'll try a little marine drawing. I saw an old boat on the beach yesterday, half-buried in the sand, that would do excellently for you. I can pick up something for myself near it."

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Berry, "that is just what I want; and afterward I could copy it in colors. I do love to draw where I can hear the waves and smell the seaweed; only one can never get those things into pictures."

"Ah!" How much more such things mean to you than to Tita!" said Frank, looking admiringly at Berry's bright eyes. "Do you know I showed her just now that little oil you finished yesterday, and she actually took your willows for *cows!*"

Berry burst out laughing.

"Have I spent all this time, then," she said, "without being able yet to draw trees that can be distinguished from cows?"

Thus chatting and laughing, they strolled along under the trees, stopping here and there to gather a choice flower or bunch of fern, which Berry laid carefully away between the leaves of the portfolio, or standing still to listen with bated breath to the carol of some unseen songster in the branches overhead.

Their footfalls were almost noiseless upon the soft moss, but at times the forest rang with their merriment. Very like two children were these young people on such excursions, enjoying with all the fresh delight of childhood the freedom and beauty of the fields and woods.

And very different was Berry now, with her sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks, from the bent and drooping figure which leaned so wearily upon the piano but half an hour before. Her rare beauty had never been lost upon Thornley, but that afternoon it seemed to strike him with new force.

Never before had she appeared to him so lovely, and yet it was not so much the beauty of her face as the beauty of her presence that drew him toward her. There was a new sensation for him in her attractiveness—a charm about her which he had never before found, even in her.

What it was he scarcely knew, but, for the first time that afternoon, he became vaguely conscious of the magic

spell which this young girl was innocently, but none the less surely, casting around him.

"Oh, dear me! I've caught my skirt! Please wait!"

They were crossing the wall that divided the woodlot from the beach-pasture. Berry stood upon its broad top, whither she had climbed without assistance, while Frank stood upon the ground on the further side, waiting to help her down. Her head was partly turned over her shoulder, and one hand thrown behind her to disengage the troublesome dress from the brier that held it.

"Please wait!" she said.

Frank laughed.

"You look," he said, "precisely like a picture on a Japanese fan!"

"How kind of you! I must appear graceful, indeed! Now give me your hand, and I will jump!"

Thornley put down his luggage, and took Berry's crayon and umbrella. Then he extended both his hands, and Berry prepared to leap lightly down.

It was not her fault that the wall was loose, or that her foot slipped upon the edge. It was not her fault that, instead of jumping, she fell, awkwardly and heavily, into Frank's open arms.

It was not his fault that, feeling her there—her breath upon his cheek, her soft arms around him, her bosom against his—a quick, fierce frenzy thrilling his frame like a stream of fire, took a sudden and complete possession of him.

For one instant he clasped her to his breast in a wild embrace—for one instant he pressed his burning lips to hers. Then he let her go as if she had stung him, and stepped quickly back, with his head bowed and his eyes fixed upon the ground, while the young girl stood before him, trembling and helpless, with a face as pale as death.

For a moment they stood thus in silence, and then Berry sank weakly down upon the grass, and burst into tears.

"Berry," said Thornley, placing his hand upon her shoulder, "can you ever forgive me?"

There was no answer but her sobs, which racked her slender frame as though they would tear it asunder.

"I know that there is no excuse or palliation for me," he continued, slowly. "I offer none! I ask only your forgiveness. I—could not help it."

She looked up at him through her tears.

"It was cruel," she said, "to treat me so. It was weak, unmanly."

"It is true," he said, bitterly. "I know that all our innocent intercourse is at an end—for ever. I have given you the right to hate me."

She sprang to her feet wildly.

"To hate you? Oh, Frank!"

There was that in her tone which startled him; there was that in her look which filled him with wonder, while it caused his heart to throb and his breath to come hot and quick. He seized both her hands in his own, impulsively.

"Berry," he said, "I have found you different from all other women. You have filled for me a place which no other can ever fill. Don't leave me. Don't drift away from me. Let me come back."

The woman's instinct to play with him came uppermost in her mind.

"When I am gone away," she said, "you will smile at the memory of such thoughts. My place will be easily filled. You will—forget me."

Her face drooped while he held her hands, her eyes fell upon the ground. He drew her gently toward him. There was no resistance. He was within the spell.

"Forget you, Berry? *You!*"

She turned upon him, from out her limpid eyes, a gaze so beseeching, so tender, so full of unutterable longing and love, that he caught her quickly to him, and whispered, in a voice husky and trembling:

"I—love you!"

Her arms were about his neck, her head upon his breast—her secret was her own no longer. In another instant she had torn herself from his grasp, and drawn herself to her full height before him.

"We are mad," she said, "Let us go."

When they returned to the house it was nearly dusk. Titania stood in the doorway, waiting.

"Where have you been, you naughty children?" she asked. "Supper has been ready more than half an hour."

Berry shuddered, and passed her swiftly, without replying. Thornley would have followed her up the stairs, but Titania placed her hand upon his arm.

"I have a good mind to scold," she said; "but if you'll kiss me and come to supper, we'll say no more about it."

Her husband hesitated, and made a motion as though he would repulse her. Then he stepped back, returned hesitated again, and at last kissed her coldly upon the forehead, and hurried away with averted face.

For the first time in his life he did not dare to meet her eye.

He might as well have struck her. The poor wife, dumb with wonder, stood where he left her, with lips quivering and her eyes suffused with tears. With no suspicion of the truth, her gentle heart began to find excuses for him.

"He is tired," she said to herself. "He will feel better after supper, poor boy."

Thornley hastened to his studio, and locked himself in. Throwing the portfolio into a corner, he fell upon his knees, and buried his face in a chair.

Where was it all to end? That was the question that he asked himself, as he knelt there upon the floor in the solitude of his room, with his fingers tightly wound in his hair. It was the question that was constantly present in his mind through many sleepless nights—through many long, weary days afterward.

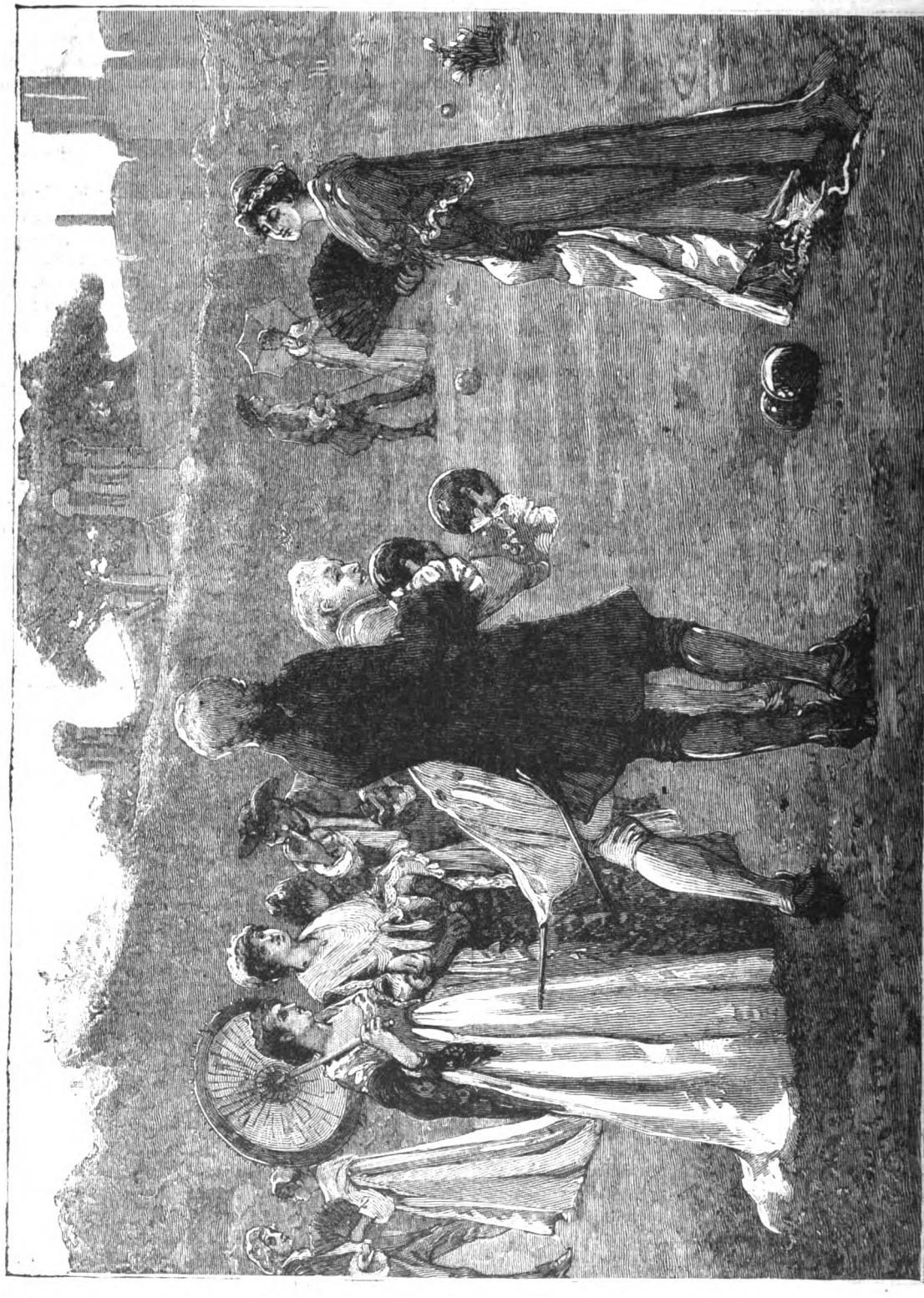
From that time the hours which to him were to have been so fruitful with tender delights were full of hopeless misery. With a fierceness which can never be told, Frank Thornley wrestled with himself. Of the intensity of the struggle, none but himself ever knew. Heroic in little things he might be, but to the fearful test which he had by his own folly imposed upon himself he was not equal, and with an overwhelming sense of degradation and shame upon him, he abandoned himself to fate. Once he was conscious of asking himself this question: "Is it possible for a man to love two women at once?" then he cursed himself for a fool, and went out into the woods alone to reason with himself.

In the peaceful stillness of the forest a feeling of calm would sometimes come upon him, when he could, in a certain way, see the extent of his own folly. At these times he would resolve to seek his wife, and lay his whole soul bare before her. Then there would rise before him a remembrance of the scene with Berry by the old beech-wall—a recollection of those deep and tender eyes turned upon him with their nameless magic, and in an instant his wild, unreasoning passion would return, a thousand times more restless, because its object was so unattainable.

And Berry? Was there happiness for her? There were days that to her were one long dream of peace;

days when the hours slipped softly and quietly by—told off like golden beads upon the rosary of life—days when happiness slumbered for her in the cool shadows of the woods, in the depths of the blue waters of the Sound, and in the warm sunlight on the meadows; when it drifted over her with the afternoon clouds, and was whispered to her by fragrant winds that came redolent with the breath of hayfields; when it was sung to her by the robins in the orchard, and was rustled softly by the branches of the trees; when it was droned by the bees amid the clover, and all Nature breathed for her the same sweet song—"He loves me!"

But there were days, too, that were days of hopeless misery to her—days when womanhood revolted, and she hated herself with an intensity of feeling to which even her love for Thornley seemed child's play; days when her guilty passion pressed upon her conscience like a terrible weight that was crushing her whole moral being into



A GAME OF BOWLS IN THE DAYS OF OLD.

TWO TO ONE.—"HER QUICK, LOUD CRY REACHED THORNLEY IN HIS STUDY, AND BROUGHT HIM IN ALARM TO HER SIDE. 'SHE HAS GONE!' CRIED BERRY. 'YOUR WIFE HAS FLED! SHE KNOWS ALL!'"— SEE PAGE 683.

a shapeless mass of contradictions and anomalies. In those days she slowly came to hate Titania. Curiously enough, the young girl grew to look upon the wife as an interloper—as an unwarranted intruder between herself and Thornley. In this warped and morbid state of mind she thought of Titania only as one who had stolen, and was daily stealing, away from her a portion of the love that belonged to her by moral right, and she learned to hate her as one who stood as a perpetual reproach before her.

But a heart like Berry's, which is driving its owner mad with the terrible intensity of its conflicting emotions, is not an easy thing for even a woman to conceal. Despite the restraint which she was constantly obliged to place upon herself, the deep undercurrent of despair and utter misery which was evident, to a greater or less extent, in all her actions, did not escape the notice of at least one watchful, though quiet, observer. And this was Titania herself. That Berry was cherishing some secret passion Titania had never doubted since the conversation in the parlor. Who was its object was for a long time a mystery to her. But, cautious as Thornley and Berry might be in their intercourse together, they could not long conceal their relations from the one from whom it was most important to conceal them.

The discovery of Berry's secret came to Titania not suddenly, but by slow degrees. The rapt and attentive look which Berry would sometimes fasten upon Frank; the flush that would overspread her features when he spoke to her; her cheerfulness when he was near; her silence when he was away—all these were the telltales that revealed to Titania the truth.

Her first feeling, when the reality broke upon her, was one of indignation. "How dares she?" she asks herself a hundred times. It was presumptuous, abominable, insolent! The next feeling was of pain and fear. What if the girl should succeed in winning him away from her? What if her husband should fall beneath the spell of those glorious eyes—that queenly beauty! What if he should be captivated by her winning manner, her devotion to his own pursuits, her thousand gentle graces of disposition! Worse women had before then bewitched better men.

Already Frank found a pleasure in Berry's society which he did not seem to find in his wife's.

The thought filled Titania with a wild alarm. "She will not—she dare not—she cannot!" she cried, with heaving bosom. "He is too good and true. He does not know, dear boy—he does not dream of the truth."

Poor Titania! She herself refused to see the whole terrible reality. With a devotion worthy of a better object, she shut her eyes to the vague, intangible barrier that was being slowly built up between her and her husband.

Believing wholly in him, she steadfastly refused to doubt him in the least. Her hold upon him was loosening—the golden chain by which she held him was slipping from her grasp; but, though the links were woven of her own heart-strings, she did not know that, one by one, they were slowly snapping.

The Summer waned and Autumn came, strewing the woodland paths with chestnut-burs, and leaving the stains of her fruity fingers on the leaves.

There was much sketching done now.

Carried away by the awful fascination of their position, both Berry and Thornley welcomed every opportunity that would bring them near each other.

"It cannot last for ever," they thought to themselves.

It could not, and at last the crisis came.

One evening, late in October, Berry sat in the parlor alone. It was after dusk, and the cold northeasterly storm which had been all day driving across the fields had increased since sunset, and was now beating fiercely against the window-panes. In the open fireplace a bright wood-fire was crackling, filling the room with its ruddy light, while across the ceiling fantastic shadows chased each other, wavering and flickering in the glare.

Berry sat before the fire gazing dreamily into its depths, with her head bowed wearily on her hand. Her train of thought, whatever it might have been, was interrupted by the opening of the door, and, looking up, she saw Frank standing upon the threshold. Seeing Berry, he entered, leaving the door slightly ajar, so that a narrow stream of light fell across the dark hall without.

"I have been looking for you," he said. He paused a moment before the crayon-drawing on the easel. It was the head of a young girl, turned partly away from the observer, so that a portion of the face was left in shadow. The face was that of Berry. "It is good," he said, gazing at it critically, "but I could do better now. I have found an expression in your face that I did not know then."

Berry smiled mournfully. "An expression," she said, "that will soon be only a memory to you. I am going away."

Frank crossed quickly to her side, with a face filled with alarm.

"Going away!" he exclaimed. "Berry, what do you mean?"

"Don't ask me," she said, turning away her face. "I must go; there is no other way. We do not know what we are doing."

"Berry," he said, seating himself by her and taking her hand, "what does this mean? You are not going away—you must not go away! What would my life be here without you?"

Titania, coming down the stairs to join Berry in the parlor, saw the ray of light streaming across the hall, and heard her husband's voice. Suddenly, as though that little bar of firelight had been an insurmountable wall, she stopped and clutched the balustrade with both her hands.

"It is necessary," said Berry, still averting her face from Thornley's gaze; "we are already suspected, watched. But, even if we were not, this could not go on for ever. I have been reckless, mad, and now I am almost desperate! Oh, Frank, my darling! it was too great happiness to last!"

"It shall last!" cried Thornley, vehemently. "No human power can separate us. Berry, where you go I will go! The world is wide surely there is a spot on it that will receive us both."

"Frank!" She sprang to her feet and looked at him, with bosom heaving and her glorious eyes flashing. "Would you——" Her words came slowly and painfully, though with terrible distinctness. "Would you—*desert your wife?*"

Her eyes were fastened upon him with the utmost intentness. Under the influence of her gaze a fierce frenzy took possession of him; regardless of that rigid figure upon the stairs, which was now clutching the balustrade with a grasp like that of death; regardless of the white face which stared forth from the darkness, at the partly opened door, with a gaze as fixed and stony as though the face were one of marble, he rose to his feet in wild excitement and cried aloud:

"Fate wills it so! I will never give you up! Life without you would not be worth the living. I love you! I love you!"

A long, low moan resounded through the hall, but they did not hear it; a woman's figure slowly mounted the

stairs, groping its way weakly and blindly along the wall, but they did not see it; the door of Titania's room opened and closed, but the sound was lost in the howling of the wind and the beating of the storm without.

"I cannot listen to this!" cried Berry, pale as death. "I dare not! No more! no more!"

He opened his lips to speak to her, but there was that in her white face which made him pause. She pressed her palms tightly together for an instant, and stood before him trembling in every fibre of her frame.

Let those who have never known the fierceness of the battle which conscience sometimes wages with human passion pity this young girl, in whose nature these two contending influences were struggling. None but herself knew the price at which victory was won for the right. *He* only saw her bosom heaving like the billows of a stormy sea, and her face contracted as with some acute physical anguish. These were the only evidences she gave him of the ruthless, cruel work by which she was crushing out the most earnest passion of her life.

"It can never be," she cried, with the agony of a hopeless desolation ringing in her voice—"never! This must be the end. We have both been mad. If you love me as you say, for God's sake, leave me!"

He stood gazing at her in silence for a moment, awed somewhat by her manner, and wondering at it.

"I can wait," he said, at last, slowly. "It will make no difference to me. You will be more calm at some other time."

He turned toward the door and paused, with his hand upon the knob, to look back at her. His worn face, so full of misery and bitter disappointment, for a moment filled her heart with pity for him, and, with a cry, she ran to him and threw her arms about his neck.

For one brief instant he held her to his breast, and could count the wild pulsations of her heart. The gates of heaven seemed open. He bowed his head, and pressed his lips to hers.

"Berry, Berry!" he exclaimed, "you are mine! You promise?"

She pushed him from her with all her strength.

"I promise nothing," she cried. "What you ask can never be. Go! Leave me! Don't speak to me again!"

He stood for a moment in hesitation. Then he slowly opened the door, looked back once more at Berry, turned again, crossed the threshold, and softly closed the door behind him.

And Berry, her strength all gone from her, sank down upon the floor, and buried her face in her hands.

The rain beat angrily against the window-panes, and the wind, increased since nightfall to a gale, shrieked around the house in intermittent gusts that shook the frail building to its foundations.

In her own room, before the window, stood the wife, staring stonily out into the darkness. Cold as was the storm, it was not so cold as the deathly chill that had fallen upon this woman's heart. With one hand she clutched the window-frame with the same despairing clutch with which she had grasped the balustrade of the staircase.

How she came there in her chamber she did not know. Her mind had stopped short when her husband's terrible words had fallen upon her ears, and had not yet begun its work again.

At last she moved away from the window, and mechanically felt for a lamp. Having found it, she lighted it, and began walking slowly to and fro, twisting her handkerchief into a knot, and wringing it as she did so.

As her stunned and bewildered brain slowly resumed its functions, her thoughts resolved themselves into one determined purpose—flight. No other course seemed open to her. Wronged, discarded, degraded, she was as completely banished from her husband's roof as though he himself had closed the door upon her.

She paused again before the window, and peered out into the wild night. Across the lawn the trees tossed their branches tumultuously against the lighter sky; beyond them, though lost in darkness, rolled the black waters of the Sound.

The crash of the waves on that distant shore came to her ears high above the shrieking of the gale. Let the casement shake never so loudly, let the rain dash against the glass never so fiercely, she could still hear the waves.

At last she found herself counting their ceaseless surges. They kept time with her footsteps, with her pulse and with her breath. They echoed through the room, and filled her mind to the exclusion of everything else except the one idea of flight.

Mechanically she began to remove her jewels. These Frank had given her; they must be left. In a bewildered way she searched for her bonnet and shawl, found them, put them on, and stood for a moment irresolutely in the middle of the room.

Then drawing from her bosom a little locket which contained her husband's miniature, she opened it, gazed at it earnestly for an instant, kissed it, and laid it softly on the table.

As she passed out into the hall, the house seemed still as death. At the foot of the stairs the parlor-door stood open, and within, a dull, red glare, the expiring light from the embers on the hearth, filled the empty room.

Seized with a sudden desire to once more behold the face of her who had been the cause of her own humiliation and shame, Titania entered the room and paused before the portrait on the easel.

Long and eagerly she studied its every line and shade. Then, obeying an impulse which she was powerless to resist, she drove her clinched hand through the picture, and, turning quickly away, fled through the outer door, and was lost in the darkness and the storm!

She was alone; yet, in her hopeless misery and wretchedness, there is one who might well have borne her company.

In her own room, whither she had gone after her interview in the parlor with Thornley, Berry tried to compose herself to consider her situation and to form some plan for the future.

The struggle within her breast was over. Desolate as the battle had left her heart, the victory had been won for the right. A peaceful calm had succeeded, in which she could think, and could bring herself to some determination as to the course she should pursue.

As her thoughts took shape, they resolved themselves slowly into one design—a design no less determined than that which had influenced Titania. It was to seek Titania herself. And this must be done at once; not to-morrow, but now—now, while her purpose was hot within her—now, before her resolution should give way.

God only knew what might be the result of another interview with Thornley. She dared not run the risk of seeing him again before she carried out her purpose. She must see Titania. Heaven help her to tell all the truth.

With this design she started up, intending to proceed at once to Titania's room, but stopped before the mirror, half frightened at the deathlike face which met her there.

With a vague desire to appear well to the woman whose presence she was about to seek, she twisted into place a

THE BRAES OF YARROW.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 695.

few stray locks of her somewhat disheveled hair before she turned away. Then, with a firm step, she left the room and passed along the passage to Titania's chamber.

The door of Titania's room stood open, but Titania was not within. Filled with wonder at the disordered appearance of the room, and the scattered jewels upon the table, Berry, baffled for the time in her purpose, turned slowly away, and stopped for a moment at the head of the staircase with a half-formed intention of descending.

As she stood there, looking into the hall below, her

eyes fell upon Titania as she emerged from the parlor. That brief glimpse of the wild-eyed woman, clad in hat and shawl, fleeing from the house, and disappearing in the darkness, filled her with a sudden terror. Her heart stood still, and the truth, in all its horror, burst upon her.

Her quick, loud cry reached Thornley in his study, and brought him, in alarm, to her side.

"She has gone!" cried Berry, wildly. "Your wife has fled! She knows all! She has gone!—gone!—and I am the cause! Oh, heaven help me! Heaven help me!"

She sank down upon the stairs, and, burying her face in her hands, rocked herself violently to and fro. Thornley looked at her, bewildered.

"Gone!" he repeated, absently, as though the word had no meaning for him. "Titania gone!"

"I have driven her away!" moaned Berry. "She overheard!—she has gone! God forgive me! I knew not what I did!"

Thornley passed his hand in a confused way across his forehead.

"I did not think of this," he said, in a weak voice.

Berry started to her feet.

"She must be brought back!" she cried, excitedly. "She cannot have gone far yet! For God's sake, follow her! Don't think of me! *She is your wife!*"

The minds of men sometimes present strange anomalies. Throughout the whole period of Frank's infatuation with Berry, he had never once forgotten his love for Titania. That love had not been stopped, or checked, or turned aside for a single moment. It was no less now than when she first became its object.

The wife had never for an instant lost her place in his heart; had never for an instant been other to him than the patient, helpful, ministering companion which she strove so hard to become. His love for her had simply been outshone. It had been lost, for a time, in the fiercer blaze of a passion that blinded while it enthralled him. The glare of the sun obscures the stars, but the heavens still retain them; and, when the fiery god withdraws, evening finds them in their places.

THE BLUE AND YELLOW MACAW.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

To Thornley the flight of his wife was the close of a long day of madness, and Berry's words fell upon his ears like those which recall to his senses the man awakening from a dream. Without a word, bareheaded as he was, he sprang to the door and disappeared into the dark night. Reason had resumed her throne.

When his wife had left the house, she had fled without thought or purpose, other than to leave far behind her the scene of her shame and sorrow. Sensible only of the terrible wound in her heart, and stunned by the sudden, overwhelming blow which she had received at the hands of him whom she held most dear, she sped on through the darkness with but one thought—that of flight—no matter where.

The rain beat against her face and blinded her; the wind tore open the thin covering about her shoulders; she stumbled at every step, but still she sped on, on, heedless of her path, her mind full only of her own humiliation and agony.

As the lights of the cottage were left behind her, the dull roar of the surf came to her ears again. High above the whistling of the gale it sounded, filling her mind with a strange fascination, that drew her involuntarily and unconsciously toward it. It seemed so far away. The wet grass chilled her to the bone; the brambles tore her tender flesh; the sharp stones cut and bruised her feet; yet she pressed on until her feeble strength was quite exhausted, and she stopped beneath a tree and leaned against its trunk, where, sheltered from the wind, she could regain her breath.

As she stood there, weak and trembling, she heard, or imagined that she heard, a long, low cry behind her, borne to her from the far distance on the gale. It might have been the howling of the storm; it might have been her fancy; but the thought that her flight had been discovered, that she was being tracked, perhaps by her husband, perhaps by the servants; that she would be found and taken back in shame—taken back to meet the woman who had robbed her of all that made life worth living—filled her with a wild terror, and she hastened

on, intent only on getting further and yet further away from the only place she could call home.

She reached the shore and kept on along the line of creeping foam, and drenched by the showers of spray that were thrown over her at every step. How far she went along that ghostly ribbon of crawling foam, with the thunder of the waves filling her ears, she could not tell. It seemed miles. Once or twice she fancied that she again heard shouts behind her in the distance, and the thought gave wings to her feet, and aroused her already exhausted frame to fresh exertions. But her strength was nearly gone, and her feet and hands were torn and bleeding. Again and again she fell upon the slippery rocks, which, in the intense darkness, she could not see, and each time she arose, maimed and bruised, to pursue her headlong, terrified course.

At last her limbs refused to do their office; she could go no further, and she sank down upon the cruel stones, striking their jagged points heavily as she fell. A loud cry arose above the gale, close at hand; a strong arm was around her; passionate words of endearment and repentance were poured wildly in her ear; but she did not hear them, for she was senseless, and lay upon her husband's breast like death itself. Raising his helpless burden in his arms, and heedless of the rain which beat upon his bare head, or of his own fatigue, Thornley returned swiftly to the house.

He had found her; and for this, as he held her closely to his breast, his heart was filled with a thankfulness too great for utterance. Ah! how doubly precious to him now was that still, white form that lay in his arms!

Over and over again he kissed the cold lips as he bore her onward, but his steps never faltered for a moment, nor did he stop until he had reached the house, and dashing quickly up the stairs, had laid his burden gently down upon the bed in her own room.

There, bending anxiously over her, he chafed her hands and feet, and called wildly to her to awake; and at last, ringing violently for the servants, threw himself down by her side, his arm about her, and kissed the marble face again and yet again in an agony of grief and remorse.

At last the closed eyes slowly opened, and rested for a moment upon Thornley's face. Filled with a sudden alarm lest his presence on her first awakening might recall to her poor, bewildered mind the earlier scenes of the evening, and so renew her terror, he quickly withdrew, and left her with her maids.

It had not occurred to him until then that Berry had been absent. He had last seen her upon the staircase, standing in the light that streamed from the open parlor, her splendid figure outlined against the dark background, as with arms extended she pointed toward the door.

But where was she now? He entered his study. His armchair stood before the fire; the shaded lamp was still burning upon the table as he had left it when Berry's frightened cry had brought him to her side. Before it lay a note. It was addressed to him. Mechanically he tore it open, and read these lines, hastily written and blotted in many places, as though with tears:

"My Friend:—Whether your search succeeds or not, sooner or later you must return. If you bring her back, I have forgiveness and mercy to ask at her hands only; if you fail, my peace must be made with Him who best knows my heart and yours. For many reasons, it is better that we should never meet again. Forget me if you can—it will not be hard to do when I am gone—and ask her whom I have so cruelly and so foully wronged to think of me at my best, and to try to leave in her heart some room for forgiveness for Berry."

Frank read these words without emotion, and slowly tore the paper in pieces. Three hours before they would have filled his brain with frenzy, but now they brought to him a strange sense of relief. Yet his mind had undergone no violent change. A knowledge of his own madness and folly had been with him all along. Internal shame or extreme circumstance had been liable at any time to awaken him from his dream. With a nature too weak to respond to the appeals of the former, he had been brought to his senses only by an unexpected blow.

He felt no sorrow now at Berry's flight, except for her. That she was safe he had no doubt. Her letter gave no evidence of any desperate purpose. A feeling of peaceful calm came over him as he thoughtfully dropped the torn paper in the fire, and felt glad that she was gone.

With a sigh, he seated himself in the armchair, and watched the crumpled pieces kindle to a blaze and vanish slowly in a wreath of smoke—fit type of his own passion that had kindled, blazed and died and turned to ashes.

The gray light of morning, struggling in at the windows, found him still lost in reverie. A messenger from the room above aroused him. He left his chair and darted quickly up the stairs. Titania was sitting up in bed, and turned toward him, as he entered, a face so wan and haggard that a cry was wrung from his lips as he ran to her and caught her up in his arms. Without a word, he drew her head against his breast, and pressed a single, longing kiss upon her lips. She knew then, as well as words could tell her, that the clouds had passed away from her life for ever.

MACAWS.

The macaws are mostly inhabitants of South America, in which country so many magnificent birds find their home.

They are all splendid birds, and are remarkable for their great size, their very long tails and the splendid hues of their plumage. Their beak is also very large and powerful, and in some species the ring around their eyes and part of the face is without covering. The great blue and yellow macaw of our illustration is mostly found in Demerara. It is a wood-loving bird, particularly haunting those places where the ground is wet and swampy, and where grows a certain palm, on the fruit of which it chiefly feeds.

The wings of this species are strong, and the long tail is so firmly set that considerable powers of flight are manifested. The macaws often fly at a very high elevation, in large flocks, and are fond of executing sundry aerial evolutions before they alight. With one or two exceptions they care little for the ground, and are generally seen on the summit of the highest trees.

Waterton writes as follows of the red and blue macaw:

"Superior in size and beauty to any parrot of South America, the ara will force you to take your eyes from the rest of animated nature and gaze at him; his commanding strength, the flaming scarlet of his body, the lovely variety of red, yellow, blue and green in his wings, the extraordinary length of his scarlet and blue tail, seem all to join and demand for him the title of emperor of all the parrots. He is scarce in Demerara until you reach the confines of the Macousbi country; there he is in vast abundance; he mostly feeds on trees of the palm species.

"When the coucourite-trees have ripe fruit on them, they are covered with this magnificent parrot. He is not shy or wary; you may take your blowpipe and a quiver of poisoned arrows and kill more than you are able to carry back to your hut. They are very vociferous, and,

like the common parrots, rise up in bodies toward sunset and fly two and two to their places of rest. It is a grand sight in ornithology to see thousands of aras flying over your head, low enough to let you have a full view of their flaming mantles. The Indians find the flesh very good, and the feathers serve for ornaments in the headdresses."

The blue and yellow macaw generally keeps in pairs, though, like the other species, it will sometimes assemble in flocks of considerable size. When thus congregated the macaws become very conversational, and their united cries are most deafening and can be heard at a great distance. In common with the other macaws, this species is easily tamed, and possesses some powers of imitation, being able to learn and repeat several words, or even phrases. It is not, however, gifted with the extraordinary powers of speech which are so wonderfully developed in the true parrots, and on account of its deafening cries is not an agreeable inhabitant of a house.

The macaw lay their eggs in the hollows of decaying trees, and are said to alter the size and form of the hole to their taste by means of their powerful beaks, a feat which they have the ability to perform. The eggs are never more than two, and there are generally two broods in the season. Both parents assist in the duties of incubation.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

O Yarrow fields! may never, never rain
  Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover;
For there was basely slain my love—
  My love, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
  His purple vest, 'twas my own sewing;
Ah! wretched me! I little, little kenned
  He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
  Unheedful of my dole and sorrow;
But ere the footfall of the night
  He lay a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoiced that woeful, woeful day;
  I sang, my voice the words returning;
But long ere night the spear was flown
  That slew my love and left me mourning.

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
  O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Take off, take off these bridal weeds,
  And crown my care-full head with willow.

Pale though thou art, yet best, yet best beloved,
  O could my warmth to life restore thee,
Ye'd lie all night between my breasts—
  No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale, indeed! O lovely, lovely youth,
  Forgive, forgive so cruel slaughter,
And lie all night between my breasts—
  No youth shall ever lie there after.

Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride
  Return and dry thy useless sorrow;
Thy love heeds naught of thy sighs,
  He lies a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

A BEAUTY OF THE LAST CENTURY.

By Mrs. Alfred Phillips.

Grace Dalrymple Elliot was a beauty of the last century. Her career was an extraordinary one, full of temptations and vicissitudes, and as romantic as it was eventful.

She was born in 1765, and was the daughter of an English gentleman named Dalrymple—a man of good family, and a barrister by profession. She came into the world at an unlucky period in the domestic life of her parents; for her father had only a short time before deserted her mother, a woman of considerable grace and beauty. A bad omen this for the child, and one which accounts for much that was irregular in her subsequent career. Her mother sent her to a convent in France for her education, and there she remained until the age of fifteen, when her father claimed her, and she returned to England to live with him.

She was exquisitely beautiful at this time, and he foolishly indulgent; and the change from the dull convent life to her father's home, where she was admired and pettted by all her father's guests, might well have turned a stronger head than that of this lovely and pleasure-loving child. It was at a supper-party one night at her father's that she met Sir John Elliot, who fell in love with her at first sight, and shortly after made her an offer. He was old enough to be her father; and she, ignorant and unthinking, flattered by admiration, and imagining that marriage meant unlimited freedom, fine clothes and company—she, poor fifteen-year-old child, knowing no better—accepted his offer, and they were married.

In one respect she found in her marriage all that she had expected. Fine clothes, company and admirers she had in abundance, and her life was a round of pleasure. There was her old husband, it is true, whose honor was in her keeping, and to whom she had vowed fidelity. But she had untertaken responsibilities for which she was unfitted, and had made vows in ignorance of life and her own nature. Steeped in the pleasures of her new position, its gayeties and society, she fell into temptation and forgot her vows. The consequence was a divorce; and her husband, it is said, succeeded in making a good thing out of his wife's infidelity; for the damages awarded were £12,000.

Her miniature, by Cosway, represents her at this time with a lovely oval face, the hair worn high according to the fashion of that day. The eyes large, dark and luminous; the mouth and chin perfect in form, and her expression one of sweetness and power—a rare and sometimes fatal combination, but one which proved of signal service to our heroine in her subsequently eventful life.

But now Grace Elliot, no longer entitled to bear the name she always used, returned to France and to her convent, homeless and ashamed. To languish in obscurity, however, was not a *rôle* she could ever play for long; after a brief absence she returned to England. It was during her retirement that the Prince of Wales saw and was struck by the miniature by Cosway already described. On her return to England he was introduced to the original, whose fascination of manner, quite as much as her beauty, conquered him. He was the father of her first and only child—a daughter, who was afterward Lady Charles Bentinck.

While under the Prince's protection, Grace Elliot held

a certain small court of her own, where she met and received many friends and notabilities. Among these was one who had a marked influence over her future career, and whose friendship nearly cost her her life. This was the Duke of Orleans, better known as Philip Egalité,

Her intimacy with the Prince of Wales ceased about 1786. When she returned to France for the third time—but not, as one might suppose, to a convent; she had done with convents for ever—she was still young, not yet twenty-one, but with what an experience of life! Married, divorced, the mistress of a Prince, and a mother before she had herself done with infancy in the eyes of the law! The prince had given her child into fitting guardianship, and had pensioned the mother handsomely. She was to be allowed to see her child, but as a visitor only. Her husband's family also gave her a pension, and, with these salvages from the wreck of her virtue, she went to Paris, attracted thither evidently by PhilipEgalité.

Here, also, her life was one devoted to pleasure, which the stern realities of the oncoming and unexpected Reign of Terror suddenly cut short. Up to that time her career was one neither edifying nor important, and had it ended there, would have lapsed into deserved obscurity. But circumstances threw her subsequently into situations which developed in her such heroic qualities that she merits to be remembered as a woman whose courage in danger, and patience in adversity, nearly touched the sublime. Her story was written by herself, at the request of George III., who, hearing of all that she had passed through during the Revolution, became so interested in the daily narrative which his physician brought him, that he sent Mrs. Elliot a message requesting her to write the whole story of her adventures and send them to him.

GRACE DALRYMPLE ELLIOT.

It is difficult to determine her relationship to Philip Egalité. That she possessed an undoubted influence over him cannot be denied, although she deplores that he would not be guided by her in political matters. In these, it would seem, she had a better conscience of the meaning of honesty than he had. She attributes her failure to the counter-attractions of a certain Madame de Buffon, with whom she says the duke was madly in love. Madame de Buffon was a Republican, while Mrs. Elliot, as she was always called, was, according to the duke, "a proud Scotchwoman, who loved nothing but princes and kings." Her great anxiety at that time was that the duke should be loyal to his unhappy relatives, the King and Queen; and she describes how, on that fatal day, when the Revolution was declared, and rumors went abroad that the duke was in the plot to dethrone the King, that she went to the duke's house at Monceau, and bravely told him of the horrors of which he was accused.

"I found Madame de Buffon with him," she says; "and as her politics and mine were very different, I called the duke into the garden, and we walked there until two o'clock. I entreated him, on my knees, to go directly to Versailles and not to leave the King while Paris was in a state of tumult."

But, in her opinion, the duke was a shuffler; a man fond of pleasure, and easily led by those who, making use of him as a tool to further their ends, threw him over when he had served their purpose. He made excuses to Mrs. Elliot, and did not go to the King until too late to be welcomed. Both the King and Queen distrusted him; and, as events proved, were justified in their distrust. That they should do so, however, was a great source of distress to Mrs. Elliot. "I had a sincere friendship for him," she writes, "and would have given my life to save

him from dishonor. Nobody can form an idea of what I suffered on seeing him by degrees running headlong into every sort of disgrace; for I am convinced, from the bottom of my soul, that he never thought or intended to go to the lengths he did."

If it were friendship for him which kept her at this time in Paris, terribly did she pay for her devotion. Terrors came fast and thick around her. Her first experience was on that dreadful day of M. Foulon's murder. Scarcely aware of the dangerous pitch of excitement among the populace, she imprudently drove in the evening to her jeweler's. She was stopped in the Rue St. Honoré by the soldiers of the French Guard carrying M. Foulon's head by torchlight; and one of the savage brutes thrust the head into her carriage, and would have murdered her, but for the courage of her companion, an English lady, who harangued the mob for daring to insult an English patriot.

From that day until the close of the terrible tragedy, her life was one scene of strife, anxiety, hazard and excitement. She saw the drama slowly unfold to its dreadful end, proving herself the truest and bravest of friends to those who trusted her in their adversity. Even Marie Antoinette confided a secret mission to her faithful keeping, knowing that the brave Englishwoman would not fail her. She was a warm-hearted partisan, and the sorrows of the King and Queen were deeply felt. Still, no personal danger threatened her until the 10th of August, on the dreadful night of which Paris was a scene of slaughter, and it was no longer safe to remain there; so she determined to make her escape from her home in the Rue St. Honoré to her little country place at Meudon.

LADY CHARLOTTE BENTINCK.

But how was she to do it? There seemed no way of escape until her maid put her in mind of a late porter of hers, who had taken a garden and a small house behind the Invalides. She told her mistress that she had often heard him declare that there was a breach in the walls of Paris, near his house, made by smugglers, through which any one could get with a little trouble. The mistress enjoined silence on the maid; and at nine that night they both sallied forth, determined to brave the breach. All went well until they reached the porter's house, and there they were stopped by a serious impediment. The porter would not assist them, so fearful was he of discovery. But the woman, whose beauty and manner had won the heart of princes, was mistress of the art of persuasion, and the porter soon yielded. All was arranged, and the evening was closing in, when this delicately-nurtured woman, accustomed to princely luxury, climbed the smuggler's breach in the walls of Paris, and crossed the plains of Vaugiraud in the darkness and alone. She thus describes her feelings:

"I was in fear every minute of meeting the patrol or murderers, till I got to the bottom of the steep hill which leads up to the Chateau of Meudon. My house being at the top of the hill, I had never looked back. My heart beat hard; I thought every moment I was followed. About the middle of the hill I saw a man coming toward me, and was so terrified that I dropped down among the vines which border the hill, quite losing my senses. On my recovery I neither heard nor saw anybody. I was not very far from my own house, which I reached with great pain, and so much fatigued and agitated, they were obliged to undress and put me to bed almost senseless. My feet were covered with blood, having no soles to my shoes or stockings. My shoes were thin white silk; and that road is very stony."

She remained quietly in Meudon until the 2d of September, when she received a summons, sent by a beggar lad, from a friend of hers in Paris, the English lady before mentioned, entreating her to come at once to Paris, and bring with her passports for herself and a servant.

Although to obey was an immense risk, Mrs. Elliot never hesitated to go to her friend's assistance. She started at once with the necessary passports, which stated expressly that she was to return to Meudon that night before twelve o'clock. Such was the condition of Paris at that moment, that even the soldiers at the barrier were surprised at her intrepidity in wishing to enter it; but the undaunted woman was not to be dissuaded; and by the beauty of her face and grace of manner won the admiration and pity of the rough sentinels, with whom she pleaded that she went at the call of a dying mother, until they let her pass.

On her way to her friend's house in Paris what a sight she encountered! Hell had been let loose, and the fiends were carrying the mangled head and body of the Princesse de Lamballe through the streets, to exhibit them to her tortured friend, the Queen. Mrs. Elliot quailed at the sight, and would have gone back if she could; but return was now impossible, and she continued her way to her friend's house, in the Rue l'Encre. She found that the person she was called upon to save was not her friend, but the Marquis de Chansenets, Governor of the Tuileries, who was supposed to have been killed on the 10th of August. He had escaped, however; and after leading the life of a hunted cat, he had taken refuge at last in the roof of the English lady's house, where, through her kindness, he remained concealed until concealment was no longer possible.

Mrs. Elliot confesses that she was disappointed when she found that she had been called upon to save De Chansenets, as he was a man for whom she entertained no very particular friendship. Still, at such a time, she would not desert even her enemy in distress; so she pledged herself to rescue him. But how was she to do it? For he was miserably weak and unfit to travel. The evenings were still light at seven o'clock, and she dared not venture with him at that hour in an open cabriolet; so she waited until it was dark, and then she started with him to make

their way out of Paris. To her surprise and horror, on presenting their passports at the barrier, for herself and servant, she was refused permission to pass, although she assured the guards that her house was not in Paris, but at Meudon. For once her persuasive powers were futile. The guards were obdurate, and advised her to go home and get to bed before ten o'clock, when the domiciliary visits would begin, and carriages were forbidden in the streets.

Her predicament was extreme. Her sick charge was nearly dead with alarm; and "my knees," she adds, "were knocking together." She did not dare to return to her house in Paris, from which she had fled on the night of the 10th; for all her servants knew De Chansenets, and she had a Jacobin cook she could not trust. In her dilemma she ordered the driver to take them to the Barrière de l'Enfer, another route to Meudon. But here also she was refused. As a last hope she thought of her friend the porter, through whose good-nature she had made her last escape. But on descending from the cabriolet at the gate of the avenue, what was her dismay to see that De Chansenets was *hors de combat!* Too weak to stand when energy was safety, she beheld him supported by the driver. This was no time for pity, or even sympathy; so, pretending to be in a great rage, she turned to De Chansenets and rated him soundly for being drunk, and begged the assistance of the driver to help her in her miserable condition. But the driver refused. It was as much as his life was worth to help her; so he left her in the middle of the road with the half dying De Chansenets on her hands. The air soon revived him; and in a short time they were able to turn into the avenue leading to the porter's house. Here fresh terrors confronted them. As it was, they went with their lives in their hands; and now, when they looked for safety, they saw only some troops in the road, and the patrol advancing to meet them. The situation was more than her strength could bear, and she burst into tears.

At this juncture De Chansenets was sufficiently alive to implore her to leave him and save herself; "but the idea of doing so," she says, "was terrible to me. Had the scaffold been before me, I could not have abandoned him or any one else in a similar situation." Her courage returned, and she determined to make one more effort to save him. They managed to avoid the patrol. Still, that danger over, where were they to go? The porter's house was out of the question. It was eleven o'clock; and the streets were full of soldiers. The only place of refuge she could think of was in the Duke's garden at Monceau. Her own house was not far off; but, for the reasons given, she dared not venture into it. Half dead with fatigue herself, her poor charge fainting, she had reached her last extremity. De Chansenets repeatedly entreated her to give him up and go to her own house; but this she as repeatedly refused, declaring that, as she had undertaken to save him, she would do so or perish in the undertaking.

While on her way to the duke's garden it was necessary to pass her house. On nearing it she saw all her servants sitting at the gates, and foremost among them the Jacobin cook.

To pass with De Chansenets was impossible; so she told him to hide in an unfinished building near while she went up to her servants, who were alarmed to see her, and at such a late hour, alone. Making good her story to them, she went into her house and sent for her Jacobin cook, telling her that she had eaten nothing all day; that she was faint with hunger, and that, cost what it might, she would not rest that night until she had eaten some fowl and salad.

The cook expostulated, declaring it was too late to buy anything at that hour; but her mistress was as obstinate and obdurate as a French guard, and offered her the option of instant dismissal or producing the fowl and salad. The cook chose the latter. The *ruse* was succeeding splendidly; the cook was just leaving the apartment in search of the supper, when who should come thundering at the door for admission but De Chansenets! The poor feeble-minded soul had caught sight of the patrol when hiding, and, in his abject terror, fled for protection to his friend.

Mistress and maids all screamed at the sight of him. With marvelous presence of mind, it was but the work of a moment for his clever and brave protectress to frame her part.

Throwing herself into an apparent rage at the daring intrusion of a stranger, she pretended never to have seen him before. For once poor De Chansenets seemed to have his wits ready, and taking up her cue he made good his story.

The Jacobin cook, looking on, heard and recognized him without being either complimentary or reassuring in her remarks. She promised not to harm him, and then remembering the fowl and salad, left her mistress to settle with the intruder.

But the domiciliary visits had begun, the hour being late, and De Chansenets was a marked man. What was to be done? Where could he be hidden? The cook might return at any moment. There was no time to be lost. Suddenly the happy thought occurred to one of the servants to hide the miserable and half-dead man between the mattresses of their mistress's bed, which stood in an alcove. The suggestion was no sooner made than acted upon. A space was contrived next the wall by pulling out the upper mattress; into this space De Chansenets was thrust. But the bed looked so tumbled, that, to avoid suspicion, Mrs. Elliot decided upon getting into it. She then had the curtains drawn and her room lit up with about twenty candles.

The cook returned; and as soon as supper was over, Mrs. Elliot insisted upon her Jacobin domestic sitting by her bedside for the rest of the night, to await the visits of the domiciliary police.

At a quarter before four the cook hurriedly announced that the guards had arrived.

"No pen can give the smallest idea of my feelings at that moment," says Mrs. Elliot. "I felt that I was lost; nor did I know where I was until a very deep groan from my dying companion roused me in a moment, and God inspired me with more courage than I had ever felt before."

"De Chansenets had been seen going into her house," the guards said, and they were determined not to leave until they had discovered him. But the maid and the cook, both ignorant of his concealment, declared he was not in the house, and were as brave as possible, while the guards ransacked all their rooms, leaving madame's to the last.

Into this apartment the ruffians then entered, with oaths and violence; but Mrs. Elliot was prepared for them.

"I was perfectly calm," she says; "full of presence of mind, and indeed inspired with courage equal to anything earthly. The candles were all alight. Day was breaking, and my room was looking more like a ballroom than a scene of horror. They all came up to my bed, and asked me to get up. One of them, however, less hard than the others, said that there was no occasion to take me out of bed, as I could not dress before so many men. They were above forty."

And now her woman's wit shone at its brightest. So far

from refusing to rise, she told them, with the utmost sweetness of manner, that she was quite ready to do so if they wished; that she had passed a cruel night, expecting them, and was tired.

She had hoped that they would have come earlier, to allow of her having a quiet night after they had gone; but, since that was not possible now, that she would gladly rise and show them over her house, and, as she was sure that they must have had an equally fatiguing night as herself, no doubt they would be glad of some refreshment, which she would be pleased to offer them.

A happy stroke of policy this; proving the truth of a popular saw among women—that the shortest road to a man's favor lies through his palate. The savages were delighted; they had not been so well received throughout the night. They even regretted not having come earlier, not for the sake of the good cheer, but that she might have had a better night's rest! They would not hear of her rising, but as they must search, they went through the form of feeling only at the pillow and part of her bed. They remained there an hour, those forty ruffians, turning everything she possessed inside out, and holding herself only sacred from their scrutiny, but arguing with her all the while about De Chansenets, declaring that he had been seen going into her house, and wondering where he was. But their search was fruitless, thanks to the Briareus and Siren in one who had pledged herself to save him. Tired out at last with useless seeking, they bade her good-night and departed.

But no sooner had they gone than the tension relaxed, and our heroine burst out into violent hysterics. She trembled to think of how it fared with De Chansenets. After a night of suffocation, was he dead? She was afraid to look. Dismissing her servants, with the exception of her confidential maid, who had been out of the way when De Chansenets was concealed, she locked her door, and then, between them, they got De Chansenets out of his hiding-place among the mattresses in a dying condition. They brought him round and concealed him in a dressing-room adjoining. The next day he was delirious, which increased their terror and perplexity, in case he should die.

But he did not die; and help came to her at last from an unexpected quarter. Seeing that her house was occupied, the Duke of Orleans called. She dared not tell him of De Chansenets at first, for the duke was no friend of his; but, as time passed, he saw that Mrs. Elliot was suffering from some secret anxiety. Determined to know the cause, she at length confided her trouble to him, and for her sake he assisted De Chansenets to escape to England,

And now troubles were thickening around her. The King had been murdered; and the truckling duke, her friend, had shamed and horrified her by breaking his promise not to vote for the death of his cousin the King. All these sorrows and terrors told upon her health, and she wished to return to England. But not even the duke's influence could help her at this moment; for his power was on the wane, and her friendship for him made her an object of suspicion. She was arrested in consequence, and taken in the dead of night to the common guardroom. On the way she was told that she would soon be led to the scaffold, and dance the *Carmagnole* in the Place Louis Quinze. The threat was not carried out, however, although they detained her for two days in expectation of it, and then dismissed her until further orders.

The Duke of Orleans was the next to be arrested, on the very day he had written to Mrs. Elliot to expect him at her house in Meudon; and six weeks later she herself was arrested, and sent to the prison of St. Pélagie, where they kept her while search was made among the duke's papers for proofs of her complicity as his agent with England. The only thing that could be found was a letter from a certain Mr. Vernon, an Englishman, relating to the races at Newmarket, as the duke was a sportsman, and fond of betting on horses.

The authorities sent for Mrs. Elliot to translate this letter, thinking they had found something to convict her; but while the contents cleared her, they were used against the duke, and declared to be full of double meanings. In the end she was again released; but her spirit was so broken by this time that she says: "I almost wish they had left me in St. Pélagie."

Her repose was brief; for the Revolution was advancing in fury. The murder of the Queen having followed that of the King, it was impossible to say who would be the next victim.

One evening Mrs. Elliot went out to visit some friends; for it was only in each other's society that support under their anxieties could be found. On her return she was met by her maid, who seemed very sad, for no apparent reason. The woman put her mistress to bed as usual, and when she wished her good-night, kissed her hands repeatedly through a mist of tears. It rather irritated Mrs. Elliot to find her maid so gloomy, as on this evening she had been happier than usual, and she was glad to have forgotten her sorrows for a while. But she made no remark to the maid that night. Early next morning the woman came to her bedside, and waking her mistress, said:

"Madame, get up directly; there is no time to lose. Your death-warrant is signed! I had this information last night from your grocer, who is one of the members of the Section; but he wishes you well, and advises you to make your escape. I was to have told you last night, but I had not the heart to do so; you looked so much happier than I have seen you for a long time."

Not a moment was to be lost. Dressing quickly, Mrs. Elliot fled to Meudon, where she pleaded with the mayor—a laborer, but an intelligent one—for his assistance. By his advice she gave herself up to the authorities at Versailles, to avoid falling into the hands of the Section who had condemned her, and was sent to the prison of the Récollets—where, although life was spared, she underwent cruel hardships. But her beauty, amiability of manner, and goodness of heart won her consideration from the most brutal.

At the Récollets she was put into a large room, which had recently been occupied by four hundred rabbits! This room she shared with an Englishman—an old man, nearly eighty years of age, whom she nursed and attended, as his age and weakness rendered him helpless. Notwithstanding his advanced years, they met again in after-life; and then he would walk a mile every day, she says, to see her.

It was while she was at the Récollets that she went one day to the jailer's room; and being invited to drink a glass of wine—a favor she dared not refuse—she accepted. Sitting with the jailer at the time was a handsome young man, who pulled out his watch, saying he must be off.

"No; your work will not begin until twelve o'clock," replied the jailer. And then turning to Mrs. Elliot, he said, "You must make friends with this citizen. It is young Sanson, the executioner; and perhaps it may fall to his lot to behead you."

"I felt quite sick," she says, "especially when Sanson took hold of my throat, saying, 'It will soon be off, your neck; it is so long and small. If I am to dispatch you, it will be nothing but a squeeze.'"

By this time even Egalité had shared the fate of the King and Queen. After his death Mrs. Elliot was confined for three weeks in a dungeon, expecting death at every moment; but her sojourn with the rats and mice was at length relaxed, and she was allowed to mix with the other prisoners. From the Récollets, at Versailles, she was removed to the prison of the Carmes, in Paris, where she found many acquaintances, among them Madame Beauharnais, Madame de Custine and her husband, and others. The details of her life in this prison are full of interest. Even in the presence of death they managed to enjoy themselves; and the drama of real life played from day to day were at one time a farce, at another a tragedy. Madame Beauharnais (afterward the wife of Napoleon) had been on bad terms with, and separated from, her husband, until one day a fresh prisoner was added to those assembled in the large room of the prison, who turned out to be the Marquis de Beauharnais. It was an embarrassing meeting for bothhusband and wife, who, under the circumstances, agreed to be reconciled. The day that the Marquis de Beauharnais joined them was the one on which the husband of Madame de Custine was executed.

PHILIP EGALITÉ, DUKE OF ORLEANS.

"I never saw a scene of more misery than the parting between the young couple," says Mrs. Elliot. "I really thought she would have dashed her brains out. Madame Beauharnais and I did not leave her for three days and nights."

But Madame de Custine was young, full of spirit, and a Frenchwoman; and at the end of six weeks was consoled by the attentions of the Marquis de Beauharnais! much to the distress of his wife, who seemed attached to her husband. Mrs. Elliot says she did all she could to persuade Beauharnais to spare his wife's feelings, but he was not to be controlled. "I am far from supposing that there was anything wrong in their attachment," she adds, "but certainly Beauharnais was more in love than it was possible to describe, and the little woman seemed to have no objection to his attentions."

It was but a brief paradise for Beauharnais, who was among the next fifty led out to execution. His death was a tragedy for the two miserable women who clung to him at parting, and one of whom never smiled after his death. After eighteen months' imprisonment Mrs. Elliot was at last liberated; but during her incarceration she was once so near the scaffold that her hair was cut in readiness for her execution. The death of Robespierre was the signal for her delivery.

She remained in Paris after this, moving in the highest circles during the Consulate and the Empire. Napoleon admired her, and, it is said, made her an offer before he married her friend, Madame Beauharnais. In the year 1801 she returned to England, and was reported, by those who knew her, to be, at the age of thirty-six, more beautiful than ever! It was during this visit to England that she met De Chansenets, whom she had so nobly rescued; and she had the satisfaction of living to see him reinstated as Governor of the Tuileries. The remainder of her life was tranquil. She remained in England until the year 1814, when she returned to France, where she lived to a good age, and died at Ville d'Avray.

PHILOSOPHY becomes poetry, and science imagination, in the enthusiasm of genius.

JAPANESE PORCELAIN MARKS.

THE oldest porcelain of Japan is that known as Hizen ware, into which province the manufacture was introduced from China, in 1513, and examples of this variety are frequently marked with sprays or flowers of the pæony ("botan"), the chrysanthemum ("kiku"), the clove ("chôji," one of the "seven treasures"), the hyacinth ("suisen"), or the wild cherry ("sakura"). In addition, counterfeit imitations of Chinese marks were and still are used, especially the characters representing the Ming dynasty (A.D. 1368-1643) and the existing T'sing dynasty. Where the name of the maker is recorded, the porcelain is almost certainly of the last fifty years' manufacture. As a rule, the older and better the work, the less fuss the craftsman made about it; content with the joy of artistic creation, he was little anxious to hand down his name to posterity.

The celebrated Satsuma faience, Mr. Satow tells us, was first made by Coreans, brought over by the feudal lord of that province toward the close of the sixteenth century. The ware was manufactured for the use of the prince himself, and for presents to the Shôgun and great nobles; hence the extreme perfection to which the art thus fostered attained. The descendants of these Corean potters still form the population of the village of Tsuboya, some twelve miles from Kagoshima. Up to a few years ago they wore their hair bound in a knot at the top of the head, according to the Corean fashion, and on certain solemn occasions donned the national costume. They retain a knowledge of the Corean language, and consider themselves superior to the native Japanese, and until lately were Buddhists, but are now under the protection of an official Shinto god.

A BEAUTY OF THE LAST CENTURY.— LOUIS XVI. IN THE POWER OF THE MOB—DRINKING TO THE HEALTH OF THE NATION. SEE PAGE 695.

Marks are not uncommon on Satsuma faience; the most usual is the badge or crest of the daimio, a cross within a circle. Kaga pottery is distinguished by marks which read "Kutani," or "Nine Valleys," the name of the district in Kaga where the ware was first made. The gilt examples of Kaga are of comparatively recent date, and those marked with the names of the makers are quite modern. The Kiyoto manufacture dates back to the middle of the sixteenth century. The earliest specimens have the simple mark "raku," "enjoyment," which was

used by eleven generations of the descendants of Chojiro, the founder of the art at Kiyote, and the son of a Korean who settled there in A.D. 1550. Other very usual marks are "Yeiraku," "everlasting enjoyment"; the family first employing which is still represented; and "Kinkôzan," "Mount Kinkô," which, with "Tanzan," "Red Hill," distinguish what is known as "Awata ware." On faience the marks were generally impressed, on porcelain painted. The crown stoneware of Owari is the oldest known pottery of Japan, exclusive of the rude ware found in the shell mounds. Examples marked with a shell (sp. of Venus) are stated to date back to the middle of the fourteenth century.

The best known variety of Owari porcelain is the modern "sometsuke," or "colored" ware, delicately painted in blue under the glaze. Seto is the principal seat of its manufacture, and the characters of the name are commonly found upon specimens, together with the name of the maker, and perhaps a descriptive legend or Chinese phrase. Isé ware may be known by the characters "Ban-ko," meaning "for ever," usually impressed upon it, and frequently displays marks signifying "good luck," "prosperity," "wealth," "long life," etc. A common legend is one which may be translated, "May you enjoy the long life of the pine-trees and the old age of the stork!"

CHINESE LOTTERIES.

There is scarcely a town on the coast in which Chinese lotteries do not exist, either as a local affair or as one of the agencies of large lotteries of the kind in San Francisco. The tickets are square slips of paper, on which are printed eighty letters, these letters being the last in the Chinese first reader, or "Gin Gee Cho," as it is called. These tickets are for sale at all the Chinese stores, and can be purchased for any price from ten cents to two dollars, the amount of the prize drawn depending upon the price paid for the ticket. When the ticket is bought the purchaser chooses ten letters upon it, by marking them out with a pen, and upon these ten his chances depend.

The drawing is conducted as follows: Eighty square slips of paper, each bearing one of the letters on the tickets, are pasted by one corner upon a large board used for the purpose. After being thus pasted and found to be correct, they are next put into a pan and well mixed. From this pan they are transferred to four porcelain bowls, twenty in each bowl. Four slips of paper, marked respectively one, two, three and four, are next placed in the bowl and one drawn out, which indicates the bowl of tickets to be used in the drawing. After determining this the twenty tickets in the bowl indicated are taken out one by one and repasted upon the large board, a caller announcing each letter as it is drawn, and the clerks recording it. Out of the twenty letters drawn, if the holder is lucky enough to have marked off ten upon his ticket, he secures a large prize, ranging from one thousand to three thousand dollars, and even ten thousand dollars, according to the money invested in the ticket.

The drawings are made twice a day, and the dealers of the game, if at all fortunate, make a large amount of money from it. The chances are very great in favor of the game, but seldom over three or four spots being won upon a ticket, and over seven is a rarity. Under four spots scored the tickets lose, and over this, to as high as eight, the prizes are nominal, varying from twenty-five cents to fifty dollars. This species of gambling is very popular among the Chinese, and there is scarcely one but holds tickets for each drawing.

ASPIRATION OF GIRLS.

Many intelligent girls, after leaving school, where their compositions have won more than the ordinary meed of praise, have an ambition to become amateur contributors to some popular weekly. A girl of this kind has been known to write a dainty Italian hand, choosing thin paper, written on both sides.

Now and then she takes you into her domestic confidence, and informs you why and wherefore she proposes to become a writer. In the Spring this young girl's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of Summer resorts and Summer correspondence, and she is willing, for a consideration, to serve in that capacity. She asserts her belief that she can send you something interesting.

By way of emphasis, she incloses eighteen pages of foolscap on the last year's Summer session of the School of Christian Philosophy, intimating that she will accept your usual terms for it, and when you, O hard-hearted editor, write across the left-hand corner of the first page the terse little legend, "unavailable," she doubtless registers you in her memory as an enemy of rising talent and newspaper prosperity. Now, the amateur contributor is not always to be put down, and perhaps the editor has a pang of conscience afterward, though he knows her work was not up to the mark, but the compensation lies here. Genuine talent, like truth, cannot be extinguished. It cuts its own channels and makes its own way, while obstacles are its discipline.

It is, therefore, not of this first and finest organization that we here write. It is of the multitude of aspiring young women who, with faith in their aspirations, can realize a higher life than the material and mechanical. Some of the rarest natures are of this type.

Not great nor greatly gifted, but with that susceptibility to impressions and that power of delicate appreciation which ranks next to the creative ability—while this type of women are not of the heroic order, not of the stuff of which the poets, the novelists, the reformers are made, they have yet that beautiful gift of interpretation which should be cherished and developed, rather than repressed with the feeling that there is no outlook, no scope for its development. For to her who is fitted to undertake any work, the opportunity comes suddenly and surely.

MOONSTRUCK.

"The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night." This beautiful verse expresses the belief, common in ancient days, that the moon exercises a baleful influence upon those exposed to her direct rays.

In modern times the pernicious influence of the moon has been doubted, and even denied. But whatever the influence of the moon in the temperate zones, within the tropics it is very injurious to sleep exposed to its rays, especially when at the full. On a voyage to the antipodes, when near the line, a Maltese sailor, who was a most comical fellow, slept for some hours on the boom with his face toward the full moon. On awaking in the morning, the muscles of the right side of his face were contracted, so that every attempt to speak was attended with the most ludicrous contortions. Feeling sure that something was seriously wrong, he spoke to another sailor, who, supposing that as usual he was at his odd tricks, burst out into laughter. Off he went to another, with exactly the same result. The poor fellow now got into a rage, thereby adding not a little to the ludicrousness of the scene. After a while the truth dawned upon

the captain and officers of the vessel. The doctor gave him some medicine, the muscles gradually relaxed, and in the course of a week our Maltese friend was well again.

Some five or six years ago, when sailing from Tahiti to Mangaia, a little boy of nine, in perfect health, was thoughtlessly placed by his nurse in his berth, the slanting beams of the moon falling on his face. Next morning he was feverish and ill, and it was two or three days before he was himself again.

On the island of Aitutaki a native woman was watching night after night for the return of her husband from the island of Atiu. Whilst doing so one night she fell asleep, the moon's rays pouring upon her face. On awaking she felt ill, and her eyes were drawn on one side. Considerable interest was felt by the islanders in her case. Eventually, however, her eyes were restored. These facts illustrate the injury done to human beings by the moon in the tropics. Yet I never heard of insanity or death resulting from this cause. It is well known, however, in tropical countries that the moon's rays occasion the rapid decomposition of flesh and fish.

A number of bonitas having been caught one evening near the line by a friend of mine, the spoil was hung up in the rigging of the ship, and was thus exposed to the moon through the night. Next morning it was cooked for breakfast. Symptoms of poisoning were soon exhibited by all who partook of it—their heads swelling to a great size, etc. Emetics were promptly administered, and happily no one died.

The natives of the South Pacific are careful never to expose fish—a constant article of diet in many islands—to the moon's rays by any chance. They often sleep by the seashore after fishing, but never with the face uncovered.

The aboriginals of Australia do the same as well as they can with their fishing-nets, etc. A fire answers the same purpose. May not the injurious influence of the moon (in addition to her beauty and utility) account for the almost universal worship of that orb throughout the heathen world?

AN ARAB DHOW.

Imagine a curiously shaped boat, partially covered in, high in the stern and low at the bow, suggesting to a nervous mind a treacherous purpose of diving beneath the first advancing wave. There is a very heavy lateen sail held up by rotten ropes, which occasionally startle the crew and passengers by breaking and letting their whole burden crash down upon the deck. The water leaks in at every point indiscriminately, requiring four men to bail night and day. There are eighty passengers, where according to Western notions, thirty would be a superabundant cargo. From stem to stern there rises a combination of abominable smells, truly sickening; the rotting wood of the dhow, the accumulated grease and filth of years, the bilge-water, and the effluvia from the perspiring skins of the crowded negroes—all contribute their quota to an effect which words cannot describe. Such were the horrors which awaited me as the dhow left Mikindany behind.

When at last my usual attack of seasickness laid me low, I really felt that that otherwise unwelcome sensation might sometimes be reckoned a boon and a blessing. The worst, however, was yet to come. As night set in I crept with some difficulty into my camp bedstead, which we had contrived to stow under a sort of afterdeck (there was only about eight inches between my nose and the flooring overhead). I had just begun to doze off when an uneasy consciousness of strange sensations dawned upon me. Soon I was made only too painfully certain of the presence of some of the most objectionable companions of man in all lands. One well-known species swarmed over me with pertinacious purpose; another kind of a more lively nature, in their excitement at the discovery of a thin-skinned subject—a decided variety from the leathery negro integument—skipped about with playful glee prospecting here and there as the humor suggested; then, to crown the whole, before I left that wretched bunk, a creeping sensation set in about the roots of my hair, which at first made me imagine it was about to stand on end with horror of my situation, but which, alas! turned out to be a still more real aggravation of my tortures.

MILTON'S BIBLE.

A Bristol bookseller recently catalogued a Bible which is assumed to have belonged to John Milton. It is a thick, rough calf quarto volume, being the Royal Version, Cambridge, 1637, and includes the Apocrypha. On the margin of the page containing the fourteenth chapter of I. Maccabees, is what appears to be an inscription of seventeenth century date: "Mr. Hartlibe to Mr. Milton sends hime 12 booke of the Grecian volumes, & is obliged to hime, Oct. the 17. 1640. London." Hartlibe's friendship with the poet is well known, the "Tractate of Education," 1644, being addressed to Master Samuel Hartlibe. On the opposite margin of the same page, but in a different handwriting, and apparently that of the great poet, is the following:

> "When that day of Death shall come,
> then shall nightly shades prevaile—
> soone shall Love and Music faile—
> soone ye fresh turfes tender Blade
> shall flourish ore my sleeping shade.
>
> J. Miltonius,
> M.A.C. Coll."

Under these lines is a pen-and-ink outline portrait in profile, and below is written, "Myself, 1640."

On the margin of the opening page of II. Maccabees is the following MS. note, beginning opposite the eighteenth verse: "London—perhaps ye reason why the Persians worshipe fire to this day, 1639"; this inference being drawn from the purification of the Temple, as explained in that verse, being conjoined with a command to keep the feast of tabernacles "and of the fire."

On the title of the New Testament is "Johne Miltone, 16, A.M. 40."

This Bible, in 1658, belonged to "Jane Bealby," in 1662 to "Wm. Lumley," in 1716 to "Dr. Todd," in 1744 to (General) "Loftice Todd," and then passed to the family of Gainford of Gainford. Lewis Gainford has written an account of the family on one of the flyleaves, and sketched their arms. He joined the "True Christians," or Quakers, in 1775, and died insane. A former owner has had the volume lettered on the back "Holy Bible, e Libris Johannis Milton."

In many persons, grief takes the form of anger. A proud spirit, unwilling to display itself covered with dust and ashes, uplifts its head with unbecoming pride, in order to conceal that temporary humiliation.

If you wish a pig to go forward, pull it backward by the tail. For the same reason, when dealing with an obstinate person, persuade him to do just the reverse of what you want, and you will gain your end.

Taciturnity is best learned among men who have none, and loquacity among the taciturn.

BABY.

By Eben E. Rexford.

We knelt beside our baby's bed,
Just at the break of day,
And saw the sunshine of her life,
For ever fade away.

We watched the blighting bloom of death
Fall o'er our baby's brow,
And prayed in bitterness of heart—
"God spare our darling now."

Just as the first faint glow of day
Flamed up the eastern sky,
We felt the spectre's presence near,
And knew that she must die.

I strained my baby to my breast,
And kissed her pallid lips;
Oh, bitter pain to see her sink
Into death's dark eclipse!

She opened wide her tender eyes,
And looked into my own,
And then I knew how dear to me
My little one had grown.

She put her hands into my hair,
As with a mute caress,
Then laid her little tired head
Upon my aching breast.

The sunshine lit the eastern sky,
With an auroral light,
And baby passed into the land
Where there is no more night.

Her blue eyes closed in death's long sleep;
God bore her soul away;
And with the break of morn it passed
Into a perfect day.

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

As the dusk gathers I hear the first welcome notes of the whip-poor-will. What close observers of the seasons are the birds? I doubt if a man who has an acceptance in bank is better posted in the calendar. As far back as my bird-register extends I find a record of the arrival of this nocturnal songster as occurring between the 8th and 10th of May. Dr. Brewer claims never to have heard these notes later than August; but late in September, in a night's walk through the hidden glories of the Ramapo Valley, I have been cheered by his song.

No other American bird is so shy and retiring as the whip-poor-will, and where is the happy ornithologist who has found his apology for a nest? I once spent portions of each day of the entire month of June searching for such a nest, and in the end was unrewarded. The habitual walker in the woods will, sooner or later, stumble on their noon-day retreats, but it is difficult to get into close proximity.

They fly noiselessly and rapidly, and have that protecting plumage upon which Mr. Darwin laid so much stress. All day long, when undisturbed, they will rest on the lower branches of some embowered tree, and only when the gloaming deepens do they come forth in search of nocturnal insects.

Nightly one used to come and sit on a large stone near the farmhouse. I have stolen softly out to within a few feet and watched him, as he would dart out and catch an insect, returning to the stone to enjoy his tidbit, after the manner of the phœbe.

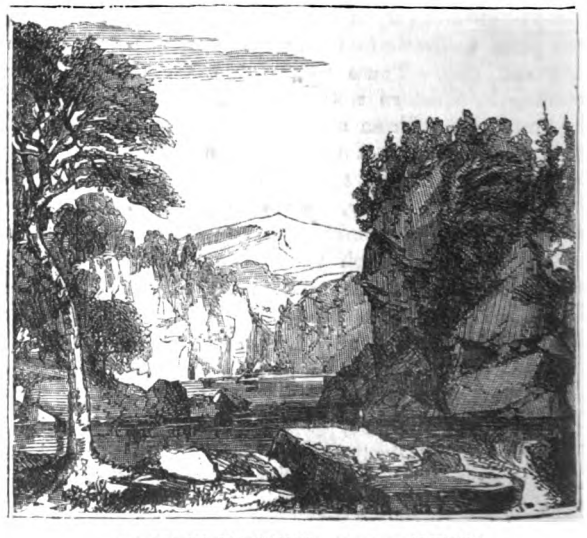
His note is preceded by a sort of cluck. Audubon found his song as he camped in the solitude of the forest one of the most delightful sounds of nature, sweeter to him than that of the nightingale. Burroughs describes a nest he stumbled upon—two elliptical, whitish, spotted eggs lying upon dry leaves; and though he returned to it day after day, it was always a task to separate the bird from her surroundings, though he stood within a few feet of her, and knew just where to look for her.

Musicians have frequently attempted to write out the songs of birds. Wilson Flagg has thus embalmed the songs of nearly all our feathered minstrels. Handel has done kindred work for the nightingale. In the second quartet of the minuet, Mozart incorporated the cackle of the domestic fowl; while Haydn, in his twentieth quartet, gives the joyous note that announces a newlaid egg.

There is a certain distance at which opinions, as well as statues, must be viewed.

In the presence of a mother, we feel that our childhood has not all departed.

Hypocrisy—The world's tacit acknowledgment of the superiority of virtue.



FRANCONIA MOUNTAINS. BY J. F. KENSETT.

A WHITED SEPULCHRE.—"'HOW BEAUTIFUL! HOW PERFECTLY BEAUTIFUL!' MISS THORNTON SAID, SLOWLY. SHE LIFTED HER EYES FROM THE FLOWERS TO THE HANDSOME FACE."

A WHITED SEPULCHRE.

By M. T. CALDOR.

Chapter IX.

A horse's hoofs rang out sharply on the hard gravel of the avenue the next morning at The Towers, while yet the dew was on flower and shrub and turf.

Maude, only half awake, heard it, and roused enough to pull back the curtains of the window by her bedside.

The room commanded a view of the avenue gate, and as she gazed a warm glow spread over her face, and a sparkle shone out of the dark eyes which speedily dispelled the sleepy languor in them.

"That absurd Mr. Carlingford is keeping his word," she murmured, softly, and blushed again as she followed, till it was lost to view, the straight, lithe figure which sat upon the gallant chestnut with a centaur's ease and grace. "He has really gone for the flowers. I wonder what he will bring me! But I will wear a white morning robe, and then anything will harmonize."

She was still blushing and smiling when she went back again to what was, indeed, a beauty sleep.

Geoffrey Carlingford meanwhile rode on, full of life and hope and joyfulness. He lost nothing of the delightful freshness of the air, the beauty of the fresh foliage still twinkling with its morning bath. He heard every twittering call among the leafy boughs, and listened to the carolling from the birds far up in the shining blue above him. And his own heart was as blithe and gay.

"I am a lucky fellow!" sang that heart, exultantly. "Life is going to fling its golden prizes all into my hands. Colonel Trente is pleased with me, Miss Thornton is gracious—everything is lovely." And he touched the gallant chestnut lightly and bounded forward again, trolling out a college chorus as he flew.

His destination was a pretty lakelet situated midway between the two high roads. He took as straight a line as was possible, taking the fences and hedges lightly, in a fashion that delighted the chestnut far more than the farmers of the vicinity, for occasionally he swept through the edge of tall grass or grain.

Arrived at the water's edge, he tied his horse, and boldly waded in till he had secured the loveliest of the water-lilies, which floated there like ivory cups alive with incense for the gods.

He had brought a botanist's tin case, and was careful to moisten the moss within ere he curled the long stems into place and dexterously set the blossoms within.

"Beautiful Maude, they are worthy of your acceptance!" he murmured, as he inhaled a rapturous breath before closing the case.

Then he was up and off again, more impetuously, if possible, than ever. At all events, he almost ran down a slender, black-robed woman, who was slowly crossing a stile which lay in his path. He pulled back his horse until the chestnut was upon his haunches, and seeing the woman dart out of the way with a hysterical cry, in such spry fashion as to give assurance of no bodily damage, Geoffrey began to laugh, and then to scold, almost in the same breath.

But at the first sound of his voice the woman came running back. She showed to him a thin, worn face, with a pair of eyes whose blue looked faded and bleached out by many tears.

"Geoffrey, oh, my darling, is it you?" she cried, stretching out her hands eagerly.

The gay, debonair smile faded off from his fresh red lips. A frown knit the shapely brows out of their frank benignity.

"What!" he said, roughly; "*you* here?"

"Oh, Geoffrey, I didn't mean you should see me. Indeed I didn't mean to come in your way at all," she cried, tremulously.

"Then why, in the name of common sense, are you down here in ——shire?"

"Because—because——"

She stopped, and burst into a little passion of nervous tears. Then, drying them hastily, she added, pleadingly:

"Oh, Geoffrey, I was famishing for a sight of you. I couldn't bear it any longer. I thought I could keep out of sight, and yet see you walking or riding by, and be satisfied with that. And so I will."

The handsome young Viking's face was sulky.

"I wish you would learn to be reasonable," he growled, while he switched viciously with his riding-whip at a bush near him, and made his horse prance and curvet with impatience.

"Oh, Geoffrey, have I not tried? Have I not borne a great deal?" she pleaded.

"It was your own doing. You should have counted the cost," retorted he, half contemptuously.

A passionate pain showed itself on the woman's pallid face.

"Ah! I should—I should!" she answered, vehemently. "And I thought I had. But, oh! I never dreamed it would be such torture. Geoffrey, you are hard to me. I am your own mother, and I love you better than my life—a thousand times better. I would die to insure your happiness. Ah, me! it would be so much easier than to live in this fashion. You promised to come and see me before you left Oxford. I feared something had happened to you. I went almost wild with a mother's terror and agony until your letter came."

Her emotion did not seem to affect him in the least; but the soft red lips under the tawny mustache curled themselves into a sneer as he said, coldly:

"A woman's silly excitement! I wish you would learn common sense."

"Geoffrey," she cried out, in as sharp a voice as if suffering beneath some cramping pain, "how indifferent you seem! Oh, my boy—my handsome boy, whom I have idolized from the first moment you were laid in my arms, don't tell me that you no longer love your mother!"

The voice, the look, the pale, thin hands lifted imploringly toward him might have moved a heart of stone.

But Geoffrey Carlingford looked more annoyed than softened.

"Nonsense, mother! Don't go into heroics, I beg of you. Of course, I love you. But to show it at present is to be tabooed. Remember that you put me upon this path. Do you wish me to turn back now?"

"No, no. But you must have pity upon me, and give me a loving look or word when you can. You will never know what it has cost me, Geoffrey, to give you up. Sometimes when my hungry heart is wild with its longing I say to myself that it is my punishment for the deceit."

"If you love me so much, you ought to be happy, knowing that I am on the highroad to fortune," he said, carelessly, filliping the head from a nodding daisy in the grass with his riding-whip while he spoke.

"You are down at his grand house. I have seen it. I took a look at it yesterday, and said to myself that these people with whom I am staying little guessed that the handsomest and most gallant gentleman there was my Geoffrey—my own son. How grand you look this moment, Geoffrey! Not the finest gentleman there can equal you, I know. My darling, my darling, I buy it for you with my very heart's blood, it seems to me!"

"As I said before, mother, at the first it was your doing and not mine. But now that it has begun, there is no turning back. I dare say you might have secured me this same position and told the truth at the beginning. But what has begun must be carried out. Colonel Trente would never forgive the deception."

"Alack! Sometimes I think that myself, and oh, if it might have been—if it might!" she moaned.

"You torment yourself needlessly. Why can't you be patient and contented?"

"Because I love you so, Geoffrey. Because I hunger so for a kind word, a loving look from my boy. I do not think of my poverty, nor my hard work; no, not even of my loneliness, only of my longing to see you," she pleaded.

He looked at her impatiently.

"You must go away from here. I cannot have you stay. You betray yourself and me by every look and gesture. Why can't you be content to wait till everything is safe?"

"Have you any assurance from Colonel Trente?" she asked, anxiously.

"Not yet; but I feel sure that I am invited down to

test his liking for me. I feel confident of winning his good will and affection, if you will only keep away."

"And when he shows that you have won him over; when you are acknowledged as his adopted heir, then—then Geoffrey, will you tell him—will you take me for your mother then?"

"Of course, the moment it is safe. I would have told him before, but you would not allow it. Now it is too late to acknowledge such a deliberate deception, at least until I am secure in my position there. And I assure you I feel confident of success. Come, now, be a good little mother, promise me to go away from here. Here, take a kiss, and tell me if you don't think your Geoffrey will make as fine a master as any of the old Trentes have done, there at The Towers?"

He suddenly changed his manner. A sunny smile glinted over his handsome face—the smile which so few women would be able to resist—and bending down, he lifted her up in his arms, kissed her twice, and then putting her gently back, he laughed gayly, and shook out the reins.

Away flew the chestnut, and lifting his hat as he disappeared, Geoffrey Carlingford vanished from his mother's sight. She sat down there in the highway and cried heartily.

And yet as she wiped away the tears finally, she smiled proudly, and murmured:

"Oh, how handsome he is! There is no one like him. What a grand gentleman he makes—my noble Geoffrey. I must mind him; yes, I must mind him. Colonel Trente must not know who I am. No one must know until Geoffrey is secure in his position there."

And then slowly and thoughtfully she turned back upon the highway, and made her way over to one of the cottages on the cross street.

The owner of the cottage, a stout workingman with his shovel on his shoulder, came out of the door just as she approached it.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Carr," he said, respectfully. "You be like all the rest of the town's folk, off early admiring the green turf and the flowers, I suppose. My missis says she never knew the beat of such silliness. But I tell her it's just the oddness to you that the town sights would be for her. But your breakfast has been waiting half an hour and more."

"I'm sorry to make so much trouble. I mistook my way over the fields, and it made me longer back," answered she. "But I'll make it up to your wife, for I'll trim that bonnet for her, by-and-by, which troubled her so much yesterday."

And she who had called herself Mrs. Carr when she came down seeking lodgings a week before went in hastily and ate her breakfast quietly, and taking the ribbons and bonnet, she established herself at the window, where she could obtain a view both of the highway and the cross-road also.

Her deft fingers performed their work in a fashion that elicited warm encomiums from the housewife.

"My, what a master-hand you are at a bow, Mrs. Carr! That's a regular beauty now."

Mrs. Carr smiled languidly.

"It is my business," she said. "I work in a milliner's shop half the time."

"Oh, yes, I see; that's why your clothes all have such a gentlewoman's look, though they be——" The woman paused with native delicacy.

Mrs. Carr filled in the gap.

"Though they are well worn and thin? Yes, I am poor; I work for my living, and have hard work to get it sometimes. But I *will* treat myself to a breath of country air, as you see I have done now. If any of your friends want their bonnets made or trimmed, I shall be glad to do it, for then I can stay longer."

"I'll speak to 'em, surely. When they see how smart you've made mine they'll be sure to bring some of theirs."

Mrs. Carr glanced down at the well-worn dress she wore, and sighed. Was she thinking of Geoffrey's fine appearance and his handsome allowance from Colonel Trente? And did it occur to her that a very small portion of his superfluous trinkets would keep her in warmer shawls and fresher dresses? No; to do her justice, she had no reproaches of this sort for Geoffrey, even in her thoughts. If she grieved for anything, it was that the fine stitching she did for him could not be on finer linen, and still all her own gift. That the hose she knit must be of worsted, and not of silk. Colonel Trente's money was bestowed upon his *protégé*, and to be used for him solely. But she could not give up her boy's love, all of it, not even to Colonel Trente. And every cold glance or irritable word from him cut her to the heart. She was not a woman of strong character, but her affection for this only child redeemed her from real weakness. She was able to nerve herself to the most desperate thing that was possible for her—that is, giving up this boy out of her daily life, by means of this very idolatrous love for him. When she heard that Colonel Trente was looking about for a young relative entirely free from home ties, though of the most distant relationship, to whom he might give a gentleman's education, her heart leaped up with joy, even while it throbbed with the anguish of separation.

"If Geoffrey's mother stands in the way of this great good for him," she said, "his mother shall disappear."

And thus it happened.

Perhaps she might have faltered had she realized how every year of Geoffrey's life was to lift him further and further from her. But while she acknowledged all the bitterness and trial for herself, she had never yet faltered in her belief that she had done well and wisely for the youth himself.

And now, though she sighed often at first, she soon dispersed the melancholy in exultant visions conjured up by an active imagination of the handsome youth moving then at Trente Towers among the proudest and noblest of the county.

Geoffrey meantime galloped back to the mansion, and as he rode up the avenue caught a glimpse of Colonel Trente coming from the stables, and of Miss Thornton on the veranda.

"Be sure to rub him down well, John," he said to the groom, who took the chestnut from him. "He was full of life this morning, and gave me a fine gallop. So he may be a little warm. And doesn't that buckle chafe a little back of the ear? I wish you would see if it can't be loosened."

He did not appear to know that Colonel Trente was in hearing, but taking the case from the saddle walked on briskly toward the house.

"Thoughtful for his horse and fond of an early canter," soliloquized Malcolm Trente. "Excellent traits for a country squire, both of them. I like this young man exceedingly."

Geoffrey, with cheeks aglow and eyes bright and clear, ran lightly around to the veranda.

Miss Thornton was there in a white morning-robe. She looked both eager and interested.

"Your flowers, Miss Thornton, for the morning," he said, gayly, and opening the case, held it out for her to see the great ivory cups, which seemed all quivering with

life, as they were brimmed with perfume. She uttered an exclamation of delight.

"How beautiful! how perfectly beautiful!" she said, slowly. "And you have taken all this trouble for them."

"Do I look as if it had been a trouble?" he asked, taking off his hat again, and fanning himself lightly with it.

She could not refuse this challenge, so she lifted her eyes from the flowers to the handsome face, all aglow with joyousness.

It was a dangerous task. The white lids fell hastily, and a delicate pink flushed her cheeks.

"No, you do not. You have had your reward, I suppose, from the birds and the flowers and the morning zephyrs. Still, I thank you very much."

"I shall have my reward when I see you wear them. Have you faith in my discretion now? Are you afraid for to-morrow's flowers?" he asked.

"No," she answered, softly; "but it will be a pretty problem to wake to, the wondering what they will be."

"I know what I shall bring for your dinner-dress," he said, with a saucy smile. "And they shall become you as well as the water-lilies do. Might I see the smaller one in your hair, just there above your ear? Thank you. It is perfect, as you said. Not the flower alone, but both—the face and the flower, gracefully complimenting each other. I wonder is it not time for the breakfast-bell to ring? I am most unromantically hungry.

And then he went forward to meet the troop of ladies who appeared at the French windows of the little drawing-room beside the breakfast-room, and rallied them merrily upon their tardiness.

Algernon Thornton found his daughter still alone upon the veranda; but such a soft gleam of happiness shone in her eyes, and such tranquil peace was about the bright lips, that he said, as he kissed her:

"You are enjoying this visit, Maude. I am very thankful. Oh, I hope he will be fond of you."

She started a little, and blushed lightly.

"I did not suppose—I did not think that you noticed, papa," she began.

"As if I ever failed to watch your conquests, child," he interrupted, playfully. "But really I have most vital reasons for wishing you to win Colonel Trente's good-will."

Another little start.

It was not Colonel Trente of whom Maude Thornton was thinking, for whom she blushed so becomingly.

"I like him very much. I think he must be a grand man, papa."

"Be your most charming self while here, Maude," he said, tenderly, and proudly gave her his arm as he heard the breakfast-bell summoning those who were ready for it to the morning repast.

She paused a moment at a mirror to see that the beautiful lily was in fitting place amidst the waves of lace at her breast, and saw a pair of bright-blue eyes go promptly to it as she took her seat. Mrs. Thornton would not appear for an hour yet, so her father took Maude to her seat beside the host.

"My daughter has had her draught of morning air, Malcolm. She keeps up the old fashion, you see."

The host's eye came with genial look to the graceful figure, the highbred, beautiful face. Then it fell upon the lily still thrilling with the living whiteness and vivid life of the morning as it gleamed out from the foamwork of lace. A shadow fell upon his face, and he looked over to Algernon Thornton with some hidden meaning in his glance.

"Ay," he said, "the old fashion, indeed. Beautiful women and lilies. I could take my oath that came from the pond by 'Lovers' Retreat,' Miss Thornton; and it becomes you rarely."

The young lady smiled and bowed, but her father bit his lip nervously, and then skillfully led the talk upon a topic just then exciting much interest in the neighborhood.

But before breakfast was over, he contrived to say, in an undertone:

"Don't wear water-lilies again, Maude. I did not notice yours; they have painful associations for Colonel Trente."

Maude put up a hand to caress the flower, and thought:

"No, I shall not need to wear water-lilies again. He will bring another flower to-morrow, and I wonder—how silly I am to wonder so much!—what it will be."

CHAPTER X.

Goffrey Carlingford had been more than two weeks at Trente Towers, and was already so thoroughly familiar with everything and every one connected with the estate, and was, moreover, so plainly a favorite everywhere, that he might perhaps be pardoned for secretly looking upon himself as the chosen heir to all its grand possibilities and rich possessions.

"I like the young man, Rogers," said Malcolm Trente more than once during that fortnight. "He is a sunny-dispositioned fellow, and brightens everything and everybody. I think he will prove to be a wise, kind, unselfish man. Still I do not forget to take account of the fact that he is naturally on his best behavior before me. I trust to you, Roger, to find him out."

"I have my eye on him, sir," returned Roger.

But his master noticed that he committed himself to no judgment upon the youth.

"I wonder much where my Heidelberg student loiters," said Colonel Trente, presently. "I imagine he little suspects what vast interest he has in putting in a prompt appearance here."

But that very afternoon Philip Markham's card was brought into Colonel Trente's library, and its owner quietly followed it.

He explained the delay by saying that he had been called upon to assist an Englishwoman in sudden trouble. He did not flatter himself that his tardy appearance was of any account, except as he should have shown a prompt obedience to the wishes of one who had been so kind to him.

"I cannot well express my thanks for your generous assistance, Colonel Trente," Philip went on to say, earnestly. "But I trust that you will give me some work to do in return, which shall prove more conclusively than words how sensible I am of the debt I owe you."

There was a manly ring in these words which touched a sympathetic chord in Malcolm Trente's nature, and he answered, kindly.

"We will dispense with thanks, if you please. And as to work, that can be talked over later. Now, I wish you to enjoy a little holiday at Trente Towers. Be sure and consider yourself as welcome and as honored as any among my guests."

Still when the young man went away with Roger to the rooms allotted him, the master of the house acknowledged that the newcomer had not made so favorable an impression as the first claiment upon his hospitality.

The truth was that Philip was still absorbed in Violet's experience, and his thoughts were preoccupied and grave.

A TYPE OF BEAUTY.—BY PAUL BAUDRY, COMMANDER OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

It had been very hard to leave her with Miss Van Benthuysen after he saw the dull despair in the piteous eyes that turned their last appeal to him, as he said good-by. The look haunted him, and the sorrowful fate of the gentle girl weighed heavily upon his heart.

Besides, he felt uncertain and uneasy about Miss Van Benthuysen's treatment. While he had a secret assurance that in the end she meant to be kind, he had seen enough of her fitful temper and abrupt ways to guess how trying a companion she might be even for an equal, and how tyrannical a task-mistress she was for a dependent, poor Mitkins's cowed face and frightened demeanor plainly attested. His thoughts, therefore, were busy with Violet's prospects, and with the obscurity which seemed to hang over the identity of the mysterious aunt. How could he be light-hearted and gay, even though brought thus suddenly into this cheerful circle? The sight of these other girls so tenderly cared for, so happily circumstanced, hurt him, with the remembrance of her desolation.

His preoccupation of thought, however, did him this service: It quite removed any self-consciousness or timidity which might naturally have come to one so little accustomed to the society of fashionable ladies. So that he received his introduction to Colonel Trente's guests with ease and dignity.

The young ladies were thoroughly delighted with his advent. Here at last was a cavalier who would be sometimes at their service, and not always at Miss Thornton's beck and nod.

Belle Chilson went so far as to insist that at the end of the month every one would pronounce Philip the handsomer man of the two.

"It is not a face that strikes you at once," she said, sagaciously, nodding that curly head of hers; "but it grows upon you. Just see what clear, honest eyes he has. They do not flash out a blue splendor that dazzles you from a good look, but they meet yours frankly and honestly. They have nothing to conceal."

Philip knew nothing of this partisanship. He met the whole company with frank politeness, and did his best to promote general enjoyment. This was his duty to his host, and the thought originated and ended his interest.

But what was Violet Younge doing over there at the Rookery, where Miss Van Benthuysen held such grim reign? Was she grieving that sensitive heart of hers away, and pining and sickening under the dreary desolation upon her?

This was the eager questioning always in his mind, from which the most flattering attentions of these more fortunate maidens could not divert him.

He did not find many opportunities for any serious talk with his host, but the first he obtained he used promptly to make a plain statement of his expenses at Heidelberg, and to set forth as clearly as possible the results he had obtained from his study there.

"I am very glad to say that I was able to save from the generous sum you allowed me last year for traveling and vacation expenses. I made the tour of the Tyrolese mountains with a party of Germans on foot. And I was amazed to find how inexpensive they were able to make it; and yet we obtained a far more thorough knowledge of the country and inhabitants than I could have done in our English fashion, at treble the cost."

"I dare say," answered Malcolm Trente, secretly compelled to admire the young man's frank and honest ways. "It is a very good sign that you are not in debt, certainly."

"I have not touched the amount of money obtained by that last draft, and have still a respectable sum left from the previous supply. Will you allow me to consider it my capital for the start in life, sir?" asked Philip, eagerly.

"My dear fellow, I gave it to you outright. It is yours, not mine. I must confess that there are few young men who would not have scattered it all and been ready for more."

"Could I be so ungrateful, so dishonest as that?" began Philip. "Do I not owe enough to you already! Besides, I won a few prizes at the University, and by that means obtained my few extravagances."

He smiled as he touched a pair of fine cameos that buttoned his linen cuffs, and the intaglio in his satin cravat.

For the first time it occurred to Colonel Trente to wonder how it fared with his Oxford *protégé* in that respect. Geoffrey had accepted a twenty-pound note since he had been at The Towers. Now that his attention was recalled to the fact, he remembered this. He had intended offering the same to Philip, but in the preoccupation of his mind had forgotten it. He gave a more earnest examination to the quiet, sedate face beside him, and liked it better the more he gazed.

"You must put away all feelings of indebtedness, my friend," he said, kindly. "What I have done for you has been done for your mother's sake. To be sure, I knew her but a very little, but that little won my highest respect. And I have a plentiful income, with few direct claims upon it. I want you to enjoy this little holiday free from anxious thoughts. There is a gray horse in the stables especially for your use. I hope you are fond of the saddle?"

"I am sure that I shall be, but it will require a little practice, for I am more used to my two feet of late years than to any other method of locomotion," returned Philip. "Indeed, I shall improve your offer to ride over to Miss Van Benthuysen's."

"Miss Van Benthuysen's!" repeated Colonel Trente, in some astonishment. "How did you make her acquaintance, pray?"

"She was a fellow-traveler from Heidelberg. I took charge of her and of Mitkins," explained Philip.

Colonel Trente laughed.

"She found a youthful cavalier. Why, I must go over with you and make my call. Has her temper improved by foreign travel, I wonder?"

"It is a rough burr, rather. But I think there is a sound, sweet meat inside, sir," replied Philip, smiling.

"We will ride over before dinner this very day. Why, could they have got the Rookery in order in so short a time? I must invite her here."

Philip's heart bounded.

Would the invitation include Violet Younge? What might not this pleasant society accomplish for her? He spoke promptly:

"She brought a young lady with her, a young English girl whose father died very suddenly there in Heidelberg. Do you know any family of Younges in this vicinity, sir? The father's name was Horace Younge."

Had Malcolm Trente showed any sign of interest, Philip would have told him the whole story. But he did not. On the contrary, he seemed preoccupied and abstracted.

"Younge? I don't recall any one of that name," he said, listlessly, and then he added, musingly: "Poor Miss Van Benthuysen! I dare say you are right. And it is not strange she was soured and embittered."

And then he stared away, and was lost in a deep and painful revery.

Philip did not venture to interrupt it, but sat silently

turning over the loose engravings lying on the table beside him.

Geoffrey Carlingford came in and found them sitting thus. He gave one swift look, and then came forward with that bright, persuasive smile of his.

"My dear Colonel Trente, we are missing you sorely. The riding party are setting out, and I hope Brown Royal is to lead us. We shall be dull enough without you."

"Do you care for me? With so many young people I should rather expect to be *de trop*," answered Colonel Trente.

"It could not possibly be the same without you, sir," replied Geoffrey, with that smiling, deferential look of his which carried such subtle flattery with it.

"I will order Brown Royal and Gray Charlie saddled, and when we return, Mr. Markham, we will turn in at the Rookery and make our call. Roger will attend to you if you need anything," said Colonel Trente, rising from his seat and throwing off his abstraction.

"Thank you," rejoined Geoffrey Carlingford, and what a genuine look of tender solicitude he managed to throw into his gay blue eyes as he laid one shapely hand for a single instant on their host's shoulder! "Ah, my dear Colonel Trente, I thank you for going, for you looked weary, almost sad. The ride will do you good."

Malcolm Trente smiled back and felt a warm thrill at his heart.

What an engaging young fellow this was! Ah, if it could really be his own boy—his rightful heir!

Geoffrey went back to his preparations for the ride. As he came out with a gold-mounted riding-whip in his hand he passed Roger, who stood at a window looking down into the courtyard, where Philip Markham was mounting Gray Charlie.

"Roger, my man, who is this fellow—this Markham? He mounts as if he had never seen a horse and saddle before."

"He has been a close student at Heidelberg for four years, and had no chance for riding, sir."

"He struck me as lacking something," sneered Geoffrey. "I wondered if he could be a gentleman before. Now I understand."

"What, sir," said Roger, in the most respectful tone.

"Nothing particular, only you know I am confirmed in my first impression. The fellow knows nothing of good society. How very kind Colonel Trente is to invite him here! I dare say now that he has borne the fellow's expenses there."

He spoke in a tone of cold contempt, beneath which was also a little show of anger.

It was Geoffrey's first mistake at Trente Towers.

He looked upon Roger as a common servant, and did not deign to conciliate him, or to seek his good opinion. Besides, he never suspected that the old man could be his master's confidant in regard to his own affairs.

"Yes, sir, I shouldn't be surprised if he had. I know he has educated two young men. This may be one of them." answered Roger.

Geoffrey went off with a dawning uneasiness.

"He has educated another young man. By Jove, then, he may not yet have decided in my favor!" soliloquized he. "But surely I can distance such a stupid fellow. I must be very diplomatic, and lose nothing of the hold I already have."

The horses were being brought from the stables, and the barouche was already filled with the elderly ladies, when Philip rode out of the courtyard, having recovered his ease at this old pastime of his boyhood, and mastered the gait of the gray.

Maude Thornton was superb in her black velvet dress and dancing white feathers, mounted on an animal whose coat almost matched the velvet in hue and gloss.

Geoffrey wheeled to her side to say a few eager words, then rode gayly to the host.

"Colonel Trente, Miss Thornton bespeaks you for her attendant. If we ride three abreast it gives two ladies to each cavalier. Two ladies and a gentleman in each line. I am left over, and will skirmish from front to rear as emergency requires."

"The young coxcomb knows that he is never so handsome as when mounted on a horse," laughed Colonel Trente, as he turned his head to watch the chestnut and its graceful rider.

Maude Thornton followed his eyes and smiled, also. Geoffrey was in high spirits, and gave an unusual amount of his attention to the other ladies. He cantered to and fro, dropping a friendly observation or a gay jest here and there, and without seeming to do it, he called every one's attention to his splendid horsemanship, and challenged universal admiration.

Even Molly Chilson colored with pleasure when he rode beside her for a little time, and talked in that low, musical tone which hinted such subtle flattery through the most commonplace words.

Philip Markham had probably the least agreeable impression. For, though it was evidently done in a good-natured manner, and seemingly through the most friendly interest, he could not help perceiving that the slightest awkwardness or blunder on his own part was promptly perceived by Geoffrey Carlingford, and in one fashion or another instantly called to general notice.

"Take care, Markham; a good horseman never holds his rein like that. The horse may shy or trip."

And the next instant it would be in the most patronizing tone:

"You are getting on very well, Markham; but pray, don't stoop so much. Nothing is more unsightly than a stooping rider."

"All right," answered Philip, irritated at length into a retort. "I will try to improve the opportunity which provides a riding-master gratis. I dare say that a few days' experience under your instruction will bring me out presentable."

"The cub's vanity is a little wounded," laughed Geoffrey, in an undertone, to Maude Thornton. "I thought I would try to make him passable in appearance, if he is to ride much in our company."

"*You* kept a horse at Oxford, I judge," observed Colonel Trente, dryly, "but Mr. Markham assures me that he has not been mounted for half a dozen years. They worked him too hard at Heidelberg, or else he chose to put the expense into books. I am surprised that he should do so well."

Geoffrey shot a watchful glance toward the speaker's face. Did he know how much of the income allowed him for University expenses had really gone toward the keeping of a splendid thoroughbred? And was he aware of a certain unpaid bill still lying in the livery-keeper's hands, awaiting collection?

He decided that it was wise to leave Philip to his own devices, and began talking eagerly to his fair companion about the beauties of the country lying immediately under their view, and expatiating eloquently upon the sound pleasures of country life.

And presently Colonel Trente was smiling upon him in restored good-humor. If he had a hobby, this was it. And the young fellow had been quick to learn the lesson, and to guess its favorable bearing upon his own interests.

A brisk gallop down a long descent broke up all conversation soon after this, and when they gathered together again, with cheeks flushed with exercise and eyes brightened with the pleasure of it all, Colonel Trente had dropped behind and joined Philip.

"If we are to make that call upon the Rookery, Markham, we should leave the party here. The ladies will excuse you for an hour or so. And we shall be home in season for dinner," he said, and led the way into the right-hand road, while the others took the left.

Chapter XI.

"It looks like a pleasant drive, sir," said Philip, with a sigh of relief, when he found himself alone with Colonel Trente upon the shady road.

Colonel Trente smiled.

"I see you were not sorry to escape. I fear your attendance upon the ladies is scarcely congenial."

"I think it is rather that I am pleased to be on my way to the Rookery," answered Philip, frankly.

"So you found Miss Van Benthuysen that attractive? She must have mellowed with age."

"Perhaps she has shown me the most agreeable phase of her character," began Philip. "I confess to a secret attraction toward her, even when I am angry and indignant with her."

"And even that is nothing to astonish one, if my memory serves me right. She can be very hard, very overbearing."

"Oh, I hope not!" ejaculated Philip.

"But she was," reiterated Malcolm Trente.

Philip sighed, for he was thinking of Violet Younge.

Colonel Trente sighed, and he, too, was thinking of a fair young girl at Miss Van Benthuysen's mercy. But the one man's thoughts were in the future and the other's in the past.

Then they rode on silently, alike lost in pensive thought.

The house was not a particularly imposing one, a heavy, rambling structure with a patched look, from the efforts of different generations to make improvements. But the avenue and grounds were magnificent, and they were in fine order. The people left in charge had, for many years, had no other field of active labor, and so while the rooms of the great mansion had been closed up, and only opened for semi-annual cleaning from dust and cobwebs, the grounds outside had received all possible care.

As they rode around the broad sweep of fir-bordered avenue, Philip caught a glimpse of a white dress upon a side veranda, before which a pair of peacocks were strutting in regal pride.

"She is still here, at all events," he said to himself, and his heart gave a sudden throb of joy.

Colonel Trente's face had grown paler, and there were lines about his lips which suggested a stern control held over him to keep down some inward tremor. But he led the way unfalteringly up the long flight of steps, and he touched the glittering ring held in the great lion's mouth with a firm grasp which sent the summons ringing out resonantly.

The footman appeared promptly, and led the way to a small parlor opening off the veranda. The French door was half way open, and just outside a basket of gay wools betrayed the neighborhood of feminine presence.

The man went out into the hall again with their cards, but in a moment they heard his footsteps on the veranda without, and his low, murmuring voice.

Then came a little silvery cry.

"Oh, Miss Van Benthusyen, *he* is here." And a more discordant voice broke in sharply.

"Malcolm Trente! I certainly did not expect that. Be still, you silly child; you would like to fly in to him, like the tamed bird to the master's hand, but you shall not do it. Remain here; if I think it proper I will send him out here."

Philip flushed guiltily, and glanced askance at his companion. But the latter was standing before a small water-color view which, framed in ebony and gold, stood upon the mantel. His face was deadly pale and working convulsively.

Philip started toward him in deep concern, but, at the instant Miss Van Benthuysen's tall, thin figure appeared at the French window.

She swept forward without a glance at Philip.

"Malcolm Trente, I am glad to see you in my house again."

He turned and passed a hand hastily across his face, as if he thought he might thus wipe out the signs of agitation.

"Valeria, I am more glad to meet you than to be in this house," he answered. "You see that I am not yet strong enough to—see that."

He pointed toward the picture.

Miss Van Benthuysen knit her brows together in a frown.

"It was a foolish freak of mine to bring it out, but I meant it for my own discipline. I did not think of your seeing it. I remember now, you were here when it was painted."

"Yes, I was here."

And the deep voice had almost a sob in it.

She stared at him gloomily a moment, and then laughed her shrill, mocking laugh.

"Why," she said, "how much stronger women are than men, when the real test is applied! *I* could see it and never shrink."

"Ah," he said, "but the meaning is not the same for you."

"Is it not? Look again, Malcolm Trente."

How her eyes flashed! What a deadly scorn was in them as she pointed her long thin finger at an open box beneath the picture, in which sparkled a ring set with diamonds.

He looked, and yet did not seem to be enlightened.

"You men are all selfish monsters," she said again, in that clear, cold voice. "I understand at a glance all that the picture said to you; what soft looks it conjured up; what mild, sweet words it spoke to you, and how the ghost of the present stalked in, and laid its freezing finger-tip upon the glowing vision of the past. But you—you need me to tell you in so many words that there is the bethrothal ring which once—fond fool that I was—I kissed with such mad devotion.

He looked at her a moment pitifully. Then he moved toward her with outstretched hand.

"My poor Valeria! And all these years you have kept a scornful front, and borne the bitter grief alone."

Philip Markham had hitherto remained transfixed with astonishment at this strange interview. He caught a nervous breath now, and slipped out of the still half-opened door.

What a sweet relief it was to see the graceful figure there on the veranda, with loosely clasped hands and eager, expectant face, upon which a smile broke radiantly when he appeared. It was like coming out of a nightmare into a happy home scene.

It did not seem to him at that moment that they could

belong to the same sisterhood, that fierce, tragic woman within, and this sweet young girl in her gentle grace and beauty.

She rose hastily and came a step to meet him.

"Oh, I was so afraid she would not send you out.

"She is—very generous. She says I may live with her. But—but——"

"Well," and he smiled encouragingly.

The tears rose and swelled till they threatened to overflow the soft blue eyes.

FEEDING THE ORPHANS.

"I did not ask her. I have not spoken yet with her. But I knew you were here, and I came," he answered.

"I hope she will not be angry," faltered Violet Younge, glancing apprehensively at the glass door.

"Are you so afraid of her?" he asked, sorrowfully. "Tell me, is she unkind to you?"

"I—don't understand other—ladies. I don't like ladies. I am afraid." He tried not to smile, and only succeeded because he hastened to cover it with speech.

"It is a pity you have not had more of other girls' society. By-and-by you will scold me if I say that they are not as agreeable companions as men."

"But I know they are not. I shall always know it," she retorted, promptly. "I have tried so hard to please Miss Van Benthuysen, but I cannot find out what it is she likes. She says one thing in the morning, and in the afternoon she scolds if I follow exactly what she told me then. Men are not so. If I once find out what they like I am sure about it. Do all women say things they do not mean? Miss Van Benthuysen makes me fairly tremble sometimes, beneath the biting words she speaks, and when I cry she says she did not mean it."

"I am very sorry," said Philip, slowly, in real distress at the situation. "I am afraid there is nothing really better for you quite yet."

"And you have found nothing—no word from my Aunt Anne? I must give up all hope of her?" she asked, with quivering lips.

"I can hear nothing. But I have had little time at my command. No one knows of her at Trente Towers. I shall inquire anxiously wherever I go. Yes, it is really generous and kind in Miss Van Benthuysen to keep you here, to give you this safe home while your prospects are so uncertain. Try to think of that; and remember, too, that she has had some great trial, which has left her soured and embittered. But under all her eccentricities I do believe that she has a kind heart, and that she means to be a good friend to you. Promise me, dear Miss Younge, that you will try to like Miss Van Benthuysen."

"Oh, indeed I will; and, indeed, I do try all the time. But—oh, Mr. Markham, tell me, is there anything strange about my eyes?"

"About your eyes," he repeated, looking smilingly into the lovely blue orbs upturned so wistfully to his. "Why, yes, they are the match for your name. Do you want a compliment, Miss Violet?"

"But sometimes when she is talking to me so kindly and pleasantly, all at once she will meet my eyes, and start back as if they had struck or stabbed her. Then she will speak her bitter, sarcastic words, as if—as if—I had done something deserving punishment. And, indeed, I cannot tell what my eyes have done."

"Why should you blame the poor, innocent eyes? It is a strange idea!"

"Ah, but it is true. And it was so with papa. But then he told me what it was, because they hurt him with their look of my mother. I have been so thankful to you that you have never seemed to mind them," she added, artlessly.

'Haven't I! I am not so sure. They have haunted me every night of this week. But then I bear no ill-will to the eyes themselves."

And Philip laughed softly to himself.

"And you wish me to stay here," she asked, presently, "if Miss Van Benthuysen will keep me?"

"I certainly do—that is, if she will keep you in kindness. I would not have you miserable here by means of cruel treatment. But it is a safe home. You will gain much experience, and she, perhaps, may be softened and conciliated, How happy it would make me to see her learn to love you as she ought! How much good it would do her, and what a benefit it might be for you!"

The blue eyes opened widely.

"*I* might do Miss Van Benthuysen good!" she repeated, slowly. "That seems too preposterous to believe."

"But it is what I hope for," persisted Philip, perceiving that the new idea was a pleasing one.

"Oh, I will try. You wish it so much, I ought to accomplish it somehow."

"Then I am sure you will succeed. Now let me tell you about the great house where I am visiting. I think it will amuse you. How I wish you might be one of the guests there! What a benefit it might be to you besides. And yet I am sure I would not like you much changed, Miss Violet."

"Ah, you are so kind to me!" she said; "no one will ever be like you."

"Wait till you see a young Apollo who is turning all the heads of the young ladies over at Trente Towers. How you will laugh, then, in supreme disdain at this unsophisticated opinion of yours."

The sweet lips set themselves firmly, the great blue eyes looked up fearlessly to his as she returned:

"There may be an Apollo or a Narcissus, I dare say. I don't know; I don't care; but you—you are Philip, my king, my king!"

"If that is so, the king—this king will wear no *fleur de lis*, no rose, no thistle or shamrock upon his breast. He will claim the modest Violet."

Philip's face was all aglow as he said it, but the girl's, though very happy, was as calm and still as a Summer lake.

He took her little hand in his, and lifting it to his lips, dropped his first kiss upon it.

"*My* Violet," he said, meaningly, "while this Philip is the king he claims his Violet. Will you remember that?"

"As if I could ever forget it," answered she, and yet so artlessly, with such a childlike smile, that it did not seem quite the triumph his jubilant heart had hoped for.

"I wonder if we ought to go in," he said, presently, his thoughts reverting to that strange tableau he had left behind him when he stole forth. "I wonder," he added, inwardly, "what it all means?"

While the thought was still in his mind, Miss Van Benthuysen's tall, angular form was seen emerging from the veranda door, and behind her followed Colonel Trente.

"Well, gallant sir, you gave the younger lady the first greeting. That is natural, I suppose," said she, "but I hope my fellow-passenger is well and happy. Colonel Trente, this is my youthful friend, Miss Violet Younge."

Colonel Trente advanced with a polite smile upon his face, but his expression was listless and absent.

Violet timidly extended her hand, and lifted her sweet young face to look into his.

He had almost touched her hand when his gaze fell upon her. Then with a low groan he fell backward, almost reeling against Philip's interposing arm.

"Good heavens! Good heavens!" he murmured, with ashen-gray lips.

"What is it?" cried Philip, in alarm. "Miss Van Benthuysen, will you order a glass of wine?"

"I know where it is, I will bring it myself, exclaimed Violet, looking ready to cry, and she whispered to Philip, drearily:

"Oh, these eyes; these dreadful eyes of mine!"

And she sped away swiftly, but was soon back again with a tray and a glass of wine and a bottle of water.

Colonel Trente had taken a seat in the garden chair, but his hand shook so that Philip was obliged to hold the glass to his lips. He drank it greedily, and then closed his eyes, and leaned his head back for a few moments, evidently struggling desperately for composure.

"You were right, Valeria," he said, with a feeble smile, when at length he unclosed his eyes; "men *are* weaker than women. And I have had much anxiety lately, and am, as you see, completely unnerved to-day. Pardon me, young lady."

He did not glance again toward her, but if he had he would have seen little, for poor Violet resolutely kept

the long fingers drooping over those naughty eyes. Miss Van Benthuysen kept hers upon him in respectful interest, and yet Philip fancied there was a malicious sparkle of triumph in them.

"This is the Miss Younge we met abroad, Colonel Trente. Perhaps it will not be best——"

"Yes, it will; certainly, it will," interrupted Colonel Trente, in a stronger voice. "After the shock of the surprise I shall find comfort in this strange likeness. We came out, Miss Younge, to invite you to join our party at The Towers. Miss Van Benthuysen has kindly consented to come. She finds this house not yet thoroughly dried from its long dampness. We have plenty of young ladies there, and I hope we can make you enjoy it. At all events, I am sure that Mr. Markham will do his best to secure that end. Will you come?"

"I shall do as Miss Van Benthuysen says. She must tell me what is right, how to behave," answered Violet, timidly; "but I should not think you would like me there."

"Because I was overcome to-day by your likeness to one I loved very dearly. Nay, my child, you will be all the dearer for it, I am sure."

"Then I will come. Oh, Philip, will it not be beautiful?"

But the smile was frozen on the fresh young lips by a withering look from Miss Van Benthuysen's steely eyes.

"Philip! heyday, we are getting on swiftly, I should think. You will need plenty of teaching, young woman."

Violet stood silent and trembling, and Philip could not forbear to interpose.

"It is my fault. I made her say Philip a little while ago. We seem so long acquainted, you know, Miss Van Benthuysen. Why, you know very well I am as much at home with you as with—an aunt or a mother, and, natuarally enough, she thinks of me as a——"

The "brother" he meant to say stuck in his throat; he could not endure the word in this connection.

Miss Van Benthuysen laughed.

"Well, well, we will let it pass this time; but, pray, let it never be repeated. We shall pass for heathen at Trente Towers if we are not careful. Well, Colonel Trente, I think we will come to-morrow. I am thankful to escape, and give the house another week's airing—that is the truth. For a rheumatic fever is no jesting matter, and I've had all the acquaintance with one that I care for. Where did I leave the ermine cape, Violet? I am getting chilly now."

Violet meekly went for the garment, and when she returned the gentlemen were taking leave.

"You are sure that you are quite recovered, Malcolm?" asked Miss Van Benthuysen, for the twentieth time.

"Quite sure, thank you. Everything will be ready for you to-morrow."

The color had come again into his face, but there were lines of evident suffering, whether mental or physical, about his lips, and a cloud in his eyes all the way back to The Towers, which was passed in unbroken silence after he asked:

"Why did you not tell me about this Miss Younge before?"

"I mentioned her, sir, and I asked if you knew such a family. It was the aunt I spoke about particularly. Her father died before my eyes."

"And the mother?"

"She never knew her mother. I think she died at Violet's birth, but I am not sure."

"Strange! strange!" murmured Colonel Trente, and fell again into his brown study.

Philip had his own perplexing questioning: What was Miss Van Benthuysen after? For there was something in her scheming brain, he was certain, to be set in train to further a plot of some sort. He had read that malicious sparkle in her eye correctly before—how should he seize upon her meaning now? And how should he compel her to tell him where to find the secret clew to Violet's kin and rightful home? For that she knew he was thoroughly convinced.

Meantime, the equestrian party had arrived long ago at The Towers.

Geoffrey Carlingford was in the garden, selecting its most perfect blossom for Maude Thornton's dinner costume. He heard the cantering hoofs, and came around to a spot which gave him a view of the dismounting-post. His secret uneasiness was thoroughly dissipated by the first glance at the host's grave, tired face.

"Humph! not much enjoyment or satisfaction in that ride," he said to himself. "I've never allowed him to wear such a face as that when I have been his companion. A stupid lout! I don't see that I need to be alarmed, after all."

Chapter XII.

"Mitkins, send Miss Violet to me at once; and take out all those fur mantles to be well beaten before I select which I will carry over to The Towers," commanded Miss Van Benthuysen, early the next morning when she returned to her room from the light breakfast which she allowed herself nowadays in place of the old time cup of coffee and roll in bed.

And as Mitkins stopped an instant to open those half-closed, narrow eyes of hers, she added, tartly:

"Now, stop and look at me ten minutes or so before you obey my order! You are certainly the most trying creature, Mitkins, that ever mortal before endured. *Will* you go and do my errand? or must I throw something at you to wake you out of your stupor?"

Mitkins gave a frightened jump, as if she seriously expected a missile to follow the words, and darted out of the room.

"I must lay out my plans," muttered Miss Van Benthuysen. "I must consider all things well before I make my entrance. It is a streak of good fortune to find such a company assembled there, to be sure. The Thorntons, the grand seignor, the lady wife, the beautiful daughter. Oh, ho! but it will be keen sport for me to watch them all! And these two young men. So, so. Malcolm Trente has other ideas now than to leave all that fine property to Algernon Thornton. Good! so far so well. But I shall have lost my old cunning if I do not find a way to further my favorite's cause. The honest young fellow never suspects what his visit means, I'll be bound. Ah, there you are, Violet," and she proceeded in the same tone, almost as if continuing on the soliloquy. "Come here, child; we haven't much time to waste, and I must have a serious talk with you. First, what do you say, can you endure me any longer?"

Violet raised her eyes in profound amazement, and then dropped them suddenly, and the color flushed all her face.

"Dear lady," she said, sorrowfully, "I am afraid that I do not deserve to obtain the chance. I have not been grateful enough to you for your kindness to a desolate creature like myself."

"Tush!" interrupted Miss Van Benthuysen, curtly; "don't let's waste the time in absurd compliments. You haven't grown very fond of me yet. I wouldn't pretend

that I had, if I were you, because I have a faculty of reading through pretence. As for myself, I don't know just what my own impressions about you are. But I do know this: I like Philip Markham heartily, and it will be a great relief to him if you are safely under my protection. So at present I am caring for you especially for his sake."

Violet looked up eagerly and unclosed her lips to speak, but Miss Van Benthuysen lifted a hand to restrain her.

"Wait; it is very impolite to interrupt people; when I am through you may take your turn. At present we will enter into this arrangement. You are my guest on Philip Markham's account. Any thanks to be given should come from him. Still, it is no more than justice to you for me to say that I am very capricious in my likings. The young man may act like a fool next week, and quite disgust me. Then your claims would be rather embarrassing, unless I had learned to like you on your own account by that time. I can't promise anything definite on that score; but it has occurred to me that I might find you quite useful as a companion in Mitkins's place, even if I dropped you from the *rôle* of both guest and friend. Mitkins is getting stupid and tiresome. You are younger and decidedly brighter. If the worst came to the worst, you see, I could hire you for my companion, and you need not therefore fear to be turned out penniless upon the world. Now I will hear what you have to say."

Poor Violet! her heart was sinking lower and lower as these hard, cold words fell in their sharp, monotonous key upon her ears.

She had been dwelling fondly upon the idea suggested by Philip—to do good to Miss Van Benthuysen, to soften her asperities, and to stir that frozen nature with the redeeming tide of love.

The desired Eden of such a result seemed as far away now as the ice-bound, unknown Northern sea from the glowing Tropic gardens. So she looked up sadly and only answered:

"There cannot be much for me to say. But I am grateful to you, and I wish I might be of use to you."

"And you accept the present situation?" demanded Miss Van Benthuysen, looking at her sharply.

The fair young head was drooping; the long-fringed eyelids fell upon the soft cheek, but a single bright drop slipped through them, and plashed upon her clasped hands.

"Certainly, unless I find my Aunt Ann."

"Your aunt is dead. Have they not told you so? Why do you cling to such an absurd hope, child?"

"Because it seems too cruel for any one to be left so desolate. Because something in my heart tells me that somewhere there is some one loving me, and waiting for me to find her," answered Violet, with subdued passion in her silvery voice.

How fair and sweet she looked standing there in her girlish grace, with her bowed head and lowered eyes and clasped hands! Enough to have melted any common heart into tenderest compassion.

Even Valeria Van Benthuysen seemed touched. She put out her hand to lay it on the drooping head, but the movement made a little rustle of the silken sleeve, and Violet looked up, those wonderful blue eyes flashing full into her benefactress's face.

The latter felt as if she had been struck by a keen-edged poniard, but she had wonderful self-command. She only drew back her hand, laughed shrilly, and rising from her chair, said, contemptuously:

"I am surprised at myself for wasting so much time in such sentimental talk. Now let us go to work. You must have your trunks all opened, and let me see what your wardrobe contains. We are going into very fashionable society, even though we are to visit at a neighbor's house. Tell Mitkins to come with us into your chamber. She must spread out everything for my inspection. I can send an order over to town to supply any deficiency that I discover, and the things will be sent directly to The Towers."

The next two hours were fully occupied with this proceeding. Violet was somewhat surprised at the extent of the lady's interest. She required every box to be opened, every parcel unfolded, and when the girl said, deprecatingly, in a faltering voice, as she pointed to the last unopened trunk, "This is papa's. Philip packed it, and I have never yet opened it," Miss Van Benthuysen's light eyes flashed their iciest glare.

"Open it now. It should be thoroughly searched. How do you know but there may be some clew to your aunt in there?"

Violet made no further objection. She sat with hands clasped as tight as well might be, and lips firmly compressed to keep down the moan that ached within, while Mitkins's unfeeling hands took out familiar articles of apparel, and well-known toilet cases, and pieces of *bric-à-brac* picked up here and there in their long wanderings over Europe, and endeared to her by so many childish memories.

Every box was carefully examined, and its contents thoroughly displayed before those keen eyes by the patient Mitkins. But the portfolio was taken into Miss Van Benthuysen's own hands, and sifted through by those long, bony fingers of hers.

It contained only the materials for correspondence, and the card which Philip had found and copied, containing the Welsh address.

"Did he never keep his letters, pray?" asked the gaunt explorer, in a tone of keen disappointment.

"No, they were always destroyed, and he wished me always to burn mine," replied Violet, meekly.

"Not even a penciled line in any of the books?" pursued Miss Van Benthuysen, as angrily as if she had been personally abused. "Incomprehensible that he should not have some time forgotten his caution. Well, he has gone on, and shut the door behind him. That is all there is about it. What is that?"

Mitkins had opened a small box bearing a "Rome" shop label, and a quaint old-fashioned medallion was displayed.

Violet started up with a stifled cry.

"I had forgotten it. Papa said it was for me; that I was to wear it, and never to part with it, when he had once given it to me. But he never gave it. Oh, I will take it now! Give it to me."

But Miss Van Benthuysen's claw-like fingers reached in between, and seized the trinket before it reached her hand.

"So! a locket, perhaps. A miniature, possibly."

But she was disappointed. It held a Roman mosaic of the Forum and its broken columns.

She turned it over slowly, and examined the raised wreath of the edge carefully.

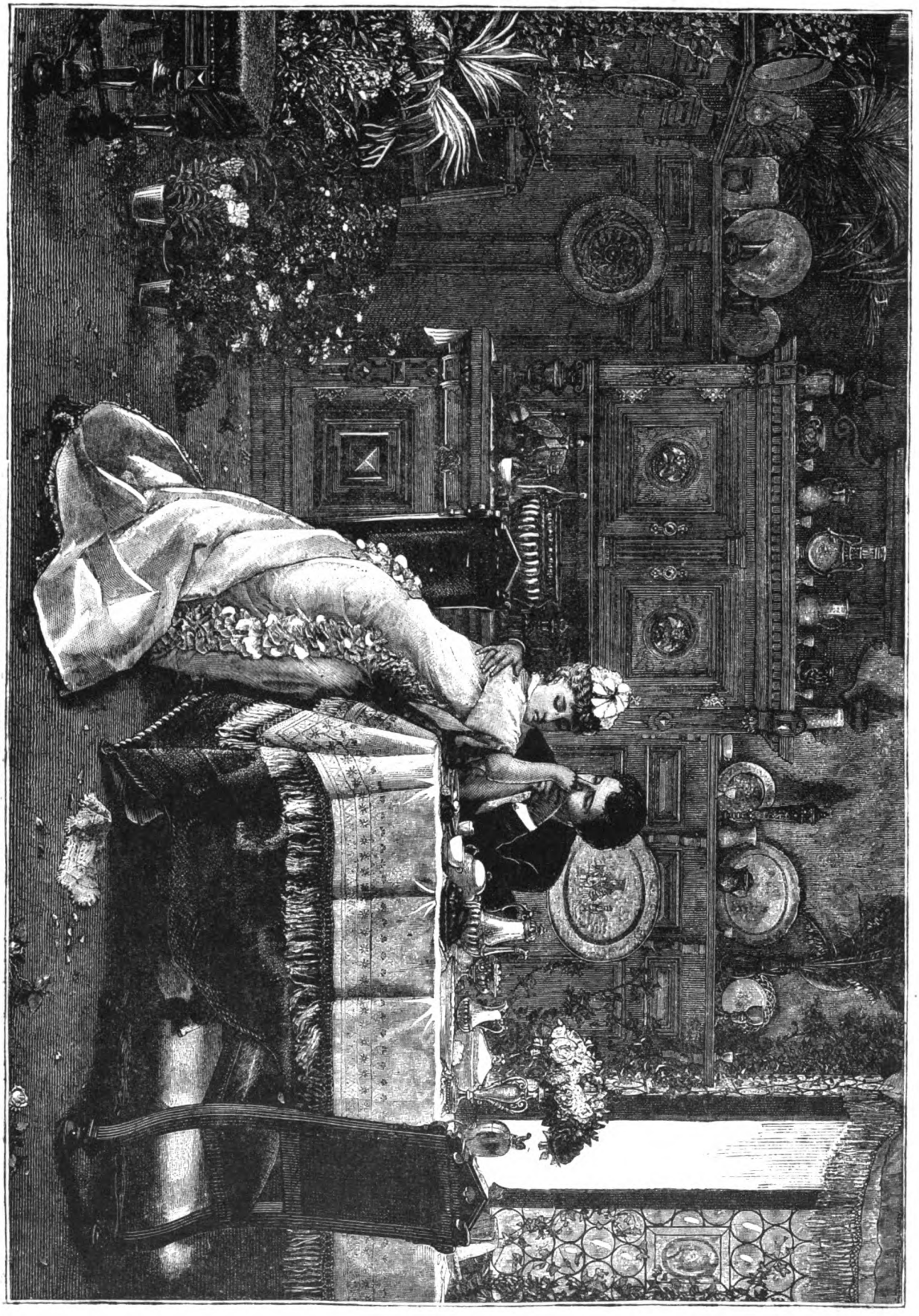
"It is a clumsy thing. Why is it so thick?"

"The mosaic's are bungling," volunteered Mitkins, "always bungling."

"Who asked for your opinion?" demanded her amiable mistress, tartly. And Mitkins subsided.

Violet stood with her hand still outstretched.

But Miss Van Benthuysen coolly shook the medallion, and even rapped it smartly upon the arm of her chair.



THE HONEYMOON.—FROM A PAINTING BY MADRAZO.

"Exasperating!" she muttered, when at length she threw it down upon the table.

Violet took it up, looked at it wistfully, and hid it in the folds of her dress.

"Well," broke in the mistress of the Rookery, "to come back to the question of dress. Thanks to your continental observations, you have really a good taste. You will only need an evening dress or two. You will wear your white dresses and the black ribbons. I really think they suit you, especially if I make over to your use an amethyst set of mine, whose old-gold setting will complete the picture, and make you quite pansyish. Now then, I will drive over to the town, and give my orders. Put those things back as quickly as you can, Mitkins, and come directly to me after it is done."

She swept away as she spoke, her ermine mantle dragging behind her.

Meantime, at The Towers their approaching visit had been proclaimed, and produced quite a ripple of excitement among the guests gathered there.

"Of all things in the world, I have most desired to meet Miss Van Benthuysen," declared Mrs. Chilson. "Such odd stories as the major tells about her! Well, we shall have no lack of entertainment now, to be sure."

"Oh, mamma, is it not this Miss Van Benthuysen who was all ready to be married, and had actually her wedding-dress on, with the dressmaker looping it, when the news was brought her that the bridegroom had eloped?" asked one of the daughters, eagerly.

"The very same. But don't speak so loudly. Colonel Trente mustn't hear us. You know everybody thought he was entangled, or deeply in love, or something, with the eloper. But, oh! the strange things they tell of this Miss Van Benthuysen!"

And a circle of curious listeners gathered about her to hear it all.

This gossip naturally deepened the interest awaiting the appearance of the newcomers; and at the usual hour for gathering in the small drawing-room to await the announcement of dinner no one was tardy.

Every one was present awaiting with evident, though suppressed, excitement the new arrivals.

Even the great statesman's voice faltered, and his attention wandered, in the discussion into which one of the other gentlemen had drawn him. It meant something more than ordinary to him, also, to take Valeria Van Benthuysen again by the hand.

But the most nervous person of all present there was Philip Markham. He had been listening to this strange story, which explained much, and hinted far more. He had heard the long discussion between Mrs. Thornton and Mrs. Chilson over Miss Van Benthuysen's romantic history and eccentricity. But his thoughts had been with Violet. The charge of this gentle girl's welfare had seemed thrust upon him by the hand of Providence, and his heart was also in the task.

He was asking himself over and over again how she would bear this sudden introduction into so new a world. He glanced about the handsome apartment, with its groups of elegantly dressed and highbred people. He studied the aristocratic and stately Maude Thornton, and wondered if everything would overwhelm this unsophisticated child; if her natural grace would fail her.

"They shall not sneer at her, nor jest, while I am here," he resolved, fiercely. "I will be watchful every moment to turn any cruel shaft from that defenseless head."

The momentous moment came at last. The door was thrown open, and the announcement made in the servant's most impressive voice:

"Miss Van Benthuysen—Miss Younge."

Malcolm Trente stepped forward promptly. He was paler than usual, but he wore a tranquil smile, and his arm was ready when that tall, thin figure emerged to the focus of every eye.

Philip caught his breath, and longed to cry out "Bravo!"

For Miss Van Benthuysen—old, wan, sharp-featured, and angular as she was—was gotten up in the most magnificent and stately style—nay, more than that, with the most admirable and artistic effect.

A black velvet swept in long rich folds down to the carpet, and trailed behind her, its glossy ebon hue unbroken save by one flounce of priceless lace which was twisted carelessly across it in scarf-fashion. The square corsage was filled in with lace, also fine and rare, and trebly worth its weight in diamonds, and gleaming out from it was a line of ruby fire, whose vivid color was almost matched by her lips, and its flash by the glitter of those strange, pale eyes.

A single ruby, set in brilliants, swung at either ear. Her face was cold and proud, and perfectly self-possessed.

Behind came a soft figure, simply robed in India muslin, with knots of black ribbon fluttering here and there. The only ornament a necklace of amethysts quaintly set in old-gold.

There was a deeper rose upon the soft young cheeks; the long lashes drooped their golden shadow over the eyes. Philip was able to detect a nervous tremor of the sweet, grave lips, but no one unfamiliar would have guessed it.

She went about the room with Colonel Trente and Miss Van Benthuysen, receiving the introductions with a sweet, shy grace all her own, which, to Philip, at least, was irresistible. He looked proudly into her face when his turn came, and said, in a low voice, to Miss Van Benthuysen:

"*Bravo! bravissimo!*"

She flung him an amused glance.

"So you are satisfied, young sir. Well, at all events, we haven't furnished them with free amusement. Take care of this child. I am going to dinner with the great statesman, and don't want my powers disturbed by side distractions."

Philip was only too ready. But he had tact enough to win her friends instead of enemies, by taking his Violet directly into the group of young ladies.

"Miss Younge is so anxious to know you all," he said.

And straightway began to lead the conversation himself, and in such a brilliant fashion as astonished himself quite as much as the listeners. But every now and then he broke off to say:

"Oh, Miss Younge can tell you that. She knows that gallery quite by heart. Please tell us, Miss Younge."

And before she knew it Violet was talking earnestly, quite forgetful of her shyness. She even spoke voluntarily at the dinner-table, when her neighbor at the left, a learned *savant*, was trying to recall a passage of Homer's which baffled his memory, and gave the completing words quietly and coolly.

Philip smiled at his look of astonishment when the *savant* turned his spectacles upon the girlish face of the prompter.

"How stupid I was!" he murmured.

"You? Never! What do you mean?" asked Violet.

"I was tormenting myself all the morning, fearing that you would suffer from timidity and embarrassment here. I might have known better," he answered.

"Well," she returned, with a wise shake of that golden-tressed head, "so I should if I had not known you were

here. I am never much afraid when you are near me, because——"

"Because—tell me the rest, innocent flatterer."

"Why, I know that you will take care of me," and the wide blue eyes turned their tender light full upon him.

Philip fervently wished they were alone at that moment, and then he smiled to himself at this most unconventional dinner-talk.

"Please heaven, I will," he answered, earnestly.

"I think heaven meant it," mused Violet, "for you were there, you know, only you, when papa fell. And what would have become of me but for you?"

"Have you noticed the young ladies much? What do you think of Miss Thornton?"

"She is like a princess. A throne ought to be carried around with her. I don't think I could approach her any nearer than to kneel at the steps."

"And the others?"

"They seem very pleasant, but—don't they laugh too much?"

"They are very good-natured. I hope you will be intimate with them," he ventured, repressing his smile of amusement at her critical acumen.

Again she shook that graceful little head in proud decision.

"No, not *intimate*. I don't think I shall ever care very much for girls."

"You will change your opinion when you know more of them."

But here Philip's attention was called to his neighbor on the other side, and when he turned back he found the girl talking with eager interest to the *savant* concerning some Greek relics which she had seen in Athens.

There was a peculiar charm about her simple, straightforward, matter-of-fact way of dealing with topics so unusual to the interest or knowledge of girls, that completely won the old *savant*. And there was no more opportunity for Philip to lead the conversation to personal matters. He entertained himself by watching and listening, and more than once he thought:

"She is right. She will always be more at ease with men than with women. Education has deepened the natural bent into a confirmed habit. How thankful I am that I also am a man!"

"You have made a conquest," he said, jestingly, when he rose to open the door for her when the ladies retired.

"Ah!" returned she, "I never dared look straight into his face, lest he also should find that dreadful something in my eyes. I hide them all I can."

Yet when she entered the drawing-room and sat down listlessly to pass the time until Philip should appear, Miss Van Benthuysen beckoned to her, and said, authoritatively:

"Why do you keep your eyes hidden so much? When I call you to me by-and-by, if you find me talking with any gentleman, look up to him, and not down in, this babyish fashion."

She swept away again, without deigning any further explanation.

The Chilson girls and two others came swarming about her presently, but Violet was wretchedly ill at ease amidst their incessant chatter. Their fashionable gossip, whether of people or clothing, was like so much meaningless babble, and she was thankful when the gentlemen came pouring into the room again.

It was but a little time after this that Miss Van Benthuysen's high voice called her name.

"My dear, you can tell us about this St. John—was it in Munich or Dresden? Come here, Violet."

She came, and found Algernon Thornton holding an engraving in his hand.

Remembering her instructions, Violet looked full into his face as she answered:

"In Munich, in the new Pinakothek."

The engraving dropped at her feet before the sentence was completed, and the hon. member's hand shook as with an ague, when he stooped to take it up again.

Miss Van Benthuysen smiled grimly.

"There, that will do, child; go back to the young people."

And Violet went, but whispered again to Philip:

"Oh, my dreadful eyes! There is no end to the mischief they do."

"Very likely," replied Philip, merrily. "Try them, please, on the Adonis yonder. His own are as blue, but with what a different look!"

"I don't like him, though he is as handsome as—as——"

"Well?" said Philip, keenly, interested in the conclusion of the sentence.

"As a wax figure I saw in a tailor's window on the Rue Rivoli," she said, with a musical ripple of laughter that made every one turn to look, of which she was fortunately unconscious. "I was trying to think where I had seen the likeness—that is it. But I don't like him, though he is so beautiful."

"And why, fair cynic?" asked the gratified Philip.

"Because he hates you. I saw him look at you, and read it in his eyes."

'I don't know what occasion he can find for hate. Our paths are not likely to cross in any way, nor our interests conflict," replied Philip, who had really not the slightest suspicion that he was not speaking the truth.

(To be continued.)

SONNET (FROM QUEVEDO).

"Buscas en Roma à Roma, o peregrino!
Y en Roma misma à Roma no la hallas," etc.

PILGRIM, in Rome who seekest Rome, resign
The search, in Rome's self Rome is lost and gone—
Her boasted walls are but a skeleton;
In its own wreck self-tombed is Aventine—
The Imperial Palace strews its namesake hill—
The medaled bronze, whereon her gravers traced
The line of Latin victors, age-effaced,
Confesses Time the greater conqueror still.
Tiber alone is left her—but his tide
That erst a Queenly City girt, to-day
With mournful murmur round a grave complains.
Alas for Rome's lost beauty, pomp and pride!
What seemed eternal long hath passed away—
And what alone was fleeting still remains!

ONE WOMAN'S ONE DAUGHTER.

By MARGUERITE F. AYMAR.

THE line of her figure was perfect; the sweep of her arm, from shoulder to rounder wrist, was a thing of beauty; but Kathie Rovelle was no pretty woman; a clear, pale face, with eager gray eyes under brows too dark and heavy for handsomeness; a mouth not small, or of the typical rosebud form, but red as a blown flower—soft, mobile, scornful, sweet; her forehead was low, with masses of dark hair rippling away from it, and braided coronet-wise and high.

Such was Miss Rovelle, aged twenty-two, and sitting there on the piazza this August morning, with an easy

grace in her quasi-lounging attitude that bespoke Miss Rovelle's being mistress of the situation. Was she?

Louis de Brett, insouciant, passionate, weak, handsome, demonstrative—a black-eyed man, in short—was standing before her flecking his boot with his riding-whip, and staring with undisguised ardor down into her sensitive face.

Geoffrey Huron, a tall, fair, impassioned man—a man with gray eyes, in three words—sat four feet away from her patting a big Newfoundland on the head, and gazing, with the deepest apparent attention, into the dog's honest face.

"Miss Rovelle, will you go, or will you not? It will soon be too warm for equestrian exercise, and then *my* day's pleasure is spoiled," De Brett adds, *sotto voce*.

"Mr. de Brett, patience is one of those virtues in which your anatomy seems to be deficient. It is—let me see—just half-past five A.M. My own horse is lame, and it certainly will take me half an hour to make up my mind to mount another."

"Why is it that you take an especial delight in thwarting every plan I make?" he asks, almost querulously. "Why can you not come now and let us have thirty minutes' start of the others?"

"I do not seem to be ambitious of giving myself thirty minutes' start of the rest of the party." Her gray eyes flash one quick glance over at the blonde man, who sits impassively stroking Hero's head. "Colonel Huron, you seem to be exceedingly unentertaining this morning—can't you console Mr. de Brett, and put him in good humor for me—and with me?"

"I fear I must ever prove unentertaining to you, Miss Rovelle."

Colonel Huron only vouchsafes, as an accompaniment to this reply, as much of his attention as courtesy demands.

"The idea of your proving entertaining to *me* never occurred to my mind for one moment—I did not presume to suppose that Colonel Huron would descend from his pedestal to conciliate *my* moods—I spoke of Mr. de Brett."

"Satire, or, rather, irony, falls powerless upon me this morning, Miss Rovelle; the August haze and *dolce far niente* have gotten possession of my temper. De Brett, my dear sir, what is the trouble with you? Try this Havana, and then return to the charge."

He holds out his cigar-case, and, begging "permission," lights his own tobacco.

"I didn't know you had any temper." Kathie says, in a sarcastic tone, and with a lazy survey of the taller of the two men standing before her.

"Did you not? Simply because you had never chanced to see it, may I ask, or did you deem me a canonized saint from my birth?"

"I merely thought you were a man *sans* temper originally, and one of those holy individuals to whom the gate of heaven stands perpetually open, inviting them to enter."

A REVERIE.

ONE WOMAN'S ONE DAUGHTER.—"'TELL ME YOU LOVE ME, AND WILL BE MY WIFE.' KATHIE MAKES NO ANSWER; SHE LAYS HER HEAD DOWN ON HIS SHOULDER, AND PUTS HER TWO PRETTY YOUNG ARMS ABOUT HIS NECK."

"Perhaps it does." Huron says it shortly, and takes a turn down the piazza, biting hard on his cigar as he goes.

Kathie blushes furiously—awfully, and sits motionless as some statue.

"Do you think it does?" she asks, quietly, looking up at him under her dark eyebrows as he comes near to her again.

"Yes," he answers, stopping short in front of her; "but the angel who guards the gate of my heaven would never bid me enter in—if I should try, I should only be stabbed for my audacity."

"I didn't know that the use of the dagger was one of the angelic prerogatives."

"But it is, though."

Colonel Huron turns off, puffing at his cigar.

"Mr. de Brett—I believe I'll go now, if you will have the kindness to order the horses around?" Louis assents, with no small display of alacrity. "Colonel, will you not join us?"

The fair face, in its colorless faultiness, is turned toward him, and not a spot of red mars its pallor.

"I—no, thanks; that is, yes, of course, with pleasure."

"Well, which is best, first or second thought? Thanks!" as he hands her her fallen whip and offers to mount her.

"Second thought, the platitude has it, is always best—being a platitude myself, in your eyes, I will fulfill my character—and go."

So the trio ride off, and Kathie Rovelle is, to all appearance, very much the mistress of the situation.

* * * * * *

"Kathie, you have played with these men long enough. Now, which is it to be?"

"Mamma, neither."

"Neither, neither! Do I understand you aright?" Mrs. Rovelle's pallid face—Kathie inherits that strange fairness from her mother—turns more pallid still. "Kathie, this is absurd; you *must* marry some one—some one that is rich, too, and that very soon. My internal impression is that you prefer Colonel Huron, but my own inclinations

determine me to encourage Louis de Brett—he is the wealthier of the two—and, my daughter, I have given him my full and free consent, and I expect you to concur with my judgment and accept him."

Kathie's face is as motionless as that of the dead.

"I hear you, mamma. As to my caring especially for Geoffrey Huron, that is scarcely worth denying; but I will not marry Louis de Brett."

"Whom will you marry, then? Why will you not marry him? What is the reason, my darling?"

"My darling's" eyes flash back impatient scorn at the caressing epithet.

"Because I care nothing for him."

"And how many times have I heard you announce that you never would marry a man whom you loved?—for fear, I presume, of becoming *désillusionnée.*"

"A great many times, mamma. I am not going back on first principles. I believe"—Miss Rovelle smiles a little bitterly—"I have no intention whatever of marrying a man whom I might love—or of marrying *any* man."

"Kathie, my child, upon whom I have founded all my hopes, whom I have educated so carefully, watched over so tenderly, for your own sake, for *my* sake, my dear one, I implore you to accept Louis de Brett. He worships the very earth upon which you tread."

"I am aware of it—he makes no sweet mystery of his devotion. Oh, mother, do not talk any more to me. I cannot, cannot marry him—maybe, some time, years hence, I will marry some one—but not now, not now."

"Years hence!" Mrs. Rovelle sneers, as she repeats her daughter's words. "When your youth is gone from you, Kathie, you will have nothing left—no beauty, no money."

"And are beauty and money the only things in the world that men may love?" she cries, fiercely; then, with a little sigh, "I believe you are right, mamma—you are always right."

Miss Rovelle leaves the room, with a smile on her mouth and a sweep of her stately, pretty head.

* * * * * *

Mrs. Sherwood always gave very brilliant balls, but Society concurred in the verdict that this latest ball had surpassed in splendor any previous edition—the music, the flowers, the supper, superb; and just *the* set of people one cares to meet. Kathie Rovelle is there, and her mother, and Louis de Brett—and there, you see him standing with folded arms in the doorway, Geoffrey Huron—his faultless figure showing to the very best in evening-dress; his haughty head towering above a score of other and lesser men's; his lips, quiet, firm; but his eyes—eager, impulsive eyes—something in them always reminded one of Kathie Rovelle's eyes—restless, searching the blazing jeweled throng for some one—a woman, of course.

And here comes Kathie, leaning on Arty Sherwood's arm and smiling at his nonsense. Miss Rovelle is a capital dresser—voted so by all the men of her acquaintance, and by women also—which is perhaps rather more of a point. To-night she looks as well, heaven help her! as she ever could, with a robe of soft, clinging white silk with a touch of black velvet here and there; her perfect neck and arms bare to the gaze of all men; without a jewel to mar the beautiful lines, no touch of color save the blood-red rose that nestled low among her dark braids.

Sherwood leaves her and goes off in quest of champagne, and Colonel Huron starts forward toward her, then he draws back a bit and bides his time. Arty is back again with a waiter at his heels, and in three minutes the crystal glass is glowing and sparkling with *Veuve Clicquot* in Kathie Rovelle's hand—in another, it is empty.

"You took that like the most delicious little freebooter in the world," Arty murmurs, as the man fills up their glasses.

"Did I?" Kathie says. "Then it won't do for me to take any more, Mr. Sherwood; I was not aware that my style was so bad."

"Bad! It was divine!"

"The wine? Oh, yes," she laughs.

"No—you."

"Me! Oh, no, you make a sad mistake; I am human."

For the first time her eyes fall upon Colonel Huron—quickly—and then they flash back into Arty's boyish face.

Geoffrey Huron is remembering a certain night, last Summer, when Kathie Revolle told him, under the stars and to the swell of sweetest music, that she could not endure a man anywhere near her who drank anything stronger than *café noir;* and a faint, scornful wonder creeps into his soul as to why she should object in another to what she does so gracefully herself.

Arty bows himself off presently, with an unwilling expression of countenance, and before Jack Contant can reach Miss Rovelle's side, Geoffrey Huron has crossed the room and achieved that enviable position.

"And how have you been this long time, Colonel Huron? Had not the smallest idea of meeting you here to-night."

"No? I have been well, thanks; and you will permit me to offer my congratulations, Miss Rovelle. I presume the *on dit* is quite correct?"

"My engagement, I suppose you mean. Oh, yes; perfectly correct."

"And you are to be married, they tell me, very soon?"

"Yes; on the twenty-fourth. My cards are out."

"And I have been forgotten, for I have not received any."

"Mamma's fault, wholly," Kathie says; and into her eyes there creeps that strange, hunted look that some women's eyes wear when they are in anguish too desperate for tears. "I will speak to her, and have the oversight rectified, Colonel Huron."

"Thank you; I shall certainly do myself the honor of 'assisting,' as our French friends have it, at your wedding. Will you give me this waltz, Miss Rovelle?"

She looks up at him fully and fairly for the first time that night. One faint quiver of the weak red lips, and Colonel Huron has his answer in Kathie's most conventional society tone.

"Certainly; but I believe I'll finish my champagne first, if you will be so good as to hand it to me—on the mantelpiece. Thanks! Remarkably nice wine—don't you think so?"

"I haven't tasted it—in fact, Miss Rovelle, I haven't tasted anything stronger than black coffee since—let me see—last July."

He slips his arm around her, and so, just for a fleeting ten minutes, Kathie Rovelle's wayward heart beats close to Geoffrey Huron's.

* * * * * *

St. James's was crowded to the last degree—a surging expectant throng of—principally women—with, however, more than the usual complement of the nobler sex; for Kathie Rovelle had always been a great men's woman, and Louis de Brett had scores of masculine friends. Hundreds of women in faultless toilets; hundreds of men in immaculate broadcloth; flowers, lights, music. Mrs. Rovelle had left nothing undone toward the proper going-off of her only child on the evening of the twenty-fourth day of February, 187—.

You know, of course, the wedding-march from "Lo-

hengrin," sounding in its mournful splendor far more like a funeral dirge—far more like the accompaniment to tears than joy? It was played magnificently, and—— A great flutter of fans and plumes; the inevitable turning of heads; eight men, by twos, marching slowly up the aisle; Louis de Brett and Mrs. Rovelle; Kathie on her uncle's arm, followed by her eight young bridesmaids—Kathie, in all the traditional sheen and purity of perfect whiteness, staring straight ahead of her, her face fairer in its pallor than the orange-blossoms among her braids, with her groom's gift, diamonds, flashing on her beautiful neck and arms, with no downcast, shamed bride's eyes—no blush, no tremor—not any perceptible emotion save those quick-seeking gray eyes.

"Superb!" That has always been men's verdict on Kathie Rovelle; and it certainly is unanimous on her wedding-night—not a beauty, but one of those faces that men love, and love despairingly.

As she walks up the aisle she catches a glimpse of one person—one man—his face clear-cut and passionless, pallid as her own, and as quiet. It is Geoffrey Huron's.

"Louis Algernon de Brett, wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife?" etc., etc.

And Louis Algernon de Brett's answer came clear and soft in his musical voice:

"I will!"

"Katharine Stuart Rovelle, wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband?" etc., etc.

A moment's pause. The bride glanced up at the man beside her—a solemner stillness over the church—and then "Katherine Stuart Rovelle's" answer came low, clear, tremulous, and the whiteness of death was on her face as she gave it:

"I—cannot!"

Mrs. Rovelle instantly fainted; all the cousins and aunts and uncles of both houses gathered about the bridal party. A few words from the officiating priest, and the wonder-stricken, cheated wedding-guests poured out of St. James's in a far more excited frame of mind than that with which they had entered the sacred edifice.

Louis de Brett raved like a madman, until one of the ushers, more sensible than the other seven, induced him to be a little more sane in his behavior.

"Sane!" he cried. "Can I be anything but *in*-sane when I have lost what I value above heaven—when I have been jilted at God's altar by the girl I cannot help worshiping even now? Jack, let me get out of this—let me get hold of a pistol and blow my brains out before I lose the use of them!"

Amid all this confusion the bride stands like a statue, listening to the words the priest is saying to her, until she can stand it no longer—that faint quiver of her telltale lips—Kathie looks beseechingly about, and utters her little cry:

"Will somebody please to take me home?"

But, among some twenty swooning women and as many agitated men, the little cry is lost? Not quite. Geoffrey Huron steps up to her.

"Miss Rovelle, if you will allow me, I will take you home."

He places her arm in his, catches up somebody's opera-cloak, folds it about her, and in two minutes they are in a coach, being rapidly driven up-town. It is likely to be a tedious journey, for St. James's is very far in the heart of the city, as you know, and Mrs. Rovelle's house is in the extreme upper part of town.

Past Union Square, where the icicle-hung trees sparkle in the gas-jets, past the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where Kathie as Mrs. de Brett, was to have made her home, up the avenue, where the Winter stars shine down, peeping in through the frosted window-panes at these two.

"Are you cold?" he asks.

"Yes, I am—that is, no—no, of course not."

"But you are——"

"No, I assure you, Colonel Huron, I am not."

With a tremendous effort—an effort that is visible in its intensity, too, for she puts up her little white hand and passes it over her soft, quivering, undeceptive mouth—Kathie regains her old voice, her old, careless smile, as she plays with the fringe of her bouquet.

"*Que dira-t-on?*" she says, with a cruel attempt at a laugh. "I've made of myself a nine-days' wonder, I suppose; made a 'scene'—one of the things I detest most in the world—of my belongings and—feelings, to a certain extent; and now *que dira-t-on?* it's about time for me to think of Mrs. Grundy, is it not, colonel?"

"You have broken De Brett's heart and ruined his life," Geoffrey Huron answers, without looking at the fair woman beside him.

"And was it not better," she cries, bitterly, "to break his heart and ruin his life to-night than to wait to do it when he would have no chance of finding any compensation? The world will be loud in blaming me for this sin, but it would have applauded to the echo the woman who would have stood there and sold herself for a million—the one good impulse of my life will be hissed at—but if I had married him and *amused* myself afterward, I would have been canonized. Bah!"

"Why didn't you do it before?"

Colonel Huron is still staring out of the window.

"Because——" a sweet, small flush creeps into Miss Rovelle's fair face—"I thought I was stronger than I am."

"Kathie!" He has turned toward her; he has gathered her in his arms. "Kathie, you know you are mine! Why, in God's name, have you played fast and loose with me as you have? Let you go? No, by the Lord! not so long as I live! Look here, little girl!" he turns her face mercilessly up to his gaze. "You love me—I love you—you are mine! Kathie, you have been wooed too many times; I simply take possession of you, for I might sue at your feet till the judgment-day, and never should be as sure of you as I am at this moment." He kisses her fairly on that perilously yielding mouth. "Have you nothing to say to me—not a word?" he asks, taking both hands in his, and flinging Louis's bridal bouquet out of the window.

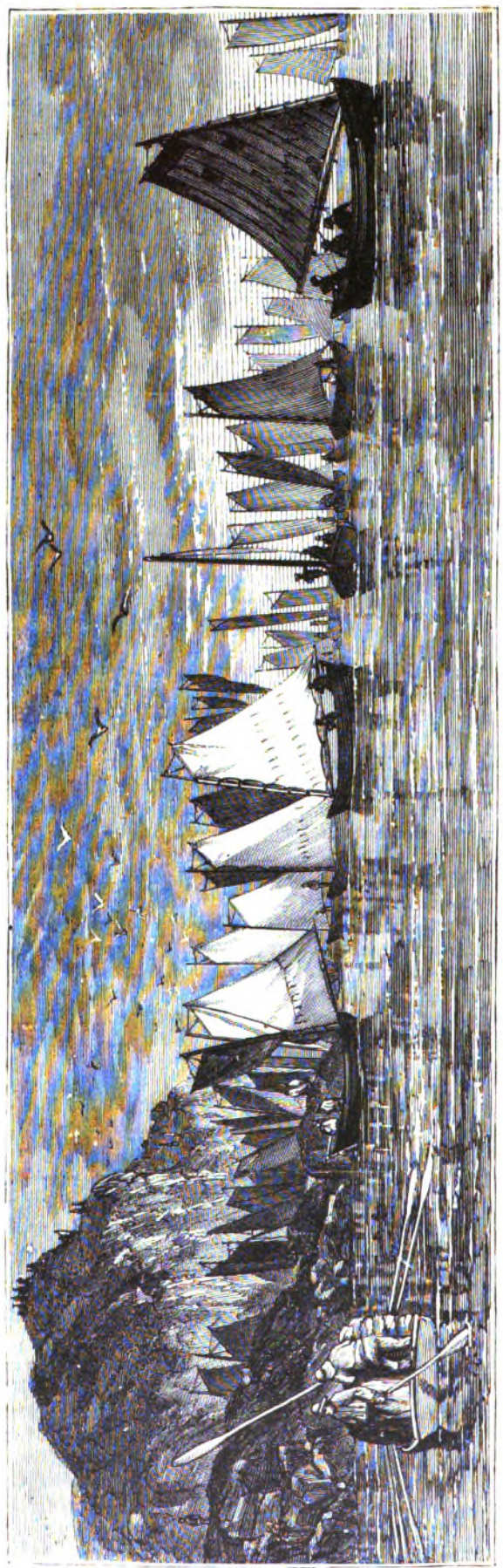
"You have left nothing for me to say," she answers, trying to draw away.

"Tell me you love me, and will be my wife."

Kathie makes no answer; somehow her lips, yielding as they are, cannot shape her thoughts into words; she lays her head down on his shoulder, and puts her two pretty young arms about his neck—and Geoffrey Huron knows that he is utterly satisfied, even to the fullest extent.

KING HERRING.

We usually ascribe the dignity of sovereignty among quadrupeds to the noble lion, and among the feathered tribes to the majestic eagle (though old stories tell us how the wren surreptitiously obtained royal honors). In the floral world the rose has popular pre-eminence; and among minerals the lustrous diamond ranks the highest. The inhabitants of the ocean seem to enjoy a kind of republic; unless, from its colossal size, the whale could assert the rights of royalty, or the shark, from its rapacious



LOOKING OUT FOR A SCHOOL OF HERRING AT THE MAGDALEN ISLANDS, GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE.

instincts — too often associated with supreme power —might compete for the dignity. Or the dolphin, with its gorgeous tints rivaling the rainbow, might represent the splendors of kingly state. But that the herring, one of the smallest and most common of the finny tribes, should have been invested with royal attributes, could only have occurred to a vagrant imagination, such as that of Thomas Nash, the quaint and satirical writer of the "Lenten Staffe," published in 1599. The history of the herring is there given, "recounting *ab ovo* from the church booke of his birth how he first came to be a fish, and then how he came to be the King of fishes, and, gradationately, how from white to red he changed."

It seems that after that memorable Hellespontine tragedy—the death of Leander and Hero—the conclave of Olympus decreed that they should become inhabitants of the elements in which they had perished. The former, as a ling, was to live on the "unquiet, cold coast of Iceland," while the latter, as a herring, became a denizen of the English seas.

Although wide apart, they were permitted to meet at different times; as "at the best men's tables, in the heele of the week, uppon Fridayes and Satterdayes, the holy time of Lent exempted, and then they might be at meate and meale for seven weekes together." The nurse of Hero was changed "into that kinde of graine which we call mustard-seede," so, "the red herring and ling never come to the boord without mustard."

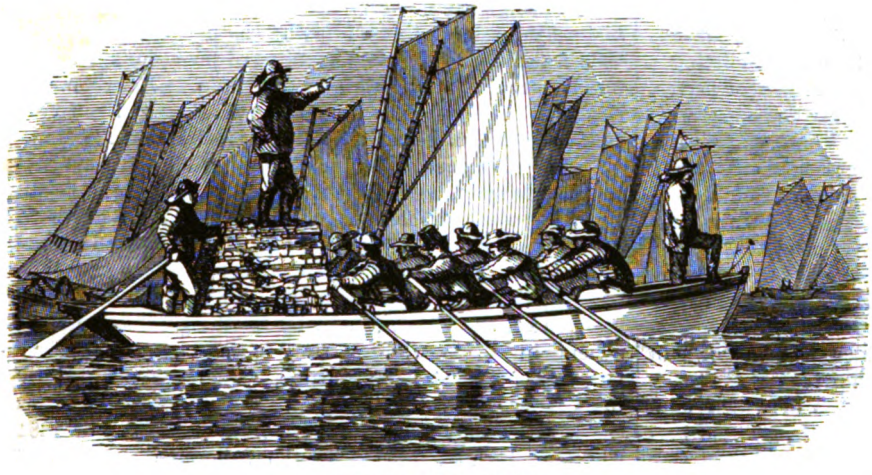
The election of the herring to kingly honors is thus related: A falconer bringing over certain hawks from Ireland, and airing them above hatches on shipboard, one of them broke from his fist, and being hungry, began to seek for prey. At last she spied a speckled fish, which she mistook for a partridge, and made a stoop for it accordingly, when suddenly she found herself "snapped up belly and all" at a mouthful by a shark that happened to be at hand. A kingfisher who saw the deed reported it to the landfowls, and there was nothing to be heard from them but "arme, arme, arme! to sea, to sea! swallow and titmouse, to take chastisement of that trespasse of bloud and death, committed against a peere of their bloud-royal." Preparations for war were soon made; field-marshal sparhawke commanded; several peacocks, in consideration of their fine plumage and "affryghting voyces," were appointed heralds; the cocks were trumpeters; the kestrels standard-bearers; the cranes pikemen, and the woodcocks "demi-lancers." On reaching the Land's End, however, they were unwilling to trust themselves to the water, and would have returned, but for the water-fowl—ducks, drakes, swans, geese, cormorants and seagulls, who gave them "aydeful furtherance in this action." An officious puffin informed the fishes of what was going on, but some would not believe it, including the whale, the seahorse, the dolphin and the grampus. The smallest fish were, however, alarmed, and agreed to appoint a king—not among their larger brethren, lest they should prove despotic; and the choice at length fell to the herring, who was forthwith installed amidst shouts of "God save the king!" The only dissentients being the plaice and the butt, who made wry mouths at his diminutive majesty, and this is the reason why all their descendants, down to the present time, *have their mouths awry!*

The result of the conflict is not recorded, but the herring still wears a coronet as a mark of royal dignity, and never stirs abroad without a numerous *heer*, or army.

The third transition, or how the herring became changed from white to red, concludes the story. A fisherman of Yarmouth having taken so many herrings that he could never sell or eat them all, hung some up in his

smoky cabin, and was astonished to find some days afterward that they had changed their color from white to the "deaurate ruddie" of well-seasoned bloaters! The sight so astonished both the fisherman and his wife that they fell down on their knees "and blessed themselves, and cried, 'a miracle, a miracle!'" He next went to the king's court, then held at Burgh Castle, to exhibit these odd fish, and his Majesty, partaking of the fellow's astonishment, licensed him to carry them up and down the realm as strange monsters. He afterward went to the Pope, and sold him the last one of his stock for three hundred crowns as the king of fishes. The details of the

HERRING-FISHERIES AT THE MOUTH OF THE EXE, ENGLAND.



PULLING FOR A SCHOOL.

purchase, the cooking, and bringing the herring to the apostolic table, with canopy and procession, would occupy too much space. From that day forward the red herring has enjoyed all the popularity that could be desired.

The satirist had a lively imagination in thus originating the change of the herring from white to red, but the real discoverer of the precious boon to humanity is of a very dubious character. Lacépède inquires "what honors are not justly his due who first taught mankind the art of impregnating the solids of the herring with sea salt?" Unhappily, the subject is so interwoven with discrepancies as to date and nationality that no answer worthy of credit can be given. At the beginning of the twelfth century there were herring fisheries in the Baltic, to which many foreign vessels resorted; these herrings must therefore have been *salted*.

In 1290 part of the dried fish shipped at Yarmouth, in the victualing of a vessel to bring the infant Queen of Scotland from her Norwegian sire, were *herrings*, and these, of course, were *cured*. In the time of Edward III. mention is made of some white herrings found in vessels captured by the Cinque Ports; and in the same reign *red* herrings are also specified by name, so that both sorts of curing were practiced before the

THE FRENCH PURSE.

time of William Berkelszoon, of Biervliet, in Flanders (died 1397), who has been credited with the distinction of introducing them. There is, however, no doubt that this worthy improved the method of preserving the herring, which so extended the trade in them that Charles V. erected a statue to his memory, and, with his sister, visited his tomb, and offered up prayers for his soul; while Mary of Hungary, during her visit to the Low Countries, paid a more characteristic tribute to his memory—namely, that of eating a salt herring on his tomb.

In the old-world days of superstition an altar would have been raised to the worship of the herring, had the value of the fish been appreciated as it is at present; but the ancients knew little or nothing about the *Clupidæ* tribe, and the common herring was an utter stranger to the waters of the Mediterranean. Of all modern nations the Dutch have especial reasons for regarding this fish with favor, for it gave the means of paying off an enormous taxation to defend a country which the sea was ruining, and to be the source of the public wealth.

Formerly the arrival of the first herrings was the occasion of national festivals, a ceremony, the brilliancy of which has diminished with the importance of the fishery. At the present time the fishmongers at the Hague, Amsterdam and Rotterdam, content themselves with hoisting a flag over their shops, and hanging up a crown of leaves. The first herring is always carried on a car decorated with flags, and triumphantly offered to the king, who gives a reward of five hundred florins for the present. Not many years ago, in the opening days of the fishery, rich Dutchmen offered the fishmongers of the Hague a ducat apiece for herrings; each dealer consequently made interested sacrifices to be the first to obtain the gift of the sea.

A curious peculiarity in the herring are its colors, or "markings," sometimes representing written characters, which ignorant fishermen have considered to be words of mystery. In November, 1587, two herrings were taken on the coast of Norway, on the bodies of which were markings resembling Gothic printed letters. These herrings were presented to the King of Norway, Frederick II., who, being exceedingly superstitious, turned pale at sight of this supposed prodigy. He imagined that the characters were cabalistic, and announced his death and that of the Queen. Learned men were consulted, who pretended to read in the markings the words, "Very soon you will cease to fish herrings, as well as other people."

In the year following the capture of the wonderful herrings the King died, and the people were firmly persuaded that the two fishes were celestial messengers sent to announce the approaching end of the monarch.

In England the herring fishery was an ancient occupation. We find it flourishing in the twelfth century, for in 1195, according to historians, the town of Dunwich, in Suffolk, was obliged to furnish the King with 24,000 herrings. Mention is also made of the herring fishery in a chronicle of the Monastery of Evesham, in 709. The herring fair in Yarmouth was regulated in the reign of Edward III. by the Statute of Herrings. On the old arms of the town were figured what are proverbially known as "Yarmouth capons" az. three herrings, arg. The latter have, however, been decapitated, as they were, by permission of Edward III., impaled with the royal arms gules, three demi-lions or.

As may be imagined, the consumption of fish, and herrings in particular, during Lent was enormous. In the "Northumberland Family Book" (compiled in 1512), we find the breakfast of the earl and countess during four days of a week in Lent consisting, amongst other "mortification" dishes, of "baconed" herrings and white herrings. The poor were not forgotten, and that they might observe the Lenten customs, many bequests were made by the piously disposed. Thus: John Thake, of Clavering, Essex, directed by his last will, in 1537, one barrel of white herrings and a cade (half a barrel) of red herrings to be given annually to the poor of Clavering on Friday, the last week in Lent. William Dalby, fishmonger, of London, who died in 1594, gave certain barrels of herrings to be distributed in the beginning of Lent to the poor of Tottenham. At Felstead, in Essex, the churchwardens distributed, as the gift of Lord Rich, seven barrels of white herrings and three barrels and a half of red herrings on each Ash Wednesday and the six following Sundays to ninety-two poor householders of the parish.

In France, until the close of the seventeenth century, fish diet was scrupulously observed on fast days. Charlemagne, in 789, decreed the punishment of death to those who infringed these rules without a sufficient reason. Thibaut VI., Count de Blois, gave annually (by charter, 1215) 500 herrings to the hospital of Beaugency. Among the extensive charities of St. Louis to monasteries and hospitals were 68,000 herrings. In olden times the soldiers engaged in warfare observed their Lent. Thus history informs us that while the English were besieging Orleans, in 1428, one of the convoy of provisions destined for their camp was attacked by the Duke de Bourbon. It consisted chiefly of salted herrings, which gave rise to the conflict being called the "Battle of the Herrings."

During the present century herring-fisheries have developed largely, and are in a very prosperous state all along the coast of the northern seas, and in the northern part of America. No nation has, however, made such progress in this particular branch of industry as the Scotch; the ancient mantle of Great Yarmouth has fallen upon them, and they are now by far the greatest herring-fishers in the world. "They possess the enormous number of 14,500 herring-boats, which are manned by some 50,000 men and boys; and the season of 1880 was the heaviest they have ever known." The season of 1881 will long be remembered by the fishermen of the east coast of Scotland, for then occurred what was, perhaps, the most violent and fatal storm ever known, and not a fishing-village in the district affected but was more or less desolated by its ravages.

The herring-fishery partakes somewhat of the nature of a lottery—one boat may have a great haul; and another at no great distance from it, equally well found and well manned, may catch so few as barely to pay her expenses. In 1857 a boat belonging to Yarmouth, with ninety-one nets, caught so many herring that it was impossible for her to cary them; and after filling the boat, the rest were thrown into the sea. In 1880 a French fisherman caught 420 barrels; and in the early part of August, 1881, a French fishing-boat, the *Gabrielle*, after taking on board as many as she could carry, had still such a multitude of fish left in the nets, that her crew were obliged to shake the remainder into the sea.

In 1835 a fishcurer of the name of Bishop discovered by chance the way to make Yarmouth bloaters. One night, after his workpeople had gone, he came upon a small quantity of prime herring that had been overlooked. Unwilling to lose them, he sprinkled a little salt over them, spitted them, and hung them up all night in a smoke-house in which an oak-billet was burning. Next morning he woke to find himself famous in the annals of the herring-trade, as the happy possessor of the first Yarmouth bloaters, the cure of which he henceforth made his special pursuit. In the same accidental way Newcastle kippers

were discovered in 1843 by Mr. John Woodger, of Newcastle.

The period when herring-nets were invented is not known; but the square mesh used for them is much the same in all countries. Formerly they were made by the hand, of hemp; but now they are made by machinery, and invariably of cotton, which is found to be more suitable.

Comparatively little is known of the habits of sea-fishes. Some naturalists have divided them into three classes: "Those which invariably live at the bottom of the sea; those which invariably live in midwater; and those which invariably live at or near the surface." This classification is very misleading, and is so far from being the fact, that herring and mackerel, which are classed as surface-swimmers, are often caught in trawl-nets, which drag the bottom.

As a rule, fishes have keen sight, but only possess the sense of hearing in a very limited degree. All fish are carnivorous; the large prey upon the small, and both large and small feed upon the different species of medusæ that at certain seasons swarm in incalculable myriads in the sea.

The herring is the most important of all the fish that swim in our seas. It abounds through an ocean area stretching from France to the North Cape, and in the North Atlantic Ocean between forty and seventy degrees of latitude. It is a rare fish on the southern coast of Greenland, and on the northern coast only a small variety is found.

It is gregarious, as most fishes are, and swims in shoals, and even among those which swim around our shores, there are many varieties.

The spawning of herrings has long been a vexed question with naturalists, and in spite of many theories confidently advanced, it is so still. Mr. De Caux, from long and careful observations, has been led to conclude, among other things, that herrings spawn much oftener than once a year; and that when they leave the deep water and come inshore, as they undoubtedly do in the late Summer and early Autumn months, it is not for the purpose of spawning, but in pursuit of the multitudes of medusæ of different kinds that then appear along the coasts. "In my opinion," he says, "herrings spawn wherever they may happen to be at the time they are ripe, whether they be in deep water, over a sandbank, or near to the shore." The general idea that herring-spawn is invariably deposited at the bottom of the sea is erroneous, for much of it floats at the surface of the water, and is vivified there. When engaged in catching herring that were ripe for spawning, fishermen have sometimes observed the sea to have a milky appearance; and on drawing buckets filled with this water on board, they have found it to be not only full of spawn, but of live herring-fry newly hatched. This fact shows that on some occasions at least, the herring-spawn vivifies and develops near the surface of the water.

That herrings spawn at least twice a year is certain; and our author is inclined to believe that they spawn all the year round, "and that with the exception of short intervals to recuperate their physical powers, they are always either secreting spawn or spawning." The period of time which elapses between the spawning and the hatching of the fry, is various; Mr. De Caux sets it down as usually from three to four weeks, though something depends upon the temperature of the water. Extreme cold retards the process, and moderate heat facilitates it. Sprats he considers not as small herrings, but as an entirely distinct species; and instead of giving the herring seven years to arrive at maturity, as some writers have done, he thinks that it is full-grown within the twelve-month. The largest herrings are taken off the coast of Labrador. Those caught on English coasts rarely exceed ten or twelve inches in length.

The herring fisheries in America are very productive, and give employment to many, although some of the rivers once frequented by this fish are now deserted. This is the case with the Hudson. Fish formerly ascended it in great numbers, the herring taking one side of the river and shad the other.

The Gulf of St. Lawrence still abounds in herring, and the Magdalen Islands are the seat of great herring-fisheries.

These islands are a group situated near the centre of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, about one hundred miles from the nearest point of Newfoundland, and fifty-four miles northwest of Cape Breton. The islands were given by the British Government to Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, for distinguished services, and were by him bequeathed in strict entail to his heirs, and are now in their possession. The population of the island is about two thousand, the majority of whom are French Acadians. Our illustrations of the herring-fisheries commence with looking out for a school of herring. From a high point on land, a school can be seen two or three miles away, and traced from the agitation of the surface they cause; the fish being so crowded together that the upper ones are constantly forced above the surface. As soon as a school is seen in the distance, the boats carrying the seine all put out for it, and the first which reaches the school takes possession. Another of our illustrations represents the seine boats pulling for the school. When the school is reached, the seine is cast all round the school, and it is then hauled to the nearest available point of the shore. This process is shown in our illustration of dipping and hauling the nets.

A new kind of seine called the French purse, is also used in this fishery. It is a seine with a puckering line through the meshes of the bottom edge, by which, when the school is surrounded, the whole is drawn together like a purse, holding the fish confined within it. The advantage of this style of net is, that it saves the tedious process of towing to land, so that when a school is captured in this way, the fish are dipped right out into the hold of the vessel, salted in bulk, and when the vessel has returned to land, they are put to soak for a day into large pans, then strung by girls, hung up in the smokehouse, and when sufficiently cured, are taken out, boxed, and sent to market.

IN THE SAME CITY.

By Eleanor Kirk.

"Oh, if I never had!—if I never had left my home!"

"Don't preach! I want some money!"

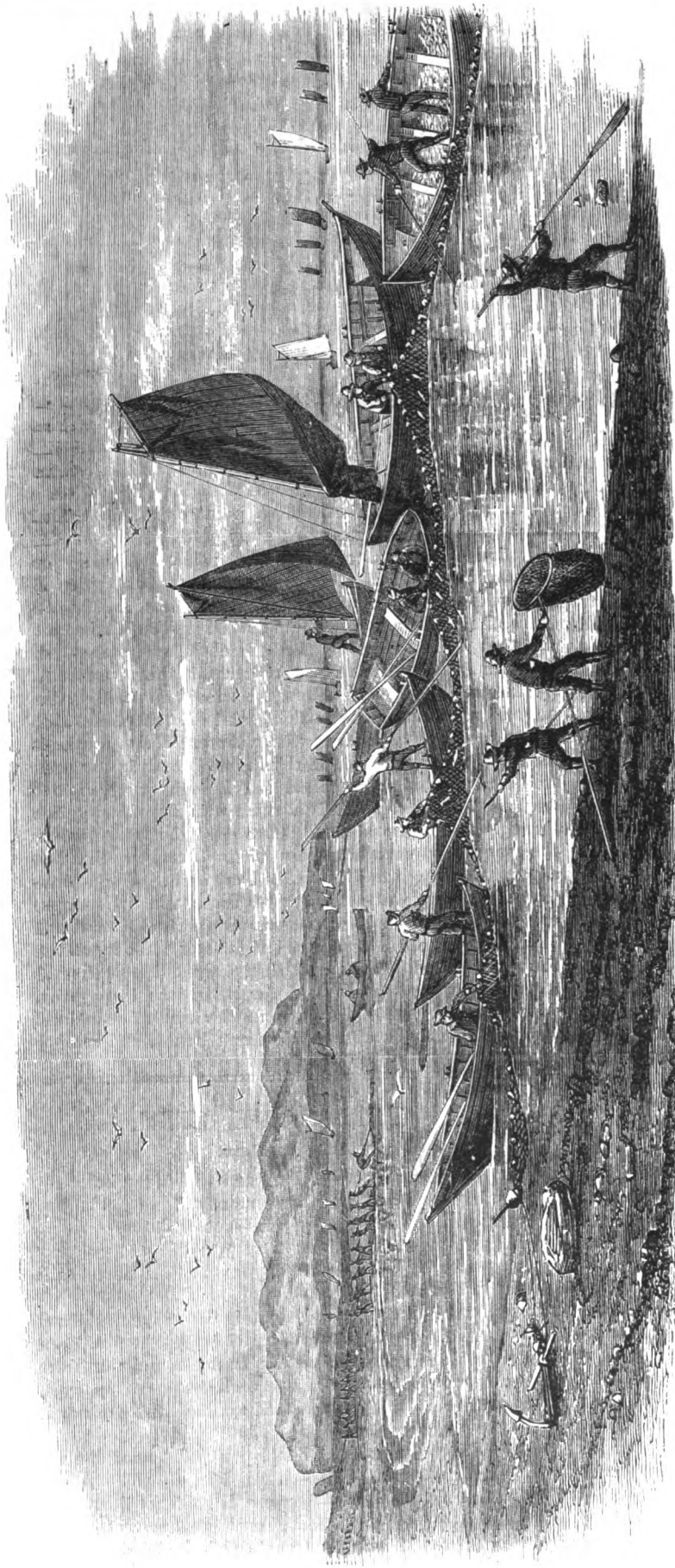
"I haven't a penny to give you—not one!"

"Do you mean to tell me that you did not get any money yesterday where I told you to?" A fierce oath completed this sentence.

"I did not! I could not!" was all the quivering lips of the pale, hollow-eyed woman could articulate; a fit of sobbing and coughing almost deprived the poor creature of breath, and after this had passed she shut her eyes, covering them with her hands, and awaited the *dénouement* which she knew approached.

"Why did you not do as I told you?" inquired the villain again, coolly.

"Oh, Harry!—because—because I could not!" and the poor, humbled woman threw herself at the feet of the monster, whose thirst for strong drink had led him to barter the virtue of her he had once professed to love.



KING HERRING.—DIPPING AND HAULING THE NETS AT THE MAGDALEN ISLANDS.—SEE PAGE 723.

"Come, come! This is played out. Get up, and don't make a fool of yourself because you know how!"

"Ask anything else of me," she sobbed, as she groveled before him. "I will beg for you! Oh, my God! I will steal for you——"

"Well, shut up! I don't care how the deuce you get the money, if you only get it. Don't you see I am shivering all over with those infernal tremens coming on? If you don't hurry, I shall be off in one of 'em! Ugh!" And, even as she looked, the pupils of the speaker's eyes dilated, his mouth grew strangely rigid, and his body shook as if in an ague-fit. "Off with you now, or I'll tear you limb from limb! If you had done as I told you —get whisky — whisky, I tell you! What are you standing there staring at? Off with you, I say!"

And the suffering brute pushed his companion out into the dark, narrow passageway, and, throwing her hat and apology for a shawl after her, locked the door and crawled to the cot in the corner.

Thanksgiving night, clear, cloudless, cold! Alice Kingsley realized dimly that this was the day once dedicated to enjoyment and family reunions. Once! How long ago? Five long, weary years, which, at last, had worked up to this end—poverty of the direst kind, and disgrace if she would have had it so! No, death rather than that!

Had she not borne blows and persecutions innumerable? Had she not been hungry and cold and sick! With no trust in God, and very little faith in herself, had she not lived through temptations and threats and agonies unutterable? Would she succumb now?

Cold, crisp, and starlit! How bright and attractive everything looked to the furclad, comfortably overcoated, exquisitely attired Broadway pedestrian!

Brilliant lights streamed from the theatres; birds of fashion in gay plumage fluttered in at the open doors.

In the midst of these Alice Kingsley dragged herself along, and prayed God she might die. She would not beg of these; what had they in common with her?"

Five years before, she had left her home, and married a man her parents had closed their doors upon.

Her father had quietly kept these doors closed upon her ever since. Her letters had been returned, unanswered a d unopened.

From comparative comfort and affluence, she drifted into the sea of helpless poverty, and not one came near to help or encourage.

A little figure, clad in a pink silk

and white opera-cloak, stepped out of a carriage on the sidewalk, and waited for her companion, a gray-headed, elderly man, to alight.

"Run along to the entrance, Mignon. I have a word to say to John," said the old gentleman.

Just then Alice Kingsley passed, and the two women looked into each other's faces. The richly dressed little one stood for a moment petrified.

Such wretchedness she had never seen pictured before, and yet how beautiful! how inexpressibly lovely were the features of this pauper!

"Come, Mignon, take my arm. I want to give John explicit directions where to stand. This waiting for a carriage at midnight ain't very wholesome," said the gentleman, quite as much to himself as his companion.

"Yes, papa, we'll go in in a moment, but there's a woman just down there that I want to speak to," and Mignon pulled her father's coat-sleeve, as if to drag him along with her.

"A woman! What woman? Anybody you know, Mignon?"

"No, papa, but a woman in distress I must—indeed I must give her money. Do come with me!"

"Indeed, I shall not. This comes of having you abroad for three years."

"Oh, papa, won't you please remember that this is Thanksgiving night? Sometimes the thought that perhaps poor——"

"Not another word, Mignon. My patience has its limits. What good, do you suppose, you could do a woman like that? Of course, she's depraved clear through and through, or she wouldn't be on Broadway alone at this hour." And the Honorable Abraham Dennis took his daughter's hand, and led her through to the box at Wallack's, where they agreed to meet a few friends.

Mignon was not herself that evening. Admirers dropped in and chatted gayly, but her soul was far away, following and helping this poor forsaken child, whose sphere of want and heartache she had so strangely entered into.

"It is because," she said to herself, "I never came so near to one of these miserable creatures before that it affects me so," and then she tried to become interested in the play, but it was all of no avail.

When the curtain dropped at the end of the performance, Mignon, pale and nervous, bade her friends good-night, and followed her father to the street.

"You have spoiled my whole Thanksgiving, Mignon," said he, as they passed out.

"And you have spoiled mine, too, papa," Mignon replied, with a voice full of tears. "I am sorry we came!"

The Honorable Mr. Dennis swore a little under his breath, and opened the carriage-door. Mignon sprang in.

"Oh, papa, what is this?" she shrieked, jumping to the curbstone again. "It is a woman, fast asleep on the back seat. And, papa," taking another look, "it is the woman I met before we went into the theatre!"

John and a policeman were called upon. John swore he had not left the carriage a moment. Mignon wrung her hands at sight of the officer, and cried aloud. The poor, weather-beaten figure was brought to the sidewalk.

"Drunk," I suppose," said the Honorable Mr. Dennis, with a sniff of disgust.

"Dead!" said the policeman, with a shudder.

Mr. Dennis drew a step nearer.

"My God!" was his only exclamation. "Put her back!" he continued, with a groan. "I know her!"

Sure enough. This was the dead body of his own daughter, Alice Dennis.

IN THE SAME CITY.—"'MY GOD!' WAS HIS ONLY EXCLAMATION. 'PUT HER BACK!' CONTINUED HE, WITH A GROAN. 'I KNOW HER!'"

THE LOST LAMB.

THE blossoms were falling, the winds were at play,
Three children went out in the meadows to roam—
Three sisters, to gather the wild flowers of May,
And thoughtless they wandered far, far from their home.

The buttercups starred every field that they crossed,
And all the long hedgerows with hawthorn were pink;
Bright o'er the stepping-stones tiny rills tossed,
Where the birds darted down for a moment to drink.

When the children had strayed to the low wilder ground,
A soft cry they heard, or a bleat or a moan.
Through tangle of roses they sought till they found
A poor little lost lamb, dying alone!

Sorely pricked by the brambles, it raised not its head,
And their tears at so piteous a sight quick must flow;
With young leaves a couch for it softly they spread,
And they stroked it, and soothed it with words sweet and low.

"No mother," they said, "her ailing one hushes,
And mother's voice comforting would we could hear!"
But only around them the merry-eyed thrushes
Sang louder and louder as evening came near.

A purple cloud rose—was it mist, was it storm?
And the children cried, watching the fast fading sky,
"Oh, how could we sleep in our beds safe and warm,
If we left the poor lamb in the dark night to die!"

Then Dottie, the bravest, looked out far around,
Nor too soon, for the rose light had gone from the west,
And she cried, "On the hillside a roof I have found,
And it may be the fold where the lamb went to rest."

Then they carried it gently through thicket and hollow,
Up ways long and winding, with moss covered o'er;
The path to the cottage they scarcely could follow,
And weary they were when they knocked at the door.

But out from the tree that drooped over the thatch
A nightingale sang them a song of good cheer,
And the old shepherd, said, as he lifted the latch,
"'Tis the lamb I have lost they have brought to here!

"All day have I mourned for it, helpless, alone,
For it strayed far away whilst I slept on the sward,
Nor long could I seek, for so feeble I've grown.
Dear children, say what shall be your reward?"

They said, "Once we thought it would never awake,
But now by the hearth in your care it may thrive.
If you've milk, pray warm it, for sweet pity's sake,
And grant that we see it once drink and revive!"

"The roads are so lonely, the cloud hangeth low!"
"So glad are we now, no shadows we mind,
For did not our dear Lord ask long ago,
Who would not be joyful a lost lamb to find?"

Then they went hand-in-hand, nor knew where they strayed,
But they heard on the leaves the soft plash of the rain,
And they said, "We are three and we are not afraid,"
And the nightingale sang through the darkness again.

At last they came down where a window shone bright,
And friends, too, they found their slow footsteps to guide;
By mother's voice blessed, they slept through the night,
And the lamb rested well on the quiet hillside.

ROSS VANDERLYN'S WIFE.

By RETT WINWOOD.

A MORE forlorn-looking place could not well be imagined, and Ross Vanderlyn felt his heart sink as he beheld the crumbling, time-stained walls, and noticed the air of neglect and decay that brooded over the deserted mansion.

He had just returned from a ten years' sojourn among the palatial homes of the Old World, and this solemn old house where his ancestors had lived and died, and in which he expected to make his own home for an indefinite period, looked dreary indeed in contrast.

It stood on a hill, and looked into a valley of unusual beauty. But the grounds had a neglected and blighted aspect, the lawn was grown up with weeds and tangled thickets, and even the tall elms that drooped over the roof had something weird and fantastic in appearance.

To add to the forlornness of the situation, night was coming on, a drizzling rain had set in, and no other habitation was in sight.

"Ugh! This is anything but cheerful," muttered the young man, as he strode up a slippery path to the stout oaken door.

The rusty latch fell from his fingers with a harsh, grating sound that set his teeth on edge. The door was bolted on the inside, and looked capable of withstanding a siege. After contemplating it a moment, Ross Vanderlyn turned to the left and climbed in at one of the broken windows.

He found himself in a lofty hall. Before him rose a wide staircase, guarded by a heavy balustrade. A thick carpet covered the floor, but it was faded, moth-eaten, and covered with a thick layer of dust. Everything looked grand, gloomy, solitary.

Climbing the stairs, Ross found himself in a wide corridor that branched to the right and left. Before leaving the landing, however, he made a discovery that amazed him.

The house seemed deserted above and below, and yet right before him, clearly outlined in the accumulation of dust that covered the floor, he beheld the fresh print of a woman's shoe.

Further on, the mysterious footprints multiplied, and had made beaten paths to and from the various doors.

The impression made upon the young man was not a pleasant one. There seemed something weird and ghostly about these footprints, appearing so unexpectedly in the solitary house. He even hesitated a moment before attempting to discover from whence they came.

They led, first of all, to a large, empty chamber, with a closet in the wall. Ross approached the closet and threw the door open. At first he only saw four black walls, rising like those of a tomb; but as his eyes roved from side to side, he observed an iron ring imbedded in the floor, and on pulling at this latter, a trap door, perhaps a foot square, rose, revealing a small, dark receptacle beneath.

Several odds and ends had been thrown into the place—a pair of tarnished silver spurs, some old buckles, a sword-hilt that had once been very handsome, a drinking-flask, and several other trifles. But what particularly impressed the young man was the mute testimony everywhere to be seen that the receptacle had been searched not long before.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "Is it possible that the existence of the jewels is known to some one besides myself?"

Just here a word of explanation will not be amiss. The last master of Vanderlyn Hall was the grandfather of Ross—an eccentric, miserly old man—who has dwelt there quite alone. He had been dead two years, and on his dying-bed had written a letter to Ross, in which the following paragraph occurred:

"You are my heir, Ross, and will have everything of which I die possessed. Most of my wealth—for I am a richer man than you are aware—consists of precious stones, cut and uncut, which I have hidden in the house to preserve them from false friends and midnight marauders. I shall not disclose their hiding-place even to you. I dare not give a clew that might fall into the hands of others. God will direct your researches, I feel assured. Hasten home, then, and search out the hiding-place of the Vanderlyn jewels, for they are yours."

This letter had followed Ross more than half-way round the globe, and, singular as it may appear, been twenty months in reaching him. But, once read, it had the desired effect of turning his face toward the land of his birth.

It is not strange, then, that the network of footprints in the old house, and the discovery that the receptacle in the closet had been searched, startled and alarmed him. It looked as though some one else had visited the place, bent on the self-same errand as himself.

"Who could it be?" he thought. "I am the last of my race. Surely my grandfather, with all his avarice and caution, would not confide a secret of such importance to an alien."

He was slowly rising to his feet, when a rustling sound in the direction of the chamber-door attracted his attention. Turning, he beheld a young girl standing on the threshold.

Her hands were clasped, her lips parted, and her large brown eyes fixed upon him in unmistakable surprise and alarm. One moment she stood there, then suddenly, before Ross could speak or hurry forward, there was a wavering motion of her black, gauzy draperies, and she disappeared.

The young man rushed to the door. The corridors looked silent and solitary as ever; not a trace of a human being, save the telltale footprints, could be seen.

Numerous doors opened on either hand, however, and Ross, in a deeply-bewildered state of mind, began opening these in quick succession. The fourth led into a square chamber, which presented a marked contrast to the rest of the house. It had been swept and garnished, a cheerful fire burned in the grate, curtains hung at the windows, a dainty couch stood in one corner, and two or three easy-chairs were drawn up before the fire.

Midway between the door and windows stood the lovely girl Ross had so nearly taken for a vision. Her hands were tightly clinched, her head bent so low that the loose curls of yellowish-brown hair well-nigh concealed her face, but there was something half-imploring, and yet half-defiant, in her whole attitude.

"What are you doing here, in this deserted house?" Ross inquired, the moment amazement permitted him to speak.

"Hiding away," she answered.

"Hiding! From whom?"

"From my enemies," she replied, sinking into the nearest chair, with a suppressed sob. "For a few brief days I have enjoyed peace, almost happiness. Oh, why did you come to disturb me? Who sent you? Why are you here?"

"No one sent me," Ross said, looking pityingly into the girl's pallid and troubled face. "Take courage, my poor child; you have nothing to fear from me."

"But why are you here," she persisted, "unless you come on purpose to find me?"

"This is my house, and I have just returned to it after a long absence in foreign lands."

She looked at him earnestly, though an expression of unmistakable relief flitted over her features.

"You will drive me away," she murmured, almost inaudibly. "But I don't mind that. I am ready to go. I would do anything rather than fall again into the hands of those who take delight in persecuting me."

"No," he said, reassuringly, "I would not drive even a dog from my door. This solitary old house is a dreary refuge at best. God forbid that I should deprive you of it."

"I may remain undisturbed?"

"Certainly, but why did you come here? Tell me all about it."

She shuddered, and burst into tears.

"I will tell you! You seem good and kind. I'm sure I can trust you. It was an evening very like this, and about the same hour, early twilight, that I came in sight of the house. I had wandered far, and was warn and exhausted; I sought shelter here, sleeping on one of the moth-eaten sofas. The next day I fixed up this room as you see it. The house seemed so deserted and solitary, that I fancied no one would ever find me here."

"But were you not afraid to remain?"

"I was more afraid to go, sir."

"Poor child! Who could be wicked enough to harm one like you?" Ross exclaimed, the words forced from his lips by her despair and helplessness.

"The world is full of bad people, sir; and I have been thrown among them all my life."

"Have you no father or mother?"

She shuddered again, and wrung her slender hands.

"It is papa who is so cruel to me," she sobbed. "He took to drink after my mother died, and now seems like another man. He often beat me, and swore at me, but I did not mind that so much; the oaths did not hurt any, and I soon recovered from the blows. But worse things were to follow."

She hesitated a moment, another shiver running through her frame. "I'll make a clean breast of it," she added, suddenly. "Papa plays in one of the low variety theatres in New York, and a few weeks ago, he decided that I must go on the stage, too. But oh, sir, I knew what a vile place it was, and could not make up my mind to go. I begged and pleaded, but it was all of no use. Papa cursed me, said I had too high notions for a beggar's brat, and that my foolish pride should be taken out of me. He made an engagement with the manager, and, and——"

"You ran away rather than fulfill it?"

"Yes."

"I don't wonder; it was the best thing you could do."

"You won't betray me, or send me back again?" she cried, a pleading earnestness in her tone.

"No, no. But I will be your friend, and do what I can to help you. I hope you will make Vanderlyn Hall your home until you find a better one. What is your name?"

"Roxy Brent."

"And mine is Ross Vanderlyn. Now try to look upon me as your brother, if you can. Poor child, you need one."

He drew a chair up to the fire, and began talking so kindly and sympathetically to the desolate young creature, that her eyes were soon dried, and smiles and dimples chased each other over the expressive face.

Meanwhile, night and darkness swept down over the

lonely house, shutting it in more than Cimmerian gloom. The storm increased in violence, the rain fell in torrents, dashing tempestuously against the windows, and the wind rattled the shutters and shook the half-decayed casements as with a human hand.

"Surely there must be some room in all this house where I can pass the night!" he exclaimed.

Roxy came quickly toward him.

"There's a chamber at the end of the passage that you will find comparatively comfortable," she said,

THE LOST LAMB.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 730.

Ross strode to the window presently, and tried to look out. It was as though a solid black wall had suddenly risen before him. Not a glimmer of light, or even a single outline of the landscape, was visible. He felt that he ought to leave the house; and yet how could he in such a storm? It would be as much as his life was worth.

in a hesitating way. "Shall I show you where to find it?"

"If you please."

She lighted a pine-knot at the fire and stepped into the corridor. Ross followed, quite willing that the vexed question that had risen in his own mind should be settled

for him. This young girl, in her innocence, did not seem to realize any necessity for his breasting the furious storm.

The chamber to which she conducted him was roomy, like all the rest, but Ross was pleased to find a dilapidated sofa against the wall.

Roxy stood the pine-knot in the ample fireplace, and with a gentle good-night, withdrew.

The young man immediately threw himself on the sofa, and feeling worn and weary after an unusually exciting day, was soon buried in profound repose.

It was quite late when he awoke the next morning. The storm had passed, the sun streamed brightly in at the window. Birds were singing in the graceful elms that drooped over the roof. His first thought was of Roxy.

"Poor young thing!" he thought, "I must not forsake her. She shall be placed with some kind lady, who will take care of her and see that she has an opportunity to make her own way in the world."

With this good resolution in his mind, he quitted the chamber in which he had passed the night, and knocked at the door of the one where he had been entertained so agreeably. No response. He knocked again — still with the same result.

"Is it possible that Roxy has gone out for a walk so early in the day?" he said to himself, as he turned the knob and entered.

Just at the threshold he stopped short with an irrepressible cry of amazement. It was the same apartment in which he had sat the previous evening, and yet how changed! The curtains were gone from the windows, the snowy couch from the corner, the chairs from the hearth. Four blank, bare walls alone greeted his astonished vision.

What did it mean? Where were Roxy and her homelike surroundings? Had the whole incident been an exceedingly vivid dream?

Impossible! A few coals still smoldered in the ample grate, where he had seen a cheerful wood-fire burning and blazing the evening before. These were a reality; and when he looked for the footprints in the corridor, they were still there, just as he expected to find them.

It was not all a dream. But where did reality end and the creation of his own fancy begin?

Distressed and bewildered by the mystery, Ross went through the house from attic to cellar, calling loudly on Roxy's name ever and anon.

But no one responded, and the only trace he found of her in the dreary place was another path beaten by her little feet, this time in the dust that covered a back staircase leading to a door at the rear of the house. Here she had entered, and from hence departed—that is, if she was a reality, and had come and gone at all.

At another time the young man would have laughed at the superstitious fancies that filled his mind; but now he felt in no laughing mood.

He could only ask himself why Roxy had fled in that strange, silent way—if such a person really existed in flesh and blood—and if he should ever see her like again.

Moody and depressed, he at length turned away from the old mansion, and sauntered along the highroad until, at the end of a mile or more, he came suddenly upon a

"HOW DO YOU DO, GRANDMA?"

small cottage embowered in trees. A young lady sat on the porch, busily engaged at some occupation.

On approaching nearer Ross observed a half-blown rose lying in her lap, which she was attempting to reproduce in water-colors. He even caught a glimpse of her work, sufficient to see that it was admirably done.

"If you will permit, I wish to make some inquiries of you," he said, in a low, perfectly polite tone.

The lady started, and looked at him furtively. She had very expressive eyes—dark-blue in color—and Ross would have pronounced her pretty had not his thoughts been so fully occupied with Roxy that he scarcely noticed her appearance.

"Will you come in?" she asked, courteously.

"It is not necessary. I am interested in the old house on the knoll yonder—Vanderlyn Hall, it is called. Of course you know the place?"

"Yes."

"What is its reputation among the countryfolk?"

She looked as though his meaning was not perfectly clear.

"Its reputation?"

"Yes; is it supposed to be haunted?"

"Not that I ever heard. Indeed, very little is said about it just at present."

"Has any one been living there of late?"

"Oh, no. It has been deserted since old Hugh Vanderlyn died, two years ago."

Ross drew a quick breath; he saw it was useless to pursue the inquiry.

"Hugh Vanderlyn was my grandfather," he said, after a moment's silence. "I have returned from abroad with the intention of taking up my abode, for a few weeks, at least, at the old house."

A faint color stole into her cheeks, and there was more of interest in the gaze that still dwelt upon him.

"It is a picturesque old place, and must have been very handsome in its day," she said. "I used to go there occasionally to sketch and paint."

An elderly woman, with a shrewd face and a quick, keen eye, now appeared at the door.

As she glanced out curiously, Ross turned, and with a low bow, addressed himself to her:

"I am anxious to find a good housekeeper, madam, and will pay first-class wages to the right person," he said. "Since you belong to the neighborhood, you can, perhaps, put me on the right track."

Then, briefly, he told her who he was, and his intention of renovating a few rooms at Vanderlyn Hall, and establishing himself therein.

The woman took a few moments for reflection.

"How would I suit?" she asked, at length, in a straightforward way. "I am compelled to work for a living, and would quite relish a change of some sort. I have no family—there is only my niece, Mabel, and I. We could shut up this house and Mabel could come along."

The woman seemed capable and honest, and in a few moments everything was satisfactorily arranged. Mrs. Dale—that was her name—agreed to have a suite of five or six rooms ready for occupancy in three days' time. Such articles of furniture as might be needed could, she said, be purchased at Stapleton, five miles away.

The girl Mabel was the only person who felt any dissatisfaction with the arrangements. She was the orphan daughter of a clergyman, Ross eventually learned, and supported herself by painting sketches of flowers, fruits and other trifles, which were sold in the nearest town. The change need not interfere with her work, but, of course, she would feel like an interloper in a strange house. Mrs. Dale's counsels prevailed, however, and Mabel had no choice but to submit.

Ross returned to New York for a brief sojourn, and when he reappeared at Vanderlyn Hall the morning of the fourth day, the lower floor of one wing had been wonderfully transformed. Mrs. Dale and Mabel were already established there, and the place wore quite an air of cheerfulness and home comfort.

That evening he was sitting alone in the renovated room that had been set apart for his private study and sanctum, when a muffled step sounded on the gravel outside the window, and he beheld a pale, wistful face pressed for an instant against the glass.

"Good heavens!" he gasped, "it is Roxy."

Rushing from the house like a madman, he soon overtook the slender, tottering figure that was hurrying down the weed-grown path. Catching firm hold of her arm, he cried, in an excited tone:

"You have puzzled me long enough! Now I *will* know whether you are of flesh and blood or not."

The girl's knees tottered under her, and she suddenly threw herself at his feet.

"Don't harm me." she pleaded, piteously. "It was wrong to come back, but I had taken a liking to the place, dreary and forsaken as it is, and had nowhere else to go."

"Get up!" said Ross, sternly. "You must come in with me."

She followed him submissively to the study. The face revealed by the lamplight was so pallid and frightened-looking that the young man's heart softened in spite of himself.

"Sit down, child," he said, in a gentler tone, "and tell me why you ran away the night I found you here?"

"Because I had no right to remain," Roxy answered, with heaving bosom and quivering lips. "The house is yours, and though you were very good and kind, I could not help feeling that you wished me out of it."

"Let me assure you that I wished nothing of the sort."

"I left early in the morning, before you were up," she resumed, coloring a little. "It seemed best to go away quietly, without seeing you again."

"Foolish child! I almost fancied you had been spirited away, or the whole episode was a vivid dream. I found your room empty and cold, and no trace of you anywhere in the house."

"I took a few articles of furniture I had to one of the outbuildings, where they still remain."

"Did you purpose leaving the neighborhood altogether?"

"Yes," she answered, dropping her eyes. "I felt that I should never dare to take up my abode here again, and the sooner I left the place the better. But my heart clung to it: it was the only spot in which I had ever found peace. I stole back to-night——"

"For what purpose?" he asked, seeing her pause, and press both hands quickly to her forehead.

"Simply to say good-by to the dear old walls."

And here the poor creature broke down entirely, and began to sob as though her heart would break.

"Don't cry," pleaded Ross. "You need not go away at all—why should you? The house is big enough to quarter a regiment, and why should I begrudge you a corner in it? I have a housekeeper who will take care of you, and make you vastly more comfortable than before. Come, child, let me take you to her."

"Oh, sir, what will she think——"

"I'll tell her your story," Ross interrupted, "and that will leave no room for conjecture. Besides, if I wish to offer you a refuge it is my own affair. Come."

Mrs. Deane was nearly startled out of her wits when, a few minutes later, Ross abruptly entered the apartment where she and Mabel sat sewing, leading a strange young girl by the hand. At first she felt indignant and distrustful, and betrayed a disposition to give Roxy a very cold reception; but, after the situation had been explained, her manner thawed a little.

"Of course this young person can remain if you desire it, Mr. Vanderlyn," she said, civilly. "The house is yours—not mine. I am only here to execute your orders."

"Have you a comfortable room for her?"

"Oh, yes. She can have the one opposite mine; we have no present use for it."

"Very well. Please see that all her wants are promptly attended to."

"I will, sir."

Mrs. Dean bit her lips, however. She could not help thinking the whole affair a strange one, and secretly determined to keep a watchful eye on the mysterious stranger.

"I'm afraid the girl is no better than she should be," she said to Mabel, when they were alone again. "I shall not presume to offer Mr. Vanderlyn any advice at present, but the moment I see anything wrong, out of the house she goes, or I'll know the reason why."

"She is such a mere child, there can be no harm in her," Mabel replied.

"Child, indeed! Did you get a good look at her? She's twenty, if she is a day. That sort of person always looks younger than they are. I am too close an observer to be deceived."

A few days wore on. Roxy, by her sweetness and winning ways, tried to win every heart, and nearly succeeded.

Ross was charmed with her. She seemed artless as a child, though thoughtful and gentle as a woman.

Even the famous belles and beauties of the Old World had failed to produce so profound an impression on his heart.

Of Mabel Deane he saw little. She toiled early and late with pencil and brush, generally shutting herself into her own room to work, or retiring to some secluded portion of the grounds.

One of the first things Ross did after taking up his abode at Vanderlyn Hall was to search the house from attic to cellar for some clew to the hidden jewels.

None came to light, however. Afterward he spent some hours of every day in the long and apparently hopeless quest.

The gems—if any there were—had at least been ingeniously concealed.

Not many days elapsed, however, until his mind was made up that in Roxy Brent he had discovered a jewel of the purest water. Her helplessness and lonely condition appealed to his sympathies; her goodness, beauty and innocence touched his heart.

One day he came upon her sitting alone in the quaint old drawing-room. She had a card-photograph in her hand, and, after gazing at it intently a few moments, she raised it to her lips.

"So good, so kind, so noble," she murmured, just above her breath. "You will never know how idolatrously the poor girl you befriended has learned to love you."

She sat with her back to the door, and apparently had not observed the approach of Ross.

The young man's heart beat wildly as he glanced over her shoulder; the picture she had kissed was his own photograph—one he had carelessly left on the drawing-room table.

Under the circumstances, he could only beat a noiseless retreat.

Not for worlds would he have allowed the girl to know that he had observed that impulsive action.

Only a few days later he witnessed a very different scene. This time Roxy was lying on the wet grass, under one of the trees, wringing her hands and giving way to a perfect tempest of weeping.

It was a chill, dreary day, with a drizzling rain falling; but she seemed utterly unmindful of the weather in her deep distress.

"What troubles you?" Ross exclaimed, bending over her compassionately. "Tell, me, that I may help you."

She started up quickly at the sound of his voice, and, with flushed cheeks, made an effort to escape. But he would not let her go.

"One moment, Roxy," he said. "I must know the occasion of your grief before you leave me."

"Don't ask me," she cried, in alarm. "I can't tell you. Oh, no, no!"

"Why not?"

She pressed her hands tightly together, and again made an attempt to free herself from his grasp.

"Let me go," she said, wildly. "Pity me; I am very wretched. Oh, why did I consent to remain a single hour under this roof?"

"What has happened, Roxy?"

"It was Mabel," sobbed the girl, more incoherently than ever. "How could she say such cruel things to me? I have not deserved them. God knows I meant no wrong."

Ross turned pale.

"What has Miss Deane dared say to you?" he demanded.

"She said the country people were saying dreadful things about me for remaining here, sir, and—and—that I had compromised myself hopelessly, and—and—it was known that I had passed a night in the house alone with——"

An hysterical cry finished the sentence more emphatically than any words could have done. In the next breath she had grown calm enough to add:

"But I shall go away now—this very hour, sir. I must! They shall see I am not the wicked creature they would make me out. Oh, why did I ever come here!"

Ross drew a quick breath, and said, slowly but steadily:

"Yes, you shall go. Get your bonnet and shawl. I'm going to take you."

"Where?" she asked, staring at him with dilated eyes.

"To the nearest clergyman's. This trouble has decided me. I love you, Roxy, and wish to make you my wife. The ceremony might as well be quietly performed this afternoon as later with more prompt and parade."

And it was. Mrs. Deane and Mabel were both in the drawing-room that evening when Ross, returning from a drive, led Roxy in, and made the startling announcement that they had just been married at Stapleton.

Mabel grew very pale, but she did not say a word. Mrs. Deane, however, seemed quite beside herself. She found it hard to believe that Ross had so foolishly thrown himself away.

"This is—is—very sudden," at length she gasped.

"Circumstances rendered the step necessary," the young man significantly replied, "and I took it."

"I hope you will be happy."

That was all the housekeeper said. She was a woman of few words, and now that remonstrance could no longer avail, she felt disposed to keep her doubts and forebodings confined to her own breast.

For a time all went well. Roxy seemed a model of

wifely devotion, and Ross became more infatuated with her every day. She brightened the dreary old house like a sunbeam, and even Mrs. Dean's prejudices were disarmed when she observed the young creature's pure and tender worship of her husband.

So it went on until one memorable morning, when Roxy, sitting curled up in one of the deep window embrasures, with a book in her hand, heard a strange step come quickly across the lawn.

As she looked up, a swift, sudden pallor swept over her lovely face. The book fell from her fingers, and, as she started to her feet and stared wildly at the man who confronted her, an irrepressible cry broke from her lips.

"Good God! Ben Burton!"

The man, on his part, did not seem in the least surprised. He was a strong, stalwart young fellow, with the reckless, free-and-easy air of one who has seen much of the world, and that not of its best aspect. A half-mocking smile curled his lip as he noticed her intense emotion.

"Yes, it is I, Roxy, and no ghost," he said. "You needn't look so frightened."

She shuddered, and gave a quick glance around her.

ARISTOCRATIC DISTINCTION!

COUNTESS: "*That is the portrait of the fifth earl, sometimes called 'The Somnambulist.'*"
VISITOR: "*Er—because, I presume, he—er—walked in his sleep?*"
COUNTESS: "*Walked? Certainly not. Invariably rode!*"

"What brings you here?" she asked, in a whisper.

"What brings me? Well, that's a pretty question for *you* to ask. I shouldn't be here, as you know very well, if you hadn't come before me."

"Hush!" she gave another quick glance over her shoulder. "You must not remain another moment; you *must* not!" she faltered, a kind of pleading earnestness in her voice. "Go, go away quickly, before any one else has seen you."

"And leave you behind? Not if I know myself."

"You must, you shall! I'll manage to meet you again—I swear I will! Go, now, before all is lost."

Her distress moved him a little. Looking steadily into her eyes he said, just above his breath:

"You know me, Roxy, and know it isn't safe to play me false——"

"I don't wish to," she interrupted, shuddering again. "You can trust me. I mean all I say. Be on the watch. I will slip away as soon as I dare."

While he hesitated, the sound of Ross Vanderlyn's voice came from one of the rooms beyond.

"Who is it, Roxy?" he called. The man lifted his shoulders, and laughed.

"Monsieur, your husband," he said, and turning on his heel, went swiftly down the path and out at the gate.

Ross only caught the merest glimpse of the man, when, perplexed by his wife's silence, he finally appeared at the window where she had been sitting a moment before.

"You had a visitor?" he said.

Roxy stood with her back to her husband, idly pulling the petals from a wild rose.

"It was only a beggar," she said, quietly. "I gave him some money, and he went away."

With a less buoyant step than usual, she passed round to the front door, and entered the house. Nobody was watching her. Ross had remained where she left him, standing at the open window. And catching up her shawl from the back of a chair, she ran down one of the deserted halls, and stepped noiselessly out at a side-door.

A full hour elapsed before she returned. There was a strange light in her eyes, and a red spot burned on either cheek. She went directly to her own room, and shut herself in alone.

A day or two later, Ross was walking through a grove not far from the house, when he saw his wife part abruptly from a strange man, who immediately struck into a path

ROSS VANDERLYN'S WIFE.—"'HEAVENS! HOW BEAUTIFUL!' GASPED ROXY, GROWING PALE WITH DELIGHT. 'I NEVER THOUGHT OF LOOKING HERE FOR THE JEWELS.'"— SEE PAGE 730.

that led across the fields in the direction of Stapleton. Curious and perplexed, Ross hurried to Roxy's side. She stood under a drooping willow, her face looking pale and drawn.

"Do you know the man?" he inquired, a little sternly.

For a moment she hesitated.

"Yes, Ross," she said then, springing into his arms with a sudden cry, and hiding her face on his shoulder. "Let me tell you all about it. He is from New York. I have been traced here, and, and——"

Her voice died away in a choking sound, and she trembled like a leaf as she nestled in his arms.

"It was not your father?" Ross said, quickly.

"No, only a messenger my father sent. He expected to take me back with him. Oh, Ross," she cried, again catching her breath in sobs, "you must never give me up! Don't let them touch me. It would kill me to give up this happy life, and go back to the misery and cruelty from which you have delivered me."

"You shall never go back," the young man replied, in a strangely moved tone. "Fear nothing. You are my wife, and no one shall part us."

But Roxy's nerves are all unstrung, and some time elapsed before he succeeded in calming her.

The next day proved a memorable one for Ross—he discovered the Vanderlyn jewels, for which he had so long searched in vain. Roxy was not in the house at the time, and he hurried out to seek her.

She stood close to a thicket in the bush-grown grounds, and Ross half fancied he heard a rustling of the thick branches as he drew near; but in the excitement of the moment he did not give the matter a second thought.

"Come, Roxy!" he cried, seizing hold of her arm.

She shrank back, and looked at him with dilated eyes.

"What is it?" she gasped, impressed by his manner, and yet at a loss what to conjecture.

"I have something I wish to show you! Come quickly."

She breathed a sigh of relief as they hurried along the path.

He led her up the wide staircase into one of the oldest rooms in the house. The walls were wainscoted with oak, and there was an unusual amount of ornate carving about the chimney-piece.

"This was my grandfather's bedroom," Ross said. "I have told you about the hidden jewels, my dear, and I always had a conviction they must be in this chamber. I have found them. See here."

Leading her up to the mantel, he suddenly pressed a hidden spring in the carving, and the raised shield that made the central ornament slipped aside, revealing a small receptacle. Within was a small iron box, the key in the lock.

Ross lifted it out, and raised the lid.

A sudden glare of light half-blinded them, and the imprisoned gems, sparkling, glittering, and sending off brilliant coruscations, flooded the quaint old apartment with a glory all unusual.

"Heavens! how beautiful!" gasped Roxy, growing pale with delight. "I never thought of looking here for the jewels."

Ross glanced at her in surprise.

"Did you ever search for them?" he inquired.

"No, no. That is, after we were married, and you had told me of the jewels, I *did* look once or twice. I thought it would be so nice to be the first to find them, Ross."

She seemed singularly confused. There was a frightened look on her face, and she hid it by bending low over the jewels and pretending to admire them.

"There must be thousands and thousands of dollars represented in these gems," she said, at length.

"Yes, if they are all genuine, as I feel sure they must be. To-morrow I shall take some specimens to New York and have them tested."

He closed the box, and put it carefully back in its original hiding-place.

"It will be safer there for the present than anywhere else," he said.

Early the next morning he kissed Roxy, and departed for the city.

It was late when he returned—twilight was stealing softly over the old mansion. Entering unannounced, he went directly up-stairs to restore to the iron box the stones he had taken away for inspection; they were of the first water, the jewelers had said.

The spring yielded reluctantly to his touch, it seemed, but the box was in its usual place. Ross tore it open.

It was empty! Every gem had been abstracted!

At first he could only gasp and stare and cling giddily to the chimney-piece, but slowly his strength and some degree of composure returned.

"Roxy has taken charge of the jewels, of course," he thought. "The foolish child was afraid to leave them here."

He strode down-stairs.

Mrs. Deane and Mabel were above in the drawing-room. Both looked pale and frightened, and started up in alarm at his entrance.

"Where is my wife?" he inquired.

Mrs. Deane came toward him, trembling visibly.

"She is not here. Oh, Mr. Vanderlyn, try to be calm! I have a terrible calamity to disclose."

"My wife, he repeated, in a sterner tone than before.

"God forgive her! She is gone!"

"Gone! Where!"

"Oh, do you not understand me?" cried the woman, wringing her hands. "She has left you—eloped!"

"It is false!" screamed Ross, sinking heavily into a chair. "Eloped? How dare you utter such infamous slander?"

"Let me tell you all I know; then you can judge of the truth of the assertion."

It was little enough. An hour after Ross left the house in the morning, Mrs. Deane saw Roxy steal out as though anxious to avoid observation. Her suspicions of something wrong had been aroused before this, and now she followed the girl into the shrubbery, and saw her meet a strange man near the foot of the garden. The man threw his arm round Roxby's waist, and kissed her lips as though they were very fond of each other.

Mrs. Deane had expected to see something of the sort, but it was impossible to suppress an indignant cry.

The guilty couple heard it and turned. Instead of separating, however, they had walked away together in open defiance of the protest expressed in the housekeeper's exclamation.

"Roxy came back presently, and shut herself in her own room," Mrs. Deane said, in conclusion. "That's the last I saw of her. When I went to call her to dinner she had gone, and I found this note pinned to one of the pillows."

Ross snatched the bit of crumpled paper the woman produced, and read these words:

"I have gained all, and more than I expected, in coming to Vanderlyn Hall, and now leave it for ever. It will be useless to pursue me."

The wretched man comprehended the truth at once.

Roxy had known of the hidden jewels, and was searching

for them when he found her living so quietly in the house. She had married him to make sure of them, and now had fled with the accursed gems to the arms of some more favored lover.

A dangerous illness followed. While it lasted Mabel Deane watched over him like a ministering angel. By careful nursing and constant watchfulness she snatched him from the brink of the grave. But the very hour that convalescence began she withdrew to take up her solitary life again, and he saw her no more.

When sufficiently recovered, Ross hurried to New York. Roxy was there, he felt assured, hidden in one of its many haunts. He sought her ceaselessly everywhere, but always alone.

Wicked, cruel and treacherous as she had been, he could not forget that she was his wife.

Therefore, he refrained from calling the police-force to his aid. He would find and reclaim her if possible, but she should never be brought to justice.

One morning a restless feeling took him down to the wharf, just as the steamer for Europe was getting ready to go out.

People were coming and going, and friends parting with kisses and tears all around him, when, all of a sudden, he felt something like a galvanic shock, and a cold, deadly chill ran over him.

"Oh, Ben," whispered a sweet, frightened voice just behind him, "we are lost! There's a policeman in plain clothes standing beside the plank. He is watching for us!"

"Hush! Don't be a fool! Go carefully now!"

Ross stood behind a pile of trunks, but as these whispered words reached his ears, he stepped out quickly and confronted two figures—a man supporting what seemed to be the bent, tottering form of a very old woman, dressed in black, and closely vailed.

The woman threw up her hands, giving a suppressed shriek.

Ross drew a deep breath, and starting forward instinctively, irresistibly seized the heavy vail that muffled her face and tore it violently away.

He was unconscious of his own action until all was over.

Until his dying day he will not forget the anguish and horror of the next moment, for he found himself looking right into the convulsed face of the lost woman who had been his wife!

He lived ages in that one moment while he stood staring at her, his feet glued to the spot. Finally the man uttered a fearful imprecation, and attempted to draw his companion away.

At that moment two strangers separated from the crowd, and coming up quickly, laid a hand upon each.

"You are our game," one of them said. "Better give in quietly."

The man turned like a wild animal, a hissing sound coming from his lips. His eyes glittered like a snake's, and he braced himself for a struggle, but it was of no use.

The cold muzzle of a revolver pressed against his temple left him no choice save to submit.

The woman was white as a sheet, and the wrinkles painted profusely on her face, and the false, grizzled locks drooping over her forehead, made her look hideously like a devil.

Turning upon Ross, she cried, almost with a snarl:

"This is your work!"

Then, quick as lightning, she drew a concealed knife from the bosom of her dress and made a lunge at him.

Her foot tripped in the rude planking of the floor—that was all that saved him. Recovering herself, she gave a single cry of rage, fury and despair, and, before any one could interpose, had buried the knife to its hilt in her own bosom.

They did what they could for her, but it was of no use.

The beautiful, treacherous creature died before she could be removed from the spot.

The jewels and precious stones Roxy had stolen were found skillfully sewn into her garments. It is probable that she was taking them to Europe, expecting to dispose of them there.

She and her associate, Ben Burton, were old offenders, and the police were searching for them on a charge with which Ross had nothing to do. Ben was committed, tried, and sent to prison.

* * * * * *

Our story would be incomplete without a sequel, and we are glad there is one to add. It can be briefly told. One year subsequent to these events Ross married Mabel Deane, and thus crowned his life with true and abiding happiness.

He is more than satisfied, for in Mabel he has found a treasure infinitely more precious than all the Vanderlyn jewels combined.

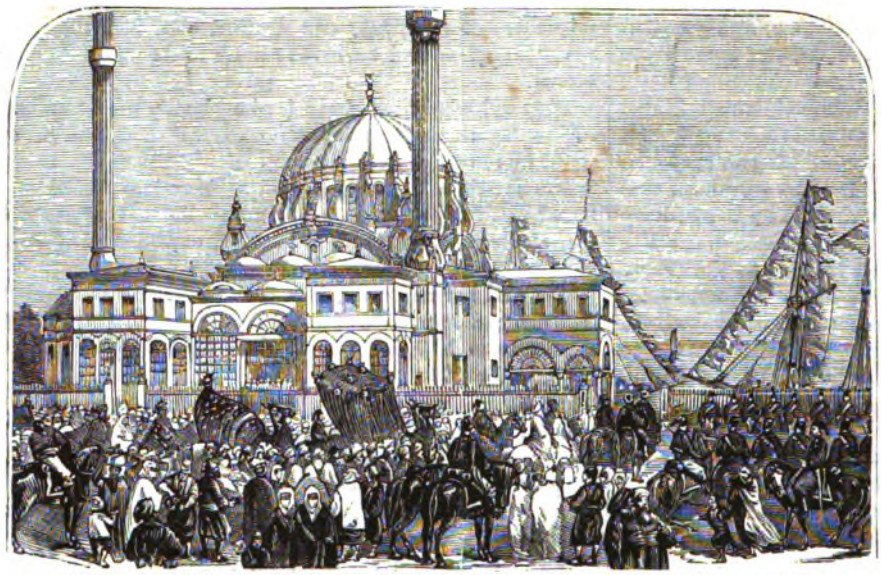
MECCA AND ITS PILGRIMS.

By T. F. Keane (Haji Mohammed Amin).

Though Mohammedans are divided into almost as many sects and schisms as Christians, they all agree on one point: that it is imperative on every Mohammedan who can afford it to make a pilgrimage to Mecca at some time in his life. Even those who have undertaken the pilgrimage in childhood are bound to remake it when adult. This pilgrimage must be performed after prescribed rules and forms, and certain ceremonies must be gone through on the proper days; consequently, many thousands of Mohammedans assemble at Mecca from all parts during the pilgrim season; some come in caravans across the Arabian deserts, the greater number by sea. It was at Jidda that I was enabled to join the train of a youthful Hindi Amér, whom I accompanied on pilgrimages to Mecca and other places in the Holy Land of Islam.

I sold such clothes as would be unsuitable, and provided myself with a native wardrobe; then the camels were laden and got under way. Following the example of my companions, I performed the greater ablution (bathing the entire person), and put on the pilgrim's garb, which consists of two pieces of white or light-colored cotton fabric, one piece round the body over the left shoulder, leaving the right arm bare, the other round the loins, enveloping the body from the waist to below the knee (the head is left uncovered and the upper part of the foot bare), and then said a two-prostration prayer, which is a supplementary act of devotion for special occasions. We afterward, with our camels, joined a large caravan outside the walls of Jidda.

Our party was composed of about fifty men and women; and, as only fifteen camels had been hired, ten with shugdufs, or litters, and five pack-camels (four of these latter with shibriyahs), and as each shugduf and shibriyah carries only two, about twenty of our party had to walk by the camels, in company with fakirs or beggar-pilgrims, who were accepted as a matter of course, receiving charity in the shape of broken victuals and water, which latter has a money value. I had to share a shugduf with a pilgrim, who was my camel-mate during the whole pilgrimage, and as, for reasons that will readily suggest



CAMELS STARTING FROM CONSTANTINOPLE FOR MECCA WITH THE SULTAN'S OFFERINGS.

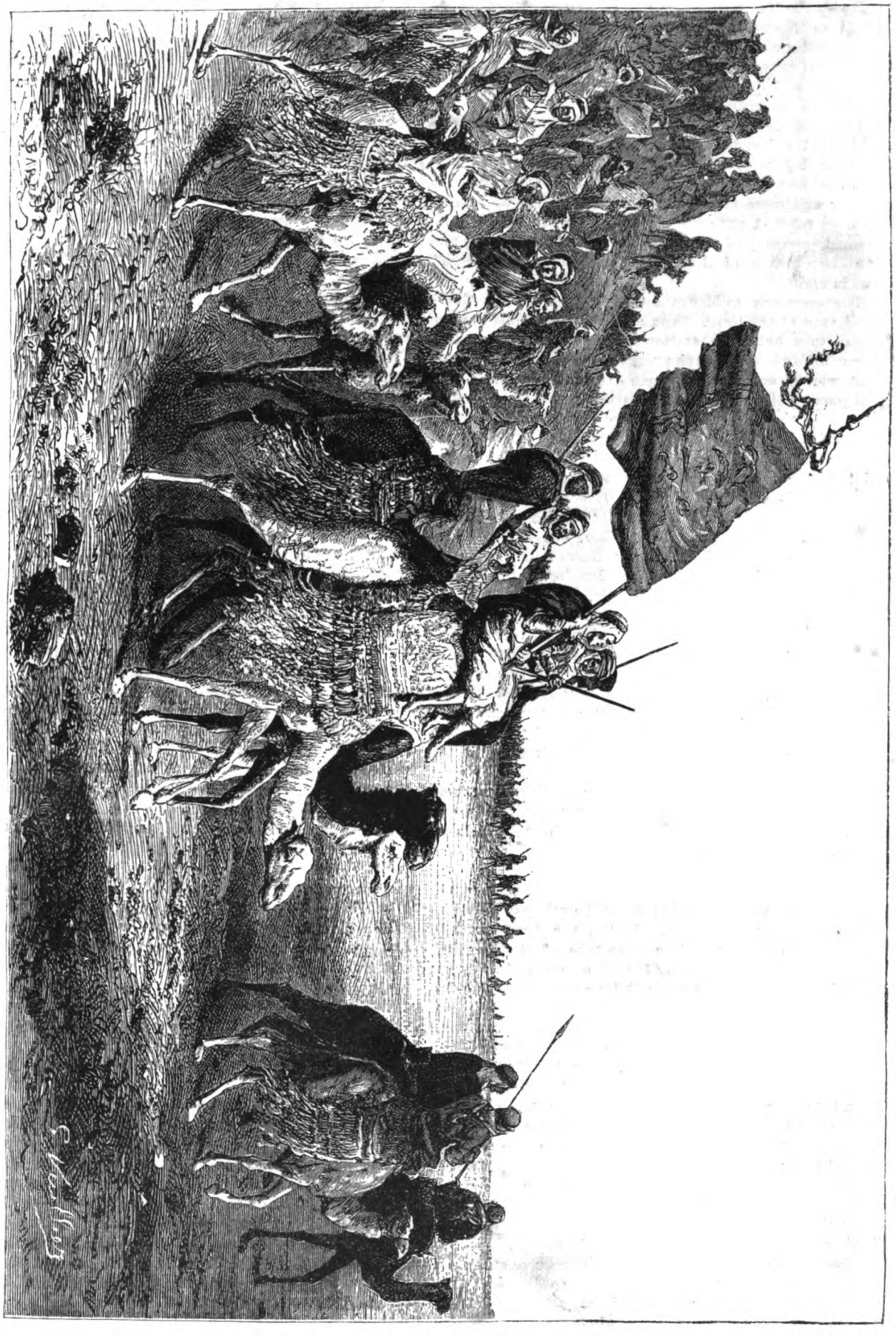
themselves, I suppress all my companions' names, I shall call him the "third warrior," the junior of the three armed retainers who formed the Amér's bodyguard.

The kind of paniers, or litters, in which we sat or lay at full length when riding, are known by the names of shugduf or shibriyah. Inside the shugduf is a pocket for food, tobacco and other little necessaries; outside, at the end, and within easy reach, a wicker-basket containing a bottle of water. Having, by the help of a ladder, ascended into this construction of bent boughs and old bags, poised airily on the hump of a camel, the impression I labored under was that we were instantly to plunge off in mad bounds across an exceedingly rough country, feeling, at the same time, pity for the poor beast, spiced with momentary expectation of a spill. But I found the road a perfectly level sandy plain, the camel crawling along at a slow walk, jolting more than the fastest pace of the hardest-trotting horse; moreover, the platform on which you lie is on a level with the top of the animal's hump, and the whole structure of the shugduf so top-heavy that it requires the nicest adjustment of weight on either side to prevent the saddle, to which the shugduf is securely lashed (but which has no attachment whatever to the animal, merely adhering to its back in some mysterious way), turning a complete somersault — a thing which not unfrequently happens, for the art of balancing a shugduf is acquired only by long practice.

MOROCCO PILGRIMS EMBARKING AT TANGIER.

THE CARPETS OF THE KHÉDIVE LEAVING CAIRO FOR MECCA AND MEDINA.

My first night was one of the most wretched of my life, for the pitching and rolling of that desert-ship could not find its equal afloat. Old sailor as I was, I became exceedingly sick, a thing which had not happened to me for many years at sea. Our course, by the stars, was nearly east; and the distance, I was informed, twenty-eight miles to Haddah, where we halted at daylight.



THE BERAK, OR STANDARD, IN A CARAVAN OF PILGRIMS.

Haddah is the stage, or half-way halting-place, between Jidda or Mecca. Here there are about four or five square miles of cultivated ground, dotted over with groups of Bedawi huts. A stream of brackish water rises in the northeast and flows a mile or two over stone-built water-courses before losing itself in the desert.

In the shade of a large, shedlike caravansary at Haddah we spent the day, praying, eating and resting; and about an hour before sunset we started for Mecca. The road now became a more decided ascent, the hills around being higher and more rugged. At daylight, when we seemed to have reached the summit of a rocky platform, the increased intensity of the labbayks (pilgrims' prayers) and the dismounting of those ahead told that "the Mecca" was in sight.

The approach to Mecca by this road does not give a good view of the town. You arrive among collections of high stone buildings scattered over rocky slopes, then dismounting—for it is the proper thing to enter Mecca on foot, women and invalids alone excepted—you find yourself passing along rather wide streets, and between houses of some height. As you continue down hill the streets become more narrow and dirty toward the centre of the city, where a house had been prepared for us in the walks of the Haram, or square for public worship, around the Moslem Holy of Holies, the Caaba.

Now here was I, a veritable "Britisher," looking through a plain iron-barred window, estimating the dimensions of that Mohammedan "Hub of the Universe," the Caaba, to die in view of which hundreds of thousands pauper themselves in their old age, and toward which millions of eyes turn with reverence five times daily. But my calculating mood was soon cut short, for there was no escaping the forms and ceremonies appropriate to the occasion, which, tired and weary as I felt, kept me going the whole day. Besides the usual everyday five prayers and ablutions, we had to perform a two-prostration prayer in one part of the Haram and another in another part; to do the tawaf—a walk, or rather trot, round the Caaba seven times, kissing the Black Stone let into a corner of the building, and touching another stone in it, at every circuit; to run the El-Sai seven times, following a guide, about one-third of a mile through the streets repeating proper prayers. This is done in commemoration of Hagar's running up and down searching for water on the same spot. The street is in the middle of the city, skirting the Haram on the east, and crossing the valley of Mecca indirectly from side to side. Lastly, the head must be shaved. I was now at liberty to take off the pilgrim's garb. My companions only shaved as much of the top of their heads as could be covered by a skullcap, but I preferred to do all the shearing, mustache-clipping, and nail-paring of the most close-shaving Mohammedan, leaving only my beard, the ends of my mustache, and two small locks under my temples. My headdress was a Turkish tarbouche, with a long silk handkerchief tied round it; on my feet the Hindi sandals, a strip of leather protecting the entire sole of the foot, and kept on by a band over the instep and down between the big and second toes; by way of breeches, a pair of Hindi cotton pyjamas, four feet round the waist and tight at the ankles; a cotton tunic girded about the loins with several folds of a scarf; and over all, an Arab-brown cloth mantle, having wide sleeves and reaching to the ankles.

I had often heard that this great concourse every year at Mecca, ostensibly on a pilgrimage, really meets for a great fair; but having made the journey I know that this is not so. It is a true pilgrimage, the outcome of religion. The journey and hardships are undertaken professedly with an eye to the future, believed to be necessary for the salvation of the soul from punishment, and in the hope of the reward promised in the Koran.

It will be understood that the community of Mecca is composed of the most bigoted, the fanatical scum of the whole Moslem world. Now, in any wholly Mohammedan town the precarious position of an unbeliever is well known; but let a Jew, Christian, or idolater approach to defile ground so holy, and held in such veneration as is Mecca, to say that he would be stoned to death, torn in pieces, burnt, and his ashes sent out of the country, would only be repeating what I have heard Mohammedans declare. So that should any but a Mohammedan, from motives of curiosity, gain, or for adventure wish to enter the Hejaz, he must conform to the customs and habits of a Mohammedan, and adopt great caution. But let him be master of the thousand little signs and phrases of Mohammedan Freemasonry, and let him affect minutely all observances and points of etiquette, and sustain throughout a character for devotion, and he need fear no inconvenience in a place like Mecca. He may declare himself a Peckham Ryot, a native of Belgravia, or a country called North, as I have done, and he will meet with courteous, polite credence.

All through I made assurance my strong suit, and my acquaintance with India and hailing from Bombay my trump card; but if ever really cornered, as on one or two occasions, a little handplay, implying that I was a recent convert, would in every case call forth nothing but approval and commendation. To undertake an expedition of this kind was certainly a wild thing, and I suffered many qualms of conscience and felt the veriest hypocrite; but having once entered into it there was no drawing back. I, in fact, acted the lie so well I believe it myself! The name I had adopted, the "Servant of the Prophet," though common in several forms in India, was objected to by the most correct of our party as not strictly orthodox, for, said they, was not Mohammed himself the servant of God? I thought this would be very inconvenient, as bringing me into uncoveted notice, and added "Amin" to the name I had already adopted, then dropping "the servant," I became known as "Mohammed Amin," a Suni Mohammedan of the "reasonable class."

I was now settled in Mecca, living the ordinary everyday life of a pilgrim waiting for the "Great Pilgrimage." My ablutions were performed with the water of the well Zem Zem—Hagar's well in the wilderness, as tradition has it—and for appearance sake, I drank not a little of it, disagreeable as it was, being a mineral spring tasting like a weak solution of Epsom salts, and having a similar medicinal action.

For each prayer said in Mecca, I was supposed to get credit for a thousand said elsewhere; still it is not desirable for any but the very devout to reside wholly in Mecca, as one's sins are multiplied in like proportion. I was not supposed to have any intercourse with my harem, if I had one, nor to indulge in any feasting, sports, or amusements other than those allowable on religious grounds. Fighting and the shedding of blood were especially to be abstained from, and killing of vermin, flies, worms, etc., were almost equally reprehensible, on account of the probability of offending a "djin"—a class of spirit which is believed to take this form and to be especially abundant in Mecca.

My food consisted of the native diet of India, two meals of curry and rice a day, morning and evening, supplemented by any sweets, fruit, or tea at hand. I sometimes went out into the streets and purchased bread from the Turkish soldiers, who sell their rations, and judging from

the quality of their bread and the quantity they have to dispose of, they must be in clover here.

After a week or ten days I found I could walk about the crowded bazaars without attracting notice, my fair complexion exciting no curiosity, nor my ignorance of Arabic giving me any inconvenience where so many nationalities were gathered, speaking more languages than I will stay to enumerate here, only mentioning that you may jostle against a Tartar, Malay, negro, and Turk round any Hindi tea-stall.

About this time the end of the Fast Ramazan came, and the Great Feast lasting for three days brought out the whole population, decked in their gaudiest apparel, while the guns from the three Turkish forts fired a salute of twenty-one each day at the sunrise, noon, and sunset calls to prayer. The worship round the Caaba in the great square was attended by immense numbers. There could not have been less than thirty thousand at the sunset prayer on the second day. It was an imposing spectacle to see those bearded, turbaned, hard, worldly men standing, circle widening upon circle, round their sacred Caaba, silently following the imam as he praised God and blessed Mohammed. Then as from one voice rises the great cry, "God is great!" stirring emotions that must be felt to be appreciated, and simultaneously all bow and prostrate themselves with their faces to the earth. I have often stood in my window-recess going through these motions, unconsciously wrapt in the scene before me; every bright-colored dress or brilliant turban a contribution to an extent of blended color which the eye could not take in, each wave of prostration is swept over this rainbow-tinted space, making aurora-like transformations. In the twilight it was beautiful and impressive beyond most human displays. At this time the Caaba was opened, but I did not now venture to seek admission.

The town lies in a basin among steep hills five to seven hundred feet high. The whole valley, about one mile and a half long by one-third of a mile across, is packed and crammed with buildings of all shapes and sizes, without order, climbing far up the hills, with here and there a house on the summit of some rock, looking as though crowded out and waiting for a chance to squeeze into the confusion below; a curious gray mass, flat-topped, to an European eye roofless, half plastered, for plaster in this climate is always either being put on or well advanced in coming off, but never to be seen in its entirety. The walls of the houses are of uncut stone and rubble from three to six feet thick, in very high buildings even thicker, but stone is used only for the sills of windows or jambs and arches of doorways, and very little brick is employed anywhere. Notwithstanding the substantial thickness of the walls, tottering ruins may be found by the sides of the most thronged thoroughfares in every part of the city. Many of the houses are of great height, large and factory-like, full of little windows; seldom two adjacent houses face the same way or are the same height; nothing resembling a street could by any stretch of imagination be extricated from such a chaos of masonry. It was impossible, even from an elevated point of view, to trace a hundred yards of open space between houses in any direction except on the outskirts of the town, where two or three suburbs straggle off, and where the ground is not so thickly built over. From the midst of all the Haram stands out most prominently the main feature of Mecca. It is a large quadrangular open space, its longest direction northeast by east and southwest by west, inclosed within four arched colonnades, 190 yards by 127. Houses are built up close to it, except on the east, where it is bounded by a street.

The arcades, which are twenty-five feet high, have thirty-six little domes on the long and twenty-four on the short sides, running along the centre of the top, which is fifty feet wide; but at the principal entrances on the north and west there begins a widening of the roof, with two more rows of domes. These I did not count, and under the arcades the projection of the roof is not apparent, the space being occupied by offices. There are six tall minarets, placed at intervals round the outside of the inclosure, one or two of which must be over 150 feet high. Stone pathways lead across the graveled square to a paved oval space round the Caaba, a plain, unornamented oblong of closely-pointed, massive, cyclopean masonry, thirty-eight feet by thirty, and forty feet high, as I afterward ascertained. It is covered with a heavy black cloth, which has a good deal of silk in it. Ten feet from the top a band runs around about two and a half feet deep, very richly worked in bullion, with the Caluma, the Mohammedan profession of faith, the whole of the cloth being damasked with the same characters. The marble pavement, polished by the feet of the pilgrims, glistens in the sun. There are a few little buildings in the square, such as an erection over the well (Zem Zem) and the stations of the imams of the different sects. Flocks of blue-rock pigeons fly about the square, perching on every available ledge not covered with little wire spikes. This is all I can show you from my present standpoint.

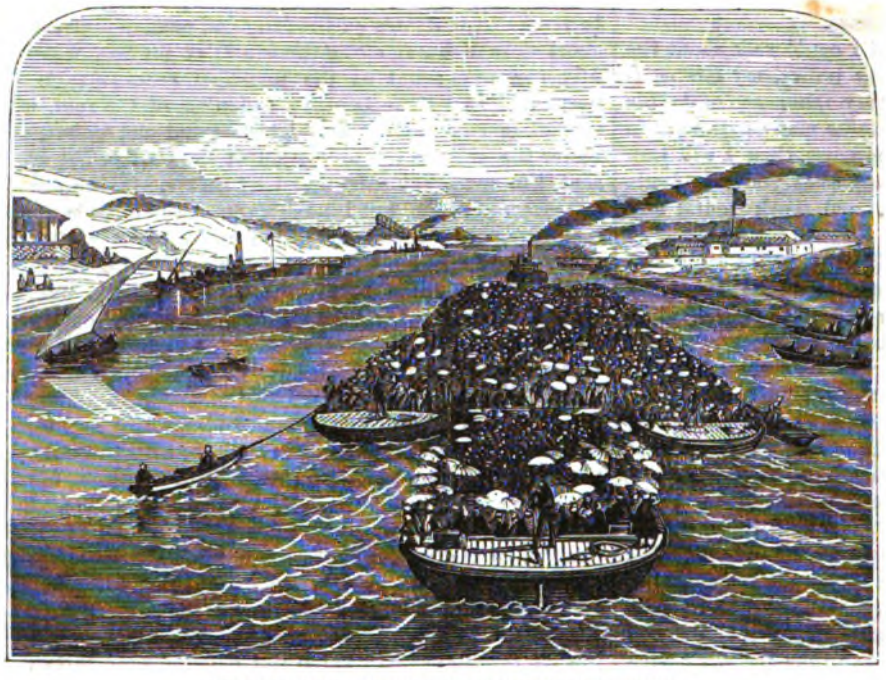
My measurements were obtained by a regular system, which I followed on every opportunity, I always carried a bamboo stick exactly a yard long, which I dropped down carelessly as I moved about. No one suspected the zealous devotee crawling on his hands and knees at night round the holy Caaba was, by way of a prayer, mumbling the number of times he moved his stick. The height of buildings I got by measuring their shadows. All the measurements given are tolerably accurate, and were noted down at the time.

On the afternoon of this day I ventured into the Haram alone for the first time. The general solemn expression of the faces around you is very noticeable; everybody has on his Sunday-go-to-meeting countenance, and converses in a subdued tone, while those sitting have their feet carefully tucked under—a point of etiquette everywhere, but especially in the Haram—and those lying down have their feet turned from the Caaba. Should you carry your shoes in your hand, you must hold them sole to sole, and no one would think of spitting while in the Haram, except on the soles of his shoes. Only privileged beggars are to be met with in the Haram, such as maimed or very old.

Parties of devotees sit in circles droning out short prayers, over and over, hour after hour, with a uniformity of sound and expression—ecstatic grunts and swaying of the body that becomes simply bewildering. After some hours enthusiasts go into a religious frenzy and work themselves up to foaming inarticulate idiotcy. I have seen these fits present the symptoms of epilepsy. This is considered rather a gift, and the possessor is looked upon with great reverence.

I accommodated myself to circumstances so rapidly that in six weeks I was as much at home as if I had been a Mohammedan all my life. I formed friends, had little tifts and jealousies with my companions in the household—we all having the same interests, and even eating out of the same plates, without offering to bite, though the disposition to do so is strong.

After the evening meal we all used to sit round a lamp in the middle of the room, eating, smoking and telling stories.



PILGRIMS ON THEIR WAY THROUGH THE SUEZ CANAL.

I invented many wonderful stories to amuse them, and found, here as everywhere, truth less credited than fiction. When I professed to have seen the late Sultan, Abdool Azis, and her Majesty Queen Victoria, no credit was given me; even an attempt to describe their appearance would not carry conviction.

One day I came home and found the Amér had suddenly made up his mind to start on a long-talked-of pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and that four of the party and myself were to be left to occupy the house till his return. Before they left, the Amér's public purse-bearer gave me thirty dollars for the support of my companions and myself while he was away.

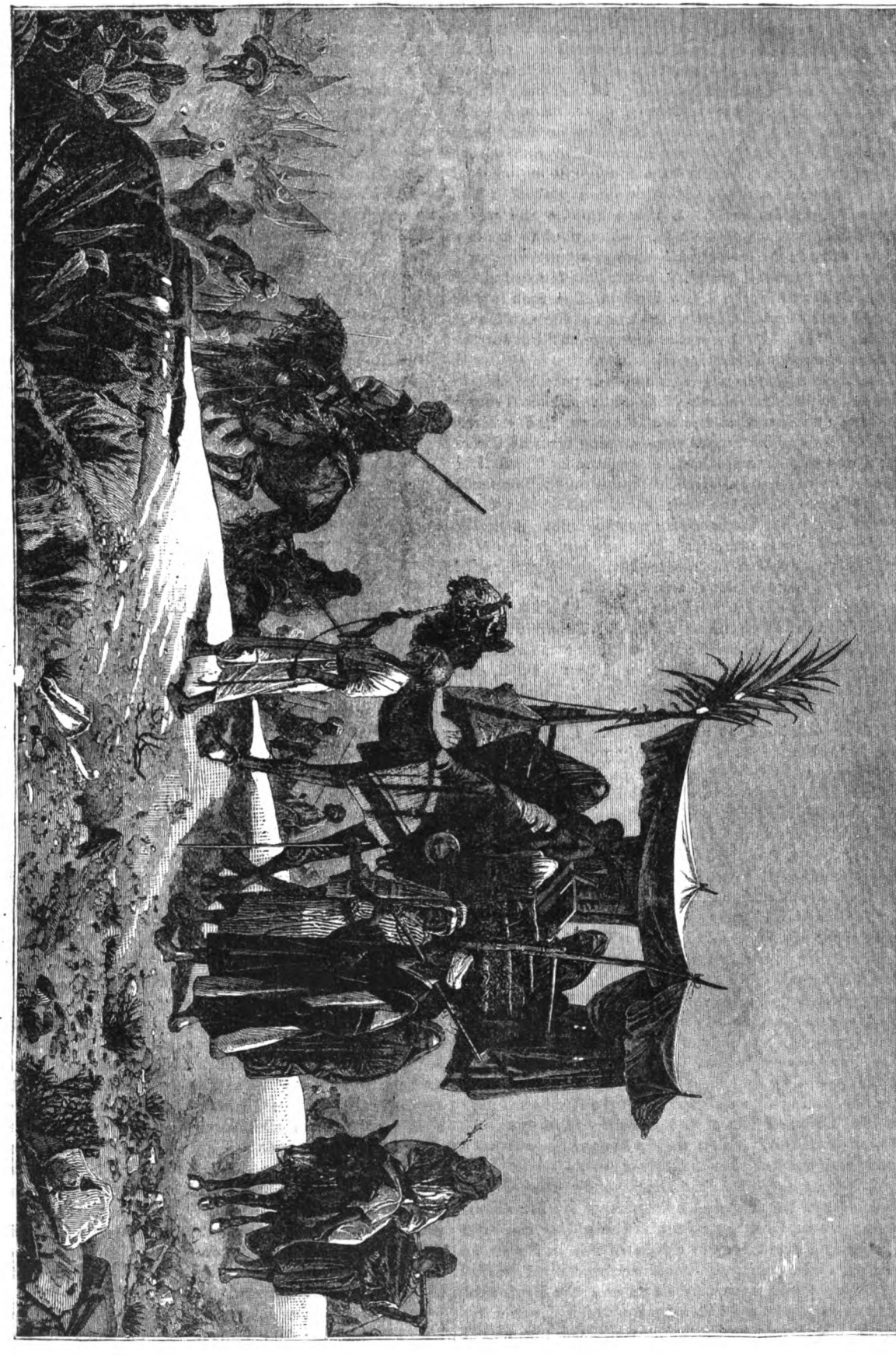
The first thing we did in the morning after the Amér's departure was to organize a general clean-up. The sleeping apartment, a room fifteen feet by twelve, had never been swept, and was filthy. We threw into the street (this being the custom of the country) eight large packing-cases full of rags, fragments of food in different stages of rot, broken pots, bottles, tins, old shoes, straw, torn matting and sticks. Besides all this, two snakes, a dead cat, a great many rats and mice, both dead and alive, and about five or six pounds weight of maggots out of one corner. I was afraid to raise the carpet; heaven knows what awful disclosures might have followed! All this brought a perfect treasure-trove to our boy in the way of lost trifles, and I found a ball of opium, which I pocketed. I am aware the foregoing savory fragment is not very "inviting," but it is characteristic.

I soon became quite an Eastern swell—my tunic of the whitest, my turban of the largest and brightest; and besides, I felt rather an important personage, a householder, and possibly entitled to a vote for a Kasi (judge), though I did not test my rights. The idea of any rowdy Arab questioning me as to who I was never entered into my calculations; I swaggered about anywhere and everywhere, but I was doomed to be let down in a manner that rather astonished my weak nerves.

One day I was passing a large college on the outskirts of the town, when about 150 students, from five to fifteen years of age, were out playing. I staid to look on at their games, and was much amused watching them, when a little Hindi child near me shouted, "Oh, look at the Christian!" I shall never be able to guess what put it into that son of Iblis's head. Perhaps he had seen Englishmen in India, and was struck with a fancied resemblance; or it may have been only for fun. Nothing of the kind had yet happened to me, and as this was unexpected it took me very much aback. All the young imps in the neighborhood took up the cry; and one great hulking brute stepped up to me and said, in a blustering manner: "Christian dog, if you are a Mohammedan make the profession of your faith."

Now I am one of the most peacefully-disposed of men, yet all my life I have been getting dragged into fights. I suppose I must look like a fellow easily put upon, whereas

THE CAVALCADE OF THE SACRED CARPET ENTERING THE DESERT.



A CARAVAN ON ITS WAY THROUGH THE DESERT.

I have a Bedawi aversion to dirt as an article of diet. This beggar riled me, and I did not feel at all disposed to give an account of myself to him. No, I just took the fellow by the shoulders, and administered a kick that must have made him see stars. I could not have perpetrated a more un-Mohammedan act. Instead of delivering myself of profuse expressions of devotion and faith, as a Mohammedan does on the slightest provocation, I had offered to my very proper interrogator one of the greatest indignities possible to a Mohammedan—I had struck him with a shoe. It brought a yell of "Ya! Christian" from its recipient, taken up by the whole crew. I had put my foot in it, I attempted to make a dignified retreat, when—whirr!—close past my ear flew a blue object (a pigeon I thought), but it lit a few feet ahead with a clatter that showed the kind of blue rock it was, and another followed, fetching me one on the skull, that would have "settled the number of my mess" but for the thickness of my too attractive headdress.

These Meccan youths are from constant practice able to deliver a stone as straight as a pistol-shot. I looked round an instant, and saw that the whole swarm had entered into the holy work. Stones were coming from all directions; I was getting some hard blows, and had to defend my face with my hands. Suddenly one on the knee and another in the small of the back brought me down; when up again I did not know which way to turn. A pretty little Arab child was struggling to heave a rock he could scarcely lift; I made a rush, seized the squalling brat in my arms, and a run of about twenty yards brought me to a long wall, to which I turned my back and held the kicking little wretch before me as a shield. This bewildered my tormentors for a moment; then on they came again, to rescue young struggling Ibrahim, as I heard them call him. The struggle was short and sharp; Ibrahim got terribly mauled, chiefly by his friends. I was somewhat of an old hand at a scrimmage. I watched my chance, bolted, and got about twenty yards' start before I was missed, and the pack set out in full cry after me. A Turkish guardhouse was close at hand, into which I rushed, passed the sentry, and squatted down behind him out of breath, arms and legs aching with bruises, and completely blown; however, I was safe for the moment and had time to pull myself together. In the meantime a crowd of Arabs and negroes was gathering, and the word "A Christian!" was passed, and the Turkish guards were giving me very black looks. One of the soldiers went for an officer, and returned in a minute or two with a young lieutenant.

It was quite a relief to see him in his Paris-cut uniform. He came up to me and at once addressed me in French; but I artlessly replied: "I cannot speak Turkish," and proceeded on to declare that "Allah was great, all praise be to Allah! there is only one God, Mohammed is his prophet," working myself up gradually till at last I rushed out of the guardhouse, saw an old friend—an Arab slave-dealer, who in his negotiations with the Amér had smoked many of my cigarettes—seized his stick and went for the promising young crowd with "sons of burnt fathers" and a torrent of similar abuse. The men now all took my side, and the old slave-dealer laughingly apologized for the excess of zeal in the rising generation, while even the Turkish sentry helped to disperse the boys with a parting stone, and the lieutenant showed me out into a back way by which I could go home without being further annoyed. On my way I strayed into a coffee-shop to arrange my disordered robes. After a smoke and a cup of coffee I began to feel a little more myself, and limped home.

I told my companions I was very sick (I really was in a good deal of pain), and that I would go and sleep in a little closet off the cooking-room so as not to be disturbed by noise or visitors. Into this room, about eight feet by four, I moved my clothes and blankets, and did not stir out of it till the Amér's return—about three weeks, during which there were many friendly inquiries for me. I heard no more of "the Christian" row, and the "third warrior" was very much surprised and would scarcely believe it when I told him of it some time after.

Our living averaged about one dollar a day. As I kept an account of all the money spent, I can give an example of a fair day's expenditure.

PROVISIONS ONE DAY FOR FIVE PEOPLE.

(1 *Ratl, nearly* 14 *oz.*)	*Piastres.*	*Parras.*
Meat—Camel, 5 ratl: Mutton, 3 ratl	5	—
Vegetables for Curry—Parsley, Beetroot, Bavish Marrow, Carrot	4	—
Bread, 2 ratl	2	—
Water, 20 gallons—4 small goat-skins brought to the house	2	—
Sugar, ½ ratl	2	—
Dates (best common) 1 ratl	2	—
Wood for fire	2	—
Lentils, ½ ratl	1	—
Milk, about 1½ pint	1	—
Chillies and other Spices for Curry	—	20
Sour Milk for Curry	—	20
Tea, ¼ oz.	—	20
Tobacco, ½ oz. Turkish	1	—
Lamp Oil, Paraffin	—	10
Sundries—Shaving, Fruit, Sweets, Pocket Money, etc.	4	10
	23	11

Besides this we had rice, ghee and tamarinds in the house, of which we consumed daily—rice, eight pounds; ghee, four ounces; tamarinds, half a pound. This is very sumptuous living, indeed, for Hindis; quite as good and more varied than we got at the Amér's table.

On the day before the new moon in December the Amér returned loaded with purchases. As I now felt perfectly safe, I came out and began to move about; gave up opium suddenly, and found my nerves much affected in consequence. A stranger coming into the room would startle me. I dare not let any one pass behind me, always backing up to the wall, and it was some days before this wore off. On the day of the new moon, I was so ill that I was unable to pray, thereby missing much; for a prayer at Mecca on this day scores something enormous, though I forget exactly how many thousand rupees given in charity it is supposed to equal.

During the next few days I visited a number of holy places about Mecca, the name of which is legion, there being scarcely a spring or hill which is not said to be the scene of some remarkable event in the life of either Adam, Eve, Abraham, Hagar, Ishmael, or some other holy personage; while as for Mohammed, there is no end to it.

Such of these places as I did visit I will now attempt to describe. The Caaba, in the middle of the Haram, is called the Centre of the World. Toward this Mohammedans in all parts of the earth face when praying. The whole ground within the outer bounds of the arcades is deemed part of heaven, to which it will return on the last day. The architectural design of the whole is such that I know of no other structure or edifice with which to compare it. It is entered from the street by doorways of different sizes—the two largest are on the northern and western sides, the Gate of Abraham in the western being very high and arched, and really fine. There are a dozen other public entrances and a number of smaller private

doorways and windows. The tower being some ten feet above the level of the square, you descend, at all the entrances, either a steep paved incline, a flight of steps, or an irregular compound of both, into the arcades, which are about fifty feet wide, and paved throughout with limestone and a greenish crystalline stone common in the neighborhood, laid very unevenly and in small oblong blocks. The roof is supported on three rows of thirty-six pillars on the longer and twenty-four pillars on the shorter sides.

Every fourth pillar is hexagonal, about four feet thick; the rest are plain round pillars, something more than a foot in diameter, either of sandstone or limestone. The capitals are the only ornamental stonework in the building; they are carved with flower, scroll, or angular devices, respectively and promiscuously. The roof consists of rows of arches, and all round three arches transversely springing from every pillar, dividing the ceiling into three rows of small domes, except at the corners, and at the principal portals, where ingenious, bewildering non-uniformity baffles description. From the top of each transverse arch a large lamp is suspended, and under the inner arches facing toward the Caaba there hang from a crossbar, reaching from pillar to pillar, five lamps to each arch.

The square itself is graveled and divided by narrow pavements. There are three bronze date-trees, about twelve feet high, with lamps hanging to the ends of their fronds midway between the Caaba and the arcades. All round on the gravel at intervals are placed stacks of earthenware bottles containing water of Zem Zem for the use of the pilgrims.

The well is about eighty feet from the northeast corner of the Caaba. It has an irregular, shambling building over it, roofed by a large cupola, a small dome, and occupies an area of about seventy feet square. On the eastern, western, and southern sides of the Caaba, at about the same distance as the well, are three other unimportant erections, with rather more than their share of lamps. On the northern side, about thirty feet distant, Abraham's Stone is deposited in a small house thirty feet high by six by eight feet square, having a large heavy wooden door on its north side.

This is the stone which acted as a stage for Abraham when building the Caaba. I did not see the stone, as it can only be seen by paying very highly, and few can afford it; but it is popularly believed to have Abraham's footprint on it. About eight yards off on each side of this building there are two six-sided stone pulpits, three feet thick and twelve feet high, topped with a stone railing, and mounted by a set of stone steps on the opposite side to that facing the Caaba. At each of these pulpits commences a row of lamp-posts about ten feet high, extending all round the Caaba, about fifteen feet distant from one another, and having between every two posts seven lamps suspended from crossbars, each post being surmounted by a gilded crescent. Outside this circle the pavement extends about twenty feet, and is the same as that under the arches, while that within the circle of lamps is a pavement composed of smooth flagstones about eighteen inches below the level of the square.

On the western side of the Caaba is a horseshoe wall four and a half feet high and three feet thick, its ends toward the Caaba, leaving a passage between, inclosing a semicircular space thirty feet in diameter, in the middle of which is the tomb of Ishmael with an engraved slab of marble. The base of the Caaba is surrounded by a marble rim about two and a half feet wide and one foot high, and into this a number of brass ringbolts are let, having a four-inch cotton rope passed through them, to which the lower edge of the Caaba cover is laced. There are three openings in this cover—one in the east end of the north side is a heavy bullioned curtain before the silver-plated door in the Caaba, which is of ordinary size, about seven feet from the ground; near this, but right on the corner of the building, is a round hole in the cover about five feet in circumference, and its lower border about two feet above the base rim of the Caaba, showing a massive silver boss, with ears for securing it to the stonework, and set so deeply into this that the face is concealed by the silver rim when in the act of kissing it, is the Black Stone. This is about the size of a man's head, of a brownish-black, glassy substance, like obsidian, presenting rounded inequalities of surface, as if from fusion or fracture.

There is a belief that the Black Stone will float in water; this most likely means that it is momentarily buoyant after being thrown in, which might be true if it contained a great number of cavities or bubbles, as a piece of obsidian often does. And another general belief is that the stone is white, but that its surface has been blackened by defilement.

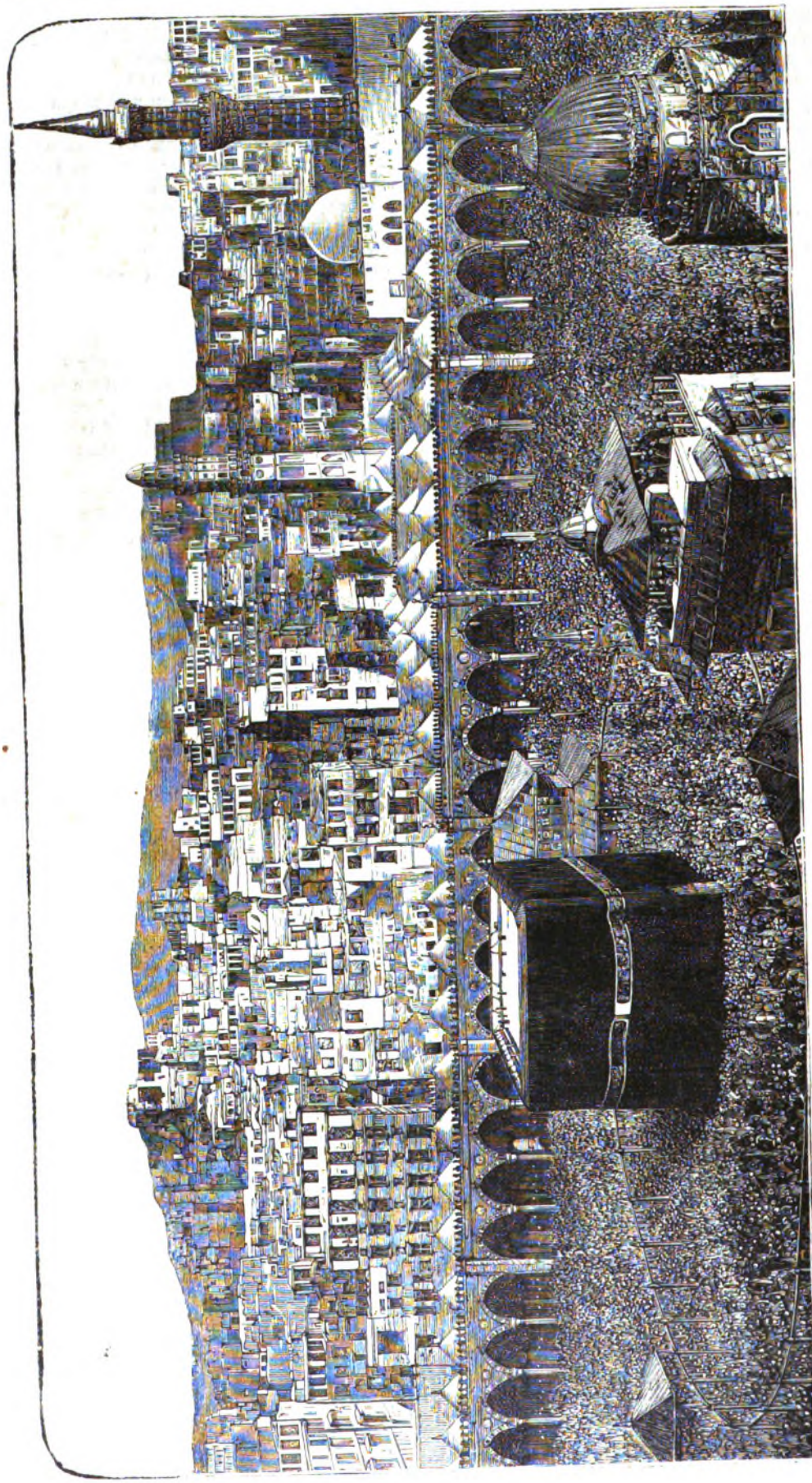
There are two or three versions of the history of this stone, but the most generally received one is, that it is the angel who had charge of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden turned into stone for allowing them to be beguiled by the serpent into eating the "wheat," and that he will be restored at the last day.

In the southeast corner of the Caaba there is another piece cut out of the cover about three feet high and eighteen inches wide, exposing one of the corner-stones of the building, a small oblong granite block, very much polished by the touchings it receives at the hands of pilgrims performing the tawaf. On the west side from the top of the Caaba is a gold-plaited spout, appearing from below to project about four feet from the building, to be about a foot wide and six inches high at the sides. The rainwater off the flat roof of the Caaba is discharged through this, and when it rains there is a free fight among the pilgrims to get under it. Considering the open-air character and the dimensions of the whole, the place is kept in good order and repair, the whitewash and paint all appearing fresh and clean.

The colors employed are black, mauve, Indian-red and yellow wash, each stone on the inside and much of the outer walls being painted one of these colors with a system of avoiding anything like rule. There are also large whitewashed spaces on these walls occupied with chapters of the Koran, and the stones of the arches are painted like those in the walls, as are the stones in built pillars. The domed ceiling is cleanly whitewashed, and the plaster on the top and front of the arcades and buildings is kept in constant repair, while the whole place is cleaned out by gangs of sweepers twice a day. The building occupies within its outer walls a space of eight and a quarter acres.

The behavior in the Haram is much better than in most Mohammedan mosques. During the day crowds sit about or promenade under the shade of the arcades until a call to prayer, when all join in for about a quarter of an hour, the noonday prayer being the longest. After sunset the 2,860 lamps are lit, and many groups of pilgrims sit round private colored lamps, which add greatly to the general brilliancy, until after the last evening prayer, when the Haram becomes deserted, all who are not actually employed in performing some act of prayer or devotion are, after this hour, turned out by the attendants.

Jebel Nur, four miles northeast of Mecca, is a steep conical hill rising some 900 feet above the sand level;



THE CITY OF MECCA, WITH THE CAABA.

the valley maintains a level of its own, as water would. In the ascent you pass round to the north side, where you see that it would have been impossible to ascend further on that side, and find a difficult though perfectly practicable path leading to the summit. Half-way up this path there is a rainpool in the rock. Here you may perform your ablutions before ascending to the very apex of the cone, where a small dome is erected over a fissure in the solid rocks, some eight feet long by three feet deep, said to have been made by a slip of the Angel Gabriel's instrument while removing the black spot (sin) from the heart of Mohammed preparatory to giving him his prophet's commission. Further down on the south sid re two small caves, in which Mohammed concealed himself at the time of his persecution in Mecca.

Umrah, about four miles southeast of Mecca, is a deep pool or tanlo, built round, about one hundred feet by fifty feet square. There are steps leading down to the water, in which the pilgrims wash. This is said to have been one of Mohammed's favorite places of resort for prayer and meditation.

At this time, about six feet of the lower part of the Caaba cover, which had become very ragged by pilgrims leaning against it, was raised all round and replaced by white calico, adding greatly to the effect by contrast with the black

and gold. Pilgrims were now arriving in crowds; all the great caravans had come, the town was packed till there was scarcely standing-room in some of the streets.

If, at this time, the congregation in the Haram had been analyzed, different nationalities would have been found in about the following proportions: Turks, five per cent.; Arabs, fifteen; Hindis (Mohammedans from India), twenty; Malays, five; Negroes, ten; Persians, ten; Maghribis, fifteen; Syrians, six; Tartars, five; Bedawin, three; and a nondescript rabble from China, the west coast of Africa or Russia, and wild Darwaysh-looking savages from God knows where, five per cent.

TYPES OF MOHAMMEDAN PILGRIMS.

The Turk certainly appears to advantage as the most civilized, clean, and sensible of them all; bad as he is, he is as much superior to other Easterns as any European nation is to him. The Turks, as a ruling power, are hated and feared not only by their unwilling subjects, the natives of the Hejaz, but by all other Mohammedans, both on account of their adoption of European costume and their introduction of such Christian innovations as forks and chairs, and, it is whispered, even wine into the holy Mecca; so that none allow them to be Mohammedans more than in name.

The next in importance are the Arabs, sanctified Meccans, who honor you by accepting charity. Blustering, "frauds," swindlers to a man, trained from infancy to the rooking of the pilgrim-pigeon, they are perfect in every dodge and art of crimping and caging. Imams, muezzins, and nearly all posts of religious and civil authority, from the High Sheréf downward, are held by Arabs.

The Hindi element much exceeds, perhaps even doubles, the Arab, and the pilgrims from India almost equal in number those from all other parts of the East, except the Bedawin and Arab population of the country round, which must be almost depopulated on the day of assembling at Arafat.

A good many pilgrims come from Afghanistan and enjoy a very evil repute in Mecca. They are all known by the name Sulaymani.

The Malays come in great numbers, considering the long sea voyages. They never set out on a pilgrimage without sufficient funds to insure their return. Quiet and fairly honorable in their dealings, yet close-fisted, they are the most rational of the pilgrims, the only ones who understand managing the cantankerous Bedawin.

The negroes are the porters, water-carriers, and performers of most of the real labor in Mecca. Happy, healthy, well fed, well clothed (as such things go in Mecca,) they are slaves, proud of their masters, in a country where the slave is "honored only after his master."

PILGRIMS ENCAMPED AT MEDINA.

The Persians move rather under a cloud in Mecca on account of their unorthodox doctrines, keep very much to themselves, and pray together in parties. I believe they nearly all come by land, and many of them on horses which they bring with them.

Maghribis are the Arabs of North Africa, a malodorous brawling horde, principally remarkable for neglect of the practices of their faith, especially ablution.

Tartars and Bokharans—powerful, well-built races of very large men with Russian complexions and rosy cheeks—come the whole pilgrimage

on foot from the most remote parts of Central Asia, some occupying five or six months on the journey. They perform all minor pilgrimages most assiduously. They go about enveloped in their thick woolen garments on the most scorching day in the desert, and are as dirty as any others, or dirtier.

Friday, December 14th, was the day of standing to Arafat. This is called the "Greater Pilgrimage," and is attended by far greater numbers than ordinary. On December 13th all the gathering of nations which had hitherto loaded almost to bursting the small valley of Mecca was shot out, discharged—I can give no better idea. In twenty-four hours this army of 200,000 strong, every one his own general, every one his own commissary, evacuated Mecca almost to a man, marched about eleven miles east, and camped on the plain near Mount Arafat; this march must at least have been confused, but with every man doing his worst to make a rout of it (for it is intended to be figurative of Mohammed's flight from Mecca) confusion was no name for it.

We mounted the camels at the door, and it took us two hours to get over the first mile through the streets, so thronged were they with camels; sometimes the shugdufs would get entangled and be torn nearly off; the inmates, if women, would scream and pray; if men, curse and pray, notwithstanding the guard which they are supposed to keep over their tongues on this solemn occasion; and predominant over all rose the oft-repeated shrill "lab-bayks," to which I added my quota of discordance, entering into the thing gleefully.

In the narrow streets the shugdufs would get jammed together, and no advance could be made for some minutes; but as the crush all tended in one direction, we were at last carried out of the town into the open roads, and passed on with the current—one continuous stream of men and animals flowing out of Mecca toward Muna, a village at which we arrived about three P.M.

Muna lies in a pass some two or three hundred yards across and half a mile long, between two abrupt rocky ridges about two or three hundred feet high. Low houses line the pass at the sides of the Arafat road, which is about eighty feet wide. Here rows of provision, tea, or tobacco stalls had been set up, and the place for the time had become a fair.

I took up my post to watch the crowds passing in their uniform white dresses, for although the women do not wear the pilgrims' garb, they must dress in white. I soon became aware from the greater commotion and a general pressing from the middle of the street that something was going to happen. I was told the "Sheréf" was coming, and in a minute or two the head of the procession appeared.

First came the Sheréf's vanguard, about 100 bare-backed camels, each ridden by two armed Bedawin, a spearman in front and a matchlock-man behind. Though the ragamuffins exerted themselves madly, and appeared to be riding furiously, they made little headway, their very hurry and confusion retarding their advance. I never saw a more barbarous, savage exhibition than these excited, ferocious-looking warriors, with their long matted locks and the twenty-five foot spears, surmounted with tufts of ostrich feathers.

Close behind came other camel-riders, playing on reed instruments like short flageolets, keeping very good time, and producing much noise; the music was in keeping with time and place. After them followed a led camel in crimson cloth and gold ornaments, said to be carrying something belonging to the Caaba. What was visible was a piano-case-shaped structure about four feet high, covered with red cloth, and a lot of bells hanging on its front side, which made a great jangling at every step of the camel. Behind this followed a rabble of armed functionaries on foot, carrying breech-loading and revolving guns and rifles, spears, swords, and anything to kill with, from a Deringer to a battle-ax. After these came twelve led horses in gold and silver trappings, following one another in line—light bays and chestnuts in rather too good condition for work, but compact, muscular, pretty little animals, each one handsomer than the last; and if they had gone on following one another all day, you could not have taken your eyes off.

Then came the Sheréf himself, riding an iron-gray horse somewhat higher than the led ones, with exceedingly slight limbs and neck, giving the idea of light weight and great speed, but pacing quietly and unconcernedly through the mob without as much as turning its lovely little head.

The Sheréf himself was dressed in the costume of a Bedawi Shaykh—light-blue mantle, worked in gold about the shoulders and collar, fastened in front with a thick gold cord and tassels; on his head the ordinary silk head-dress of the Bedawi, kept on by a camel's-wool ring round the top of the head. He is a slight, wiry, well-made man, below the medium height; his complexion would be considered very dark even for a Bedawi, almost black. He has a small, round bullet head, and that peculiar cast of countenance which provokes you to say he has a face like a monkey, notwithstanding his very shrewd, intelligent expression. His beard and mustache are short and scrubby, and I should guess him at under forty years of age. His years, however, are hard to judge, and he might be any age from twenty-four to forty.

At distances of about twenty yards respectfully followed his nephews or sons. Both were mounted on chestnut horses, and dressed like the Sheréf. At this part of the procession were a great number of followers, bearers of wands of office, mounted and foot armed attendants, some in pilgrim's garb and some in ordinary gala-dress. At a distance of fifty yards behind these rode a number of Turkish officers clearing the way for the Pasha. A line of Mamelukes in uniform, armed with sabres and "Winchester" repeating-carbines, were drawn up on each side of the road; between them the Pasha passed in a new shiny barouche drawn by two chestnut carriage-horses, with coachman and footman dressed in civilized livery, and the Pasha, a gray old gentleman, in a well cut suit of black cloth. Imagine the contrast between them and their surroundings! Close behind followed two brass twelve-pounder fieldguns drawn by mules, and a regiment of infantry. This ended the procession, which encamped about a mile further on. Then men and animals, with now and then detachments of Turkish troops, kept sweeping by till two A. M., when I lay down on my blanket in a corner of the room.

I remember feeling very uncomfortable on the next morning—the day on which I was to acquire the honored title of Haji, and witness a scene, which it is given to few Europeans to see. I felt a sort of depression, as though I required to be brought up to the sticking-point.

About eight A. M. our party started. I preferred to walk by the camels, and mingle with the throng, giving my mount to one of my companions. As we passed along the valleys between, the rocky hills became more open, and the crowds were able to disperse themselves over wider roads.

About eleven A.M. we reached the large, sandy, depressed plain of Arafat, occupying an area of some four or five square miles. In the northeast is "Mount Arafat," a

small hill, about 200 feet high, composed of large masses of gray granite, at the base of quite a respectable little mountain, the "Mount of Mercy."

We pitched our tents about a third of a mile south of this hill. As soon as this work was completed, I went off alone to the top of Mount Arafat. The scene from here was——I shall not be surprised if it flits across my mind on my deathbed.

As I looked down on the great throng—a gray rippling sea of black heads and white bodies, extending from the sides of the hill, thickly clothed with men to a mile and a half off on the south and half a mile across—and remembered the distant countries from which they came, and what brought them, it was impossible to help a feeling almost of awe.

The practice among the pilgrims seemed to be to come up on the hill, say one or two prayers, remain a quarter of an hour or so, and return to the plain.

On the top there is a small colonnade, an obelisk about fifteen feet high, and some low stone walls. All over the hill the crowd was so great that it was very difficult to get from one place to another, even by climbing walls and jumping from rock to rock. On the sides of the hill are a number of platforms, built up or hewn out of the rock, and a winding road, much of it composed of steps in the rock. At the bottom of the hill is a graveled terrace forming a road between the hill and a large reservoir of water at its base, and another tank about one hundred yards south. The sides of these tanks were occupied the whole day by pilgrims performing the "lesser" ablution.

As the afternoon wore on the press on the hill became greater, the crowd so dense as to literally bear you up. Many women had got on the hill and were being much crushed, some people were trodden under foot and forced into the crevasses of the rocks. I managed to battle my way out of it, and began to make for our tents. I had been pushing across the plain for a quarter of an hour or so, and was well out of the thick of the crowd, when I was "brought up all standing" by a confused roaring behind me, and, looking back, saw all the men taking off their upper pieces of cloth and waving them over their heads, uttering, "Allah!" "Mohammed!" and other exclamations. It seemed to begin at a preconcerted signal, whether the afternoon call to prayers or the end of the sermon, I did not know. This shouting would last for a few minutes at its height, then die almost out, and the cloud of waving white cloths almost all subside, then rise again, beginning at Mount Arafat and spreading over the plain. These intervals of great noise and almost silence continued regularly for about half an hour, and then elapsed gradually into roar and tumult.

The whole multitude was now worked up to the highest pitch of excitement, individuals expressing the greatest emotion, while some were quite frantic, and the scene had become a perfect pandemonium. There was something almost horrible about it. I felt like a sane man among 300,000 lunatics. However, I shouted, flourished my cloth, capered about till the firing of the Pasha's two guns, which was the signal for decamping, reminded me that I had better return to my party. All the tents were struck at once and camels moved, completely changing the whole appearance of the great camp in a few minutes. I had much difficulty in finding our people, and reached them only when they were on the point of moving off.

All was ready for starting, but the Sheréf and Pasha, together with another procession of the same kind from Medina, passed near our camp, so we waited to follow behind them, spending the time firing off the firearms we had, and sending up rockets. The two fieldguns were fired, round after round, as fast as they could be loaded with small charges of loose powder. One fellow repeatedly exploded an old matchlock, with a bend in the barrel that could be distinctly perceived twenty yards off in the dusk! Immense rockets and coveys of smaller ones rose from all parts of the plain, whose sticks as they fell could not but have hurt some one.

Still I must say I did not see a single accident. I afterward heard of a good many who had been privileged to win on the field that day. That night we camped at Muzdalifah, and here we gathered the sixty-three small stones to be used during the next three days stoning the devil-stones at Muna.

We reached Mecca shortly after sunrise next morning. On the outskirts of the town a few coffee-shops had already been opened, and we passed two or three groups of Bedawi and Negroes; but as we came more into the town the streets were entirely deserted, not a living soul to be seen, all the shops being shut up, and the housedoors and windows closed. It had a most strange aspect, after the appearance which I had been accustomed to for months.

On the fourth day after the pilgrimage the Caaba was opened for those who had not been in Mecca during the Ramazan, and every part of the Haram was crowded with men, but no women, as the Caaba was to be opened for them on the following day. It took me two hours to force my way up to the steps to await my turn, for the pilgrims were let in by parties. At last I got in. I was carried in the rush. The heat was intense, the atmosphere unendurable. Inside I had just time to give a good look round and glance up. Nobody is supposed to look up while in this chamber. You are told that the only man who ever did so was struck blind. All that could be seen—for the place was very dark—were the red hangings of the walls and ceiling embroidered in gold, and the three pillars supporting the flat roof, between which dim lamps hung from metal crossbars.

I think it was on the eighth day after the pilgrimage that the inundation occurred. Such a flood had not visited Mecca for seventeen years, on which occasion the water had risen seven feet in the Haram. It began to rain about eleven A. M.

Across every entrance to the Haram there is a raised stone parapet, apparently built for the purpose of keeping the water out during these floods. I took my stand on one of these and watched the strong, steady stream flowing past, laden with the floating wreck of the bazaars, cages of fowls, all kinds of fruit, flocks of bread loaves, empty baskets, the legs and tops of wooden stalls, dogs swimming about, and being forced whining back wherever they attempted to land, negroes and Arabs standing in the stream seizing whatever was best worth picking up as it floated past.

About two P.M. the wind suddenly shifted to the west, taking the cover off the Caaba "flat aback," only giving it time for a couple of tremendous flaps and bangs before it settled into fluttering and bellying in the opposite direction. It continued to rain and the water to flow in until about three P.M., when the wind fell away with a few parting gusts, and the rain took off with one or two parting gushes of large drops.

After this the water ceased to rise in the Haram, and stopped flowing in from the outside very quickly. During the whole storm pilgrims had been performing the tawaf and kissing the Black Stone in greater numbers than usual at this time of the day, and now, when the water was at its highest and the Black Stone immersed, many continued to swim round the Caaba, and put their heads under to kiss the stone.

The next morning there was scarcely a pint-pool of water to be found at the surface anywhere in Mecca; but in every place where the water had been it had left a layer of about six inches of tough, springy earth, cutting like clay—in many places it was much thicker; round the Caaba this deposit was eighteen inches deep. In the morning before the traffic began the lumpy, uneven roads looked smooth and clear as though freshly laid with asphalt, and the whole square of the Haram like a sandy beach at low water. It was pleasant to the bare feet—soft and smooth.

I did the tawaf several times that morning at a good run—sharper exercise than I had taken for many a day. In spite of the great supply of labor, it took three days to clear the Haram of mud. The worst result of the flood was the great amount of sickness that prevailed after it; cholera, smallpox, and typhus broke out and raged wildly together for about three weeks.

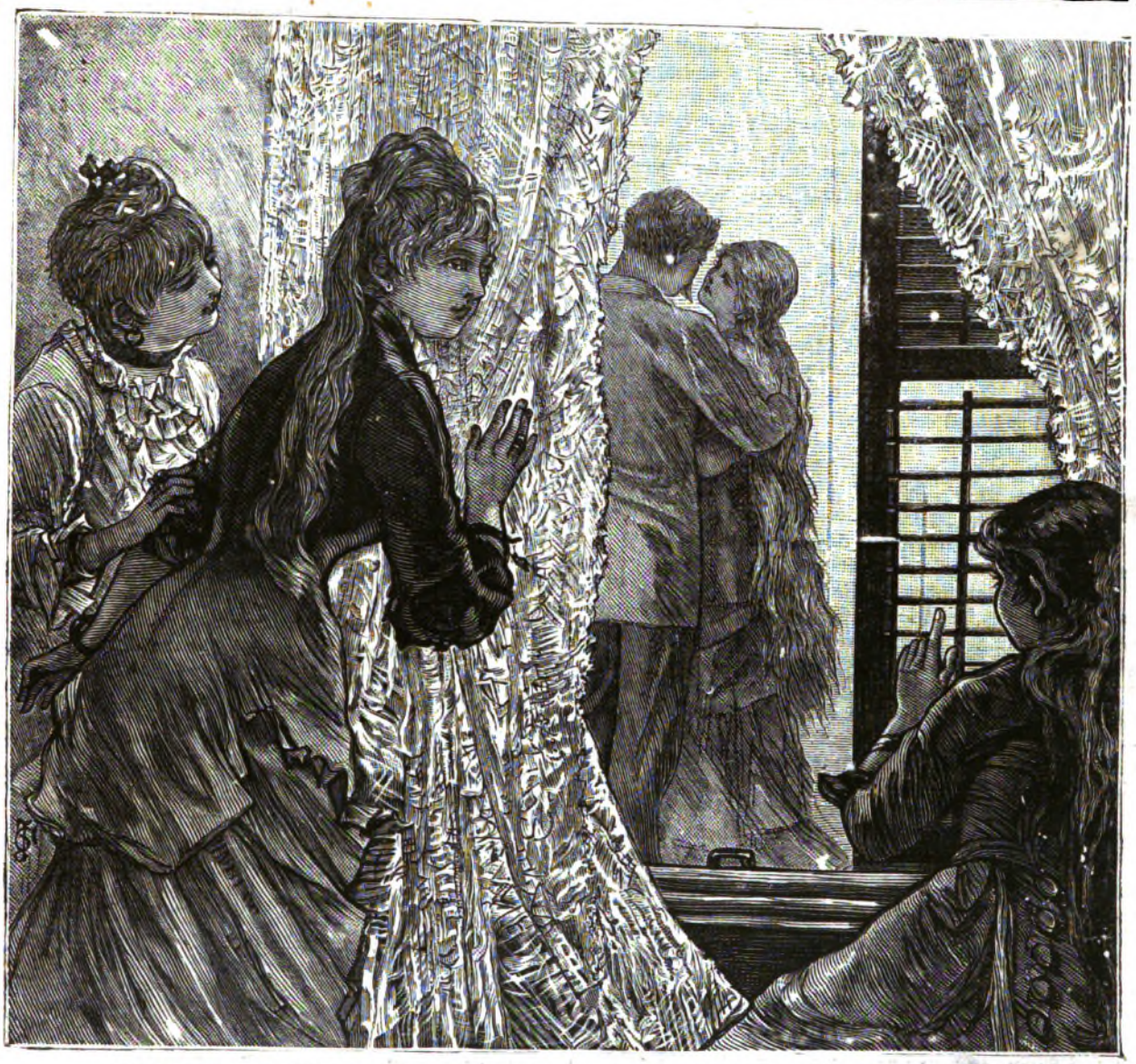
Mohammedan burial rites differ a good deal in different countries. In Mecca it is usual to take the bier to a part of the Haram near Abraham's Stone, so that the soul may pass out of it through the door of the Caaba, and the noonday prayer is recited by the Imam before interment of the body under a few bushes and a couple of feet of earth, with its face toward the Caaba. A coffin is never used.

No idea can be formed from this of the number of deaths which really occurred daily, as probably by far the greater majority of those who died had no friends, or were not thought worth the trouble of carrying to the Caaba on the way to the burial-ground. The pilgrims were leaving by thousands, and we began to make our preparations for starting with the first caravan to Medina.

And now, reader, I must take my leave of you for the present. The rest of my career in the Hejaz became one of such incredible adventure that I hesitate to publish an account of it.

RETURNING FROM MECCA.

BORROWED thoughts, like borrowed money, only reveal the poverty that compelled the loan.



A SLIGHT SURPRISE.—"'DARLING!' HE WHISPERS, 'I CAN'T GO ON IN THIS WAY—THEY'LL HAVE TO KNOW.'"

A SLIGHT SURPRISE.

By Marguerite F. Aymar.

"Now, Mr. Scrope, you must."

"Yes, Mr. Scrope, of course. The idea of you not knowing how!"

"Please do."

"Come along, Mr. Scrope," Annie Scott says, seizing the young man by his coat-sleeve in familiar fashion. "You're not going to mope and smoke here on the piazza any longer; it's too damp. Mrs. Walker says so. We're to have games in the parlor. Come along."

And Mr. Scrope, seven-and-twenty and five-feet-ten, lithe, sweet-mouthed, beautiful-eyed and stern-browed, "comes along" into the parlor of the big, old-fashioned seaside tavern where the party are spending their Summer. They—that is to say, Mrs. Walker, a mature matron with her two daughters, and the particular friend of each daughter—have arrived but two days previously, while Raymond Scrope has been idling away full two weeks already at the quaint little village on the coast of Massachusetts.

There are plenty of other boarders in the house—dames and dowagers, and aged and middle-aged gentlemen; but Mr. Scrope has the field to himself, as far as competitors of his own years are concerned, and Mrs. Walker's "young people," as she always designates them, have but each other to contend with regarding the aforesaid Mr. Scrope—unless, to be sure, Beatrice Reade, whom they all voted "reserved" the night she arrived, which was the very one succeeding their own appearance, be counted in.

To be sure, she was a girl, to all outward seeming not yet twenty, but she appeared to be delicate, and was all the time reading or invisible; her aunt, now, who chaperoned her, was altogether different—nice and sociable, worthy and elderly—dear, agreeable Miss Susan Cornell, who always thought precisely as every one else did, and who took a most kindly, if violent, interest in everybody's affairs.

"There, now, we're going to play Boston. It's lots of fun. You can blindfold me first. I don't mind it a bit!" cries Cecilia Haight, binding the handkerchief over her eyes, and instantly beginning to wave her hands about

and into and over the dodging heads of the circle in the midst of which she stands. "This is—Isabelle!"

"No, no, no!" and Miss Haght begins afresh, amid screams of merriment."

"This is—let me see"—stroking his face with her shapely hands. "Why, it's Mr. Scrope, of course!"

"Right, right!"

More bursts of laughter, and the handkerchief is adjusted over the dreamy, gentian-blue eyes of Mr. Scrope, who gyrates about the circle in a not ungraceful fashion, after having called upon "nine and seventeen" to change places.

"Pshaw!" cries Minnie Walker. "Mr. Scrope, you'll never catch any one that way—just standing still and waving your arms three feet above your head. We're not giants!"

A general and loud corroboration is given to this sentiment.

"Do you mean to say," says Mr. Scrope, arresting the motion of his arms and pulling down the handkerchief from his eyes, "that I am expected to use personal force? Because if you do, this thing degenerates into a romp at once!" he adds, *sotto voce*.

No one directly replies to this inquiry, but a concerted scramble is made, the bandage is replaced, and Mr. Scrope understands what is expected of him, and nobly does his duty.

In five minutes he has clasped all four of the young ladies in a loving embrace, and failed utterly—if willfully—to guess who either of them might be. He finally achieves liberty and sight through the medium of Annie Scott.

As his eyes open on the light once more, they fall upon an upturned, laughing, scornful face, Beatrice Reade's; she is sitting in a corner with a magazine in her lap, her chin resting on her clasped hands, her eyes full of laughter and her lips of scorn—for him; he is sure of it; for them all—the whole party—anticking and capering about the room? He feels it as surely as those red lips uttered the words and he could hear them; but he meets scorn and smiles both with apparent indifference, and in five seconds is deeply absorbed in the entrancing game of "Catch the handkerchief," in which he proves himself an adept, much to the gratification of the company in general.

"I do love to see my young people enjoying themselves!" exclaims Mrs. Walker, drawing a deep sigh of satisfaction. "'Tis such a beautiful sight, my dear Miss Cornell, to see girls who are accustomed to all the elegancies, the refinements and demands of the choicest society come here, and among the woods and fields beside old ocean's billows, throw it off—throw off all restraint; that's what I tell my young people. Be yourselves, strengthen your muscles and your lungs, and act like children!"

At this particular moment, Raymond Scrope's light-brown, curling mustache is being felt in a recurrence to Boston by the fingers of the young Miss Walker.

"Yes, yes; just so, of course," replies little Miss Cornell, pleasantly, casting a glance at her niece.

"I am so sorry, Miss Reade, that you are not strong enough to join in the games with my young people," says Mrs. Walker, commiseratingly.

"I am afraid I never shall be," Beatrice answers, with perfect courtesy.

Mr. Scrope hears it.

"A little too boisterous this, Miss Cornell. Don't you think so?" ejaculates Professor Wilson, in the little old lady's disengaged ear, as he lays down "Draper" in disgust. "I think the proprieties should never be forgotten under any circumstances."

"No, no; of course not. Just so," she responds, with precisely the same fervor that characterized her reply to Mrs. Walker's observation.

"Now, what shall we do to-morrow?" cries Isabelle, flinging herself into a rocking-chair and extending her feet with prodigal liberality.

"Sail to Crow's Nest Island, and take dinner there!" exclaims Annie Scott from the front door. "It's all clearing off. Come out and see the stars, and then we can talk it over."

A mandate they all obeyed.

"Well, how many will the yacht hold? That's the next question," says Miss Cecilia, after a long discussion has been gone through.

"Oh, any number up to thirty."

"Suppose you ask that Miss Reade, Minnie?" says Minnie's mother, patronizingly.

"Oh, nonsense, mamma. She wouldn't go. She's rather too much on the etiquette question. I dare say a drop of salt-water would frighten her. Besides, she's delicate—her aunt says so," adds Minnie, apologetically.

"Don't you think we ought to have sandwiches as well as chicken, Mr. Scrope? Where is Mr. Scrope?"

No answer comes to Miss Isabelle's question.

Mr. Scrope, in point of fact, is not ten feet off, merely around the bend of the piazza, standing before Beatrice Reade, who sits there in the starlight on an old-fashioned "settle."

"Why will you not join us, Miss Reade, may I venture to ask?"

"Do you really want to know?" she says, looking up full with her mocking, soft eyes into his.

"Most assuredly, or I should not ask."

"Well, then, Mr. Scrope, I regard an invitation from a gentleman, where a party of ladies is concerned, as beyond the pale of acceptance. Do you understand me?"

"Perfectly." Raymond Scrope's sweet, womanish lips curve to as complete a scorn as Beatrice Reade's. "I must ask forgiveness on a personal score. I was so anxious to have you go that I forgot every other consideration."

"You are very considerate," she answers, perhaps willfully misunderstanding him. "I scarcely think I should enjoy the picnic."

"*I might* have."

* * * * * *

It is a lovely late August morning, crisp and cool, with a fresh breeze blowing straight in from the sea.

It is two weeks since the picnic to Crow's Nest Island, and many and various have been the junketings and excursions since.

Beatrice Reade has joined in none; she has held herself unostentatiously aloof from "my young people"; and "my young people," in return, seem quite willing to ignore the beautiful girl, with her lovely, mocking brown eyes and waving sweep of sun-touched hair.

Eight o'clock, A. M. Every one has breakfasted long ago.

Professor Wilson, ardent in the pursuit of mineralogy, has driven off in the buckboard half an hour ago for "The Ledges," ten miles away, bearing with him Miss Reade and a basket of luncheon, and bound for a day's pleasure amid the rocks and the stones. Nobody thinks it strange that she should select to go off for the day with the prosy old professor in search of specimens, instead of joining in some proposed walk or sail; Miss Reade was so quiet that Professor Wilson was probably far better calculated to amuse her than they or Mr. Scrope were.

"Now what is the programme? Has any determination been arrived at?" exclaims Annie Scott.

"Dear me! I don't know—don't ask poor little me anything about it! I always go where I'm led," responds Isabelle, in the half-babyish tone she assumes to be becoming.

"Well, we must do something," cries Cecilia, energetically. "Minnie, where's Mr. Scrope?"

"I don't know where he can be. I haven't seen him since breakfast."

"Where *can* he be all this time?" ejaculates Isabelle, "Oh, Miss Cornell, have *you* seen Mr. Scrope since breakfast-time! We can't find him!"

"Dear me, now, can't you? How strange! Where do you think he has gone to?" says the little spinster, peering over the distant sea, as though she hoped, perchance, to see Mr. Scrope sitting on a far-off mainmast.

"I don't know, I'm sure. I think it's very hateful of him. Oh, *there* he is! Mr. Scrope! Mr. Scrope!"

The tall slender figure suddenly dawns upon the scene, graceful and grateful in its blue flannel boating suit, with the wide collar rolling back from his shapely throat and the little cap pulled down over his blue soft eyes.

"Mr. Scrope, don't you hear!" screams Miss Scott at the top of her voice.

"I heard my name," replies Mr. Scrope, taking a few paces down the road.

"Where are you going, Mr. Scrope?" inquires Isabelle, pettishly.

"Straight to Paradise, I hope, Miss Isabelle," responds the young man, throwing back his head with a little smile, and taking two or three more paces down the road.

"I think you're awfully selfish to be going to such a nice place all by *yourself*," answers Miss Isabelle, balancing herself coquettishly on the railing.

"Sorry you have such a poor opinion of me!" comes floating back on the sea-breeze to their ears, and then Mr. Scrope is clean gone out of sight.

The professor and Beatrice have eaten their luncheon long ago; the shadows of the sails have turned quite round this way, and the sun is reddening to his rest in the West—reddening with a big black fierce cloud just ready to crush all his ruddy splendor and send him to bed with a thunderclap and a flash. Professor Wilson, more than enthusiastic in the pursuit of science under difficulties, has wandered a mile or more up the ledge, and Beatrice is sitting on the rocks by herself, with a book in her hand, staring listlessly down on the beach, a hundred feet below her.

The black cloud has covered the sun up entirely before the girl notices it, and the thunder rolls up over the sea, and the lightning frightens her from her dream—whatever it may have been. She looks up a little startled, and sees, not the Professor laden with specimens, but Reymond Scrope.

"Here you are!" he exclaims, looking at her with glad eyes. "I've been wandering about over these confounded ledges all day long looking for you!"

"Is anything the matter with Aunt Susan, or——"

"The matter!—no," he answers, reddening through his pallor. "I came because I wanted to—to see you. I thought I might add in some slight degree to the pleasure of your day by rowing you up and down the coast—I knew Professor Wilson could not manage a boat at all."

"You were very kind," she says, looking off, and out of her eyes the mocking spirit has fled.

"It's too late now; besides, there's a storm coming—there's the rain!"

"Oh, what shall we do? And the poor professor!" laughs Beatrice, in spite of herself.

"Leave the poor professor to shift for himself. I'll take care of you," and Mr. Scrope looks as if he were rather glad of the opportunity. "A few steps further; there, give me your hand," his fingers close warmly over the little ones within their clasp. "I know every inch of the coast by heart, you see, Miss Reade. There! isn't this a nice dry place? Do you know where you are?—in the Mermaid's Cave; you've heard of it, of course?"

"Ever so many times," she answers, in a hushed little voice.

"You are not afraid, are you?" he asks, catching one swift glimpse of her white face.

"Not—not much; shall we have to stay here very long?"

"Only until the rain stops; say that you are not afraid;" his hands have found hers in the midnight that reigns about them. "Oh, my little darling, you must not be afraid with me!"

"Mr. Scrope!" All the scorn has flashed back into Beatrice Reade's eyes, but her lover cannot see it.

"I love you," he whispers, gathering her to him. "Beatrice, cold, proud little woman, can't you just pity me? I know that I have seemed like a fool to you all these past weeks—any man seems one with four girls to help him—and you have sat looking on with your scornful smiles, denying me a word with you, avoiding me as though I were a plague."

"I haven't—I——"

"My God! can't you *feel* that there is a soul in me, and that it yearns after you insatiably. Beatrice, Beatrice, I could make you so happy!" superb, sweet, imperious, reasoning.

"I don't know—you don't know me—I—I always thought I should like a man *much* older than I am—than you are——"

"I am twenty-seven," drawing himself up unconsciously. "I am sure that's not bad, unless you want somebody like the professor, for instance."

She laughs, and it echoes down all the damp lengths of the cave, and then she grows suddenly serious again.

"But you—you haven't *courted* me, Mr. Scrope!"

"Haven't I?" he answers, almost bitterly. "My heart and my eyes have been courting you ever since the night you came, and—never mind. I'll court you persistently enough all the rest of my life, my darling—until the Lord parts us and we stop breathing."

"Mr. Scrope, it's stopped raining! I don't hear——"

"Call me something else," he whispers, with his arms around her, "and tell me that you love me a hundredth part as much as I love you. Then I'll take you out."

"I shall have to call you my—my boy!" she answers from her prison. "You're so *much* too young! Let me see—thirty-seven years younger than the professor; he's sixty-four; and, my boy, I couldn't help li—loving you."

* * * * * *

During the absence of Mr. Scrope, who returns as he departed—alone—shortly followed by the pair in the buckboard, tableaux have been organized by the party at home.

During the entire next day the house is in an uproar and the dining-room in a tumult. Mr. Scrope has been assigned parts in all but three of the ten pictures, thereby affording each young lady the proud privilege of assuming a tender *pose* in connection with him; if there was any partiality, it was in favor of Miss Isabelle.

To these arrangements Mr. Scrope acceded, with one wistful little glance in the direction of Miss Reade. But he received no answering look, and Mr. Scrope was forced to obey the mandates of his imperious small lady-love, and "behave as usual."

The night at length arrived: so did the guests from the

neighboring houses, and ranged themselves in well-dressed rows before the hastily improvised curtain of shawls, behind which was supposed to lie the realization of their hopes.

In point of fact, it was the scene of mad confusion, from which, however, ere long, evolved "The Music Lesson," with Raymond Scrope on his knees before Isabelle Walker, holding a banjo in lieu of the customary guitar; and, after intermediate plungings and costumings, "The Game of Life," "Romeo and Juliet," "Marie Antoinette," "Faust," and half a dozen others.

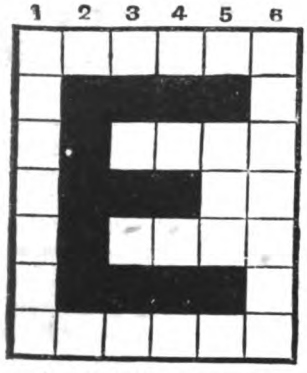


FIG. 1.—DIAGRAM SHOWING MOSAIC OF SENSITIVE CELLS FOR TRANSMITTING A PICTURE.

"Maud Muller" had been decided upon as the winding-up, and Mrs. Walker had charitably suggested that Beatrice Reade should be assigned the part of *Maud*, to the *Judge* of Mr. Walker.

Miss Reade acquiesced with a smile, and even now was standing at the door of her room, waiting to be called.

"Goodness gracious! girls, there's Miss Reade, with her hair all hanging down her back—just look!" exclaims Cecila, peering from her door as Beatrice slips through the passage.

"She was told to let it down—mother told her to."

"Well, I never in all my life! Minnie, I guess mother wouldn't if she had known it was such a—such a scandalous length!" cries Isabelle, from her coign of vantage. "I've no doubt Raymond Scrope will see it, too, and he hates false hair, and he'll think it's lovely."

The last tableau is rapturously encored, perhaps owing to Beatrice Reade's beautiful, long, rippling hair, that falls in a shining mass to her knees as she stands leaning against the rake-handle, offering the cup of water to the venerable Mr. Walker—perhaps to the novel fact that Mr. Scrope has been judiciously omitted from its *dramatis personæ*.

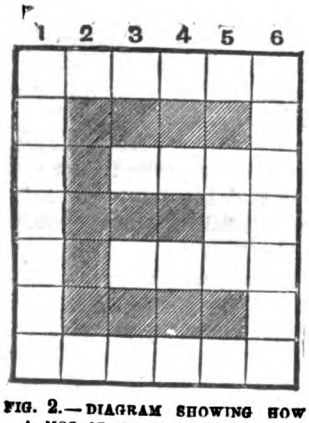


FIG. 2.—DIAGRAM SHOWING HOW A MOSAIC OF SENSITIVE CELLS MIGHT REPRODUCE A PICTURE.

"Where *is* Mr. Scrope? provoking fellow! I told him I'd give him the first waltz if he was very, very good," and Miss Isabelle peers out on the piazza.

"Has anybody seen him?" asks Annie Scott, despairingly. "I want him to lead the Virginia reel with me."

"He said he'd dance it with me," returns Cecilia, with a superior air, "Mr. Scrope, Raymond Scrope, where are you?"

"There he is on the piazza—no! the south end," some one cried.

Isabelle and her companion rush frantically to the south window and are silent. There, indeed, is Mr. Scrope, clothed, but certainly *not* in his right mind, for he is holding Beatrice Reade close up to his heart—Beatrice Reade, still in the tattered gown of Whittier's heroine, with her down-fallen hair and cheeks like the rosy dawn.

"Darling," he whispers, "I can't go on this way—they'll have to know."

"But you must. I want to have a little secret just for you and me."

"But it's impossible, Beatrice. I am not made of stone."

"Is anything 'impossible' for me?" she asks.

"Well—almost nothing—but——"

"Just while we're here, that's my darling boy!"

Only for one single swift second his lips meet hers—only so long—and yet it seems to Raymond Scrope that he has only lived his life heretofore to reach that fleeting moment now.

"Where is Ray, girls?"

Minnie Walker dashes into the parlor, resplendent in blue silk.

"On the south end of the piazza," Annie answers.

"Oh! then I'll go right out and bring him in—smoking, I suppose, of course! Dear me, Isabelle, I should think you'd have taken him and began waltzing."

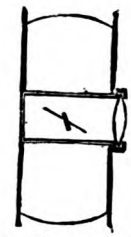


FIG. 3.—SINGLE CELL OF AYRTON AND PERRY'S RECEIVING APPARATUS.

"I wouldn't go if I were you!"

"Why not? We'll never get a chance all round if we don't begin soon, and he'll never come in if some of us don't go after him."

"I don't think he'll come any way; he's with that Beatrice Reade!"

Minnie stopped short, and flew to the south window to assure herself with regard to the statements of her bosom friend.

Never more, from that time forth, went up the cry of "Where is Mr. Scrope?" from the lips of Mrs. Walker's "young people."

SEEING BY TELEGRAPH.

By H. Trueman Wood, B.A.

Since the telephone has descended from the rank of a scientific marvel to that of a commonplace and useful piece of apparatus, there has been a demand on the part of the insatiable public for some device which will enable it to see what its friends are doing, as well as to hear what they are saying, at a distance beyond the range of the unaided eye or ear.

Is there any chance of this being effected? and if so, what chance? We can only answer, there is a possibility,

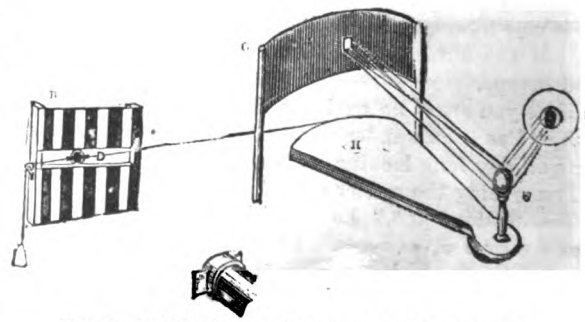


FIG. 4.—MODEL OF AYRTON AND PERRY'S APPARATUS.

but, as yet, no great probability of it. Any day some one of our many searchers into nature's secrets may announce that he has found the key to the problem; but in all likelihood it will be by the use of some means not yet imagined or discovered, rather than by the development of any system now in use. Bell found that a plate of iron

could reproduce every vibration of the human voice, and the transmission of speech was effected. If anybody will discover a means of reproducing at a distant station the variations in the light vibrations by which we are enabled to see, the transmission of pictures, or rather *reflections*, by telegraph, will become possible.

Failing, however, such definite successes to record, it may be interesting to consider what is being done in this

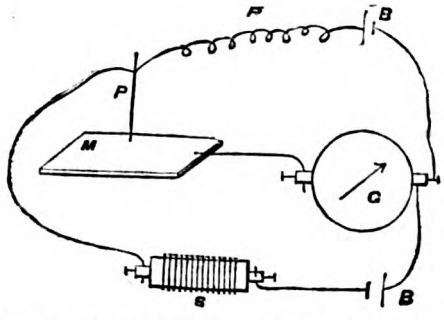


FIG. 5.—DIAGRAM SHOWING ACTION OF THE TELEPHOTOGRAPH.

direction by several energetic workers who are striving in various ways thus to extend the limits of human vision.

The devices which have been employed are two. One of them is the invention of Mr. Shelford Bidwell; the other of Messrs. Ayrton and Perry. Before, however, saying anything about the apparatus, let us consider the problem to be dealt with. In the telephone we have a transmitter, into which the sender of the message speaks. This transmitter is connected by wires with a receiving instrument, by which the sounds spoken into the transmitter are reproduced.

Various devices are now used in the transmitter, but in all the vibrations of the air caused by speaking are made to vary the electrical condition of the line wire. These alterations in the condition of the line affect the receiver in such fashion as to produce vibrations therein, which, by throwing the air into motion, cause sounds corresponding to those which first set the whole system at work. Now, it is not difficult to imagine a similar apparatus applied to sight instead of sound—a sensitive plate or mirror at one end, a connecting wire, a second mirror at the other end, capable of being so affected as to absorb and reflect light precisely as the light is absorbed or reflected from the surface of the first mirror. The result would be that the image of an object thrown on the first mirror would be seen in the second, it might be in black and white, as in a photograph, or in all its proper colors. Unfortunately, this is as yet only a philosopher's dream.

FIG. 6.—FORM TO BE REPRODUCED BY TELEPHOTOGRAPH.

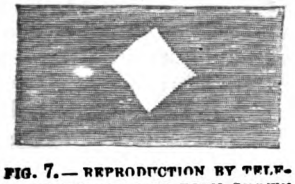


FIG. 7.—REPRODUCTION BY TELEPHOTOGRAPH OF FORM SHOWN IN FIG. 6.

Nothing approaching it has yet been done, or is likely to be done.

Perhaps it would not be far from the truth if it were said that the great difficulty lies in the fact that the impression of sound results from a series of successive impulses, whereas the eye, in seeing any object, receives a vast number of undulations impinging simultaneously upon it. In the telephone the whole plate receives and transmits one vibration after another, however rapidly they may succeed. In our imaginary "Telephotical" apparatus the plate would receive a great number at once, and each on a different part of its surface. We cannot well conceive a single wire transmitting all these different impulses simultaneously, and we must therefore suppose our imaginary plates to be made up of a great number of small pieces, each piece of one plate in correspondence with the corresponding portion of the other plate. We should then get a sort of mosaic which would represent, with greater or less accuracy, the original image, according to the minuteness of the pieces composing it. An illustration may make this clearer. Suppose Fig. 1 to be a plate made up of a number of cells, sensitive to light, and capable of affecting a current of electricity passing through them. Suppose Fig. 2 to be a plate made up of cells—shall we say—capable of emitting more or less light, according to the strength of a current passing through them. Each cell of Fig. 1 is joined up electrically with the corresponding cell of Fig. 2—1 with 1, 2 with 2, 3 with 3, and so on. We will now throw a dense

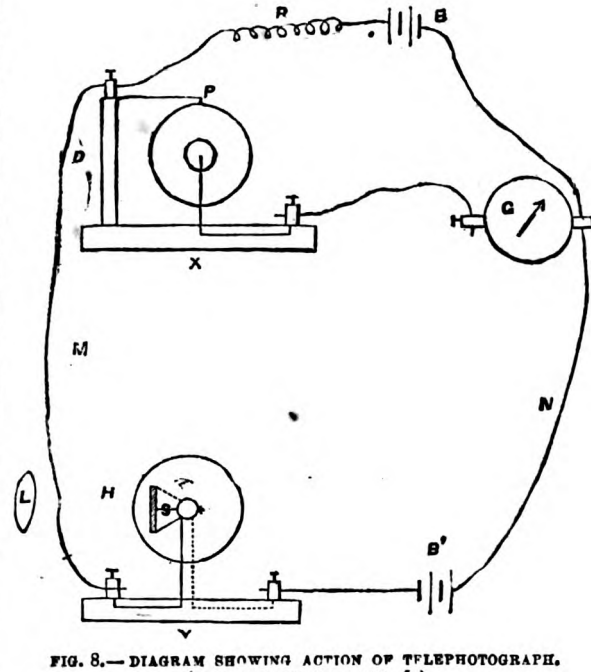


FIG. 8.—DIAGRAM SHOWING ACTION OF TELEPHOTOGRAPH. (MODIFICATION OF FIG. 5.)

shadow of a capital letter E on the first plate, the part of the plate not shadowed being brilliantly illuminated. The cells which are lighted will cause the corresponding cells of Fig. 2 to emit light, while the cells of Fig. 2 corresponding to the shadowed cells of Fig. 1 will remain dark. Thus we shall get our E in mosaic. Now, one-half of our supposition is possible, the other is not. The reader will remember that in a selenium cell we have precisely what is wanted for the transmitter—a device which is affected by light in such a way as to offer more or less resistance to an electrical current.

Unfortunately, we have not as yet any material which will act conversely, will emit, or reflect, light, when more or less excited by electricity; and our plan, as above suggested, must await realization until some such material is discovered.

Pending, however, this discovery, Messrs. Ayrton and Perry have devised a very ingenious method of exhibiting at one station the effect of light falling on a system of selenium cells at another—possibly a distant—station. As

yet their work has not passed beyond the experimental stage, and the distance over which they have telegraphed has not exceeded the length of a lecture-room table. They have, however, demonstrated the possibility of sending—shall we say shadow pictures?—by telegraph; and this is alone a remarkable feat. It ought also to be stated that the notion of thus reproducing in mosaic the image of a distant object seems to have been quite original with them.

The simplest way, perhaps, of getting a correct notion of the somewhat complicated apparatus which these inventors suggest should be employed, will be to consider the action of one unit of it, to see how the amount of light falling on a small square surface at Brighton can cause a similar surface at London to be illuminated with a corresponding amount of light. At Brighton we have a selenium cell—an arrangement of two wires laid as close as possible without touching, and the intervening space filled with selenium. An electrical current flowing through the system traverses the selenium more easily when a light is shining upon it than when it is in the dark.

Hence we get variations in the current corresponding with the amount of light falling on the selenium. Such variations can, of course, be detected by various means. Mr. Bell used a telephone, and hence his photophone. In previous experiments a galvanometer had been employed. Messrs. Ayrton and Perry cause the current to open and close a little shutter in a tube through which light is admitted. In the end of the tube is a lens, arranged to throw an image of a square hole on a screen. When the shutter is open all the light passes through; when it is closed no light passes; in the intermediate positions more or less light passes.

For our present purpose it is not necessary to describe precisely the arrangement employed. It may be sufficient to say that the shutter is attached to a small magnet, arranged like the magnet of a galvanometer, so that it is moved by the action of the electric current which passes through a coil of wire surrounding the tube in which the shutter and magnet are mounted. Fig. 3 shows the arrangement. With a mosaic of selenium cells at one station, and a mosaic of receivers such as Fig. 3 at the other, there seems no reason to doubt that we might get a reproduction, at all events, of the shadow of an object thrown upon the receiving screen. The next step would be to reproduce a picture such as could be thrown on the screen by a magic lantern, and the idea would be to reproduce an image such as is formed on the table of a camera obscura, or on the ground glass of the photographic camera. But when an attempt is made to convey theory into practice, difficulties multiply.

It is evident that even for experimental purposes a mosaic with ten cells in a row would offer but a limited field. Only very simple images could be thus transmitted. Such a square screen would require a hundred cells and a hundred wires. Now, the manufacture of selenium cells has not yet arrived at such a pitch of perfection that a dozen, let alone a hundred, similar cells could be readily turned out, while the notion of a telegraph line containing a hundred wires is quite out of the question.

Messrs. Ayrton and Perry, therefore, propose to make a few rapidly moving cells do the work of a number of stationary cells, and they rely on the permanence of the impression on the retina of the human eye for the production of a picture. To do this the sending and receiving apparatus would have to move in precise unison, but it is believed this might be effected. The main idea of the proposal may be drawn from the following diagram (Fig. 4) of a piece of apparatus used by Mr. Perry to illustrate a lecture at the Society of Arts. D is a selenium cell, which is drawn across the dark and illuminated spaces shown upon the screen. E is a receiver, similar to Fig. 3. The light from E falls on a mirror, F, and is by it reflected on a curved screen, G. D and E are connected in an electric circuit with a battery. The string which moves D also gives motion to the arc H, at the centre of which F is fixed. If the light from E be uniform, motion of F on its axis will obviously cause the spot of light on G to move to the right or left. If the motion be rapid, a line of light will be seen. If the light from E be interrupted, a broken line of light will be seen on the screen when F is rotated. Now, as D passes through light or dark spaces its resistence varies; the result of this is the opening or closing of the shutter in E, and the consequent appearance on G of a broken line, corresponding with the spaces of light and dark in B. As constructed, the apparatus marked the passage of the selenium cell through the light and dark spaces, but it could not be worked at sufficient speed to give a continuous visual impression.

Mr. Shelford Bidwell's "Telephotograph" works in a totally different, but no less interesting, fashion. The object of this ingenious apparatus is not to show you, as in a mirrow, a representation of an object at any distance, but to produce, at a distance, a drawing of any object presented in front of the receiver, and held stationary there.

Fig. 5 is a diagram showing the principal on which Mr. Bidwell works. M is a metal plate on which is laid a piece of paper soaked in iodide of potassium—a salt which is easily decomposed by electricity. If a current be passed from a platinum style, P, through the moist paper, to the plate M, the paper is marked with a brown stain resulting from this decomposition. By drawing the style along while the current is flowing steadily, a line is marked on the paper. If the current be interrupted the line is broken, and thus a row of dots or dashes of any required length may be produced. The effect is the same if the paper be drawn along under the style. In the diagram, B represents a battery in circuit through a galvanometer, G, with P and M. B is another similar battery, arranged in the same manner, but including also in its circuit a selenium cell, S. The current in this circuit flows in the contrary direction to that in the first circuit. The effect of this is that if the currents in the two circuits are previously equal, they will counterbalance each other, and no effect will be produced at M; but if the current in either circuit is stronger than that in the other, then a current equal to the difference between the two will flow between P and M. We can make the two currents equal by inserting in the first circuit a "resistance," R, equal to the resistance of S, the selenium cell, in the dark. Then, if a light be thrown on S, the resistance in that circuit is caused to be less than the resistance of the other circuit, a current flows across the paper, and a mark is produced. If, then, the selenium is lighted and shaded at intervals, while the style is drawn steadily over the paper, we shall get a series of short lines, each line representing an illuminated interval, and the break between every two lines representing a shaded interval. It is not difficult to perceive that by a suitable arrangement of broken lines any figure can be drawn.

Such a simple form as Fig. 6, for instance, would be represented by Fig. 7, which is indeed a reproduction of a bit of work actually done by the instrument. Instead of adopting any complicated mechanism to draw the marking style across the paper in parallel lines, it is obviously simpler to put the paper on a cylinder the axis of which

is cut with a fine screw, so that as it is turned it also travels along, and causes a point held steadily against it to describe a spiral line on the paper. When the paper is taken off the cylinder, the lines drawn spirally upon it appear practically straight and parallel, like the lines on the phonographic tinfoil.

Such an arrangement is shown at X, in the upper part of Fig. 8. The arrangements here precisely correspond with those of Fig. 5, except that, instead of a simple selenium cell, we have the transmitter, Y. A platinum point, P, presses gently on the cylinder on which the prepared paper is placed. M and N in this figure represent the wires connecting the transmitting and receiving instrument; and the other letters (except H and L) represent corresponding parts with those of Fig. 5.

And now for the transmitter. It is evident that to produce the lines of Fig. 7 the selenium has to be lighted and shaded at intervals represented by the breaks in each line. No mere throwing of the shadow on the selenium will effect this. Let us see how Mr. Bidwell solves the problem.

The selenium cell, S, is placed on a stand within a cylinder capable of revolving, and having on its axis a screw precisely like that of the receiver. In the cylinder is a pinhole, H. Now, while this pinhole is opposite the face of the selenium, light shines through it on the selenium; when the pinhole is at the back of the cell, the light passing through it is non-effective. By means of the lens, L, an image of the figure to be produced is focused on the surface of the cylinder. When the pinhole is in the shaded part of the focused picture, little or no light passes through it; when it is in a bright part a good deal passes. In its spiral path the pinhole covers successively every part of the picture, and thus the selenium is lighted up and shaded at intervals, which, if the receiving cylinder be rotated in precise correspondence with that of the transmitter, will be represented by discontinuous lines drawn upon the moistened paper by the marking style.

In the experimental apparatus both the receiving and transmitting cylinders are mounted on one shaft, so as to secure absolute synchronism. This uniformity of motion would have to be obtained by special means, if the apparatus were really set to work over any appreciable distance. This is a difficulty, but it need not be regarded as an insuperable one.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

LIGHT nickel-plating may, it is said, be effected by boiling. Dr. R Kaizer prepares a bath of pure granulated tin, argois and water, heats it to boiling, and then adds a small quantity of nickel-oxide. A portion of the nickel, as is shown by the green color which the solution assumes—that is, above the grains of tin—is immediately dissolved. If a copper or brass article is now immersed in the solution, it almost instantly becomes covered with a silver-like coating of almost pure nickel. If a little cobalt carbonate or cobalt tartrate be added to the bath, a bluish tint is produced, which may be made lighter or darker, according to the quantity added When the article is rubbed with dry sawdust or finely powdered chalk, a very brilliant polish is obtained.

M NICHOLAS DE KABATH, of Paris, has constructed an accumulator designed to give a large accumulating surface Each plate is composed of a set of strips of lead one-tenth millimètre thick; these are alternately flat and corrugated so as to form a plate eight or nine centimètres wide, built up of about one hundred slips. They are kept together by a perforated lead plate entirely surrounding them, but permitting a free circulation of the liquid employed which is dilute sulphuric acid. In forming a cell M. de Kabath puts twelve of these plates into a wooden case having two terminals, which are plain sheets of lead.

THE London *Builder* attributes the marvelous durability of mortar in Italy to the fact that the lime remains in a pit covered with water for two years before it is used, whereas in England it is slaked and used the same day. Most building specifications even require newly slaked lime.

EFFECTS OF INTELLECTUAL WORK ON THE BRAIN.—What are the effects of different kinds of intellectual work on the cerebral circulation? This question M. Gley, a French physiologist, has attempted to answer by experiments made upon himself. When he applied himself to a subject which he had a difficulty in understanding thoroughly, and had therefore to concentrate all his energies upon it, the rhythm of the heart was far more accelerated than when he took up some matter with which he was well acquainted.

AN artist of Florence several years ago introduced a method of painting on silk or other fine fabrics in such a way that the surfaces of the colors were not damaged when folded or rubbed, but remained as bright and as smooth as when first laid on by the brush. The medium of the Adolfi process is no longer kept secret, as it is protected by patent. It is manufactured for the use of amateurs and others. Some Italian artists, it is said, have tried the medium for ordinary oil-painting on canvas.

CAPTAIN KING, of Paris, makes a positive on glass from a negative, and on the same glass, in this way: The back of the negative is covered with a soluble bitumen or asphalt, and then illuminated through the negative. After an exposure sufficient to render the light part insoluble, the remainder of the asphalt is dissolved off with any of the usual solvents, and the result is a positive. The silver negative is then dissolved off with the chloride of copper and a fixing agent.

THE best time ever made on the western division of the New York Central was accomplished September 4th, in a run from Syracuse to Buffalo, 150 miles in three hours and four minutes. It was an express-train, late from Albany. Between Syracuse and Buffalo stops were made twice for water, and once at Rochester for passengers.

THE CASTOR-OIL PLANT AS A FLY-DESTROYER.—An article in *La Nature*, by M. Raffard, member of the Horticultural Society at Limoges, states that a castor-oil plant, raised in a pot, placed in a room infested by flies, caused them to disappear as though by magic.

ACID-PROOF CEMENT.—Make a concentrated solution of silicate of soda, and form a paste with powdered glass. It will be found invaluable in the operations of the laboratory where a luting is required to resist the action of acid fumes.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

WHOSE is the most frivolous occupation? The lamp-lighter's, for he makes light of his business.

IF a young lady is forsaken by her faithless lover, it is no reason why she should be called a cut-lass.

AN intelligent farmer being asked if his horses were well matched, replied: "Yes, they are matched first-rate; one of them is willing to do all the work, and the other is willing that he should."

"HAVE you no love for the beautiful, then?" queried she, in winsome tones. "N-n-o, but I think I should have if I only dared." "Have courage, young man." "Oh, I wasn't thinking of you at all; I——" But she hustled out of the room, hating herself for having sprung the trap too soon.

A BIBULOUS person was introduced to a lady who had been represented to him as quite a talented artist. He greeted her by saying: "I understand, madam, that you paint?" She started, blushed deeply, and, recovering herself after a few seconds, said with as much acidity of tone and style as she could command, "Well, if I do paint, I don't make any mistake and put it on my nose."

A MINISTER with a rather florid complexion went into the shop of a barber, one of his parishioners, to be shaved. The barber was addicted to heavy bouts of drinking, after which his hand was, in consequence, unsteady at his work. In shaving the minister he inflicted a cut sufficiently deep to cover the lower part of his face with blood. The minister turned to the barber and said, in a tone of solemn solemnity, "You see, Thomas, what comes of taking too much drink." "Ay," replied Thomas, with the utmost composure, "it makes the skin very tender."

"GOOD-MORNING, Fogg," said Brown, briskly; "how did you like the opera last night?" "Oh, so-so," answered Fogg, moodily; "nothing striking about it except the drum-sticks." "Come, come," returned Brown, "be serious. Didn't you think that bravura passage, with pizzicato and appogiatura embellishments was lovely?" "I didn't see it," replied Fogg, as before; "there was only feathers and flowers and things on the one in front of me." "What are you talking about, man?" exclaimed Brown. "That girl's hat, of course. Weren't you?" "Good-morning," said Brown, as he turned the corner.

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A TYPE OF BEAUTY.—BY EDWIN LONG.

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